image not available

Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 119 096 365

Digitized by Google

Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 119 096 365

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
Exchange
Account

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XVI.

OCTOBER, 1896, TO MARCH, 1897.

NEW YORK:
FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,
111 FIFTH AVENUE.

1897.

Digitized by Google

682348

Digitized by Google

INDEX TO VOLUME XVI.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

		PAGE
DANCING AS A FINE ART	ARTHUR HORNBLOW	736
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, THE	CAROLYN HALSTEAD	570
FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS—		
I—Sir Joshua Reynolds		448, 560
II—Sir Thomas Lawrence		686
LADY GRANBY AND HER PENCIL DRAWINGS	MABEL PERCY HASKELL	353
PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES—		
VI—The Carrolls	EUGENE L. DIDIER	22
VII—The Danas	JOSEPH DANA MILLER	130
VIII—The Washingtons	M. L. AND L. A. MAYO	313
IX—The Polks	CAROLINE BURROWS	397
RICHELIEU	PHILIP RODNEY PAULDING	608
ROYAL CHILDREN	GEORGE HOLME	273
SOME COLONIAL DAMES	L. A. AND M. L. MAYO	153
SPANISH PRETENDER, THE		480
THROUGH THE CLEARING HOUSE	JAMES S. METCALFE	672
TWO ARTISTS	ANNA LEACH	522
TYPES OF MODERN WARSHIPS	A. H. BATTEY	57

SHORT STORIES.

ALCYONE—A BREEZE FROM THE WEST	CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH	67
BONIFACE OF BROOM FALLS, A	LELAND INGERSOLL	228
BROKEN LORGNETTE, A	JOSEPH SEBASTIAN ROGERS	98
GIRL'S WAY, A	LULU JUDSON	205
IN THE OTHER CELL	L. H. BICKFORD	235
JUDITH OF EIGHTEEN SIXTY FOUR, A	CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH	434
MUNGER'S CAT	EMMA LEE WALTON	71
MY LAST AFFAIR	CLINTON ROSS	105
OUR FAMILY TREE	ETHEL DANE ROBERTS	468
PARSON OF CACTUS FLATS, THE	EDMUND DAY	474
SHAUK	WILL T. WHITLOCK	349
STORY OF A STORY, THE	ADELAIDE L. ROUSE	46

SERIAL STORIES.

CHRISTIAN, THE	HALL CAINE	162, 288, 417, 595, 657
CORLEONE	F. MARION CRAWFORD	530, 707
IN THE REIGN OF BORIS	ROBERT MCDONALD	33, 193, 339

POEMS.

AT CHRISTMASTIDE	CLIFFORD HOWARD	259
AT THE PASSING OF THE YEAR	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	485
AUTUMN RIDE, AN	HATTIE WHITNEY	70
BANSHEE, THE	WINTHROP PACKARD	473
CAVE!	MILLICENT CATELL	331
CHRISTMAS TRYST, THE	CLINTON SCOLLARD	258
DIANA	LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS	48
DO NOBLE THINGS—NOT DREAM THEM	LIZZIE ENGLISH DYAS	607
DREAMS OF OTHER DAYS, THE	CLIFFORD HOWARD	729

Digitized by Google

Poems (*Continued*).

		PAGE
EGYPTIAN SHOE, AN	FREDERICK HOUK LAW	612
EVENING SONG, AN	HENRY JEROME STOCKARD	86
FATE	ELLA WHEELER WILCOX	554
FOR LOVE OF HER	ETHEL M. KELLEY	161
FRIENDS	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	234
GIFTS	CLARENCE URMY	176
IN AN OLD GARDEN	WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS	13
IN MID WINTER	CLINTON SCOLLARD	324
JILT'S JACQUEMINOT, THE	GEORGE SHELBY BOGERT	214
MERZA	BURKE DEVENISH	352
MESSAGE, THE	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	75
MISTLETOE	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	260
NOVEMBER DAY, A	LEE WOODWARD ZEIGLER	138
OLDEN DREAM, AN	SAMUEL MINTURN PECK	677
ONE DAY	ROBERT LOVEMAN	108
ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	555
OUT DOOR AIR	ETHELWYN WETHERALD	204
PLAINT OF THE VENETIAN LOVER, THE	MILLICENT CATELL	685
SYLVIA'S CANDLE	HATTIE WHITNEY	408
TALISMAN, THE	CHARLES WILLIAMS BARNES	151
TAPS	CHARLES MACKLIN MCCARTENEY	479
THANKSGIVING, A	ETHELWYN WETHERALD	433
TO MY CIGAR	ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS	152
TWO ROSES	CLARENCE URMY	695
TWO VALENTINES	CLINTON SCOLLARD	569
VENETIAN SONNETS	BESSIE GRAY	104
WHAT OF THE SHIP?	GUSTAV KOBBE	66
WIND, THE	PHILIP RODNEY PAULDING	348

SONG.

PLAIN LITTLE ANN	GILBERT TOMPKINS	76

DEPARTMENTS.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK		3, 131, 261, 387, 515, 643
ETCHINGS		125, 253, 381, 509, 637, 734
IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY		127, 255, 383, 511, 639, 763
IN THE PUBLIC EYE		14, 186, 325, 457, 586, 696
IN VANITY FAIR		760
LATEST FADS		121, 249, 378, 506
LITERARY CHAT		114, 208, 372, 500, 631, 755
STAGE, THE		87, 215, 357, 486, 613, 742
STORIETTES—		
Awakening, An	JUDITH SPENCER	557
Boy Who Said "G'wan!" The	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	247
Dead and Living Sorrows	KATHERINE BLACK	245
Down the Primrose Path	FLORENCE L. HOLMES	733
From the Window	CELESTE MCJILTON	110
Her Sixteenth	MINNA DENTON	439
Man from High Hat, The	RICHARD STILLMAN POWELL	558
New Woman, A	M. K. CONYNGTON	731
One New Woman	PERCIVAL POLLARD	244
On the Boulevard	EMMA A. OPPER	730
On the Road	BRANDON DOUGLAS	109
Pendulum of Fate, The	EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY	111
Question of Loyalty, A	J. FREDERIC THORNE	444
Richest One of Three, The	MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN	245
Silhouette of the Seventies, A	FRANCES WESTON	246
Two Young People	ELIZABETH ROBBINS	441
Western Romance, A	CORINNE UPDEGRAFF	442
Winning the Laurel	FREDERICK SCHWED	556
Woman's Mistake, A	DELLA HIGGINS	112
TYPES OF FAIR WOMEN		49, 177, 306, 409, 517, 652
WORLD OF MUSIC, THE		80, 240, 332, 445, 628, 678

Digitized by Google

Poems (*Continued*).

		PAGE
EGYPTIAN SHOE, AN	FREDERICK HOUK LAW	612
EVENING SONG, AN	HENRY JEROME STOCKARD	86
FATE	ELLA WHEELER WILCOX	554
FOR LOVE OF HER	ETHEL M. KELLEY	161
FRIENDS	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	234
GIFTS	CLARENCE URMY	176
IN AN OLD GARDEN	WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS	13
IN MID WINTER	CLINTON SCOLLARD	324
JILT'S JACQUEMINOT, THE	GEORGE SHELBY BOGERT	214
MERZA	BURKE DEVENISH	352
MESSAGE, THE	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	75
MISTLETOE	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	260
NOVEMBER DAY, A	LEE WOODWARD ZEIGLER	138
OLDEN DREAM, AN	SAMUEL MINTURN PECK	677
ONE DAY	ROBERT LOVEMAN	108
ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	555
OUT DOOR AIR	ETHELWYN WETHERALD	204
PLAINT OF THE VENETIAN LOVER, THE	MILLICENT CATELL	685
SYLVIA'S CANDLE	HATTIE WHITNEY	408
TALISMAN, THE	CHARLES WILLIAMS BARNES	151
TAPS	CHARLES MACKLIN MCCARTENEY	479
THANKSGIVING, A	ETHELWYN WETHERALD	433
TO MY CIGAR	ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS	152
TWO ROSES	CLARENCE URMY	695
TWO VALENTINES	CLINTON SCOLLARD	569
VENETIAN SONNETS	BESSIE GRAY	104
WHAT OF THE SHIP?	GUSTAV KOBBE	66
WIND, THE	PHILIP RODNEY PAULDING	348

SONG.

PLAIN LITTLE ANN	GILBERT TOMPKINS	76

DEPARTMENTS.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK		3, 131, 261, 387, 515, 643
ETCHINGS		125, 253, 381, 509, 637, 734
IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY		127, 255, 383, 511, 639, 763
IN THE PUBLIC EYE		14, 186, 325, 457, 586, 696
IN VANITY FAIR		760
LATEST FADS		121, 249, 378, 506
LITERARY CHAT		114, 308, 372, 500, 631, 755
STAGE, THE		87, 215, 357, 486, 613, 742
STORIETTES—		
Awakening, An	JUDITH SPENCER	557
Boy Who Said "G'wan!" The	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	247
Dead and Living Sorrows	KATHERINE BLACK	245
Down the Primrose Path	FLORENCE L. HOLMES	733
From the Window	CELESTE MCJILTON	110
Her Sixteenth	MINNA DENTON	439
Man from High Hat, The	RICHARD STILLMAN POWELL	558
New Woman, A	M. K. CONYNGTON	731
One New Woman	PERCIVAL POLLARD	244
On the Boulevard	EMMA A. OPPER	730
On the Road	BRANDON DOUGLAS	109
Pendulum of Fate, The	EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY	111
Question of Loyalty, A	J. FREDERIC THORNE	444
Richest One of Three, The	MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN	245
Silhouette of the Seventies, A	FRANCES WESTON	246
Two Young People	ELIZABETH ROBBINS	441
Western Romance, A	CORINNE UPDEGRAFF	442
Winning the Laurel	FREDERICK SCHWED	556
Woman's Mistake, A	DELLA HIGGINS	112
TYPES OF FAIR WOMEN		49, 177, 305, 409, 577, 652
WORLD OF MUSIC, THE		80, 240, 332, 445, 628, 678

Digitized by Google

"Byblis Changed into a Spring."

From the painting by J. J. Henner.

Digitized by Google

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI. OCTOBER, 1896. NO. 1.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

NOTES ON CONTEMPORARY ART IN AMERICA AND ABROAD, WITH A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS OF REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES.

THE REVENUES OF THE SALON.

The difficulty of establishing art upon a sound financial basis is instanced by the fact that the association which manages the most famous of all picture exhibitions has for the last seven years had an annual deficit. The Société Nationale, which conducts the Salon of the Champs Elysées—the older and larger of the two great Paris displays—made a profit of some $12,000 in 1888, but has never since succeeded in clearing its expenses, its total loss having been nearly $60,000. It is not an encouraging state of things, and it has been made the text for some doleful sermons upon the present status of art in what is usually regarded as the most artistic country in the world. If the Champs Elysées Salon, with

"In a Dutch Parlor."

From the painting by Arts.

Digitized by Google

Bianca Capello.

From the painting by Juana Romani.

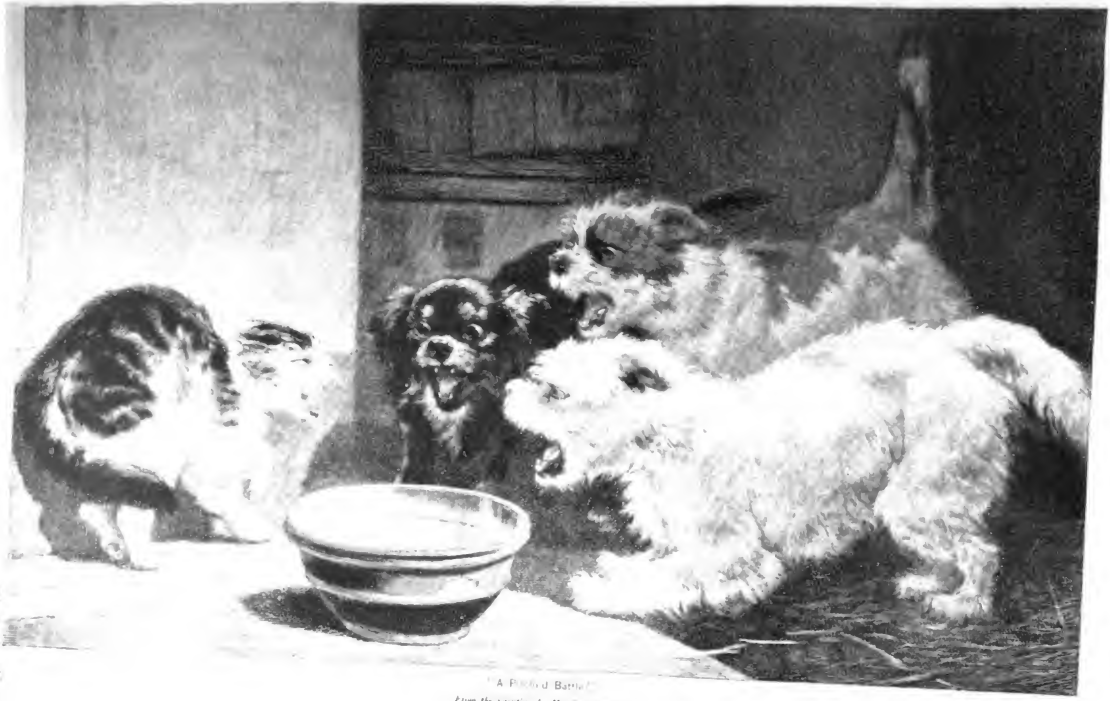
all its celebrated names, with its historic prestige, with its great popular following, is financially on the down grade, for its lesser fellows the prospect is gloomy indeed.

THREE WOMEN PAINTERS.

Juana Romani, a specimen of whose work is given on this page, is one of the younger women who are claiming a place with such well known artists of their sex in France as Madeleine Lemaire and Louise Abbema. She won a silver medal at the exposition of 1889, and the government bought one of her canvases for the official collection in the Luxembourg. At the Champs Elysées Salon, last spring, her "Desdemona" was one of the pictures that attracted a crowd, besides earning praise from the critics. Mlle. Romani's strong points are her mastery of figure drawing and her command of color.

The elder generation of women painters is represented here by the engravings on pages 5 and 12. Mmes. Ronner and Salles-Wagner are still living, or were so at a re-

Digitized by Google



"A Pitched Battle."

From the painting by Henriette Ronner.

Digitized by Google

"The Discouragements of Genius."
From the painting by E. Corteson.

cent date, but their work may be said to be done. The latter was a Fräulein Adelheid Wagner, of Dresden, before her marriage to the artist Jules Salles. It is about forty years since her portraits and historical pictures brought her into notice.

Henriette Ronner is one of the most interesting of the minor figures of nineteenth century art. Her father, Josephus Knip, was a Dutch painter of only local repute, and when the misfortune of blindness fell upon him he sank into poverty. His daughter, a mere child, with a precocious talent for painting animals, bravely set to work to earn a living for herself and her father. She was only sixteen when her first picture was hung in an exhibition at Düsseldorf. She had ten years of struggle;

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"And the Angels Taught Him."

[illegible] Photographic Company, [illegible] New York

Digitized by Google

"Slumber"

From the painting by Chabellard.

then her father died, and she married Fieco Romer, of Amsterdam.

She is now a widow, and lives in Brussels. It is her pictures of cat life that have made her famous, winning her a popularity that she could scarcely have reached with more ambitious compositions.

AMERICAN INTEREST IN MURAL PAINTING.

We have already spoken of the new governmental library at Washington as being likely to take rank as the best example of architectural decoration in America, not even excepting the Boston Public Library. Some of the mural paintings are already in place, and others are well forward. W. L. Dodge's ceiling, "Ambition," was shown at the Champ de Mars Salon. Robert Reid has finished his four panels for the wall of the vestibule, and five for the ceiling of the gallery above the main staircase. These latter represent the five senses—a subject so

Digitized by Google

"Through Storm on Earth to Peace in Heaven."

From a photograph by Hanfstaengl after the painting by Wilhelm Kray.

Digitized by Google

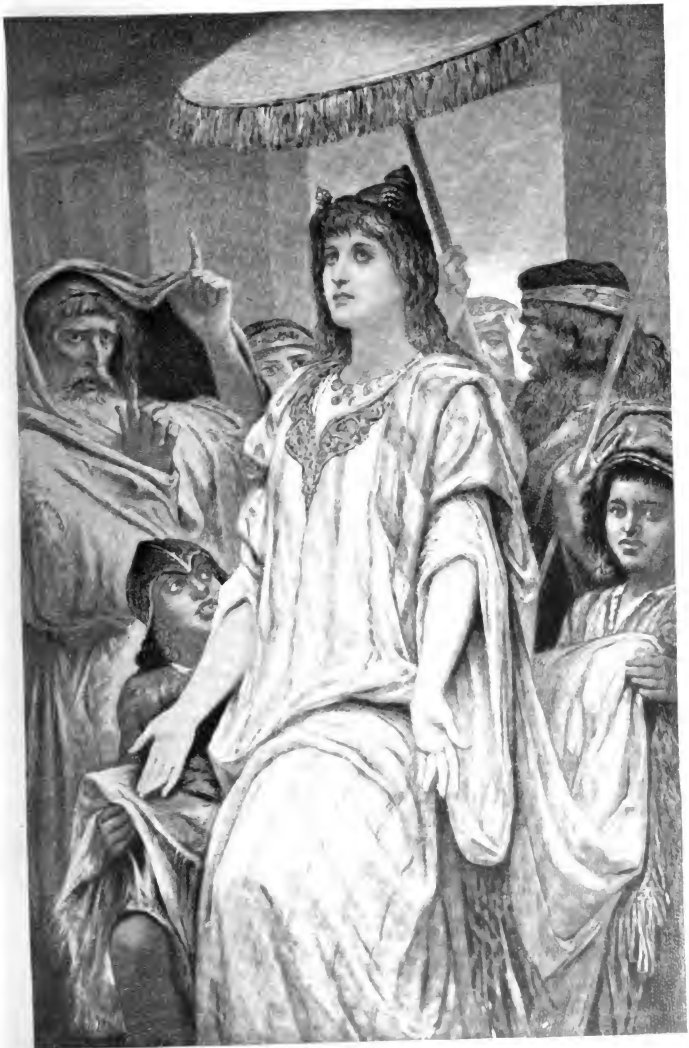
"The Trysting Place."

From a photograph by Block after the painting by Eugene Lejeune.

familiar that it was not easy to find an original conception. Mr. Reid has departed from convention by impersonating the senses with figures that are *fin de siècle* rather than classical—five beautiful and graceful modern maidens, richly colored and deftly painted.

We are glad to note that the West shares the newly aroused interest in good mural painting. The new public library in Peoria—a city hitherto famed chiefly for its distilleries—is being decorated by two Chicago artists—Frank C. Peyraud and H. G. Maratta, whose designs are praised by those who have seen them. Mr. Peyraud is of Swiss birth and a pupil of the Beaux Arts in Paris. Though still a young man, he has been settled in Chicago for a good many years, and his work has frequently attracted favorable notice at exhibitions both in the

Digitized by Google



COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., 251 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"Esther Appearing Before King Ahasuerus"

From the painting by J. Barreras.

Digitized by Google

HEBE.

From a photograph by Block after the painting by Miss Sallie Wagner.

West and in the East. Mr. Maratta's name is new to us.

A YOUNG AMERICAN GENIUS.

A statue that was not very long ago added to the Metropolitan Museum's collection is "The Bather," by Edmund Stewardson. Stewardson was a young Philadelphian, who would probably have gained a high place in the world of American art had not his career been prematurely cut off by death. His genius for sculpture was innate, and in spite of limited opportunities his early work was remarkably promising. "The Bather" was his best achievement, and it had only just received the finishing touches when he was drowned at Newport, four years ago. His father presented the statue to the Metropolitan as a memorial of his son's talent.

Digitized by Google

IN AN OLD GARDEN.

SIR GOLDPLUSH BEETLE, in your crimson rose,
With you how goes
This life of perfume breeze and pollen gold,
Above the garden mold?

Does not some thread of longing in your heart
At crisscross start,
When some strange, wandering, bourneless thing goes by,
Beyond, against the sky?

A wide winged moth, some twilight weaving bat;
But what of that?
Perhaps it set some wild, quick chord athrill,
Only the stars can still.

William Carman Roberts.

Digitized by Google

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

NEW POLITICAL LEADERS.

The present year will be a memorable one in the history of American politics. It has often been said that our two great parties have been divided by the fact that one held the offices and the other wanted them, rather than by any great question of public policy or principle. In the Presidential campaign of 1896, however, a clearly cut issue has not been lacking. The contest has turned upon the most keenly debated question that has arisen since the civil war. With the readjustment of party positions, new leaders have come to the front. History is made rapidly in America. In this democratic land, men suddenly emerge from the ranks and are called to high commands. Except Mr. McKinley, nearly all the prominent figures in the present political struggle are new men. Look back a few years—say half a dozen. Six years ago Mr. Bryan was a very young lawyer in a prairie city, with a limited practice; he had never held office, and was then seeking the election to Congress that was to give him his first opportunity of attracting attention.

William Jennings Bryan.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Sewall was also a private citizen, a ship builder of local repute in a little town "'way down East." On the other side, Mr. Hanna, now famed as the modern Warwick, was known merely as a Cleveland business man, who had dabbled, for amusement, in the politics of his State. Of Mr. Hobart the country at large had never heard, or had heard only as the New Jersey member of the Republican national committee. Today, these men are prominent factors in a contest on which hang issues of vital moment to the destiny of this country and of the world at large. They are making American history. Their personalities have the interest that attaches to leaders of men and champions of great political causes.

Unlike one another in many respects, these four men might any one of them be called a typical American. Partisan detraction apart—for MUNSEY'S has no party bias—each of them is a capital type, a creditable product of present day civilization. Mr. Bryan is undoubtedly the genius of the group. His career seems to contradict the oft stated theory that in these days of much printing oratory is moribund both as an art and as a political force. His rapid rise has been achieved wholly by his power over audiences. As a candidate for Congress, he succeeded, by "stumping" his district, in overcoming an adverse majority of nearly seven thousand at the previous election and winning by more than three thousand. He was the youngest member of the House when he caught the speaker's eye and the public's ear with his speech on tariff reform—a speech which Congressional

Arthur Sewall.

From a photograph by Hatch, Bath, Maine.

Digitized by Google

Garrett A. Hobart.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Davis & Sanford, New York.

critics regarded as one of the most effective they had ever heard. He must have been the youngest "Presidential possibility" on record when his fervid eloquence captured the Chicago convention last July. Should he be inaugurated at Washington on the 4th of next March, he will be thirty six years old—just one year above the minimum "age of discretion" fixed by the constitution as a necessary qualification for the Presidency.

Mr. Sewall is so much older than Mr. Bryan that he was married two years before his colleague was born. He is a typical New England business man, a representative of a long established industry in a long settled State. He has always lived in the city where he was born, and where his father opened a shipyard early in the present century, on land that had belonged to the family for generations. He is a man of property—a railroad director and bank president, who has shown courage in declaring for free silver coinage when the financial world condemned it. He has led a quiet, uneventful life, his interests being

Digitized by Google

Roger Wolcott, Governor of Massachusetts.

From a photograph—Copyright by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

Digitized by Google

those of his home and his business office. It is said that he is a practical shipbuilder himself, and can pick up tools and show any man in the Sewall yards how his work ought to be done.

Mr. Hobart describes himself as "a business man who engages in politics for recreation." His avocation, however, seems latterly to have thrust his vocation aside. He has long been a power in his own State, and it was owing to him, more than to any other man, that New Jersey Republicanism has been lifted out of its deep rut of defeat and raised to its present position of well intrenched supremacy. Yet as a corporation lawyer, and a remarkably able and successful one, his private interests have grown under his hand until he is, in ordinary parlance, a rich man. He has an unusual degree of personal popularity among those who have come in contact with him.

Mark A. Hanna.

From a photograph by Reder, Cleveland.

Of Mr. McKinley we do not speak here for the reason that his portrait was given in our August number.

The personality of none of the Presidential candidates has been more discussed, during the campaign, than that of the chairman of the national Republican committee. Even his enemies—he is a man who has both friends and enemies — admit that Mr. Hanna is one of the remarkable men of the day. If it be true that the great American quality of "get there" is specially developed in the Buckeye State, then this Cleveland business man is assuredly the typical son of Ohio. He has evidenced a marvelous power of carrying difficult undertakings to success. Beginning life as a clerk in a wholesale grocery in which his father was a partner, he has been an organizer and a manager of many great enterprises. His steamers bear eastward the ore from his Lake Superior mines; his foundries smelt it and roll it into rails for his railroads, which bring coal from his own pits.

With all this, Mr. Hanna has for years been deeply and actively interested in politics. He has seconded John Sherman's political progress no less energetically than his friend William McKinley's, though with less notable result. His opponents have suggested ulterior motives for his devotion to Major McKinley's interests, but the insinuation is unnecessary. Where in the world could a man of Mr. Hanna's Napoleonic temperament find so congenial and so absorbing a pastime as in the matchless and historic arena of an American Presidential campaign?

A NEW ENGLAND GOVERNOR.

The Governor of Massachusetts is the only American citizen who possesses, by legal enactment, an official title of honor. The head of the United States government

Digitized by Google

is simply "Mr. President," but the chief magistrate of the Bay State is "His Excellency" before all men.

Roger Wolcott, who was raised to this dignified office by the death of Governor Greenhalge, and who may hold it by direct commission after the approaching election, represents a type of politician that is commoner in Boston than in New York—fortunately for Boston. He is a gentleman of culture and inherited wealth, a Harvard graduate, and a scion of a historic New England family. Roger Wolcott, second in command at the siege of Louisburg, and Oliver Wolcott, signer of the Declaration of Independence and Governor of Connecticut, were his ancestors. Though scarcely a young man, he is the leader of the "young Republican" element in Massachusetts politics. His progress in public life has been from the Boston common council to the State Legislature, and thence to four terms as lieutenant governor. In spite of his active Republicanism, he has never subordinated principle to partisanship. In 1884 he dared to join the "mugwump" secession, and later, as president of the Republican Club of Boston, he publicly condemned the methods of Messrs. Quay and Dudley. That such outspoken independence has not weakened him as a party leader is a testimonial to the respect in which Massachusetts voters hold him.

Charles H. Grosvenor.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

Mr. Wolcott has often been called the handsomest man in Boston. He is a little more than six feet tall, with a ruddy complexion and grayish hair and mustache. Few figures are better known on the narrow thoroughfares of the modern Athens.

AN OHIO CONGRESSMAN.

Charles Henry Grosvenor of Ohio is one of the "war horses" of his party. He has made as many campaign speeches, and as

Digitized by Google

effective ones, as almost any Republican orator, and has carried his political artillery into nearly every State of the Union. Like Garfield and many other public men, especially in the West, he worked his way up from teaching in a country school to the study of law, and from the bar to official life. He was especially conspicuous last spring as a supporter of Mr. McKinley's

Llewellyn Powers.
From a photograph by True, Augusta, Maine.

claim to the Presidential nomination. At the suggestion of a newspaper correspondent in Washington, he one day gave out a statement of the number of McKinley delegates then elected. Its publication attracted so much atiention that a new bulletin was issued each week. Friends of other candidates impugned the accuracy of Mr. Grosvenor's figures, but the sequel proved that he was a better arithmetician than they.

Mr. Grosvenor is an Ohioan by long residence, a Connecticut Yankee by birth. He comes of fighting stock. His grandfather was a colonel in the Revolutionary army, his father fought as a major in 1812, and he himself won a brevet as brigadier general of volunteers in the civil war. At Washington he is familiarly known as "Santa Claus," for reasons that will be revealed by a glance at his portrait. Should his friend and fellow citizen of Ohio win the Presidency in November, Mr. Grosvenor may find something in his own stocking this Christmas — the pension commissionership or some other good appointment.

A MAN OF MAINE.

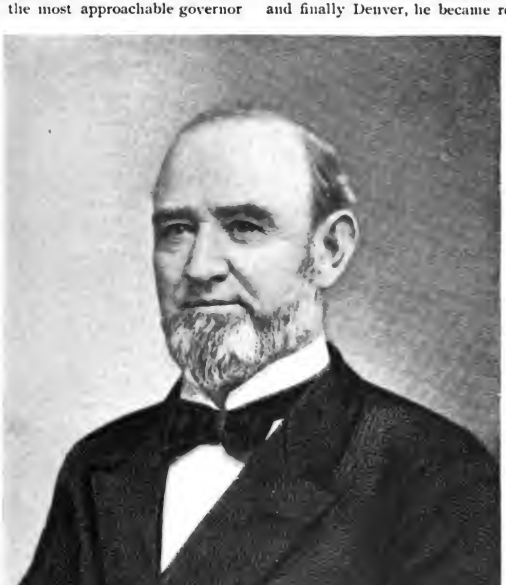
Thirty five years ago, when Llewellyn Powers went to Houlton, Maine, and put out his sign as a lawyer, the old residents looked at his boyish face, and said he would better go back home to his mother and grow a few years before attempting to expound the law to what was then little more than a backwoods community. But the young lawyer knew more, and had seen more of the world, than his outward appearance indicated. Though born in a log house, with few advantages, outside of good health and the ambition that is common to all American boys, this youth of twenty two had already graduated from Waterville College and the Albany Law School, paying his way by teaching. When he selected Houlton as the scene of his entry into practical life, he did so in the studied belief that Aroostook County offered better opportunities for a poor young man than any other part of Maine. Time has justified his judgment, and "Lew" Powers has prospered together with the far northern community. He now owns whole townships of valuable woodland, and is counted one of the wealthiest men in the State.

When Houlton was made a port of entry, in 1869, President Grant appointed Mr. Powers as the first collector of customs. He has also served as county attorney, as a member of the Legislature, and for a single term in Congress. When this magazine appears, if the Republicans carry the State as usual in September, he will be elected to Maine's chief magistracy.

Seen on the street in any city, Mr. Powers would be sure to attract notice. He is both tall and broad shouldered, and his massive head, covered with a sweeping growth of long black hair, gives evidence of mental and physical strength. Though rich beyond his boyhood dreams, he holds to the most

Digitized by Google

democratic simplicity of living. Everybody in Houlton knows and likes him. When he goes to Augusta next January—assuming that he is successful at the polls—Maine will have the most approachable governor that has sat in the chair since the days of Hannibal Hamlin.



Bishop Cranston.

From a photograph by Cuyler, Cincinnati.

A METHODIST BISHOP.

It was noteworthy that two of the clergymen whom this year's Methodist conference raised to the episcopacy were veterans of the civil war. One was Chaplain McCabe, whose portrait we published last month. The other, Bishop Cranston, fought with Fremont and McClellan in West Virginia, and with the Army of the Potomac under Grant. Returning to civil life, his first choice of a profession was the law; but before completing the necessary studies he felt more strongly impelled to the ministry. Successively stationed in four Ohio cities, and then further west at Evansville, Winona, and finally Denver, he became recognized as a leader of Methodism. He was one of the founders of Denver University, was active in the work of the Freedman's Aid Society, and has long been a manager of the Western Methodist Book Concern.

Speaking of Dr. Cranston's recent promotion, a church paper notes that he was elected a bishop by the largest vote ever recorded in favor of any candidate, and characterizes him as a deliberate, careful, fair minded, and resolute man, possessed of high oratorical and literary powers. For the next four years, at least, his official residence will be in Portland, Oregon.

Digitized by Google

The Carroll Mansion at Doughoregan Manor.

PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES.

VI.—THE CARROLLS.

A FIRST FAMILY OF MARYLAND—CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON, THE ONLY CATHOLIC WHO SIGNED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—HIS DESCENDANTS, AND THEIR HEREDITARY PROMINENCE IN THE ANNALS OF THE SOUTH.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

From an engraving by J. B. Longacre after the portrait by Field.

OF the fifty six signers of the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll of Carrollton is noted as having been the wealthiest man, the only Catholic, and the last survivor of the immortal band of patriots who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor for the support of the American cause.

Charles Carroll's grandfather and namesake, the first of the name in America, came to Maryland from Ireland in 1688, after the dethronement of James II of England destroyed the hopes of the Catholic party in Great Britain. Three years after his arrival, Mr. Carroll was appointed Lord Baltimore's chief agent in the colony, and received from the lord proprietor of Maryland grants of land amounting to sixty thousand acres. A considerable part of this domain has descended from father to son, through six generations, to the present time. In 1702, he purchased a large tract on both sides of Jones' Falls, which is now in the heart

Digitized by Google

of Baltimore, east of Calvert Street, and south of Madison Street. He died in 1720, leaving two sons. Charles, the elder brother, inherited most of the family estate, according to the law of primogeniture then prevailing in the colony of Maryland.

Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr. (Harriet Chew).

From the portrait by John Trumbull.

In 1729 the Maryland Assembly passed an act for the formation of a town on the north bank of the Patapsco River, in Baltimore County, and sixty acres of land were bought from Charles Carroll as the nucleus of the future metropolis of the South. The price paid was forty shillings per acre; the same land is now probably worth $400,000 an acre. In the following year, the commissioners commenced laying off the town; but its growth was slow, and at the end of a quarter of a century the place contained only twenty five houses, with a population of two hundred souls.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the third and most illustrious of his name, and perhaps the most distinguished man that Maryland has ever produced, was born at Annapolis in 1737. At the age of eight he was sent to Europe to be educated. He passed twelve years in France—six at the college of the English Jesuits at St. Omer, one with the French Jesuits at Rheims, two at the college of Louis le Grand in Paris, a year at Bourges, to study the civil law, and two more at the college of Louis le Grand. During these twelve studious years, he became a perfect master of the French lan-

Digitized by Google

guage, of French history, and of French literature. In 1757 he went to London, and became a student of the Inner Temple. The next seven years were devoted chiefly to study, legal and literary; but study did not engross his entire time, for we find him mingling in the fashionable life at Tunbridge Wells, and occasionally running over to Paris, and enjoying the gay world. The young man was liberally supplied with money, and his high social position at home opened to him the best society abroad.

After an absence of nineteen years, Charles Carroll returned to Maryland in 1764, and found the colonies in a condition of growing discontent under the exactions of the home government. In the following year the embers of political disquietude were fanned into flame by the passage of the Stamp Act. His long absence abroad had not lessened Mr. Carroll's love for his native land, and he threw himself heart and soul into the arena, to fight for American rights. The spirit that animated him is evidenced by his letters, written soon after his return home, to a friend in London. In one of these he says:

Mrs. Richard Caton (Polly Carroll).

From the portrait by R. E. Pine.

Nothing can overcome the aversion of the people to the Stamp Act, and their love of liberty, but an armed force, and that, too, not a contemptible one. To judge from the spirit the colonies have already shown, and which I hope to God will never fail them on the day of

Digitized by Google

trial, twenty thousand men would find it difficult to enforce the law; or, more properly speaking, to ram it down our throats.

The repeal of the Stamp Act gave a temporary lull to the political excitement, but it was soon rekindled. In the war of pamphlets that preceded the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll took a leading part, and was recognized as one of the ablest writers on the patriot side. Although he had more at stake than any other man in Maryland, or perhaps in the whole country, he advocated the boldest measures. It was he who advised the burning of the Peggy Stewart, in broad daylight, in Annapolis harbor, when that vessel arrived there with a cargo of the obnoxious tea. It was owing to his indefatigable exertions that the Maryland delegates in Congress were instructed to vote for independence. From the commencement of the controversy—as he wrote to his correspondent, Mr. Graves, a member of the British Parliament—he looked "to the bayonet as the solution of the difficulties between the mother country and her colonies, confident that, though the British troops might march from one end of the country to the other, they would, nevertheless, be masters only of the spot on which they encamped."

Soon after his return to America, his father gave him Carrollton Manor, in Ann Arundel County; and from that time he was known as Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The story that he first used the addition to his signature when he signed the Declaration of Independence is a fiction.

Charles Carroll was married, in 1768, to Mary Darnall, daughter of Henry Darnall, the surveyor general of the colony. The groom wore "a silk lined wedding suit," made in London. The marriage was followed by splendid festivities at Annapolis, and at Doughoregan Manor, in Howard County. The bride was described in the chronicles of the time as "an agreeable young lady, and endowed with every accomplishment necessary to render the connubial state happy." And they were happy, although she was not her husband's first flame. He had loved a Miss Cooke, who died two years before.

Charles Carroll was among the first to sign the famous document which John Quincy Adams described as "unparalleled in the annals of mankind." John Hancock, in conversation with the Maryland delegate, asked him if he was prepared to put his name to the bold declaration. "Most willingly," was the reply, and Mr. Carroll took up the pen and signed it there and then. "There go a few millions," said a bystander, and all who were present agreed that in point of fortune, none had more to risk.

Marianne Caton, Marchioness of Wellesley.
From a miniature by Robertson.

For twenty five years after signing the Declaration of Independence, the life of Charles Carroll was one of entire devotion to his State and country. His public career may be thus summed up: member of the first committee of observation, twice in the convention of Maryland, twice a delegate to

Digitized by Google

Congress, once chosen United States Senator, and four times a State Senator.

Doughoregan Manor, his favorite country seat and ancestral home, was built in 1717. Workmen were brought over from England for this purpose, and returned after the house was completed. It is a typical Southern colonial mansion, only two stories in height, but three hundred feet long. The wide hall, magnificently paneled, is embellished with English hunting scenes and other pictures. On the right of the hall are the library and morning room. In the former, the venerable statesman passed most of his time, reading, writing, and thinking. He was a fine classical scholar, his favorite work being Cicero's "De Senectute." He also read the old English authors, Addison, Swift, Pope, Johnson, and Shakspere. For the light literature of the day he did not care, his taste having been formed by study of the English classics, which Charles Lamb loved and praised.

On the walls of the library hang the portraits of five generations of Carrolls. The furniture is solid and substantial rather than showy. Across the hall is the dining room, around whose hospitable board Mr. Carroll loved to gather the heroes and patriots of the Revolution — Washington, Lafayette, John Eager Howard, and other famous men. Hospitality at the manor was profuse, generous, almost prodigal, but the master of the house lived in patriarchal simplicity.

Elizabeth Caton, Lady Stafford.

His eldest daughter, Polly, married Richard Caton, an Englishman who came to this country soon after Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States, and settled in Baltimore. When he fell in love with Miss Carroll, and proposed for her hand, her father objected to

Digitized by Google

the young man's lack of fortune. He reasoned with his daughter upon the imprudence of such a marriage, but found that his arguments had no effect.

"If he gets in jail," urged Mr. Carroll, "who will take him out?"

His daughter raised her beautiful hands, and exclaimed, "These hands will take him out."

Seeing her so determined, her father made no further opposition, and gave his daughter a princely dower.

Mrs. Caton was one of the most elegant women of the day. Her charming manners and amiable disposition won all hearts. George Washington was among those who admired her many graceful accomplishments, and she was a great favorite at the first President's republican court. She had four daughters, all of whom married foreigners, three of them becoming members of the English peerage.

Louisa Caton, Duchess of Leeds.

The story of the Caton girls is full of interest, and not a little romantic. The eldest, Mary, who was the most beautiful of the sisters, took for her first husband Robert Patterson, the brother of the Elizabeth Patterson who married Napoleon's brother Jerome. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson sailed for England a few weeks after their marriage, accompanied by the bride's two sisters. Their letters of introduction from the British minister at Washington opened to them the best society of England, and the remarkable beauty of the three sisters won them the title of "the American Graces." Among their English acquaintances was the Duke of Wellington, and it was he who presented them at the court of the prince regent. At sight of the fair Americans, the "first gentleman of Europe" is said to have complimented them with, "Is it possible that the world can produce such beautiful women?"

Louisa Caton, the youngest of the "American Graces," was the first to marry abroad. In 1817, she became the wife of Colonel Sir Felton Bathurst Hervey, who was the Duke of Wellington's aide de camp at Waterloo. After their marriage, the Iron Duke entertained the young couple for several weeks at Walmer Castle, while dinners and balls were given in their honor by the leading members of the aristocracy of England. Mrs. Patterson returned to America soon after her sister's marriage, but Elizabeth Caton remained in England with Lady Hervey.

Sir Felton Hervey died in 1819, after which the two sisters made an extensive tour on the continent. Three years later Robert Patterson died, and the next year his widow joined her sisters in England. Soon after her arrival, the Duke of Wellington invited the three sisters to his country seat. During their stay there, his brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, visited the castle, and was captivated by the beauty and grace of Mrs. Patterson. He was at the time lord lieutenant of Ireland. Although past three score, he retained much of the fine figure of his early manhood. He had been distinguished as an orator, statesman, and soldier, when his younger brother, the future hero of Assaye, Vittoria, and Waterloo, was only a young and not especially promising soldier. Mrs. Patterson was

Digitized by Google

married to the marquis in October, 1825, and thus it happened that an American became the sovereign lady of Ireland.

While the Marchioness of Wellesley was presiding over Dublin Castle, the attention of the whole American people was directed to her venerable grandfather, who by the death of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, on the 4th of July, 1826, was left the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Upon the next anniversary of the day, a dinner was given at Charleston, at which Bishop England proposed as a toast:

"Charles Carroll of Carrollton—in the land from which his grandfather fled in terror, his granddaughter now reigns a queen!"

In 1828, Lady Hervey married the Marquis of Carmarthen, eldest son of the sixth Duke of Leeds. Ten years later he succeeded to his father's title, and Louisa Caton reached the highest rank in the British peerage. He died in 1859, but the duchess survived him fifteen years, passing away at St. Leonard's-on-Sea in her eighty third year.

Elizabeth, the third Miss Caton, married Baron Stafford in 1836, and died in 1862. None of the "American Graces" had children.

Turning from the romantic experience of the three granddaughters of Charles Carroll in Europe, we resume the story of the family in America. His second daughter, Catharine, in 1802, married Robert Goodloe Harper, receiving from her father a house on Gay Street, which was at that time a fashionable locality for private residences. General Harper was a native of South Carolina, but removed to Maryland, where he was elected to the United States Senate. He soon resigned his seat in order to devote himself to the practice of the law, in which he ranked with Taney, Wirt, Winder, Pinkney, and other distinguished names of the golden days of the Maryland bar. In 1814 he was appointed a major general of

Miss Emily McTavish, Great Granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Digitized by Google

militia, and led the grand military display when Lafayette was received in Baltimore in 1824. He died suddenly at his home in Baltimore, and was buried with civil and military honors, in January, 1825.

General Harper's son, Charles Carroll Harper, married Charlotte Hutchinson Chiffelle, of Charleston, in 1827. Their only surviving child, Emily Louisa, married William Clapham Pennington of Baltimore, in 1853, and her children are Robert Goodloe Harper Pennington and Clapham Pennington, both of whom are married and have children.

Miss Emily L. Harper, General Harper's daughter, was long one of Baltimore's most honored and distinguished ladies. The highest society in Europe and America was graced by her presence, but she was as well known in the hovels of the poor as in the palaces of the wealthy. One of the most notable gatherings that ever took place in Baltimore was Miss Harper's reception to Cardinal Gibbons and the prelates attending the Third Plenary Council, in 1884.

It is said that Charles Carroll, Jr., the only son of the Signer, first courted Nellie Custis, the adopted granddaughter of Washington; but the fair young Virginian, with characteristic devotion to her native State, declined to accept a husband from beyond the Old Dominion, and married Lawrence Lewis, the son of Washington's favorite sister, Betty. Mr. Carroll found a more appreciative maid, and as fair a bride, in Harriet Chew, daughter of Benjamin Chew, chief justice of Pennsylvania. They were married at Clifden, Judge Chew's seat, near Germantown, in 1799. Young Mr. Carroll's residence was Homewood, near Baltimore, and after the style of his family, he was known as Charles Carroll of Homewood. Mrs. Carroll, like her sister in law, Mrs. Caton, was one the greatest beauties of the official society of her day. She was much admired by Washington, who, when

Miss Emily L. Harper, Granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Digitized by Google

Miss Mary Helen Carroll, Daughter of John Lee Carroll.

From the portrait by Emile Wauters.

said of the sister of the "American Graces," the fourth daughter of Richard Caton and his wife Polly Carroll. This lady, Miss Emily Rachel Lee Caton, married John McTavish, in 1815. Their eldest son, Charles Carroll McTavish, married Marcella, daughter of General Winfield Scott. Of the four surviving children of this union, none is married, while two have entered convents. One, Miss Emily McTavish, was one of the brightest ornaments of Baltimore society when, a few years ago, in the bloom of beauty, and with everything to make the world attractive, she left friends, family, and fortune to become an inmate of the Visitation Convent, at Catonsville.

Eugene L. Didier.

Digitized by Google

IN THE REIGN OF BORIS.*

By Robert McDonald,

Author of "A Princess and a Woman."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO XIII.

BORIS, the young king of Carpathia, a little state in southeastern Europe, is suspected of desiring to hand his domains over to Russia, of whose royal house he is a morganatic scion: in consequence, a number of Carpathians, led by Count Lubona, conspire to overthrow him. An attempt is made to assassinate the king while he is riding through a wooded ravine near Carpeth, the capital, and he receives painful though not serious injuries. Lubona has the wounded monarch conveyed to his own ancestral castle, now occupied by a wealthy American, John Marr, and his daughter Elinor, whose sympathies Lubona has enlisted. He orders the king detained until the conspirators' plans are matured; but when Boris has recovered somewhat from his injuries, Beverly, a New York *Herald* correspondent, who has been sent out to investigate the political situation, as well as the transactions of John Marr, aids the king to escape. They flee towards Carpeth, in company with Elinor Marr, whom Beverly has persuaded to come, believing her to be in danger. They elude their pursuers, but the exertion proves too much for the king, and he is unable to continue. Beverly leaves him at a peasant's hut in the care of Elinor Marr, and hastens toward Carpeth, to seek aid. Learning from a young peasant, whom he has taken with him as guide, that the conspirators' rendezvous is close by, he suddenly resolves to seek Marr and place Elinor under his protection. He finds that Marr has not been there since early the previous day, and the men, evidently believing him to be a friend, eagerly inquire for news.

XIV.

CIVILIZATION has created a class of men who have an almost superstitious awe of circumstances. Their attitude probably comes to them from the primitive philosophers who bowed to the will of Fate, down through the earlier Christians, who had a sublime submission to the will of Providence. It is considered rather a high mark of breeding to "take your medicine" calmly, but Beverly had been loosening the bonds of civilization for several hours now. There burned in his soul a belief in his own power to conquer any physical ill, and in his ability to accept and carry any burden with dogged will. When he realized that Marr was in the hands of Lubona, as they themselves had been, he saw but one path before him, and that led to the rescue of Marr and his restoration to his daughter. Marr's daughter was the center of the universe now. But first of all, help must come to the king.

Beverly's first impulse was to tell the men before him, these men of Marr's, that their leader was a prisoner, but he hesitated in time. He was learning that scattered confidences are dangerous, and that it is easier to be alone in a project unless you are quite sure of your allies.

"I expected to find Mr. Marr in this camp, but knew that he had other and important business which might detain him. He would go on to Carpeth," he said. Then a sudden thought made him turn. "Do you know of a physician near here? I have a friend who was to have come here with me who is very ill up the mountain."

Beverly had made up his mind that if he could find a man of any skill nearer than Carpeth, he would take him to Boris.

"I am strange to this part of the country," one of the men began, but the other spoke hastily. "There is Father Leo," he said in a low voice.

"Sh!" the first man said, but Beverly broke in anxiously:

"Where is this Father Leo? Who is he?"

"He is a sort of priest without a parish," the first man said. "He is a member of one of the oldest Carpathian families, but has long been cut off from his people by some estrangement—I do not know what; but his sympathies would be with—they would not be with Marr and his mines."

"Oh, I see," Beverly said. "But is he skilful?"

One man shrugged his shoulders. "The peasants he cares for would not exchange his healing herbs and care for all the doctors in Christendom."

"That is no way to speak. He has the gift," the other added seriously.

"Where can I find this man?" the American asked. "There is no necessity for him to know that it is any friend of Marr's

* *This story began in the July number of* MUNSEY'S.

Digitized by Google

whom he tends. Any chance traveler may be ill."

"If it's Father Leo you want," the boy said eagerly, in German, "I can take you to him. He can cure anything. He cured me of the throat swelling by just saying a word or two."

Beverly turned impatiently, but one of the men observed dryly, "And he gave you something as well. You will make no mistake in taking Father Leo to your friend. He cures with words, of course. He always lays on hands, but he gives medicines too. It matters little which cures."

"How far is it?"

"Only over yonder, beyond my mother's farm," said the boy eagerly. "I can run to him while you wait here or go back. I will bring him."

"No," Beverly said. "I will go." He had a vision of the boy stopping at his mother's farm, and of the news of the sick man traveling with the gossip of the pig owner. It was safer to take the boy along. "I will go. Come on," he said.

They found the home of Father Leo without much difficulty. It was the outbuilding of what had evidently been a manor house, whose blackened foundations and charred beams had fallen among the new growing bushes after some long extinguished fire. The house was made of rubble and stone, whitewashed, and in the narrow doorway sat a man whose face would have impressed a less imaginative person than the young American reporter. It was not hard, and yet it was not soft and gentle. Father Leo seemed to look upon the world as something apart, something which could bear no meanings for him. He wore the dress of the peasants, modified in ways that led toward comfort. This was no ascetic, wearing sackcloth and ashes for his soul's sake, but a man whom the emotions had ceased to charm. His hair was not long, nor was it cropped as short as is conventional. A black beard covered his lips and chin, and showed in relief a finely cut nose and black eyes. As he arose at Beverly's approach, the American wondered at the resemblance all these Carpathians of the upper class seemed to bear to Lubona. As in the face of the woman in the tree, he saw strong traces of the Carpathian who had become his enemy.

"What will you have?" Father Leo asked politely—in English, to Beverly's amazement. In a flash he saw that whatever the man was now, he had been an educated gentleman of the class which is taught to address a stranger of any nationality in his own language, if it be possible; and Beverly was well bred enough to make no comment.

"My name is Beverly," he said, hat in hand. "I am an American traveler. I have a friend up here in the hills who had a hurt yesterday, and is very ill. Can you come to him? It would be an immense service."

"I am not a regular physician."

"But you may know what to do in this case. It appears to be one of exhaustion;" and he went on to recite Boris' injuries.

In ten minutes Father Leo was on his way up the hillside, his herbs and simples in a muslin bag in his hand. They had almost reached the byre when Beverly looked behind for the boy, and saw that he was gone. A crash in the underbrush gave a hint of the direction in which he had taken his departure, and with an exclamation of angry impatience, Beverly started after him.

"Come back here! Where are you going?" he cried.

But the boy went on. He knew these woods, and Beverly did not. The American's face was black as he reached the narrow wood path again. The hermit looked at him with an expression which was not wonder nor curiosity. It was too indifferent for either, but it called out an explanation from Beverly.

"I suppose he will bring all his kin to look on the sick stranger," he said with an uneasy laugh.

"The peasants are very sympathetic," the priest returned.

When they reached the hut they found Boris sleeping, and Elinor Marr sitting by him. She had rebandaged his head, and had tried to make gruel of some grain she had discovered. The sick man could not be expected to eat the ham, which was about the only food the place afforded.

At the entrance of the priest, she looked up with an expression of absolute relief. It was not necessary to tell her why he had come. He bore the look of the healer in his face, and her woman's intuition recognized it. She arose at once, and gave him her place by the bedside. Into the man's eyes came the first look of interest Beverly had seen him evince. He would not have been half a lover had he not looked for every other man's opinion of his divinity. Although he was assuring himself that his passion was hopeless of any return, that she should never even hear in words that he loved her, he was quite unable to keep

Digitized by Google

from acting that lover's part which nature laid out for him who first saw and recognized the loveliness of a maid.

The beauty of Elinor was something to make a man stare whether he were hermit, herd boy, or priest. Her face was flushed by the fire now, but about her sweet eyes were the bister circles of fatigue, which gave her an air of languor. Her hair was loosened, ruffled by the night and her new duties. Curly "widow's locks" crisped themselves above the high collar of her blue gown. The little hat had been long cast aside, and the tight cuffs turned back from the strong, round wrists.

Beverly's heart ached as he looked at her. He humbly blamed himself for his inability to think out some solution of their difficulty which would not have subjected her to this. She was never intended for hardship. He mentally reviled her father for ever bringing her to this barbarous country, and then in the same breath he blessed the chance that had made it possible that he could be so near her as he was now.

He watched Father Leo as the priest first saw the face of the king. But if the healer knew him as the nation's sovereign, he gave no sign. He had the familiar ways of the doctor the world over. He put a hand on his patient's brow and a finger on his pulse, and looked at him with the impersonal regard which a cabinet maker gives to a chair. Then he went over to the fire, and ordered Miss Marr to attend to stewing and preparing some of the herbs in his muslin bag. Beverly followed him, and insisted upon taking up the work himself, letting Elinor rest.

"There is nothing more to do," the priest told him.

"You must let me make a couch for you. You must sleep," Beverly said anxiously.

They had walked to the door of the hut, and could look across the plumy tops of trees to the valley below. The evening was beginning to fall down there, and although the sun was with them the earth gave out its incense to the coming night. The air tasted warm and fragrant in the throat, with an aromatic flavor like some strange liquor.

"I do not want to lie down, Mr. Hardin. Where is my father? I am afraid for him."

Her eyes were troubled and her lip trembled like a child's. Fatigue was beginning to show even upon her strong physique. The fact that she turned to him with that quivering face stirred Beverly to the depths of his heart. He was divided in his impulses. He wanted to say to her, "Your father is in the hands of that double traitor Lubona, and it shall be my mission in life to rescue him and restore him to you." He wanted to make sure that she understood Lubona and hated him; he wanted to have his armor for the coming fray braced by the knowledge that she, his lady, his queen, knew that it was for her that he was setting out to do battle. But he put down his boyish longings, his vain imaginings, laughed at himself for wishing to pose as a hero of romance, and took refuge in the blessed old American way, that of misleading a woman so that she shall never know how miserable she really is.

"Your father is doubtless back at your home again by this time," he said cheerfully. "I left a note on his table telling him that you had decided to go to Carpeth as you had some fears about remaining."

"That was unnecessary. I also left a note," she replied indifferently, "telling him that I had learned of——" her face burned scarlet again—" of that man's treachery."

She spoke softly, and Beverly believed that she wished him to know himself forgiven; and then, after that flash of light, he felt his chances blacker than before. If she cared at all for him, if she did not look at him with just a womanly pity for the impetuous tactlessness of youth, would she have spoken to him at all in this way? Was it not because she was so much above him?

There must have been some such hungry inquiry in his face, for she turned away with a line between her brows, and looked into the conscious eyes of Boris.

She ran over to the reviving patient in a way which made Beverly envious, more particularly as he saw that the king fully appreciated her attention. He turned and went out on the hillside and sat down. He was mortally tired, and yet his work was scarcely begun. His brain seemed to have stopped; its machinery could act no longer. He saw the sun fall down behind the distant fringe of trees, and wondered what the next twenty four hours would bring, much as if he had been reading a story in which the characters had arrived at a crisis. He felt that he might put the book down for a time without any very serious consequences.

He must have dozed for a moment when he became conscious that he was not alone. Father Leo had come out and was sitting beside him.

"Do you wish me to stay any longer?" the priest asked.

"How is the king?" Beverly inquired.

Digitized by Google

dully, and then sprang to his feet with an exclamation, wide awake, ready to tear his tongue out for his indiscretion.

"Sh!" the other man said calmly. "You need not be disturbed. I was at his coronation. I knew him. I have sat at his mother's table in Petersburg in other years. Young Prince Curt and I are old friends;" and he smiled as he looked down at his sheepskin bordered dress.

"Did he recognize you?"

"The memories of the young are not so long."

Beverly looked into the steady, changeless eyes of the man, and felt that he faced a gentleman. Whatever Leo said could be depended upon.

"What are you going to do?"

"Why should I do anything? The king has had a hunting accident, and I am doing what I can for him. There is in reality nothing the matter with him of a serious nature. He can ride tomorrow. He is worn out, exhausted, but he would have pulled through without me. He must have more nourishing food. I think we shall have that before long, however, as the woman who owns this land and the pigs about here, and whose son ran away, will come up with fowls and offers of assistance when her son tells her there is a sick man at one of her byres. She is a good soul, and rich travelers are not dependent upon her for food every day in the week. We can give the king some broth in an hour or two, unless I am mistaken. He will not feel the need of it until then."

"It was most fortunate we found you here. I confess I did not wish you to know that this was the king. I feared you might be against him."

"Why?" Evidently Father Leo had heard nothing of the revolutionary plans of Lubona.

"I don't know," Beverly said lamely. "You know I have only been here a short time, but it seemed to me that many of the Carpathians were——" Then he threw discretion to the winds. This man impressed him as he had impressed Elinor. Beverly was tired, and wanted the rest and relaxation of a confidant. "The truth is," he said, "that the king has just escaped a plot. He was injured purposely by the machinations of a Carpathian nobleman, was carried to that nobleman's home and made a prisoner."

Beverly was not looking at the priest, but he noticed a slight hoarseness in Father Leo's tone when he spoke again.

"And the beautiful young girl?"

"She was a tenant in Lubona's house, or rather her father was. He trapped the father as well as us. When we escaped we could not leave Miss Marr defenseless, so we brought her along."

The priest clutched at his arm. "Lubona!" he said. "Is he in this country again? Was it he who injured the king, from whom you are hiding?"

Beverly turned abruptly at the touch.

"It is Lubona. He appears to be unpopular, after all—hardly the man to start a popular uprising. Do you know him, too?"

"Yes."

"We were warned against him by a girl—a girl who climbed a tree by my window. She seemed to know him, too."

"When? Where?" The man was full of a fire of excitement now. "A tiny little girl, a pretty little girl?" The voice was pathetic in its change to tenderness, the break in its sternness.

"A little black eyed girl who looked like *you*—and like Lubona."

XV.

WHAT need was there of telling the story? Put with what the unhappy girl had told him, Beverly had enough. He looked at Father Leo pityingly, and held his tongue, which, under the circumstances, was the only thing possible.

Presently the priest looked up. His stern, calm features had undergone a change. They had lost their smooth outward form and were shriveled into a mask of piteous misery, the misery of a strong man.

"Where is Henri Lubona?" he asked, and in his tones Beverly heard the echo of a fixed determination. "He has been out of the country. I supposed, and so did all who knew him, that he had gone forever; that he would never touch the soil of his forefathers again."

"He has been here only a few weeks. He is chamberlain to the king."

"To betray him, as he has betrayed every trust ever put into his hands."

"Yes," Beverly said simply. To his mind that description of Lubona could not be improved upon.

The priest's face worked again. "Do you know where my daughter is?"

"I know, or I think I know, that she is not with Lubona. She knew that the king was in the house, and that he was in danger, but there appeared to be some break between her and Lubona." He would have added, "She was jealous of Miss

Digitized by Google

Marr," but he could not bring himself to tell that to her father.

"I have not seen her for four years. I have never spoken her name for two years. My little Linda!" There was inexpressible sorrow in his tones. "She was to have married, and I, sick, sent her cousin, my adopted son, to Petersburg, to bring her from the school. They never came back. He eloped with her, and married her himself, against all of our laws and customs."

"Married her?" Involuntarily Beverly's tone lightened. A change came over his mind concerning Lubona. After all, what was the prank of marrying one's cousin? Not a crime, surely. After all, the man might never have dreamed of Elinor Marr.

In the rush of feeling, he had a sudden sympathy for Lubona. His methods were mean and contemptible, but doubtless he considered himself a patriot. Beverly would ask Boris to forgive him, and would send him back to his wife.

"I am afraid we should hardly consider that so serious a crime," he said cheerfully. "If two young people find they are unhappy apart, we Americans who do not happen to be their near relatives find it in our hearts to forgive them. It is one of the customs of my country."

The other man's face did not relax.

"But it could never be a legal marriage here. He abandoned my daughter, telling her that she was not his wife. In this country she is not. He abandoned her in Paris. I followed them, but she had disappeared. I searched Europe for them, but they were not found. Then I came back here and hid my shamed face among these hills."

"Lubona has been in America," Beverly said.

"And she?"

"I do not know," Beverly replied hastily. "But she knew his plans. She knew his men."

"Like many a woman before her," the man said bitterly. "She cannot let him go. She seeks to win back, in some fashion, the life which she has given him. My——" he rose and walked hastily away.

"I will help you to hunt Lubona, and I do not believe the task will be difficult. He is probably in Carpeth, making plans, or carrying them out, to seize the government. He has had all this day."

"The king could go on to Carpeth tonight," Leo said. "He is strong enough. His weakness was only temporary. He only needs food. He can go if he desires to do so."

"Then he shall;" and Beverly started toward the house.

"But you?" Leo said. "You need rest. You have not slept."

"Oh, I am accustomed to living without sleep," the American answered lightly, although the edges of his eyelids were beginning to feel as if a drop of mucilage had strayed among the lashes.

Beverly went into the house and found Boris drinking something from a bowl which the young girl held. His refreshing sleep, the gruel, or perhaps some mental tonic, had wakened him to life again. Beverly could see in his eyes and cheeks almost the full tide of health flowing back through his mercurial temperament.

The king let Elinor hold the bowl to his lips, looking up at her now and then with an almost childlike confidence and gravity. The picture filled the man who looked at it with exasperation.

"Let me broil you some ham," Beverly said quietly. "The doctor says that you are quite able to travel tonight. I will bring the horses around, and the doctor will see you on your way to Carpeth."

Boris sat up. His tunic had been taken off, and the fine linen shirt which he wore under it was loosened around his muscular neck.

"Oh, see here, Hardin," he said, "I am too sick to move. Not but what a piece of ham has a savory sound."

"We are going to move. It will not do to keep Miss Marr here any longer. She cannot sleep here."

"Certainly not," Boris said, and sprang to the floor. He turned a little giddy as he stood, but he recovered himself in a moment. "Miss Marr is a famous nurse," he went on. "She has brought me around very fit."

"Oh, I am afraid you should lie still," the girl said.

Beverly had cut a slice from a ham which hung from the low, smoky roof. It was evidently the herd boy's chief food, and he kept it here by the fire where it could be sliced with his clasp knife. In a second or two it was broiling over the coals, while Boris hungrily watched its progress. He had struggled into his tunic, and sat disheveled, handsome, like some rowdy boy on a camping expedition. Beverly hastily pushed into his hand the long skewer of wood he had been using for a fork.

"I will go and get the horses," he said. "You can take the meat up and eat it when it is ready."

As he looked back through the open

Digitized by Google

door, the scene was like a Rembrandt study. The door let out the firelight from the black hole of a hut, and showed before it the two young figures, the girl's auburn hair touched by the flames into molten gold, relieved against Boris' black head. The king was on his knees before her, the stick in his hand. Beverly went on with a heavy heart.

The horses had been tethered and allowed to crop the short, sweet mountain grass, and for an instant he had a deadly fear, for they were not in the place where he had left them. Had Lubona found them, after all? He started back, and saw, peeping from behind a great, bush grown boulder, the face of the German boy.

"The horses are here," the lad said. "I thought you would come to see after them, and I put them here. I was told to see you alone."

Beverly walked hastily around the rock, his hand on his revolver, and giving the edge a wide berth so that he could see if an enemy were concealed there. But the place was empty.

"Who told you to see me alone?" he asked sharply.

"A lady."

"What lady?"

"A lady down the mountain. She gave me some money, and told me to tell you to come to the wood over yonder and speak to her. She sent this." He pulled from his pocket the little red cap which Beverly had seen on the black hair of the girl in the tree; or if it was not that, it was one exactly like it.

"Where did you see her? What did you tell her?"

"I told my mother who was here—two gentlemen and a lady. The lady staying there asked me all I could tell. Then she came here. Oh, she *ran!* I am out of breath. She made me change the horses. She knew you would notice that at once. She is waiting."

"How do I know that you are not lying to me, that there are not other people over there?"

The moon was making the sky tender now, and the deep mountain wood was black.

"Because the lady is there," the boy said stolidly.

It was a chance, if she was there, which Beverly could not afford to miss. He walked hastily across the short slope, broken here and there by rocks and boulders, until he came into the shadow of the trees. Then there stepped out to meet him the tiny woman whom he had last seen under his window at Lubona's castle.

XVI.

"You may put up your revolver," she said in her broken English. "There is nobody here to kill; and in any case you have done enough of that. It is a pity you did not include Count Lubona in the massacre."

Her voice was hard, and Beverly realized that he disliked her more than ever. She was utterly antipathetic to him, and he had a whimsical idea that Lubona might be pardoned for leaving her if she ruffled him as badly.

"I do not want to kill any one," he began, but she cut him short.

"How ill is the king?"

"He is almost well again."

"The next thing is to get him to Carpeth as quickly as possible."

"I think we understand that—"

"Before Lubona gets there."

Beverly's mind sprang at her words. "Hasn't he been there?"

"Not he! He thought that if he could get his hands on his lord and sovereign he might be able to settle the question without any trouble. He knows where you are—now, and he is waiting for you to take—that girl—away, to attack you. He knows you won't keep her there all night. He has gone too far to go back now."

"Then Lubona's men are near by?"

"Very near by. They are on the only road you can take to get away from here. They saw you come out this morning. They let you come back, so that you could take the American girl away without alarming her. Everybody is very careful about alarming her, although I have noticed no timidity in her manners."

"Where is Marr?"

"Why should I tell you that? Yes! That is what I came here to tell you. Lubona will keep him a prisoner till he consents to the count's marriage with his daughter."

"But a man like Marr cannot disappear."

"Oh, yes, he can. Evidently you do not know our country. Anybody can disappear in Carpathia. They are traveling in the mountains—indefinitely."

"But Lubona cannot marry Miss Marr when you are already his wife."

The woman sprang back a step and gave a cry as if she had been struck.

"Who told you that?"

"Your father." He said the words solemnly.

Digitized by Google

"Does he know? My father! My father! Where is he? Where is my father?"

She had her hand on his arm, and she had drawn her face up as close as possible to his.

"He is in that hut over there." She sank down in a heap on the ground and broke into sobs which shook her childish figure. All the vivid passion of the brilliant little creature went into her emotion.

"Would you like to see him?" Beverly asked. "He wants to see you. He told me that he had not seen you for four years. He searched up and down Europe for you. He had heard——"

"Does he know? Does he know? Lubona told me that he had died. I have seen no one that knew him in these years. I did not ask for him anywhere. I went back and looked at the gates of my old home, and they were closed and rusted. I thought he was dead." She stood up and touched Beverly's hand again, crying feverishly, childishly: "You must get him away from there before Lubona comes. They must not meet. My father will kill him!"

"You said you wanted him dead."

"I do. Oh, I could say that to you. You cannot kill him; he is too wise and cunning for you. You could find no way to kill him, but my father! My father would kill him with his bare hands. They must not meet."

"Will you come and see your father?"

"No, no! Let me tell you where Marr is. I came to tell you. He is in the tower room in the castle."

"In the castle?"

"Yes, you left him behind when you came away. He was bound and gagged, and carried through a door which opens only into the tower. He might have seen you when you rode away. He is there now, but I do not know how long he will remain there. It is a safe place. Lubona had planned it out, I suppose, when he rented the castle to Marr, but you managed to complicate matters for him."

She had arisen, and stood easily, talking flippantly again; but Beverly could hear the choking sighs with which she stifled sobs, like a hurt child.

"How do you know this?"

"Do you suppose there is ever a time when I do not know where he is?" she asked hoarsely. There was only one "he" in the world for her.

"If you have so much influence over these Carpathians, and can make them tell you anything," Beverly said angrily, "why do you not tell them of their folly in following Lubona?"

"Go back and give your warning," she returned rudely. "You do not know of what you speak;" and she turned and disappeared in the wood.

Beverly almost ran back, but he had obtained a view of Leo Lubona's daughter which told him that her father would never draw her away from the man she loved. It was not that she wished to save the king, or to defeat Lubona's plans except as she imagined that they concerned Miss Marr. If she could blacken him in Elinor's eyes, all was well.

"I appear to have pretty much the same motives," Beverly admitted, in self depreciation.

The boy was there with the horses, and he stopped and saddled them.

"Are you going away now?" the lad asked. "Are you taking the lady?"

A sudden thought struck the American. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a handful of money.

"Is this as much as you want, not to tell the men below where we are, and to show us an unguarded path through the forest?"

"How much is it?" asked the boy. "It is too dark to see." Evidently he knew how to make a bargain.

"Come nearer, into the house; I don't want you to be slipping away from me again;" and the boy followed. "Stand there," Beverly added as he went inside.

The sight of Boris' high spirits put Beverly into the state of exasperation against which he had been fighting for twenty hours. The king sat before the fire, eating the broiled slices of ham, without bread, and talking like a man on a picnic, while Elinor and the elder Lubona sat beside him. The girl's face was weary, but not despondent; on the man's the old calm expression was creeping back. They all looked up when Beverly came in.

"Miss Marr," he said, "will you go to the door and hold the horses, and that boy, for a few moments? I am afraid he is not to be trusted. If he asks how—Count Festin is, do not tell him, although," he added, "if he cared to look through the door or the chinks in the walls he could have little doubt of the state of his health."

After she had gone, wondering a little at his tone, Beverly sat down and told his story.

"Where did you get all this?" Boris asked. "How do you know that the whole thing is not the false tale of a spy? Or is it the lady again?"

Digitized by Google

When Beverly did not answer, the king went on merrily, addressing the hermit: "Our friend appears to be one of those magnetic people who can always find a woman ready to help them out of any sort of a scrape. He hadn't been in Lubona's castle an hour before one was trying to climb into his window."

"Hush," Beverly said. "This gentleman knows you are the king. He is your friend, and the woman who has done so much for your interests is his daughter."

"I beg your pardon," Boris said sweetly, and put out his hand. "I beg you to forgive an idle tongue."

"You and Father Leo and Miss Marr will take the horses. I advise you to take my clothing, and give me yours," Beverly went on. "Father Leo can find a place of safety for Miss Marr in Carpeth."

"And you?"

"I shall find my way to the spot where Marr's men are awaiting him, tell them that their leader is imprisoned, and rescue him."

"That you shall not do," Boris said, rising to his feet. "It would give me two revolutions upon my hands instead of one. That I will not consent to. I am still king."

"And may I ask if you expect to let Marr remain there?"

"He may remain there until I am reestablished in Carpeth, with my kingdom well in my hand. It appears to be a safe place for him."

"And let his daughter go on with you, although her father is a prisoner, subjected to you know not what indignities? If you can do this, I will not. I will do my best to get Marr away from Lubona and back to his daughter. He is not a dog. He will not oppose you then."

"Your opinion of your compatriot differs from my own," Boris said. "I believe he would stop at nothing. I cannot say I blame him. He is committing no particular crime. If he succeeds he is a great man; only I do not happen to want him to succeed. My duty to my country, if nothing else, would cause me to leave him behind bars until I can let him out on my own terms. He is a conspirator."

"And if it had not been for his daughter you would now be a prisoner yourself, in all probability."

"Aided by you, my dear American, aided by you. Do not let your modesty defeat my gratitude. I confess that it is excellent news to me that one of the enemies of my throne is in safe hands. I hope he may remain there. I am off to Carpeth with a lighter heart. Come!"

He went toward the door with something of his old swagger. Beverly rose impatiently and followed him. He looked toward the place where he had left the boy with the horses, and asked Elinor Marr to stand and watch him. He could see no one. With a clutch of fear at his heart he ran out. The byre was a tumble down place built in the rocks, one of which made the rude chimney. The moon was coming up in a trembling mist, and was yet faint behind the tops of the trees. As Beverly ran out into this open place, it had the desolation of a desert to his gaze, for the horses, the boy, and the woman he loved had disappeared.

"Elinor! Elinor!" he called wildly at the top of his voice.

Over in the trees it seemed to him he heard an echo that might have been a laugh, but beyond that the whole world seemed to lie in the silence of evening. Peace lay in the darkening valley, but it was a peace which exasperated Beverly to the last degree.

'Fool! Fool!" he shouted in his own ears. Why had he not realized the danger of sending that girl outside? Sweat broke out on his body as he thought what he might have sent her to. He rushed on wildly toward the wood. He would follow, they would find that they had a man to deal with, and if they had an army he would overtake them. He was in the fringe of trees, and amid deep blackness, before the folly of his course came home to him.

Boris and the hermit were behind him; Boris looking for the road, and the older man stooping on his knees and following the tracks of the horses. Beverly came back.

"You may defend yourself now," he said to Boris. "Your shield has gone. They were not to attack us while she was here, but she has gone."

Quite unconscious of what he did he went to Boris and shook him by the shoulder. The two young men faced each other, and each read the other's secret in his eyes. Boris' face was ghastly, and his black eyes were full of a light which had been born in them in that instant. Crowns, principalities, even life itself, had never had the value which this young girl had assumed, and he saw that in Beverly's face which told him that he faced a man to whom she was as precious.

"I will follow. She must be brought back, and at once."

Digitized by Google

"Follow!" and Beverly laughed. "They have a road and horses. We are watched, and are on foot. Get to Carpeth and save your kingdom. I will look for—my countrywoman."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to that camp where Marr's 'miners' are, and I will tell them that their leader and his daughter are prisoners. If she is not found," he said furiously, "I will see that your miserable little kingdom is thrown into the sea. Americans cannot be treated in this fashion." His rage and the long strain on his nerves were too much for him. He was losing his head.

"Where is the camp? Let us go," Boris said calmly.

The figure of Leo stood by them as they finished speaking. It had been as if they had thrown a challenge into each other's faces.

"The horses went into the wood, where it is too dark to follow their tracks," he said. "There is no road in that direction, and they may be hiding in the trees; but it will be hopeless to venture there. I do not believe that the insurgents"—he did not speak Lubona's name—"intend to murder you, your majesty. They would be only mountain brigands in that case, and could never hope for a republic. They might be forgiven for holding you through a *coup d'état*, but never for killing you."

"Except by accident," Boris put in dryly. "But I do not wish to be captured. The quickest thing to do is to visit Marr's camp and get out those men. I have contracted a debt, and I will pay it." He spoke as though the rescue were a matter of courtesy, but he deceived no one.

"I know the short way," Leo said. The two young men had lost sight of the priest in their own excitement, but as a note in his voice struck the nerves of Beverly he turned. The old indifference, the grief, were all gone. Here was a man thirsty for revenge, with a double insult to lash him into fury. There was no need for him to open his close set lips. His whole aspect was full of threat to Lubona. He had the bitterest wrong a man can know to carry him forward.

Beverly had two pistols, and he offered one of them to Leo. The man took it in silence, and the three scrambled down the hillside and made their way toward the ravine where Beverly had seen Marr's men earlier in the day. They kept a constant lookout. Once they heard a sound of feet moving through the wood. Silently all three crouched to the ground behind sheltering rocks or trees and waited. Not one but felt that these were their pursuers.

The elder man rose once, and tried to peer into the gloom. A little rift in the rocks and trees here, probably formed in some long past winter by a mountain torrent or avalanche, made an opening through which the moonlight streamed. As the men with rifles paced slowly and carefully through this place, the faint rays behind them outlined their figures and glinted on their arms. They were great bearded fellows, and they reminded Beverly of Henry Irving's procession of phantom kings in "Macbeth." The thought made their whole expedition theatrical for the moment, and then he seemed to see himself back in the barbarous days of the Scottish wars, and to realize how far behind him he had left civilization.

He knew that Leo had stood up with the pistol in his hand, and that if one of these bearded savages had passed on to give place to the smooth, elegant figure of Lubona, the bullet would have carried a straight message to that traitor heart. But Lubona was not there, though he counted nearly two hundred men.

"He must have a larger army than I can muster," Boris said, "to be able to send out a company like that to capture two pedestrians on a mountain side."

They had almost reached the place where Beverly had waited a few hours before, while the boy brought Marr's lieutenants to him, when he turned to Leo and asked him if he knew how to get into the camp.

"Everybody about here knows me," Leo said. "I will go ahead. They are hidden away in the ravine there. It is the mouth of an old mine which Marr has been pretending to work."

"Why hasn't our young friend whose hospitality we have been enjoying betrayed the camp?"

"Because his mother sold them her chickens, and because he was not tempted, perhaps."

"Let us go by the farm house and see if he has returned. He will be able to tell us——"

"The camp first. We may find means to make him tell all he knows. The farm house is beyond the camp," Leo said.

The two young men halted as they neared the mouth of the ravine. They did not want to be shot down by the sentries in the darkness. Minute after minute they stood there, waiting, but Leo did not return. The silence between them grew embarrassing.

"Is this a game of hide and seek?" Bev-

Digitized by Google

erly finally asked angrily. "Is it impossible for one of us to leave the others for a moment? Do they intend to pick us up one at a time?"

A smothered cry was his answer, and both of them started in the direction from which it came. In an open patch of moonlight, they saw Leo holding the herd boy firmly, with one hand over his mouth. Still carrying the lad, he strode over to them and into the shadow.

"The camp is empty," he said simply. "It must have been Marr's men who passed us in the wood. This boy was carrying food to them. Here it is;" and he held out a basket. "Now, my young friend," he added in German, "tell why you allowed the lady carried away, and who did it. Speak the truth, or I will kill you."

The boy sat panting in fear. This was not the gentle Father Leo whom he knew.

"I do not know anything," he whimpered. "I was holding the horses and talking to the lady, when somebody put something over my face. I couldn't say a word. They put me on one of the horses. I couldn't hear anything or see anything. They let me down just beyond here."

"You are lying," Leo said roughly, "for you have been at home. You brought this basket from there."

"I—the basket was for the men who have gone, just as you said," he went on cunningly.

"Nor is that true. You were taken home to get this food to carry to some one. Who is it, and where? Answer me!" The tone was like a sentence of death, and the coward quivered under it.

"She told me to bring it to the top of the hill."

"She! Who?"

"The lady."

"The lady?" Leo shook him. "What lady? The lady who was carried away?"

"No, the other one—the little one. I take it to her every night."

Leo let him go. "Where is she?"

"She is only there," the boy said sullenly. "I don't know where she goes."

"Who took the young lady?" Beverly asked, but his question had no such effect as that of the hermit.

"I don't know," was the only answer.

"Let him take the food," Leo said; and the boy rose and disappeared among the trees.

XVII.

A SUDDEN thought came to Beverly, and he acted upon it.

"Go on to Carpeth!" he called back to the men, and ran lightly up the hill after the boy.

He was not so nimble as that young man, but his legs were longer, and after a game of hide and seek, and a scrambling fall on the rocks, he overtook the youth, and held him.

"Take me to the *ladies!*" he said.

The German boy was shrewd in some ways, but he had had almost too much for his small brain to hold. "Did she tell you?" he asked stupidly.

"She planned it with me in the wood," Beverly boldly romanced. "Take me to them. I have important messages for them."

"Well, come along, then. Only she might have told me."

"You will have to learn that women do not tell everything they know. They like secrets."

"Oh, yes, they like them," the boy said in a disgusted fashion, as if he had been of age and experience. 'She didn't tell me you had planned it. She told me how easy it would be, and gave me the money after she had thrown the scarf over the young lady's head and had her fastened. She's strong, that little woman."

"Yes, she is strong," Beverly agreed. He had such a sense of relief at discovering that it was the woman who had taken Elinor that his heart felt light. She would not be hurt, and he could take her away. Kings might take care of themselves. He would take her to Carpeth, and would make such a stir that they would be compelled to release John Marr on whichever side the kingdom fell If it became Lubona's government there might be some difficulty in doing it, but he had faith in the telegraph instruments.

The boy had no doubt of him whatever, as he had come alone. Carpathians appeared to be accustomed to traitors. They had only a short distance to go. Once or twice Beverly had looked back and listened for some trace of the king and Leo, but they had not followed.

As they crossed the hills back and forth, something in the place became familiar to Beverly, and he saw that he was before Leo's own house, seemingly empty and dark.

"She couldn't take the lady to my mother's house," the boy said apologetically, "and I brought them here. Father Leo was with you. Sometimes he stays away for a long time, and anybody who cares to may live in his house."

Digitized by Google

He went cautiously up to the door with his basket, and Beverly stood just behind him. As the wooden door was opened, Beverly seized the basket and made his way into the room, pushing the tiny figure of Linda Lubona out of his way. It was pitch dark, but she made no sound.

"Wait a moment, and I will strike a match," Beverly said calmly, while his heart pulsed with excitement.

There was no answer, no movement. If Elinor Marr was there, she made no sign.

Beverly took his match box from his pocket with trembling fingers, struck the wax vesuvian on the rough edge, and held up the tiny taper. It showed him the Carpathian woman standing with white, defiant face and shining eyes motionless before him. In the back of the room, on the couch where Leo was accustomed to sleep, was the form of Elinor Marr.

She lay on her side, her face away from him. Beverly took two long steps like leaps and was beside her, bending over her. He forgot everything now except that here was the woman he loved, that she was in danger and distress.

"Elinor!" he said, and put out his hand to touch her. But Linda Lubona took his arm.

"Why disturb her? She sleeps. She is exhausted."

"What have you given her?" he cried angrily. "How did you put her to sleep?" He bent down suddenly and put his face over the unconscious one on the rough linen pillow. A strong smell of chloroform came up to his nostrils.

He turned to the Carpathian woman. "You have killed her!" he said.

He took Elinor into his arms, and lifted her bodily. Her head dropped back limply on his arm, and he put a hand under it as he would have lifted an infant's head. Then, dashing to the door, he opened it and carried the girl out into the air, where he sat down on one of the stones of the old foundation. He could see the German boy still standing stupidly waiting.

"Bring me water!" he said. He was slapping the limp, white hands, and the cheeks, trying to think of some way to fight the poison.

Linda Lubona came and stood by him with the water.

"You need not be so disturbed," she said. "She has not had much. It would have worn off before this if she had not been so tired."

Beverly paid no attention to her. He dipped his handkerchief into the water and pressed it down the girl's forehead and cheeks, talking to her, begging her to open her eyes. Once, when she stirred, he looked up at Linda.

"If she dies," he said solemnly, "I will kill you."

She only laughed back at him.

"She is not going to die. You should thank me for saving her from falling into the hands of—my husband. I do not want to kill her, but he shall not have her. I would sooner kill her than that!" she went on passionately. "I knew as soon as the boy told me that the Father Leo they speak of was my father, and lived here, that she would be safe here. Lubona will never dare come here. I would have told her, if I had had time. I would have told her when she awakened. She is a woman, and she might have understood."

"How much of this stuff did you give her?" he asked.

"I saturated the scarf I threw over her face with it."

"She may die! Elinor! My Elinor!"

He was trying to bring her back to consciousness by every means in his power, and still she lay, with the moon shining down on her white face and beautiful hair, limp, unconscious, but breathing. Beverly's hope almost died, and the long strain took away his fortitude. He drew the sweet head up against his breast, and the tears ran down his cheeks, while he felt that the end of all things had come for him. The air, and perhaps the change of position, started the working of the girl's paralyzed brain. She gave a long, gasping sigh, and her eyelids fluttered. Beverly let her head droop back to his arm, and looked at her anxiously.

"Elinor!" he said again, and her eyes opened wide and gazed into his with a terror that tore his heart.

"Where am I?" she said. "Oh, where am I?" Then she recognized the anxious face above her, and Beverly's heart seemed to melt in his bosom as he saw the look of relief that overspread her face. In it he read perfect confidence, but wonder.

"What happened?" she asked. "I thought I was put on a horse and carried away from you, and I could not scream." She spoke weakly.

"It was all a mistake," he said soothingly, as though she were a child. "Do not think of it. I will take care of you now. Nothing shall harm you."

"I thought you would find me," she said. She had not lifted her head from his arm, and she did not realize that he

Digitized by Google

was holding her across his knees. His face flushed hot at the fear of her start when her consciousness fully returned.

"Bring me some sort of a wrap," he said to Linda, who stood by.

The idea of a third person, the recollection that there was another world, brought her to herself with a shock. She made an effort and rose, sat up, saw where she was, and sprang to her feet.

"How—how could you?"

"Because there was no other way," he said humbly. "I had to carry you into the air, because—your life, your instant safety, meant more to me than all beside." He could not help it. She looked to him for excuse, for protection against himself. "Because I was wild with fear for you—for I love you."

She started to speak, but he stopped her.

"I did not mean to say it," he said. "Do not say anything to me. I will take you to Carpeth, and, please God, safely out of this cursed country. Do not say anything to build a wall between us now. Forget what I said."

He was not looking at her, or he might have left his last words unsaid. There was that in her face which might have spared him many things in the coming days could he only have known it.

"Who brought me away? Not—that man?"

"It was a jealous, insane woman, Lubona's wife." It was better to tell her everything.

"His *wife?*"

"Yes. He married his cousin, the daughter of Father Leo, and deserted her. She was afraid you would fall into his hands, and she tried to get you away from him. On my soul, I believe that to be her only reason."

"But I cannot see her again. I cannot stay here with her. You—you will not leave me?"

"Do you think I came here to leave you? I will never leave you again until I can see you in safety."

"Until you take me to my father."

"I cannot promise that. Your father does not dream that you are in danger. He may be far away. But you shall be in safety."

She had come back to him, and stood resting her hand upon an old stone coping. She looked so white and tall and beautiful that it seemed to Beverly that the whole world must be able to see this radiant vision from any distance.

"Come back into the house. You must not stay here. Come."

"But Count Festin? Where is he?"

Beverly's sensitive ear caught a question between her words which awakened again his resentment against Boris. She seemed to say, "Where is he, that he is not here when I am in danger?" or so it sounded. But he should have his due.

"He started after you with me and Father Leo, but I left them, and by chance it was I who found you. He has important business in Carpeth."

"But I fear he is not strong enough to travel far."

"It is not very far to Carpeth," Beverly said dryly.

"He needs to be taken care of." There was a pause. "Can we go to Carpeth, now?"

"To take care of Count Festin?"

"No—to be safe."

"It would be infinitely better to stay here tonight. You are safe here."

"I fear that woman." A shudder went over her. She was dizzy and weak.

"I will not leave you."

She looked at him now, and the moonbeams showed how worn and weary he was. His head and shoulders drooped from a weariness he could not control. For the first time she saw that this man might grow tired like others.

"You must sleep," she said. "I am not tired now. I will watch while you sleep. I will keep the boy and your pistol with me."

Beverly rose out of his lethargy and laughed.

"Come into the house," he said.

The little hut where Leo lived had been an outhouse, a combination office and store room such as is found on many country estates in Europe, and was common on the old plantations in America. It was divided into two rooms, one of which was small, and had only one window, high in the wall. Linda Lubona had seated herself on the doorstone, and now she arose like some tiny witch, as the two young people passed her by.

Beverly took the couch on which Elinor had been lying, pushed it into the small closet room, and hunted about until he found a candle. Giving Elinor this and some matches, he opened the door and let her pass in. Presently he saw the basket of food lying where he had dropped it when he entered. The coarse towel had fallen away from the fowls and bread and the bottle of milk, and the sight made him

Digitized by Google

ravenous. He knocked softly at the door, and asked Elinor if she was hungry. She came out and asked him what he had said.

He held up a chicken by its leg.

"Kingdoms may fall, but man must be fed. Are you hungry?"

She smiled and put her hands to her head.

"I am hungry, but my head aches."

He poured the milk out into a glass he found turned up on a shelf. Leo had kept some civilized manners of living in his hermitage.

"Drink this," he said, and he held the glass in his own hands while she put her lips to it and drank it like a child.

Linda Lubona sat in the doorway and watched them with a speculation growing in her cunning black eyes. If Lubona could only see them now, she argued in her distorted brain, he would care for this red haired girl no longer. He would make no further plots concerning her. It is the foolish idea of a jealous woman that the man she loves would come back to her if the fancy of the moment were destroyed. She is quite oblivious of the fact that she has wholly ceased to charm him, or he never would have left her at all. But feminine human nature will act on its fallacies, when it is bold enough, until the end of time.

After Elinor had gone into the little closet and closed the door, Beverly took a blanket, threw it over him, and lay down before the door. He was so weary that he had thought of nothing but seeing Elinor safe, and of the stern call for rest. But a thought struck him. He went to the door where Linda sat, and took her by the arm.

"Where is the chloroform?" he asked.

She looked up at him calmly.

"I used it all."

"I have a mind to tie you, so that you may do no more mischief."

"I have done you good service. I have brought this girl, who has evidently turned your head as she has that of every other man, to a place of safety, and I have allowed you to appear as a rescuer in her eyes. She is not going to be hurt, nor are you. Go to sleep."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to watch here to see that your peaceful slumbers are not disturbed." She looked him squarely in the eyes. "Believe me, or not," she said evenly. "I do not wish to hurt you. You are not my enemy. I have had but one purpose in coming to you—to keep Lubona from marrying this girl. I intended to tell her of his villainies when she awoke, and if she cared for him—I could tell—I might have killed her. But she does not; she loves you. You are a fool if you do not see it. I intended to tell her that her father was going to be tortured. I intended to make her as unhappy as possible. Getting her here was not in my plans in the beginning, although I have carried that chloroform for her for a week. I was looking for her last night. Do you think I care who rules in Carpathia? Only Lubona shall not have her." She spoke like a veritable fury. Her eyes blazed cat-like in the semi darkness, and her tiny hands were clenched.

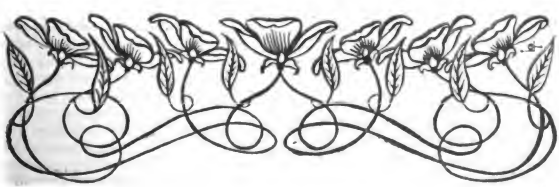
"You understand now, do you not," Beverly said soothingly, "that she would do nothing against you, that she hates Lubona?"

"I know she loves you. I could see it in her face when you talked there. I only want you to take care that Lubona does not see her again."

It may have been that there was something in her fury of jealousy which awakened an answering chord in Beverly's own breast. He had a nature that could vibrate to the primitive passions; and she had told him something which ran like wine through his veins. He left her and went back to lie down before Elinor's door, and in a moment was deep in the sleep of exhaustion.

But before he lost himself, he wondered who had helped Linda and the boy to bring Elinor to the house—and vaguely, what had become of the horses.

(*To be continued.*)



Digitized by Google

THE STORY OF A STORY.

"ARE you busy, Bert?" The editor of the *Epoch* turned to the associate editor. "It is a girl's letter, and a very indignant girl's letter. I'll read it.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'EPOCH.'

"*Sir*:

"I have always understood that editors laugh at people who roll their manuscripts, but I sent you my story *flat*, as you are always advising in your notice to contributors, and you returned it *rolled*. Besides this, the number '8154' was marked on it *with indelible pencil*. I can't send the story out again unless I copy it. I haven't any typewriter, and if I had one I shouldn't know how to use it, and my hand gets so tired copying. I think it was a shame to spoil my nice looking manuscript, and I think you ought to do something about it. Please let me hear from you.

"Very truly yours,

"ELIZABETH HASTINGS PRATT."

The associate editor laughed. "Poor little thing, it was a shame to spoil her poor little story!"

"Poor little, poor little!" said the editor mockingly. "She may be eight feet tall, and old enough to be your mother."

"No, she isn't. She is young and plump and pretty, and she has dimples and beseeching blue eyes. I insist that it was a shame to spoil her story."

The associate editor had the story on his mind, evidently, for a few moments later he asked, "What was the story? Do you know, Halsey?"

"Perhaps it was a 'pome'—'Lines to a Pet Kitten,' for instance."

"Nonsense. She called it a story. Where is the manuscript book? 'Pratt, Elizabeth H.'—'The Crime of Geoffrey Halsmere.' Humph! Rather tragic. Montgomery"—to the clerk—"did you roll that manuscript when you returned it?"

"Yes, it was so big that no envelope would hold it."

"You might have wrapped it. Halsey, don't you think we ought to make Montgomery copy the story on the typewriter?"

"Certainly, Bert, make him copy it, and you take the story to Elizabeth Pratt Hastings and make her acquaintance;" and the editor made a raid on a fresh pile of unsolicited manuscripts.

Bert, or more properly, Hubert Marsh, dictated a letter to Miss Pratt, which promptly brought "The Crime of Geoffrey Halsmere" to be copied. Mr. Marsh stood over Montgomery while he did it, and when it was wrapped up, *flat*, it was put in the associate editor's desk till that gentleman saw fit to return it.

"Have you returned Elizabeth Pratt Hastings' story?" Halsey asked one day.

"Her name is Elizabeth Hastings Pratt," said Bert, putting a beautiful point on his lead pencil. "I think I shall deliver the manuscript on Saturday. I have to pass through her town on my way to Sister Anna's. I want to prove to you that E. H. P. is young, beautiful, and dimpled."

"I'll wager anything you like that she is tall, thin, and forty two."

"Make it a hat, if you don't mind; I shall want one soon."

"Done. Monday morning you will return quite chapfallen. I shouldn't mind having a hat myself."

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Hubert Marsh arrayed himself with even more than his usual care, and set out for Sister Anna's, intending to stop at Miss Pratt's and deliver the story. The neat maid who answered his ring told him that he would find Miss Pratt in the garden. He did. He found her not only in the garden, but in the hammock, and he wished that the editor could be there to see how pretty she was. After a moment, however, he felt quite resigned to his chief's absence.

"Pardon me, but the maid directed me here," Bert began, with his most engaging smile. "I am the associate editor of the *Epoch*, and as I was passing through your town, I thought I would leave your manuscript—to make sure that it did not get rolled again," he added playfully.

"Oh, then you have returned it!" Miss Pratt clasped her hands in tragic fashion. "I did so hope that something might happen to make you keep it. I should think you might have kept it. This may seem like a trifling matter to you, but it means a great deal to me. I need money so much." She slipped out of the hammock and stood before Bert in a supplicating attitude. "Why can't you print it? Is it so bad?"

Bert felt that he was in a tight place, and

Digitized by Google

he heartily wished that he had let Montgomery mail the story. But she was so pretty!

"Well, you see that sort of thing is not exactly in our line," he began lamely.

"What sort of thing? You print stories all the time. Is it too long, or too short, or too what?"

Decidedly, it was too what, Bert thought, as he remembered some of the description.

"Sit down, please, and tell me all about my little story. Take the big chair. Now we can be comfortable while we talk."

Comfortable! St. Lawrence on a gridiron was in bliss compared with Bert in the easy garden chair, as he afterwards confided to the senior editor.

"What are the faults in my story? Isn't the writing plain? I couldn't afford to have it typewritten, but I copied it carefully with a stub pen and the best black ink."

"It was beautifully written, beautifully," said Bert, in a burst of enthusiasm. "But, you see, in considering a story, there are other things besides penmanship to be taken into account."

Mr. Marsh then launched into a learned disquisition on the short-story. In fact, the short-story was one of his hobbies. He always wrote it with a hyphen, to distinguish it from the story which is merely short, and he managed to speak it so that you knew the hyphen was there. He felt that he was talking well, but the unappreciative Miss Pratt pulled him up shortly and brought him back to a concrete example.

"But I want to know what is the matter with my story. It must be good. My aunts and uncles and all my relatives have read it, and my cousin, who took a prize in college for an oration, said it was immense."

Mr. Marsh mentally agreed with the cousin, and wished himself safe with Sister Anna.

"The truth is, Miss Pratt, that everybody cannot write a short-story. In fact, it is the hardest kind of writing. It takes longer to write a short-story than to write a long one. A famous writer said that he had not time to write a short-story." (Bert's hobby again.)

"Do you think I could write a *long* story? I have one four times as long as this. I should like to read it to you."

Mr. Marsh felt his hair rising at the prospect. He looked at his watch. "I fear I can't stop today, for I must make the four o'clock train. Otherwise I should be charmed to have you read the story to me."

"I'll send it to you, and perhaps you will like it better than the short one. I've got to write, so I shall keep on till some one takes my stories. I would rather have them printed in the *Epoch* than in any other magazine. I have got to succeed, for I must have money, and this is the only thing I can do."

"It needs money, therefore it must write. I wonder what it needs money for," thought Bert. She was well dressed, and all he saw of the house and grounds spoke of comfort and good taste. He could not tell her that she could never write, and he left her looking very disconsolate. He would have liked to stay and comfort her, but it would hardly have been conventional.

Three days later a manuscript was put on the associate editor's desk. It was from Miss Pratt, and was addressed to him. After it was duly entered and acknowledged, Bert placed it among other manuscripts on the senior editor's desk. Halsey could tell her the truth, Bert told himself. He could not break her heart. His breath came a little faster than usual, as he remembered her sitting in the sunshine and looking so unhappy over her story. He made marks on his blotter in an absent minded fashion, and wondered why she needed money so much. She had referred to it again in her letter. Bert had half a mind to straighten up her story, put some "go" into it, and publish it. But when Halsey came in he put the idea away.

"Hallo! Here is Elizabeth Hastings Pratt again, as good as ever. Bert, have you been encouraging her? What is the story this time? 'The Search for Sylvia Sherwood.' She goes in for alliteration. Now for a feast of reason and flow of soul. 'The sun was shedding his last rays upon a lowly cot, embowered by trees, behind which flowed a rivulet.' Got that, Bert?" And Halsey turned in his swivel chair. "Man, it's a prose idyl! Now what next? Something is bound to happen. 'A door opened and a youth sallied forth, bearing upon his brow the marks of anguish.' This is getting to be thrilling. Do you mind the youth with a brow?"

"Don't, Halsey. She isn't a bit of a fool, except on this one subject, and she is a good deal more than pretty."

"'If she be not fair for me, what care I'—Bert, my son, I am afraid you are in love. I'll wager two hats that she sent this tale directly to you, and you put the job of reading it off on me. If you had told her, point blank, that she never can write, she wouldn't have sent this in. It's your affair,

Digitized by Google

so I turn the manuscript over to you. Take it back to her and plan for a serial; she will send one next time."

Mr. Marsh gloomily tucked the story away in his desk, wondering how Halsey had guessed so straight about the serial.

He wrote three letters next day, and tore all of them up. He finally despatched 'The Search for Sylvia Sherwood' with a brief note saying that he would pass through the town on the following Saturday, and would call and explain. On Monday he told Halsey of it, and that individual was wicked enough to cough sententiously.

"I told her," said Bert, as he straightened the pins on his cushion, "that she couldn't write, that the second story was even worse than the first, and that you said so."

"And she wept on your shoulder."

"No, she didn't. She was angry, mad. She said that she would prove to you that she could write. That was after I told her that you said she never could write. I couldn't tell her that I thought so too. Her eyes are so big and brown that a man couldn't say such a thing to her face. She is going to study style, and I made out a list of books for her to read."

"Exactly. And you are going to take them to her next Saturday, when you go to your Sister Anna's."

"Exactly. It is the best thing I could do, to set her to reading. While she is studying she won't write, and after she has studied a while she will see that she can't write. It is an excellent plan."

"My Saturday class in journalism," Halsey murmured, as he went out to luncheon.

It was the usual thing for the editor to ask his associate on Monday morning how his class in journalism prospered. There had been no manuscript from Miss Pratt for several weeks, and he sometimes asked Bert when his pupil would graduate.

"Bert," the editor asked one morning, "did you ever find out why E. H. P. wanted money so badly? What did she want it *for*, rather?"

"Bicycle," said Mr. Marsh laconically. "You have had the fever yourself, and you ought to sympathize."

"I do. If I had known that she wanted the money to buy a bicycle I should have been tempted to buy the story. I supposed that she wanted money for extras, like bread and shoes, not for a necessity. Has she got her wheel yet?

"Yes; that is, she has part of one. We have a tandem."

"A tandem!" Halsey got up and kicked the waste basket over. "If you have gotten so far as that, I suppose I may as well say, 'Bless you, my children.'"

"I don't mind if you do," said Bert, flushing a little.

Adelaide L. Rouse.

DIANA.

ONE swift caress, too sudden to be stayed,
  And all the peeping world of gods and men
Have shared thy secret, pale, impassioned maid!
And Dian, huntress, free and unafraid,
  In magic mail is never armed again.

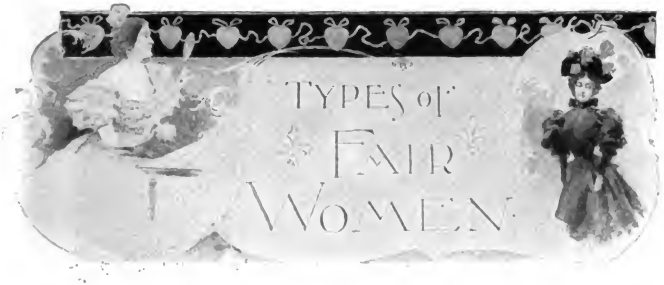
Light Venus' smile, stern, silent Zeus' frown,
  Men's magpie chatter, pierce thy pride for this—
That the cold queen of vestals once stooped down
From her white loneliness, Love's brow to crown
  With one sad, sacred, all renouncing kiss.

Thus woman weakness strives with strength divine!
  Oh, shame, to gaze within the sheltering grove
Where lips that scarcely touched love's tempting wine
Turned thirsting from the draft they must resign:
  "Nay! not for Dian god's or mortal's love."

All vain! The trees have told, the zephyrs spied,
  And linked forever with thy goddess name
The secret that thy woman's heart would hide.
Ah, graceless eyes that would not glance aside,
  Be hers the honor, yours the immortal shame!

Louise Betts Edwards.

Digitized by Google



It takes a long time to kill a libel, and a longer to prove that an old charge, once true, is true no more. When a few writing foreigners had discovered America, in those early days when American discoveries were accepted somewhat as the reports of African explorers are received today, our American women were supposed to have been pictured for all time; preserved in good literature like flies in amber. The American girl has shown her radiant self to such advantage that her beauty and charm have been forced upon the civilized world as a fact; but there are still certain classes of foreigners who believe that the American matron is a toothless, sallow creature, sitting in a hotel rocking chair and eating pickles.

Mrs. Trollope and Mr. Dickens accomplished this for us when they pictured some phases of American life in the days when St. Louis and Cincinnati were frontier towns. Even our own—or once our own—Henry James added tints to the picture when he created *Daisy Miller's* mother. Mr.

Miss Alice Lee Moore.

From a photograph by Faber, Norfolk.

Digitized by Google

The Comtesse de Pourtales.

From a photograph by Thaus, Nashville.

James writes of America as Mr. Bret Harte writes of the Pacific Coast—through distorted memories which are half dreams. Their types remind us of Mark Twain's description of the Fenimore Cooper Indians as "an extinct tribe which never existed."

But the beautiful American girls of a decade or two ago, who married foreigners, have remained to show what an American matron is really like; and their friends who come to America with the right introductions find that there is no country on earth which can show a more splendid mature womanhood than America. For an example, where in all England is there a more admired young matron than Lady Randolph Churchill? As Miss Jerome, she was brought up in the most brilliant society of her own country, and in all that other societies had to offer it. Her father, Leonard Jerome, and her uncle, "Larry" Jerome, were the most famous entertainers of their time. Every visiting foreigner of note was welcomed by them. It was at one of Mr. Jerome's dinner parties that his second daughter met young Randolph Churchill, brother of the late Duke of Marlborough.

Contemporary history tells the story of their married life. The young man became one of the best known figures in the political life of his country, and was most ably supported by the tact and cleverness of his

Digitized by Google

wife. She became one of the few friends of the queen, and everywhere commands the respectful admiration of her adopted country. Lady Randolph Churchill's eldest son is now a young man, and should the present Duke of Marlborough die without heirs, he would inherit the title. But his mother still retains the grace and charm that made her famous as a young girl.

Lady Churchill was formerly a prominent member of the Primrose League, that Tory society which was named after Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower. Since her husband's death she has given up any active interest in politics, but there are rumors that she may take up her labors again in the interest of a prominent American who has thrown in his fortunes with England, and who will probably make an effort to enter Parliament.

The Infanta Eulalia of Spain.

From her latest photograph by Bassano, London.

The Comtesse de Pourtales is another American girl who has married a title and has carried the fame of American womanhood into other countries. She was Florence Drouillard, and she inherits her beauty from a long line of famous American beauties of the Van Leer family. She has the large violet eyes, the creamy complexion, and the black hair, which show in all of the

Digitized by Google

Lady Randolph Churchill.

From her latest photograph by Downey, London.

ancestral portraits. It was while a young girl visiting her cousin, the Marquise de Charette, in Cannes, that Miss Drouillard met the Comte de Pourtales.

In 1893 we had an opportunity of seeing our own women contrasted with a royal princess who comes from a country renowned for its beautiful types. While the Princess Eulalia won the admiration of every one who came to know her, she was anything but an American's ideal of a Spanish princess. Instead of possessing the black eyes, raven hair, and fiery spirit associated in the popular mind with an infanta of Spain, she was rather small, blonde, and vivacious. She was the guest of the United States during her visit to the World's Fair at Chicago. She is the aunt of the present king, and the daughter of the deposed queen, Isabella II.

Digitized by Google

Miss Mary Carolena Washington Bond.

From a photograph by Pierson, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Ogden Armour.

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

It is not always the prerogative of royal princesses to be beautiful, outside of fairy tales, but the Crown Princess of Roumania might be a character from one of the poems of "Carmen Sylva," her husband's aunt. She is the granddaughter of rulers of two of the greatest nations of Europe. Her father, the Duke of Coburg, is the second son of Queen Victoria, and her mother was a daughter of Alexander II of Russia. Her marriage to the young Roumanian prince did not promise to be a very happy one. She was only seventeen, and her first wedding gift was a bundle of the love letters her future husband had written to one of his aunt's maids of honor. The young man's fancy for Mlle. Vacaresco was one of those royal romances in which the historians of a more picturesque age would have delighted. But when the prince saw the lovely young bride who had been selected for him, all his foolish fancy for the maid of honor who had proven so unworthy was forgotten, and the romance finished in the most approved fashion.

If George Washington had allowed the colonists to make a king of him, we should have had one royal princess in America

Digitized by Google

who would have been as fair a sight for an admiring populace as any who sit in the light of thrones. Miss Mary Carolena Washington Bond, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, is the great great granddaughter of General Washington's eldest brother, Colonel Samuel Washington. Colonel Washington married Anne Steptoe. Their son's wife was Lucy Payne, sister to the famous Dolly Madison, and his daughter, who married Lieutenant Parkell of the United States navy, was Miss Bond's grandmother. Miss Bond has a very decided dramatic talent, and this, combined with her beauty, causes her to be in constant demand for amateur entertainments.

Miss Bond's ancestors were the friends of Miss Alice Lee Moore's, of Norfolk, and here and there the two family trees have intermingled. Miss Moore, one of the girls who are the pride of the Old Dominion, is the great granddaughter of Charles Lee, the first attorney general of the United States. Miss Moore is petite, fair, and full of wit and gaiety.

The Crown Princess of Roumania.

From a photograph by Maude, Bucharest.

The foreigner who visits America often knows our great West better than it is known by Eastern people, and he is apt to make comparisons—not always well informed ones—between the women of the two sections. A lately departed nobleman quoted Mrs. Ogden Armour, of Chicago, as the highest representative of American womanhood he had met, and read long lessons upon the broadening effect of the limitless land and vast lakes amid which she had been born. As a matter of fact Mrs. Armour was an Eastern girl, from

Digitized by Google

Miss Dorothy Levy.
From a photograph by Stein, Milwaukee.

Suffield, Massachusetts, that land of Yankeedom, and when she went to the West she took the cultivation that the thrifty Puritans have developed from generation to generation, together with a receptiveness which let the "limitless land and vast lakes" do their best for her.

Mrs. Armour's home is one of the great ones of Chicago. She cares little for general society, but entertains magnificently when in the course of social events it becomes fitting to do so. Her picture gallery and her collection of miniatures are famous in that city of millionaires, which boasts of its Rembrandts as well as of its railroads.

Milwaukee has lately welcomed home again one of her prominent citizens, whose daughter, Miss Dorothy Levy, has become at once an undisputed social leader. Miss Levy's whole social life, up to this time, has been spent in Paris. She can hardly be called a Western girl, although she was born in Milwaukee and stayed there long enough to absorb the brilliant sunshine of that Northern city, and reflect it in her own beauty. She was educated abroad.

Digitized by Google

The British Battleship "Magnificent."

From a photograph by West, Southsea.

TYPES OF MODERN WAR SHIPS.

THE TREMENDOUS FIGHTING POWERS OF THE IRONCLAD MONSTERS OF THE SEA, AND THE TYPES THAT NAVAL SCIENCE HAS SPECIALIZED—BATTLESHIPS AND CRUISERS OF THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN NAVIES.

THERE is hardly a department of human activity where such marked contrasts are to be found as in the navies of the world. To "keep track" of the different classes of war vessels, and the uses to which they are to be put if occasion should ever call for their services, is a task sufficient to puzzle the average man. He leaves it to those whose profession leads that way, or whose interest in the romance of the sea has not been blotted out by the passing of the white wings of the days of Nelson, and Hoche, and John Paul Jones, and the incoming of the floating fort with its kettle of boiling water for motive power, and its death dealing rapid fire gun for armament.

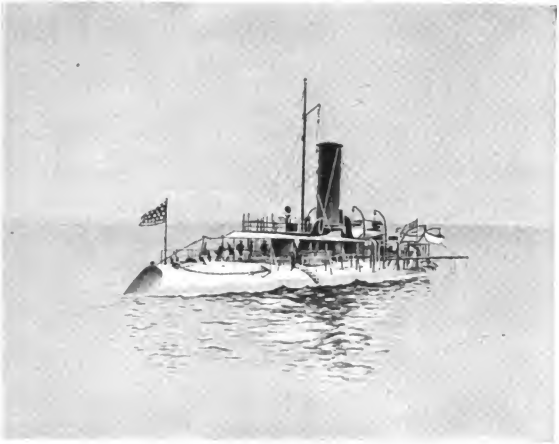
One feature of the change from the old to the new, and one that the practical man of dollars is wont to consider, is the enormous difference in first cost, as well as in subsequent running expenses, between the wooden walls with which our forefathers settled their marine disputes, and the ships which a deep water fight of today would call into action. But with the increase in national wealth the question of increased cost cuts a slight figure, dollars or pounds not being considered when strength and speed are objects in view. With Great Britain staggering under a naval budget aggregating $100,000,000 for the current year, and trying her best to maintain a navy equal to any two which might combine against her, the two extremes of the British sea arm form interesting types for study. Not more marked is the contrast between Nelson's old flagship, the Foudroyant, and the modern Magnificent, than between the latter day battleship and the tiny but speedy and spiteful Lightning, in-

Digitized by Google

tended to catch and destroy the torpedo boat that might send the great floating fortress to the bottom with one shot from her torpedo tubes.

The Magnificent has given her name to a class of fighting ships which are without peers on the seas, combining as they do the latest developments in marine architecture, in engine building, and in the adaptation of armament and armor to the purposes it is desired to carry out. With her 390 feet of length, and 75 feet beam, her displacement, or floating weight, is 14,900 tons, and her keel is twenty seven feet six inches below the surface of the water. Inside her steel walls, which range in thickness from fourteen to nine inches, is a maze of powerful, intricate, and costly machinery, the principal portion being her twin screw engines, which develop 12,000 horse power, and drive her along at the rate of seventeen and a half knots (a little more than twenty miles) an hour. Electric light engines, engines for running fans, hoisting ammunition, making ice, operating turrets, steering the ship, and all the other uses to which marine engines can be put, swell the total of her steam users to more than a hundred, and make her almost as much a machine shop as she is a fighting machine.

All this tremendous power and speed is used in the service of batteries which, while not reaching the maximum of the hundred and eleven ton guns of the Benbow, are much better adapted to the probable requirements of the coming sea fight. Four twelve inch, or fifty ton, guns form the main reliance of vessels of the Magnificent class, for both offense and defense. These are supplemented by a secondary battery of 12 six inch rapid fire rifles, 16 twelve pounders, 12 three pounders, and 8 machine guns, mostly of the Hotchkiss type or a modification of that style of weapon. Five torpedo tubes, four of which are submerged, carrying eighteen inch Whitehead torpedoes, complete this terrible array of implements of destruction.



The American Ram "Katahdin."

Drawn by J. M. Gleason from a copyrighted photograph by C. E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

With the Magnificent, Majestic, Mars, Prince George, and others of the class as the champions of England's main line of naval battle, a widely contrasting type is represented by the swarm of small ships known as torpedo gunboats, or torpedo boat destroyers, which constitute the "mosquito fleet" of the great navy. With the swiftness of their attack, and the terribly destructive effects of their operations, the vessels of the Lightning class form a powerful auxiliary to the larger and slower moving craft. Built to fight and run away, they combine all the elements of speed and light-

Digitized by Google

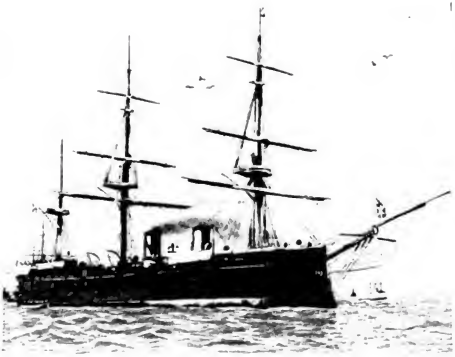
The British Torpedo Destroyer "Lightning."

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph by West, Southsea.

The French Cruiser "Jean Bart."

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph by Johnston, New York.

Digitized by Google

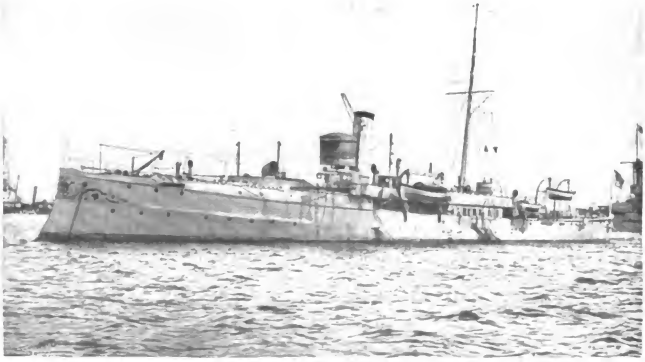


The Russian Cruiser "Dimitri Donskoi."

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph by Johnston, New York.

ness. Their guns are not expected to do more than pierce the thin shells of boats of their own size, while their torpedoes are intended to blow up an enemy's big ships even at the cost of their own existence.

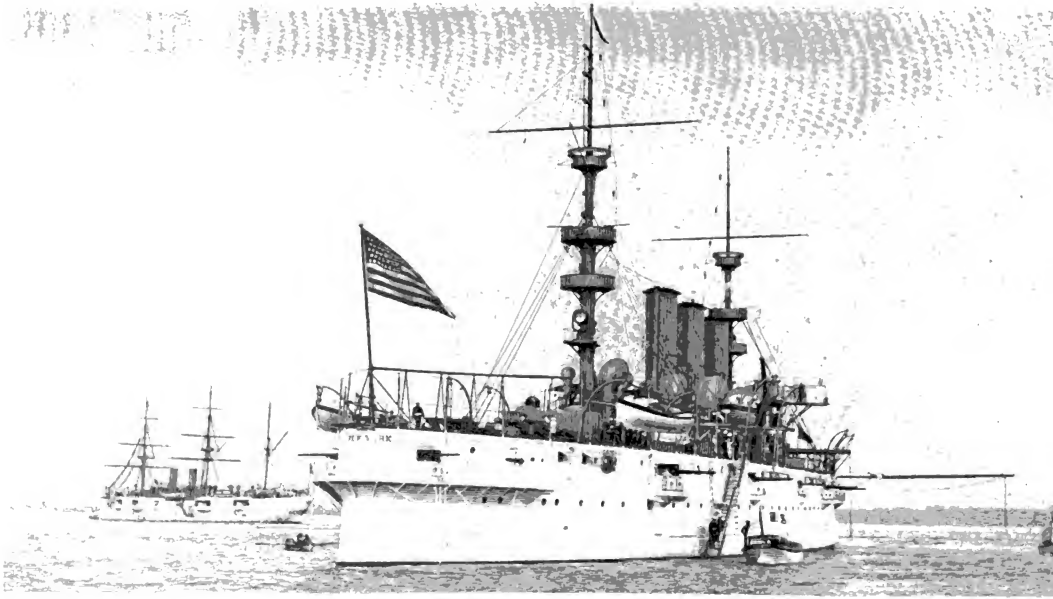
That these boats are considered a good investment is shown by the fact that England already has more than two hundred of them afloat, and there are many more provided for under the latest appropriations. They are nearly all of the same size, the Lightning being 200 feet long, with a breadth slightly under 20 feet, and a depth of only 6 feet 5 inches under water. Their comparatively small figures of size do not prevent the stowing away in the fragile shells of engines running twin screws and developing anywhere from 3,500 to nearly 5,000 horse power, and a speed of from 26 to 30 knots an hour. It is claimed for some of these boats that they are the swiftest craft afloat. They carry two and sometimes three



The German Despatch Boat "Jagd."

From a photograph by West, Southsea.

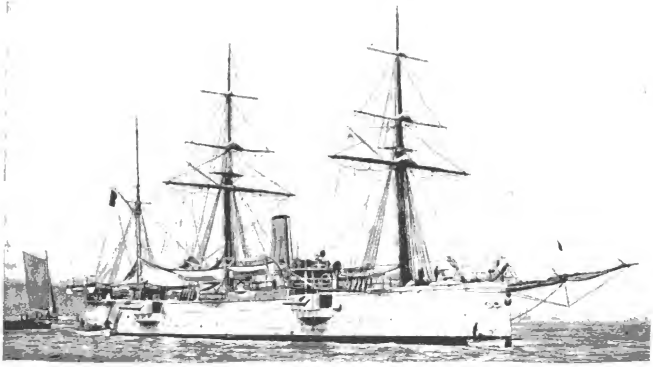
Digitized by Google



The American Cruiser "New York."

From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by C. K. Bolles, Brooklyn.

Digitized by Google

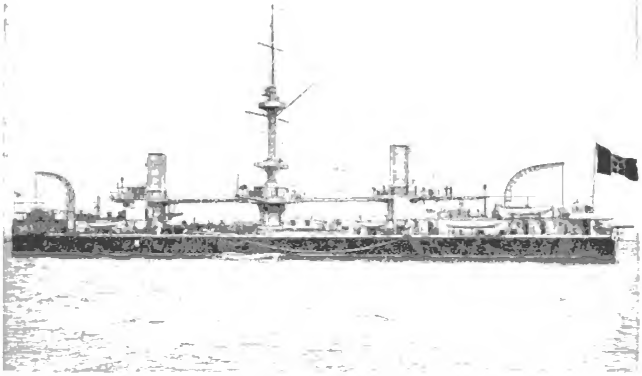


The Spanish Cruiser "Infanta Ysabel."
From a photograph by Johnston, New York.

torpedo tubes, and their gun fire is limited to the single twelve pounder each carries, backed up by five guns throwing shots of six pounds' weight.

One peculiar result of the high speed at which these little fighters travel is the necessity for protecting the eyes of the officers and men on board. The admiralty provides each officer with one pair of goggles, and every member of the crew with three pairs.

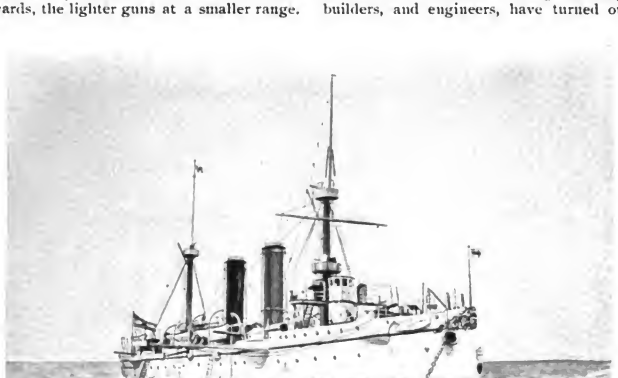
The effectiveness of boats of the Lightning class against others of their kind is shown by the report of a target trial which took



The Italian Battleship "Ruggiero di Lauria."
From a photograph by West, Southsea.

Digitized by Google

place not long ago. A specially constructed target, made to resemble as nearly as possible a first class torpedo boat, was placed in the center of a circle, the circumference of which was marked with buoys at a distance of 3,500 yards. With a speed of nearly thirty miles an hour the destroyers steamed, bows on, toward the target, the twelve pounder opening fire at a distance of 1,100 yards, the lighter guns at a smaller range.



The Argentine Cruiser "Nueve de Julio."

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph by Johnston, New York.

An average of six discharges a minute was maintained, and it was shown that even at the greater distance, with the vessel going at full speed, the number of hits was such that no torpedo boat could possibly have survived the attack.

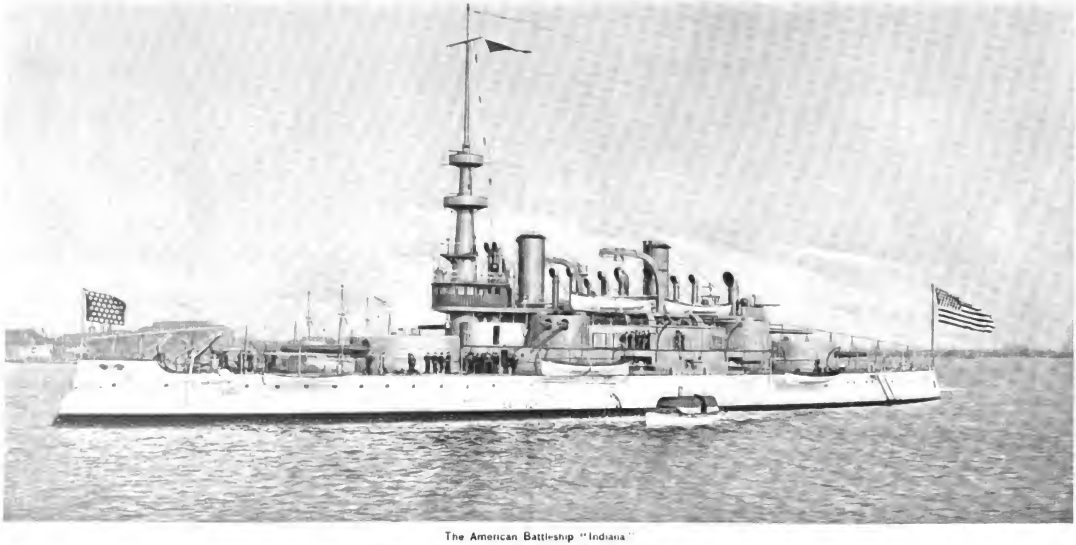
When it is considered that one of these vessels could sink a ship like the Magnificent and go down herself in the attack, a cold blooded calculation shows that the nation investing $350,000 and fifty men to destroy an enemy costing $5,000,000 and carrying nearly six hundred men, is likely to win in an extended contest of naval strength.

In the navy which the United States have now been thirteen years constructing, the Indiana is recognized as the highest type of the battleship class, while the New York is the medium between the heavy, comparatively slow going, and thickly armored battleships on the one hand, and on the other the light heeled, triple screw commerce destroyers like the Columbia and Minneapolis.

There is no ship afloat, of her size and tonnage, which could whip the Indiana in a fair fight. This is a sweeping statement. It means that American designers, shipbuilders, and engineers, have turned out the finest vessel of her class afloat; but it is substantiated by the opinion of too many well known naval experts to be doubted. This splendid battleship is one of a class of three, the other two being the Oregon, now on the Pacific Coast, and the Massachusetts, which was expected to join the North Atlantic squadron during its recent evolutions. She was built by contract, and cost a little more than $3,000,000.

It is not in speed that the Indiana is preeminent, although for a ship 340 feet long, with sixty nine feet of beam, twenty four feet of depth below the water line, and 10,200 tons displacement, her speed of fifteen knots an hour—which can be exceeded in case of special need—is very creditable, and would enable her to catch and destroy many a formidable enemy. It is in her ability to carry on a steady platform, and

Digitized by Google



The American Battleship "Indiana."

From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by William H. Rau, Philadelphia.

Digitized by Google

handle with terribly destructive effect, her battery of four thirteen inch guns, each weighing sixty tons, and throwing a shot weighing 1,100 pounds to a distance of eleven miles, sending it through eight inches of steel at that range, that her strength lies. These guns, the largest in use in the American navy, are seconded by 8 guns of eight inches caliber, 4 of six inches, 20 throwing a six pound shot, 6 throwing a one pound shot, and four Gatling guns, which hail a storm of bullets upon the decks of an enemy.

The Indiana is not so pretty to look at as some of her companions in the squadron. She was built to fight, and fight she can, to an extent of which her commander, "Fighting Bob" Evans, is fully aware. Through an arrangement of the big guns which permits of their being trained on the same side, her broadside hurls, at one discharge, a weight of nearly 6,000 pounds of metal.

One of the best known vessels of the American navy is the armored cruiser New York, the flagship from which Rear Admiral Francis M. Bunce directs the movements of the North Atlantic squadron. With her 6 eight inch and 12 four inch guns, and her speed of more than twenty one knots an hour, she is a powerful adjunct to the slower but more weighty Indiana and Massachusetts. A feature of the New York is her enormous engine strength compared with her weight, the Indiana developing 9,000 horse power on 10,200 tons displacement, while the flagship runs up to 17,000 horse power on a displacement of 8,200 tons. The New York is the "show ship" of the fleet, and is generally the first one to which visitors go when they want to see how "life on the ocean wave" looks from the deck of a man of war.

Naval history has much to say of the destructive effects of the ram as a marine weapon, from Lissa down to our own civil war, and to the sinking of the British ironclad Victoria by her sister ship the Camperdown. In 1888, Rear Admiral Daniel Ammen, a great believer in the power of the ram, drew plans for a harbor defense vessel of a peculiar model; and a year later Congress authorized its construction. It was a radical departure from all accepted types of war ships, and as the original plans have not been followed there has been much discussion as to the Katahdin's ability to do the work for which she was intended. Her deck is an arch of steel, and she is intended to be partly submerged when attacking an enemy. Her peculiar point, outside of her generally strange appearance, is her formidable ram head of cast steel. In reality the vessel is an automatic aquatic projectile of 2,183 tons, driven by a double set of engines at a speed of fifteen knots an hour, and intended to deliver a blow on the hull of a ship equivalent to 50,000 foot tons.

It has been found, however, that she will not be submerged sufficiently, even when at fighting trim, to get below the heavy armor belts of the big British ships; and naval officers are not slow in asserting that under these conditions she is a failure. Alterations are now being made on her which, it is expected, will go far toward remedying this defect.

Two ships which attracted much attention during the naval parade in New York waters, four years ago, were the French protected cruiser Jean Bart, and the Russian armored cruiser Dimitri Donskoi. The French ship was prominent on account of her dark, grim, forbidding aspect, and her general appearance of having been built strictly for business. Nothing appeared above her decks save two heavy military masts, carrying machine guns, and two low, squat smoke funnels; and she floated sufficiently high in the water to show the huge ram bow with which she is fitted. Yet she is not intended for heavy fighting, being designed as a commerce destroyer, her speed, 19 knots an hour, on a displacement of 4,100 tons, revealing her class.

The Dimitri Donskoi is a peculiar combination. She was the only full rigged ship in the naval parade; and although technically known as an armored cruiser, her belt is only six inches thick, and her battery is unprotected, save by shields. She is one of the vessels on which was tried the experiment of placing a sheathing of copper outside the steel of which her hull is built, but this idea has since been abandoned.

Germans have devoted considerable attention to what is known as the *aviso* class of war vessels, small, light, protected ships, of small weight and high speed. Of these the Jagd, of 1,240 tons displacement and 4,000 horse power, with a speed of twenty knots, is an example. Ships like the Jagd are not expected to decide the main issues of a sea fight, but are valuable as scouts and cruisers, attacking the medium weight ships of an enemy, and keeping them away from the thick of a battle.

Two of the most formidable fighters afloat are the Italian vessels Ruggiero di Lauria and Francesco Morosini. They are sister ships, a little larger than the Indiana carrying an armor belt eighteen inch

Digitized by Google

thick, and claiming a speed of seventeen knots. Their great guns were built by Armstrong, in England, and weigh 105 tons each, four being mounted on each vessel. A shot from one of these huge sixteen inch rifles would go through almost any armor carried by an enemy's warship.

The Infanta Ysabel, of the Spanish navy, and the Argentine Nueve de Julio, are examples of the lighter class of cruisers, of which the smaller navies chiefly consist. Neither of them is armored. The Spanish vessel has a speed of only fourteen knots, and carries four heavy guns. On the other hand, the Argentine cruiser is remarkable for her high speed, nearly twenty three knots, but her gun power is only moderate. Her main battery consists of four six inch rapid fire rifles, and the fact that she has five torpedo tubes places her nearer the class of torpedo gunboats than cruisers designed to take part in a pitched battle.

A. H. Battey.

WHAT OF THE SHIP?

SEA gull, sea gull, over the rip,
  The rip where the breakers throng;
Sea gull, sea gull, what of the ship
  I've waited for so long?

Sea gull, sea gull, lithe her spars,
  White as your wings each sail;
And never soldier rode to the wars
  As she to the shrieking gale.

Sea gull, sea gull, clear his brow,
  Keen as your own his sight,
As he lays her true on her course—I trow
  You've met him in your flight.

Sea gull, sea gull, here I wait.
  Had he ne'er a word for me?
Sea gull, sea gull, what of his fate
  Since last he put to sea?

Sea gull, sea gull, shrill your cry!
  Poised on the autumn air,
What do your piercing eyes descry
  Deep in the sea out there?

* * * *

Sea gull, sea gull, over the rip,
  The rip where the breakers throng;
Sea gull, sea gull, what of the ship
  I've waited for so long?

Gustav Kobbé.

Digitized by Google

ALCYONE—A BREEZE FROM THE WEST.

THE throng of attendants at the scientific lecture were coming leisurely into the National Museum that Saturday afternoon. The sightseers were beginning to depart from the building, knowing that it was near closing hour. One remained—a woman who stood gazing at the white model of the Goddess of Liberty, looming up from the basin which once surrounded a little fountain in the rotunda of the museum.

It seemed as if the woman were regarding herself perpetuated in the white clay, the two were so nearly alike—two women of liberty. The wild sweeps of the West showed in each clean curve of the living woman. Fostered by freedom, by fresh air, by wild runs over the prairies, she had grown to be such a woman as one seldom sees in this age. The animal beauty of her form was lit by the intellectual beauty in her face. She stood in earnest and critical study of the white figure, with something of a smile and something of a tear meeting in the expression of her features.

"It is cramped," she said to herself; "I do not like it here. It seems to ask my pity; and I feel as though I could pity it, inanimate thing though it is. It seems to be a symbol of myself, such as my life is now—cramped and narrow. I like it better as it is on the dome of the big white Capitol, looking over the beautiful city and across the river to the hills beyond. I would like to see it out on the broad prairies, as free as I once was. But how foolish of me to have tears in my eyes for a mere piece of clay, just because it was meant for freedom and is narrowed down to walls! I must be getting on to that afternoon recital—it means a dinner and a breakfast for me, and part payment of a place to lay my head. Oh, Ralph, did you think I would come to such a hopeless place while you lived? I dare not think of it—I would not have you know it for all the world—you are unhappy enough, God knows!"

A woman, young and beautiful, with a talent of her own, and yet almost starving in a city where little of the very lowest depths of life is shown. If any one looked for a complaint from this woman, if any one knew she was in sore straits, that evening in the late spring, it was not because she wished them to know. She bore her sorrows in Spartan silence. Hungry looks came into her eyes when these stranger people spoke to her of her Western home; hungry looks for the fresh air and the free hours she enjoyed when she could leave the every day drudgery behind her; hungry looks when she saw happy lovers walking through the shaded streets, ignoring everything but each other, looking as though the world but encompassed two; hungry looks and envious, when from her twenty five cent seat in the upper gallery of a theater she watched some celebrated actress. But what mattered all these? She was born in obscurity, and nursed among uncongenial, common people; she had gone astray in matters of the heart, and why should she expect that the world would be made smooth for her more than for any other unhappy woman?

Alcyone Prospor was the daughter of the keeper of a prairie hotel. Her people were common, well meaning folks, but it was one of the queer tricks of the fates that she should come among them—beautiful, high minded, and with the fire of genius burning in her young soul. The divine light did not come upon her all at once: it smoldered long and then broke into flames. The prairie was her first love. It was the only thing that made her life at all worth the living. She was a part of it and yet not a part of it. One hour she would wait on her father's straggling guests and slave around the hotel. When the next hour brought her welcome freedom, she mounted her mustang and scurried over the plains, cutting the deep grasses and the blue air as she flew, her sunshiny hair waving like golden ripples behind her.

When she was quite young she used to recite and dance for the men who chanced in at her father's place. As she grew older she seemed to make this a part of her life, and the spirit with which she declaimed would turn the hearts of her listeners cold, coarse grained as they were, or make them bubble with fire.

Once a band of stranded actors came that way. Partly to pass the time and partly to pay their way at the hotel, they gave a little

Digitized by Google

play in the barn. Crude though the performance was, Alcyone never recovered from its effects. A heavy snow storm set in, and several of the actors lingered at the hotel; and before the thaw came, and they departed, the harm was done. Alcyone was stage struck. She seemed dignified and glorified from the hour one of the actors told her that her rendering of "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" showed that she was a born actress, and would some day be a great one.

A change came over her. She worked harder than ever, but scarcely spoke to the people about her. She never recited for her father's guests; they cared for common things, and she was going to pass from common things. She studied late at night. During the day when her hours of freedom came, she took long rides on her mustang with a volume of Shakspere tied to the saddle. Over the plains, to the bluffs beyond, she would fly—ambition beating like some wild bird within her brain and warming her young heart. The bluff was now her stage, the long grasses and the cropping herds her audience—and she was a star actress.

When she was twenty one, she asked her parents for the small sum of money her grandfather had left her. They gave it with little protest, thinking she needed it because of her promise to marry one of the young men who called on her quite frequently. They seldom questioned her. If she worked hard, that was all they asked of her. She was their property until she married or reached the age of twenty one. They had other children, all of whom they regarded in the light of helpers, not children to love and cherish.

A few days after Alcyone received her money she disappeared. The man whom they thought she would marry knew nothing of her whereabouts. He told them, too, that the girl was too high strung for him; when he married, he said, it would be one who did not expect to receive any better treatment, or be kept any better, than the rest of squaws.

After a time a letter came from her. She was in Chicago, studying for the stage. Her people stormed at first, but could do nothing but await events. Her letters grew less frequent, and they learned that she had joined a company and gone on the road. She was away three years. Then she came back, penniless, changed, and took up her old work of washing dishes and waiting on the men.

She had learned, during her absence, to despise everything about her old home but the prairies and the free things that roamed them. She took her position as a servant with protest in her hot young heart, but faced it well before her audience. She had learned to school herself in her lessons of the stage. She did not speak of lovers or conquests, but yet no man dare approach her. Her manner was enough to freeze the most ardent admirer.

Yet when all deemed her cold and without heart, she was then most deeply lost in the love dream that had come to her during her absence. She longed for the man of that passing dream; she looked for him, yet chid herself for doing so, for it was wrong. But the prairies were so cold that winter, life was so unkind; was it wrong to be glad when he did come?

One day, in the midst of a snow storm that swept over the plains, a man came to the hotel. He was from Chicago, a handsome fellow, who said he had missed his way in the storm. He stayed at the hotel for a week, was a cheerful companion, and won his way into the hearts of all the rough prairie people. He seemed to win Alcyone's heart, too, as none before had ever won it. They were as intimate as if they had known each other half their lives. They read together over the roaring fire while the north winds whistled out of doors; they discussed books, and she recited for him and those around her. The home people were electrified. What action she had, how she made them shiver and weep and then smile again through the tears that shamed them! Why was it she had failed—why did she come back to them? They could not understand.

After the good looking stranger left, she grew more moody than ever. She took longer rides on her mustang, spoke less to those around her, and in return received scant courtesy, for they imagined that she was proud, and would be pleasant to none but "city folks." She endured that life for a little while, and then, at the suggestion of the local Congressman's wife, she went to Washington. She was introduced into this lady's social circle, recited at her receptions; she tried to teach physical culture, and gave a few lectures on the woman question. She met a great many people who liked her, and tried to help her; but those who were most inclined to do so were the least able. She was greatly admired by the Congressman, and by some of his colleagues, whom he presented to her, thinking that they might be able to use influence in her behalf. She had a hard, rough time.

Digitized by Google

It was a struggle to keep up appearances, and look happy and well fed, when she had nothing but a disappointed heart and an empty purse.

She had been but a year in Washington when she was on the ragged edge of want. She had promises enough to delight the fancies, but nothing substantial. One day a member of Congress, whom she had frequently met, called on her at her studio. He had a government position open for her; her tasks would be light, the place would pay her well, and she would be able to make a much better appearance in the circles to which she recited. He was very anxious to set her on her feet—so he said. But the man had his condition. When he left her studio he had the red mark of her beautiful white hand across his purple cheek.

She locked her door and gave vent to her despair and indignation.

"Oh, God, is there no help for women with beauty and ambition and poverty—no fence to keep these things off? Is it over such thorns we must climb? Oh, how I have suffered—Ralph, Ralph! Always battling against my environments—the crude people of the plains, the coarse men that came under my father's roof, on whom I had to wait hand and foot! I ran away from that—and after meeting many, at last found one who was my equal mentally and physically. I loved him, and he loved me. We were equals morally, then—for we loved wrongly. But I refused to listen to the cry of our hearts—to his plea for happiness; that we loved was not of itself a wrong, but that we should own it and live it would be one. He had wealth, he pleaded—there was the Old World to go to, to enjoy, to be happy in. A king and queen were we, with plenty of kingdoms to enter. But I could not go—I could not! I knew that we were to meet and know and love each other—but there I bade fate stop. I flew back from him to the prairies—to sordidness and comparative safety. There I felt myself growing cold and hard like my associates. I once cut a man for daring to kiss me—he never told it, neither did I. I could have killed him that night; he kissed me where Ralph's lips last rested—his poor last kiss, the kiss of renunciation.

"Then I came here to work out my career. I have toiled, tramped, scraped, planned, gone through long, sleepless nights, almost starved to see my ambition be rewarded—to forget what I have let go—to be good and true—and to what end? I held my hungry heart and waited, only to meet what is the tenth insult I have received since men have known of my straits. Was I right to send my own love away—the light of my dark and stormy life?"

The tall, willowy form swayed in agony as she knelt by her couch. Hot tears coursed down the velvety cheeks; she forced her pink nails into her palms. The world seemed one great black slate of unanswerable problems. She knew that she must do one thing or the other—go to Ralph, as he had begged her, as she would do if her heart led her, or go back to the hotel on the plains and to dishwashing, as her father warned her she should do if she came back again.

Oh, how that great love's rosy wings shone out against the dull, narrow life on the brown prairies! How it warmed her soul, how it beckoned and bade her nestle under its protecting wings! She was a woman, meant to be loved; why not let nature have her way?

She wrote her lover a letter that night, crying out her loneliness, her despair, her great love—her acceptance of his love and its shield. In this love she believed she was right, though all others were coarse and wrong. The almighty plans of the universe could not be cheated or changed by laws. She intended to post the letter in the morning, for it was too late to venture out that night. She slept like a tired child; in the morning she awoke with wearied limbs and aching heart. Something had moved her in her sleep. *It was the cry of the other woman's child.*

She tore up her letter, and wrote two more. The first, a short one to her father, said:

I am almost penniless. I have failed again. Send me some money, and I will come home and wash dishes.

The other ran:

My poor, dear boy, God bless you. I have failed again, and I go back to the prairies. When you are as free as the winds that blow over them, come to me. I will wait for you until then—out on the prairies. I love you now and always.

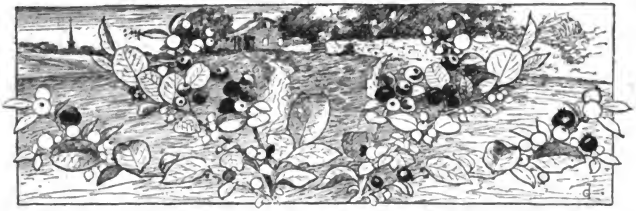
And Alcyone, between her work, watches across the plains for the stranger's coming. During her hours of freedom she takes long rides on her mustang; she whirls about in the long grasses, and pauses now and then to watch for him, for he may come at any minute. Fate is not as certain as Time.

This evening she is out on the bluffs that have seen her in so many of her moods. She is sitting up straight on the yellow brown mustang. His head is turned to the west, and she shields her wide eyes with

Digitized by Google

her white hand as the blood red sun strikes against them. She looks longingly across the waving sea of grass. She is clean and firm in her faith that he will come; and we too keep watch with her, and pray that some day the long looked for will come toward us across the dull, brown prairies of our lives.

Catherine Frances Cavanagh.



AN AUTUMN RIDE.

BALSAM and spice and myrrh—
How the winds waste them!
Flavors of pine and fir—
How you can taste them!
Sweetness the summer spent
Autumn possesses,
Holding the mellow scent
In her warm tresses.

Mettlesome steed of mine,
Daintily prancing,
Satin smooth mane ashine,
Merry eyes dancing,
You feel the joy intense,
Heedless of reason—
All the sweet influence
Born of the season.

Where does our pathway lead,
Grassy and narrow,
Bordered by tasselweed,
Spearmint and yarrow?
Little we care today,
Whither we wander;
Just to be off—away
To the light yonder;

Off to the golden gauze
Lit with bright flashes,
Where the ripe sugar haws
Flame in red splashes;
Off to the zephyr fanned
Valleys enchanted,
And the wide garden land
God's hand has planted.

Hattie Whitney.

Digitized by Google

MUNGER'S CAT.

NAN HAWTHORNE was swinging gently to and fro in the hammock, nestled among the pillows, and idly wondering why other people did not make their summer cottages as attractive as her mother had made this one. The sight of a young man coming across the tennis court caused her to sit up suddenly. By the time he had vaulted over the net, and crossed the lawn, the quick color had faded from her cheeks, and she nodded gaily to him as he waved his hat.

"Where on earth did you hail from?" she asked, astonished, as he came within hailing distance.

"From the Etruria, in New York, Monday," he answered eagerly. "How are you, and what are you doing with yourself just now?"

"I'm pretty well. Sit down on that camp stool and let me look at you, Tom Bradley," she said, as she shook hands. "I suppose you are more conceited than ever after a year abroad."

"Couldn't be possibly," the young man replied calmly. "If this camp stool goes down with me, and I get stains on these duck trousers, I'll sue you for damages."

"Your mother must be glad to have you back again," said Nan. "I should be if I were she."

"Thanks, so kind of you," murmured Tom. "Mother and father have taken the Bartlett cottage for the summer, so I came right out here to join them. I thought mother'd eat me up the day I got here."

"I suppose you've come back with a trunk full of photographs to enlighten us poor benighted heathen with," sighed Nan, who had ascribed another reason to his sudden appearance on the scene; "such as Westminster Abbey, the Poets' Corner, Parliament buildings, and all the cathedrals. I've had friends traveling in Europe, before. Did you climb the Matterhorn? Or slide down Mont Blanc? Or ride in a house boat?"

"Please be sensible, Nan," said Tom, flushing. "I won't tell you a word about Europe if you don't want me to. I thought you'd like to hear all about my trip."

"Perhaps I might, Tom, if Europe hadn't been done brown by all my friends, long ago; and each one thinks he has done such a wonderful thing that he must exhibit his knowledge and his photographs to his ignorant acquaintances. I am so tired of it I never want to go, myself."

"You were very good to write to me, if you felt that way about it, Nan," said Tom humbly; "though, to be sure, you didn't write very often."

"Oh, I wrote to you because you were such an old friend of the family, and mother enjoyed your descriptions of scenery so—and all that, you know."

"Why, if I had known that," Tom replied, "I would have written to her instead. Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these——"

"Please, ma'am," piped up a shrill voice behind Tom, "will you look a here for a minute?"

Tom turned around suddenly and spied a very tiny girl standing in the tall grass, holding a very big yellow cat in her arms. She was thin and bony, and the cat was fat and heavy, so her task was by no means an easy one.

"'Scuse me, Miss Nan," the child said, noticing Tom for the first time, "I didn't know you was engaged."

"We aren't yet, but hope to be soon," observed Tom calmly. "Who is this fair damsel, Nan?"

"She's a little girl in my Sunday school class," said Nan, frowning at him. "What is it, Milly, my dear?"

"Please, Miss Nan, you was a tellin' your class on Sunday of how fond you was of pets," began the girl, "and ma said for me to bring you over our cat to see if you wouldn't keep it for us while we goes to the city for a week."

"To be sure I will," cried Nan, gathering the cat into the hammock with her. "Isn't he a big one, though?"

"He's got a collar on, too," said the girl, pointing proudly to the leathern band about the animal's neck. "It says 'Munger's Cat' on it—that's ours, you know. He's got two names, himself. Jim calls him 'Tom,' which I don't think is very pretty, so I call him 'Jenny.'"

"He's nice and fat," said Tom soberly. "He must get lots to eat."

Digitized by Google

"Sure he does," cried Milly enthusiastically. "He eats like a house afire, he does."

"I've heard fire called a 'devouring element' somewhere before," said Tom meditatively. "What does he eat?"

"Oh, everything," said Milly proudly, "and lots of it. He has fits sometimes."

"Dear me!" cried Nan, "I hope not."

"If you're real good to him he'll outgrow them, I guess," vouchsafed Milly. "He don't have 'em often."

"For all small favors let us be duly thankful. We'll hope he'll postpone his fit until after he's returned," said Tom. "We'll be good to him. Good by, Milly," he added as a gentle hint.

"I might as well take care of it regularly," said Nan with a laugh, as the little girl ran off over the lawn. "Munger's cat spends most of its time over here as it is, catching birds."

"It's not very pretty, is it?" said Tom, regarding the animal dubiously. "But there's a great deal of him."

"I think he's splendid," said Nan indignantly; "and I'm going to take him in and show him to mother. Don't you want to come too?" she asked, as Tom rose.

"No, thank you. I've got to go home, as mother doesn't know I'm out. So long, see you later."

Nan stood looking after him for a minute or two, and then went in at the little side door, with Munger's cat in her arms. She expected to see Tom again in the evening, but he did not come, and she went to bed feeling oddly provoked with him. He ought to know how nice it seemed to have him back after so long an absence, even if she had been too excited to tell him of it. She wouldn't add to his conceit by telling him anything of the sort, she reasoned; he thought too much of himself as it was. But argue as she might, Nan could not feel satisfied.

The next day, as Nan was making cake in the kitchen, she became aware, as she raised her flushed face from an inspection of the oven, of the fact that Tom was sitting in the open window, swinging his feet against the side of the house.

"How are you?" he said affably. "I thought this was Thursday, and the cook's afternoon out."

"That's just the reason I'm doing the baking, Tom," said Nan a little crossly. "What did you come for—scrapings?"

"Your mother told me to amuse myself on the porch; but I exhausted everything, even the cat, and came to look for you," replied Tom solemnly. "I had no idea that Tom, alias Jenny, had such a fondness for salted peanuts."

"Oh, give me some," cried Nan, sliding the cake into the oven. "I just love them."

"Sorry, but I only have two or three left in my pocket," said Tom, laying some dilapidated nuts on the table. "I've fed 'most half a pound to the animal. My, but didn't he have a glorious fit afterward, though!"

"He didn't?"

"To be sure," said Tom placidly. "He went up and down and around and around as if he were wound up. I tell you, Nan, if a man—and of course it will be a man—ever invents a perpetual motion machine, he'll have an able bodied cat in a fit as the foundation of it."

"I think you're cruel! Where is the poor thing now?"

"Resting quietly on the porch in the shade," said Tom, in a condescending tone. "I resuscitated him."

"How?" queried Nan, trying to continue to be severe.

"By Christian science. I just sat still and pretended that the cat wasn't having a fit, and if you'll believe me, Nan, he was sleeping peacefully in ten minutes."

Nan stuck a long straw into the cake and said nothing.

"Say, Nan." Tom's voice sounded a little anxious.

Nan looked hard at the cake, and closed the oven door with exaggerated care.

"Your mother says you're going to have a house party," ventured Tom. "Too bad you didn't know I was going to be in town, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Nan, fanning herself with her handkerchief. "I'm afraid you and Harry Morford wouldn't get on very well together. However, you can come over here when you want to—they're going to be here over Sunday."

"You know I can't bear Harry Morford," said Tom, swinging his feet with renewed vigor.

"I didn't ask him for your benefit. You'll knock all the paint off the house if you keep on kicking."

"I don't see what you see in him, really, Nan," Tom went on moodily. "He makes me tired."

"I don't have to measure my friends by your tape line," said Nan coldly. "When I decide to do so I'll let you know."

"I'm a little hard o' hearing," said Tom, flushing, "but I think I hear some one

Digitized by Google

calling me away;" and he dropped out of sight upon the soft grass below. Nan was surprised when he vanished. He had never minded what she said to him before, and she was sorry she had not been more pleasant. Still, he had no right to dictate as to her choice of friends, nor to mistreat Munger's cat in that way, and she did not care if he never came back. She caught herself listening, nevertheless, as she went on with her work, for his step on the gravel walk, and could not help feeling disappointed that he did not return.

When her cake was done she had to dress, and then it was time to drive down to the 4:30 train in the old fashioned carryall, for her guests. She was not as glad to see them as she had expected to be, but as they were all talking at once, and each one of the seven was busy admiring the scenery and raving over the woods and river, her lack of enthusiasm was not noticed. She was tired, and Harry Morford was unusually wearisome in his efforts to entertain her, telling jokes that Nan had read in the comic papers weeks before, mingled with bits of small talk and gossip in which she was not interested.

As they passed a turn in the road Nan saw Tom on horseback, waiting at one side for the noisy load to go by; and she laughed at Harry Morford's joking for the first time.

"That's young Bradley, isn't it?" he asked, removing his hat in a languid bow. "I hear he's come back from abroad to go into journalism."

"He has been foreign correspondent of the *News* for a year," said Nan, starting the old horse into a trot by flapping the reins, "and has come back now to take an editorship on the staff."

"Indeed?" said Morford, with a shadow of a sneer in his voice. "I should not think he'd want to work when he could have a gay time and live on his income."

"Tom is not lazy, and has too much self respect to be idle." Nan intended this as a home thrust. "There, people, what do you think of our little cottage?"

She was glad to have her mother come out to welcome them as they drove up, for it seemed as if she could not hold up her end of the conversation any longer, and Harry Morford was beginning to be provoked. She roused herself now, and entered into the fun, though her heart was not in it. They danced, boated, played cards and tennis, and she led them all in everything; but she found no pleasure in it, and in her secret heart she knew why. Her mother invited Tom to dinner on Friday, but he declined on the score of a previous engagement, and Nan saw him on the hotel piazza with one of the girls, later. She did not care, and showed she didn't by bowing coolly, and chatting away with Harry Morford as if she enjoyed it.

Tom, too, was miserable, but it never entered his head to think Nan was really angry. He only knew that she had not given him as pleasant a welcome as the other girls had, and he did not want to see Harry Morford basking in her favor for all the world like Munger's cat basking in the sun. For that animal Tom had no sympathy. It ought to know best what was good for it, after its large experience with fits; and as for its eating capacity, he thought it might more fittingly have been named "Hunger's cat."

Meanwhile, having grown weary of seeing Nan among the gay company, after having refused, on various pleas, all invitations to join them, he became very attentive to his mother. When she was tired or busy he took long walks by himself in the woods. On one of these rambles, as he strolled by the river, he heard a plaintive "mew" from a thicket by the path. Pushing aside the bushes, he discovered Munger's cat struggling to release his forepaws from a bird trap in which they were caught. Tom lifted the stone, expecting the cat to run off as soon as it was released, but it did not move. Tom picked it up then, as gently as he could, in deference to the injured paws; and inwardly raging, though outwardly peaceful, he made his way through the underbrush to the Hawthorne cottage. Some of the party were playing croquet, and others were laughing over tennis, but Tom noted a long way off that Nan and Harry Morford were sitting in the shade on the porch, talking.

As Tom came up the path, holding the great yellow cat awkwardly under his arm, Harry spoke first.

"Oh, here comes young Bradley with your cat, Miss Nan. Hand him over to me, Bradley; I just dote on cats."

"I found Munger's cat in the woods, Nan," said Tom coolly. "He caught his feet in a trap, and I think they'd be improved by a little witch hazel."

"Come up, Bradley. So much obliged," said Morford. "Here, take my chair; I'll sit on the steps."

"For all the world," thought Tom angrily, "as if he owned the place!"

"I'm ever so much obliged," said Nan, somewhat icily, in her effort to be indiffer-

Digitized by Google

ent. "Come up and sit down while I go and doctor him up."

"No, thank you," replied Tom, not pleased at the prospect of a tête-à-tête with Morford. "I really can't. I promised to take mother boating this afternoon, and have taken too long a stroll, now;" and he started off again. He did not walk so rapidly, however, that he failed to hear Morford's remark to Nan as she rose to go in.

"What an uppish young fellow he is, to be sure!"

It was a pity that Tom angrily quickened his steps before Nan answered. She waited a minute to steady her voice, and then said with painful distinctness,

"If Tom is uppish, Mr. Morford, it is a pity more young men are not like him;" and she slammed the screen door behind her as she went into the house.

Tuesday, the last day of his vacation, Tom spent on the water, rowing. He did a great deal of thinking, too, which left him in a very unsatisfied frame of mind. As far as he was concerned he felt that his week's vacation had been wasted, for he certainly had not enjoyed it. He had been boating, had played tennis and gone on a straw ride with the hotel girls, but he had felt all the time that they were not like Nan. He could not bear the sight of Morford, and yet went so far as to imagine that Nan was engaged to him, though it made him pull harder on the oars to think of it.

It was well on in the afternoon when Tom, much disturbed by his day's reflections, turned the bow of the boat towards home. As he neared the dock he was greatly startled to hear a feminine scream from among the overhanging willows on the banks. He turned about suddenly, and called out:

"Hello, what's the matter up there?"

Nan's troubled face appeared at once among the leaves as she answered his hail.

"Oh, Tom, Tom, please get Munger's cat out! He fell in the water, and I can't reach him."

Tom looked around and saw the yellow animal floundering in a foot of water, under an overhanging bank which it could not climb. It was in no danger of drowning, so Tom became emboldened by circumstances.

"Confound [illegible] Why don't [illegible] call Mo[illegible]ly inquired. He just d[illegible]

"Mr. M[illegible] to the city with the [illegible] impatiently.

"Do, do [illegible]ut!"

"Why didn't he stay?" queried Tom. "You seemed to enjoy his society."

"I didn't ask him to, and besides, I don't like him," said Nan, stamping her foot on the grass. "Will you get that cat for me?"

"The bath will do him good," said Tom, splashing the water with his oars. "He might have another fit if I touched him."

"Oh, Tom!" cried Nan, running down on the old wharf, "I'll love you forever if you'll get the poor thing out before he drowns."

"What?" Tom stopped splashing.

"I say, please get him out," said Nan, reddening.

"If you meant that, Nan, say it again," said Tom solemnly.

"I'll love you forever if you'll get him out," repeated Nan hastily. "There now, hurry up! I'm sure he's dead now."

"Pretty lively looking corpse," said Tom, as he lifted the wet, struggling cat into the boat. "Do you want him there?"

"No," said Nan, drawing back. "Let him dry first, please."

"Miss Nan, please, ma'am," said the familiar voice of Milly, behind her, "I've come for Jenny, please, and much obliged to you."

"How do you do, Milly?" said Tom pleasantly. "We are drying the cat. He had a fit the other day from—over eating, and I concluded that a warm bath would be beneficial to him. I warrant the treatment to kill or cure."

"Did you have a pleasant time in the city, Milly?" asked Nan kindly.

"Sure we did," replied the child, picking up the dripping cat, "except the baby. He swallowed a pin, and had to be 'sperimented on by the doctor. Cost five dollars, and was pretty exciting."

"Must have been—for the baby," said Tom thoughtfully.

"We've all enjoyed having the cat with us," said Nan, "and we'll miss it when it's gone."

"If you ever want to give it away," Tom said, "send it to Mr. Henry Morford, in the city—I'll give you the address. No, but really, Milly, Miss Nan became very particularly engaged a few minutes ago," added Tom, holding out his hand to help Nan to the boat, into which she obediently stepped; "and besides, she's going for a row, so we'll have to excuse you. Good by!

"We'll invite her to the wedding," he continued, fitting the oars firmly in the locks. "I think she'd make a lovely flower girl."

Digitized by Google

Then, as the boat floated rapidly away in obedience to his strong pulling, Tom took out his handkerchief and waved it to the little girl, who was still standing on the wharf, holding the damp, ugly cat she so much admired.

"Good by," he called. "Good by, Munger's cat!"

Emma Lee Walton.

THE MESSAGE.

DEAR little love, with confiding eyes,
In a stranger land afar,
I have thought of you, when in western skies
Shimmered the evening star;
I have stood on the shore and have given the sea
A word for your heart to know,
And the breezes that blew to me
Said you were true to me—
Answer me, dear, is it so?

I have given the sea a wonderful word
To add to its changing song;
The waves crept up to my feet, and heard,
And echoed it clear and strong;
A word that was made when the world was young,
A word that is old and new,
The tides that fare to you
Promise to bear to you—
Answer me, dear, if they do!

For here in the wide eyed glance of dawn,
For here when the sun dips low,
And the red west tenderly dims to fawn,
I shall hope your heart to know
Awaiting the word that replies to mine,
And the joy or the pain thereof,
When the wild sea sings to me,
What is it wings to me?
Answer me, dear, is it love?

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

Digitized by Google

Plain Little Ann.

Words by
JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

Music by
GILBERT TOMPKINS.

Moderate.

mf

Allegretto.

1. At the time of my life when I want-ed a wife, The fel-lows would say with a smile, ... "It's as
2. The young Mrs. Joe is a beau-ty I know, And Tom mar-ried heav-en-ly eyes, ... And
3. It is ea-sy to tell Joe has married a belle, For his home's al-ways filled with a mob..... And the

Copyright, 1896, by Gilbert Tompkins, New York.

Digitized by Google

ea - sy as not. Find a girl with a dot, A beau - ty with plen - ty of
Bob-bie's fair love wears a num-ber four glove And shoes of a fai - ry-like
vis - ion of grace is so stuck on her face That she has - 'nt a mo - ment for

style ..... You want to take pride in your choice of a bride: Go
size..... When I told them I, too, had a wedding in view, "She's
Bob ..... And Tom - my's a - dored has a tem-per—good Lord! Oh,

in for a queen if you can." But I fol - lowed my bent, and I'm
pret - ty of course," they be-gan; But I cared not a whit, and I
fea - tures may daz - zle a man, But there's beau-ty more fair than of

ten.

ful - ly con - tent With my plain lit - tle freck-led - face Ann.....
ans-wered them, "Nit! She's plain lit - tle freck led - face Ann."...
eyes, lips, or hair, In sweet lit - tle freck-led - face Ann.....

colla voce.

Digitized by Google

REFRAIN. *Moderato.*

She's a chum for a hol - i - day jour - ney, ... A

sweet-heart to come to at night,..... ..... A clear-head - ed,

clev - er at - tor - ney .... When some-thing comes up to set

right..... She'd run my af - fairs and make mon - ey,..... And

Digitized by Google

nurse me her - self, were I ill..... Oh, life is all

ad lib.

plea - sant and sun - ny .... Since plain lit - tle Ann said, "I

colla voce.

will!"..... *mf a tempo.*

D.S.

D.S.

Digitized by Google

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

OPERA PLANS AND PROSPECTS.

It will be curious to see what the New York opera goer is going to find to grumble about next winter. The present prospect is that we shall have three first class companies in the field, although it is likely that the Metropolitan, as usual, will carry off the honors.

Last year there were complaints of the German opera season, as given by Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, but when the grumblers were asked to specify their charges they did not find fault with the singers, who were acknowledged to be the best the world could produce; and they contented themselves with remarks concerning the scenery and stage management.

It has been said over and over again that nothing attracts so much attention to a singer as the correct interpretation of Wagnerian rôles. Nordica has done this in a manner which has won the approval even of Bayreuth, and people point to her Wagnerian successes as the reason of her remarkable popularity in New York last winter. In consequence, every one of the singers, even to Emma Eames, is bitten with the desire to sing the German master. As a matter of fact, Nordica is popular because she owns that intangible something which we call "personal magnetism," for want of a better word. She belongs to the soil. She is a sweet, strong American woman, who possesses the power to put herself in sympathy with her audience. She would be admired under any circumstances.

It is only Calvé who has not succumbed to the general Wagnerian craze. She promises us *Selika* in "L'Africaine" for the coming season, but says nothing whatever of a desire to give the Valkyrie cry.

Emma Eames also gives us *Elizabeth* for the first time in this country. The old quarrel between Calvé and Eames has been forgotten long ago, and indeed never had much actual existence outside of the newspapers.

A SINGER FROM THE EAST.

One of the singers Mapleson is to bring to America is Hercla Darclée, a young Roumanian, who is said to be a protegée of that artistic lady Carmen Sylva. During her four years upon the stage, she has never been heard in opera outside of Italy, Spain, and South America.

Colonel Mapleson says that he has spent two years sifting these comparatively unknown countries for singers. He declares that their best performers are quite equal, if not superior, to those of English, French, or American birth, who have had better managers and the business tact to bring themselves before the public.

From the American point of view, Colonel Mapleson's most interesting addition to his company is Susan Strong, the young American girl who made an appearance in London a few months ago and attracted so much attention. She sang in "Die Walküre" at Drury Lane, in a season of Wagner opera conducted by Hedmonat, the tenor. She is a New York girl, an amateur pupil of Korbay, as may be remembered from a sketch we published at the time of her London success.

LEHMANN AT BAYREUTH.

At Bayreuth, this year, somebody said that America was beginning to possess the stage as well as the audience. Two American girls were in the cast of the first "Rheingold" performance—Miss Marion Weed and Miss Fremstadt. Miss Weed, as *Freya*, was a queenly, beautiful figure, and her voice was charmingly sympathetic.

But it was Lilli Lehmann who was, as always, the incomparable singer of Wagner. People who knew her here, and who are expecting to hear her at the Metropolitan next winter, waited in a nervous tremor for the curtain to go up. When she rushed out and gave the indescribable cry of the *Walküre*, brilliant, magnificent, full of volume, as in the old days, the house was thrilled. It was Lilli Lehmann still in the flower of her voice. She has learned much in these twenty years on the stage. There is never a false note, never a petty gesture, in singing or in acting.

When Lehmann left America nobody ever expected to see her here again. She was suffering from nervous prostration, and seemed a wreck. Today she is herself again, like Sarah Bernhardt, an actress, a creature of no age.

Brema, who will not return to America this year, was among the singers of the Wagnerian festival, and she surprised her friends by the excellence of her performance.

MRS. SPRAGUE'S MUSICAL AMBITION.

To almost everybody who is over twenty five, the name of "Mrs. Governor Sprague" brings up memories of the beautiful and brilliant Kate Chase, daughter of Chief Justice Chase. The second wife of Governor Sprague bids fair to have as great a fame as her predecessor, but in a new field.

Young Mrs. Sprague was a Virginia girl, with the usual amount of "accomplishments." She sang, with a remarkably sweet voice, but with no idea that she had a gift for the public. She usually accompanied herself upon the guitar. It was not until after her marriage to Governor Sprague that friends insisted on her going to a Boston teacher to have her voice "tried." It was he who told her that she might have a great career.

Mrs. Sprague was undaunted by the long years of study before her, and her husband was

Digitized by Google

Inez Sprague.

From a photograph by Stebbing, Paris.

Digitized by Google

ready to help her in her new ambitions. Together they went to Paris, and there they established a beautiful home on the Avenue Neil, which became a center for American musicians. Mrs. Sprague studied with Julian, and expects to appear before American audiences this season. Her voice has a long range, with a full middle register and great dramatic power. Her master has prepared an extensive repertoire for her, including "L' Africaine," "Traviata," "Aïda," and "Othello." She has concentrated her studies almost entirely upon Italian music.

One of Mrs. Sprague's fads is the misery to which many young girls subject themselves in going to Paris with little or no idea of what is before them, and she has promised to write a book on the subject out of her experience.

Maud Roudé.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

A RISING FRENCH STAR.

Maurice Grau, who has formally accepted the directorship of the Covent Garden opera, has given us almost a complete list of his singers for this season. There is some chance of our hearing Lucienne Bréval, who took the first prize for opera at the Conservatoire six years ago. Since that time Mlle. Bréval has been one of the distinguished artists of France. She is one of the handsomest women on the French stage, and sings a repertoire which runs from *Salammbô* to *Brunnhilde*. If she should sing here she will have Nordica and perhaps Melba as rivals in *Brunnhilde*.

TWO AMERICAN GIRLS IN FRANCE.

The French say that American girls go to Europe and monopolize all the gifts which fall from the wheel of fate. Here is an example which Mrs. Sprague might also quote.

Emma Estelle Potts, the contralto of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York, with which Emma Abbott and Emma Thursby were once associated, was abroad last year, studying the songs of Schumann and Schu-

Digitized by Google

Lucienne Bréval.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

bert. An enthusiastic friend in Paris wrote to her of the delights of the French capital, and persuaded her to come for a week's visit. She sang one day for a musician, who suggested that she should allow him to present her to Gailhard, director of the Opéra. Miss Potts did not believe that this musical magnate would find her voice worth listening to, but she knew that she would enjoy meeting him, and she accepted the invitation. She found that it was to be by no means an exchange of courtesies. Gailhard looked at her, at the score she had brought, and then over her head.

"With whom has she studied?" he asked.

"With Bristol in New York."

"Yes, yes, but I mean over here. There are no teachers in America. But let her sing"—— with an air of adding, "and have it over with."

By this time all the intensity of the young American girl had been aroused. She sang with an enthusiasm and voice which commanded instant attention. Gailhard made her an offer. At first she thought that her contracts in America would prevent her accepting anything else, but at the end of a week's visit she reconsidered her decision, and had signed a two years' contract.

When Gailhard placed his new pupil with Mme. Padilla, he said, "I pray you do nothing with her voice. Diction and repertoire are the only considerations."

Digitized by Google

Miss Potts may be expected to be one of the singers in grand opera in Paris during the coming season, under a stage name. Then, following the usual order of events, she may be invited to America by managers who would never have granted her a trial had she gone to them before her début in Europe.

Another American girl who promises to win a reputation abroad is Miss Maud Rondebush of San Francisco, who christened her stage name of Maud Roudé last January in the old French city of Rouen. She created the rôle of *Katrina* in a lyric opera founded on "The Taming of the Shrew," which the adapters, MM. Deshays and Le Rey, called "La Megère Apprivoisée."

Miss Rondebush went to Paris four years ago, and has been a pupil under Jacques Bouhy. Her voice is a pure soprano, but her low notes are so fine, and she uses them so constantly, that it is generally supposed to be a mezzo soprano. Her singing and acting of *Katrina* were heartily applauded, and the critics who heard the young singer had the warmest praise for her. Miss Rondebush and her mother are well known in society both in London and Paris.

Emma Estelle Potts.

From a photograph by Bertinger, Paris.

AMERICAN BALLADS.

American songs, interpreted by an American singer, have provided one of the popular amusements offered by fashionable New York hostesses during the past year. Fielding Roselle is a young woman from Washington, who came to New York to study oratorio and dramatic music. But she discovered that her deep contralto voice, with its wide range, was in constant demand for ballad singing, and she took this work up seriously. Arthur Foote, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Frank Lynes, and Margaret Ruthven Lang have brought her their songs, some of which are dedicated to her.

The songs of Frank Lynes, who is an Episcopalian clergyman of San Francisco, are among the most beautiful and charming we have in English. His "Sweetheart, Sigh No More" is one of Miss Roselle's favorites, and it never fails to delight her audiences. These songs have not come into general popularity, and are not often heard on the stage, but no collection

Digitized by Google

Ralph Bernheim.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

of music for a contralto voice could be more admirably chosen than that given by Miss Roselle. It includes Foote's "Love Me if I Live" and "Irish Folk Song"; "Ecstasy" and "Haste, O Beloved," by Mrs. Beach; and "Charming Month of May," by Marston. The favor with which these simple ballads are received shows that we have a distinctive American music, to which Americans are quick to respond when they get the opportunity.

A YOUNG PIANIST AND COMPOSER.

A little book for which pianists are looking is a collection of original musical storiettes—if we may use that term—which Ralph Bernheim has just brought out, and which he calls "The Book of Encores." Many of the pieces have been published singly, and have filled a want of which musicians have long spoken. A short, clever, finished bit for an encore has been difficult to find.

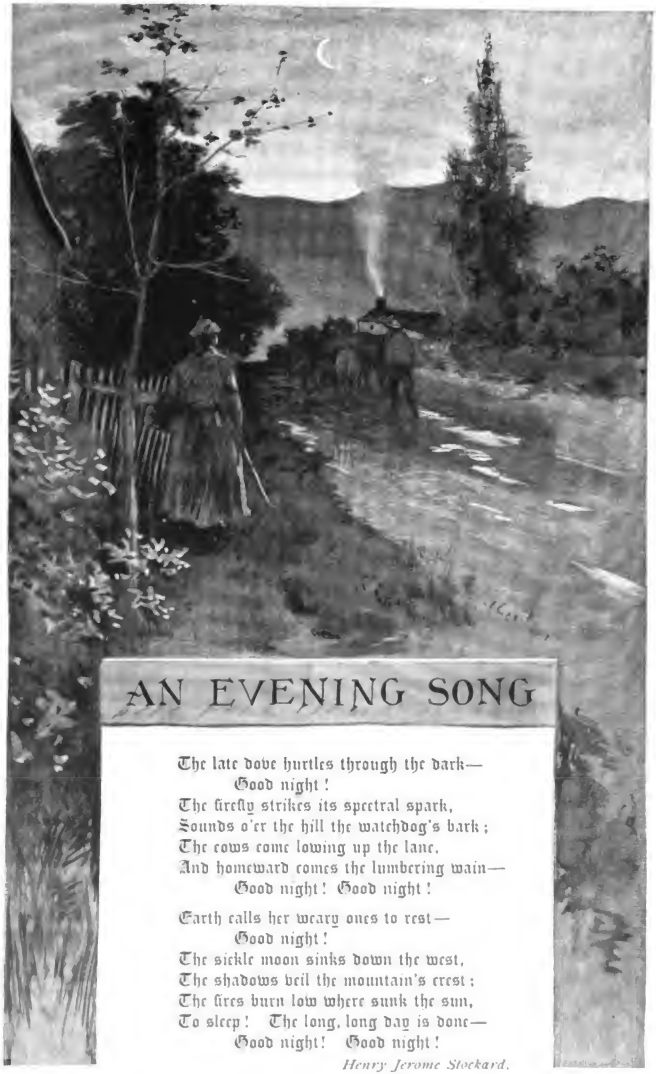
Mr. Bernheim is a young pianist for whom a successful début is prophesied. He began his musical education at the Cincinnati College of Music, which New York is learning to respect as a trainer of sound musicians.

FOR WOULD-BE OPERA STARS.

New York supposed that she had several people who were training pupils for the operatic stage, but Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft, who is reputed to be making a fortune out of his dramatic academy at the Empire Theater, thinks that a real operatic school is needed, where the pupils may have public performances to play with. If, Mr. Wheatcroft must have reasoned, so many young men and women are stage struck, there must be an equal number with longings to sing at the Metropolitan. He has therefore organized an operatic school, which is to be carried out on almost exactly the same lines as the dramatic classes, and is to give a hearing to young composers.

Without any doubt Mr. Wheatcroft is a clever reader of human nature, and will make his venture pay.

Digitized by Google



AN EVENING SONG

The late dove hurtles through the dark—
Good night!
The firefly strikes its spectral spark,
Sounds o'er the hill the watchdog's bark;
The cows come lowing up the lane,
And homeward comes the lumbering wain—
Good night! Good night!

Earth calls her weary ones to rest—
Good night!
The sickle moon sinks down the west,
The shadows veil the mountain's crest;
The fires burn low where sunk the sun,
To sleep! The long, long day is done—
Good night! Good night!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

Digitized by Google

THE STAGE

THE NEW SEASON.

As has been intimated already in these pages, the man who can successfully predict the fate of a new play, or of a newly imported one, would be worth a larger salary to a manager than the most talented star in the market. But as such a man has not yet been born, any one may amuse himself by wondering which of the many new offerings for the present season will equal in popularity "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Heart of Maryland," and "The Sporting Duchess," of last winter. By the time these lines are read, it will no doubt be known whether the houses that last year were coining money with the "Prisoner" and the "Duchess" (the Lyceum and the Academy of Music respectively) have caught good fat worms at an equally early hour of the theatrical season.

The last act of Mr. Sothern's "An Enemy to the King" was written in the box office of Ford's Opera House in Baltimore, and in less than a week Mr. Stephens, the author, who is a dramatic critic, was informed that the play was accepted. As both this and "Under the

Grace Henderson.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

Digitized by Google

Martha Josephine Brandes

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Polar Star" (the Academy's offering) are American made, all good patriots will hope that last season's records at the box offices will be eclipsed.

The Herald Square, the other fortunate house of the trio, places its chief reliance on the men who put it in the front rank when it was opened under its present name two years ago. Although the devisers of "Robin Hood" have not yet risen to their old high water mark in any later offering, "The Mandarin" comes at a period when public taste is strongly inclined toward musical presentations of the men and women of the almond eyes.

But this is only one little corner of the theatrical field which managers have been busy all summer planting and tending with hopes of a goodly winter harvest. Charles Frohman announces five American plays by Bret Harte, Carleton, Gillette, Franklin Fyles, and Augustus Thomas respectively. But he has purchased an equal number of foreign made goods, and these are to have the first chance. The dire failure of "The City of Pleasure," last autumn, appears not to have deprived this Napoleon of managers of his confidence in Decourcelles, as his "Hand of Destiny" is underlined for elaborate presentation at the Academy in November. J. M. Barrie is writing a play for the Empire, where "The Little Min-

Digitized by Google

ister" may also be produced. John Drew and Olga Nethersole impersonate new characters.

At the Knickerbocker, late Abbey's, Al Hayman has planned for a reign of the serious between Francis Wilson in the fall and the Bostonians in the spring. "Half a King" will be separated from "The Sign of the Cross" only by an autumn Sunday, after which Beerbohm Tree will descend upon us with Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," to be followed by a production that may out-Carmen the Spanish girl of Olga Nethersole—Mrs. Burnett's "Lady of Quality."

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us to see all these pieces now as the people will see—and judge—them later. It goes without saying that disappointments, heart burnings, and recriminations of self and others will be part of the season's history. If it were only possible to tell just why a play that seems to be precisely what the public wants at final rehearsal, falls flat upon performance! Year after year the same apparently inexplicable failures occur. It is well enough for the critics to say that any one might have known that such and such a piece would not score. They are always exceedingly wise—after the event.

Jeanne Clémentine Bettiny.

From a photograph by Camus, Paris.

We are told that in Mexico tickets are sold for each act of a play, so that if the purchaser finds the production not to his taste, he can leave without losing the price of the whole evening's entertainment. If some such device could be adopted for first nights here, and so elaborated that the manager could know just what scene or portion of a scene wearied the auditor to the point of departure, a record might be kept that would be of some slight service in future selection of material. But there is nothing so fickle as the public's appetite for amusements. It pays its money and

Digitized by Google

takes its choice, and what may be its meat one season, it will have none of the next. Small wonder is it, then, that the directors of theaters are not rated in Bradstreet's. And yet New York gets a new playhouse—the Murray Hill—this month——or two, if we reckon the Metropolis, north of the Harlem.

Suzanne Derval

From a photograph by Stebbing, Paris.

THE REAPPEARANCE OF A WELL KNOWN NAME.

The new melodrama at the Academy of Music, "Under the Polar Star," brings to the front again an actress of whom New Yorkers heard much in the early days of the Lyceum stock. Miss Grace Henderson—really Mrs. David Henderson, her husband being the well known Chicago extravaganza man—won her first renown in Mme. Modjeska's support. Her *Celia* in "As You Like It" and *Olivia* in "Twelfth Night" gained her especial praise. She was at the Lyceum during the first three seasons of its present management, filling the parts next in importance to Georgia Cayvan's. She was *Lucile Ferrant*, the Southern girl, in "The Wife," and in "The Charity Ball" she played opposite to Nelson Wheatcroft as *Phyllis Lee*.

Miss Henderson—who was succeeded by Effie Shannon—is especially adapted to heavy business, and ought to make a fine *Mlle. de Mauban*. She left the Lyceum to go into retirement, and later took up her residence in

Digitized by Google

Julius Steger.

From a photograph by Pietzner, Vienna.

Paris for the purposes of study. Her present appearance in melodrama well illustrates the efforts managers are now making to give these sensational successions of thrills the benefit of the best talent in their interpretation.

A GROUP OF FRENCH FAVORITES.

In Paris, of all places, they are to have a play satirizing the injustice of the social code which winks at the moral lapses of men and pillories women for them. "La Loi de l'Homme" is the name of the new play, and Paul Hervieu is the author. It is to be brought out at the Comédie Française, whose committee on repertoire accepted it unanimously.

Among our portraits this month will be found two members of the Française company, Mlles. Brandès and Bertiny. Although Mlle. Brandès is ten years the elder, there are several points of similarity in their careers. They are both pupils of Worms, and both took the first prize for comedy at the Conservatoire. Mlle. Brandès' début was made at the Vaudeville in 1884, and she entered the first theater in France three years later. They succeeded in getting her back to her first home in 1890, but the Française won her once more in 1893. Mlle. Bertiny, on the other hand, has remained at the Rue Richelieu house ever since her first public appearance in 1888.

Another French portrait shows a young lady who most decidedly mistook her calling at the start, for she began by studying tragedy. But we do not find her at the Odéon or the Française, but at the Menus Plaisirs and the Parisiana Concert. It is a far cry, forsooth, from *Ophelia* or *Camille* to the "Tararaboum Revue," which was included in Mlle. Derval's repertoire in 1892. Still it is doubtless more satisfactory to the individual chiefly concerned to be clothed in the purple and fine linen of vaudeville than to hang precariously on the outermost skirts of the legitimate.

THE VERSATILE HAMMERSTEIN.

Oscar Hammerstein is something of a Fregoli himself. He can write librettos, compose music, and—above all—devise combinations

Digitized by Google

of characters and colors that captivate the eye. And it is to the eye especially that this Jove of modern Olympia seeks to cater, well knowing that with this gratified, the conquest of the entire average man is a simple matter. And it is the average man that the manager who wishes to fill his theater must strive to please.

Robert Edeson.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

If there be a manager in this neighborhood with any other aim, we should be glad to have him pointed out.

Mr. Hammerstein's latest achievement is a romantic opera with strong comedy element, designed for Olympia's theater part. In all probability "Santa Maria" will have been tested by the public before these lines are read. If it is found wanting, something else will be substituted to engage the services of the strongest comic opera organization since the time of "Nanon" and "Erminie" at the Casino. The leading tenor is Julius Steger, whose voice possesses such qualities of sweetness and strength as are rarely found in combination. He sang opposite to Nancy McIntosh last winter in "His Excellency," and for a time consented to furnish the best music supplied by "Gay New York." His acquisition by Olympia is surety that the quarter of a comic opera company where so often weakness is found, will in this case be strongly fortified.

ACCIDENTALLY AN ACTOR.

Much speculation was indulged in last spring, when Henry Miller left the Empire stock company, upon the question of his successor. Charles Frohman did not go far to find the man; he simply promoted William Faversham to the vacant place, and gave to Robert Edeson the parts formerly played by Faversham. Mr. Edeson was particularly

Digitized by Google

Gertrude Rutledge.

From a photograph by Jones & Lutz, San Francisco.

good in "Thoroughbred." He can be the gentleman on the stage without impressing the audience with the fact that it calls for a great effort of imagination to understand the requirements of the rôle.

Robert Edeson's start as an actor was quite of an accidental nature. He was employed in the office of the Park Theater in Brooklyn, at the time when "Fascination" was produced there. On the Friday preceding the first night, word came from the stage manager that one of the members of the cast was missing. To be sure, it was not a very important character, but the piece could not be given without it.

"Edeson," said Colonel Sinn, purely on the spur of the moment, "why can't you go on and help us out?"

Though he had never been on the stage before, Mr. Edeson consented, and his performance "could not have been offensive," as he himself modestly puts it, because he was allowed to play the week out. He took a liking to the work, and the next season traveled with a small road organization giving "A Night Off." Then came "The Dark Secret," "in which," he says, "the villains and myself were the only members of the company allowed to go unwashed in the tank."

Mr. Edeson has spent several of his summers with the stock company at the Soldiers' Home in Dayton, Ohio. Twenty plays in ten weeks is good education for an actor, and his ease of manner is no doubt in great measure due to this training.

A COMPARISON THAT MAY BE OMINOUS.

Legion is the name of those newcomers to the stage for whom a Lillian Russell career has

Digitized by Google

Kate Dale as "Andrée de Tavernay" in "The Queen's Necklace."
From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

been predicted. In view of Mr. Abbey's disastrous experience with the much advertised songstress, such a comparison might today be considered a doubtful compliment. But nevertheless, the comparison will go on being made, and it might not prove uninteresting employment for somebody with plenty of leisure to follow up the various prophecies and find out how many—or rather how few—of them are realized.

Gertrude Rutledge, whose portrait is given herewith, is "on the list." Somebody said of her in 1895 that she would be a second Lillian Russell in five years. She comes from Omaha, and was selected by Mr. Rice from fifty applicants for the part of *Chappie* in "1492." Later, when the *Trilby* feature was added to this popular extravaganza, she impersonated Du Maurier's long suffering heroine. Last summer she was the *Captain of the Amazons*, in the Manhattan Beach production of "Evangeline," and also understudied *Gabriel*.

KATE DALE.

Handsome gowns are an important factor in some plays; in "The Queen's Necklace," as produced last season by the Potter-Bellew company at Daly's, they were the paramount feature. But handsome gowns require pretty women to wear them, and women, too, who

Digitized by Google

shall not seem dazed by their own brilliancy of plumage. These requirements were happily combined in Kate Dale, whose *Princesse de Lamballe*, although she had but a few words to say, at once attracted the attention of observers careful to note which of the performers were really in the picture. Interest was increased when inquiry elicited the fact that this was Miss Dale's initial appearance on any stage.

She had met both Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew in society, without any thought of ever treading the boards with them. Then reverses came to her; money must be earned in some way, and these good friends not only suggested the stage, but went further and provided the opening. So successful was the experiment that before the season was over, Miss Dale was playing the important rôle, *Andrée de Tavernay*, created by Percy Haswell, and she is now leading woman in the "Chimmie Fadden" company.

Much odium is cast on the theatrical profession by the rushing into it of those who have come into notoriety through scandal or crime. Gladly then does MUNSEY'S show, by recording such stories as that of the career of Kate Dale, that the stage offers substantial and by no means tardy reward to earnest effort put forth by modest and intelligent women who scorn any other stepping stones to recognition than their own merits.

Lucile Nunn.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

A FAIR BEGINNER.

Those who had the good fortune to see Mr. Frohman's production of "Thoroughbred" at the Garrick Theater, last spring, may some day be pleased to recall the performance for another reason than the pleasure it gave them at the time. In the pretty girl who took the part of *Polly Decker*, "with a lisp," they beheld the first appearance on the professional stage of Lucile Nunn, who promises to achieve a measure of success that will make the beginning of her career well worth noting.

Digitized by Google

Minnie Landes

From a photograph by Stein & Roth, Chicago.

Digitized by Google

She is a native of the Lone Star State, but went to school in St. Louis, where her extraordinary talent for the dramatic line soon found recognition. She induced her parents to allow her to enter Nelson Wheatcroft's school for embryo Thespians in New York, and her good work in the spring exhibitions of the pupils of this institution induced Mr. Frohman to give her the opening in "Thoroughbred." It was by no means an easy part, but Miss Nunn's charming naturalness enabled her to strike a true note that found a responsive chord with her audience.

A SINGER OF THE DE ANGELIS COMPANY.

Music is a passion with the prima donna of "The Caliph," and Minnie Landes has the rare good fortune to be a reigning favorite in the realm she loves. She is a New Yorker, of German parentage, and is first cousin to Lola Beeth, the famous grand opera singer. Miss Landes has appeared as *Marguerite*, *Mignon*, and *Leonora*, though her early efforts had all been in the line of piano work.

But grand opera in America, especially in the vernacular, needs a long pursed "angel" always by its side, and as the appearances of these beneficent beings are seldom to be really depended on for either regularity or staying qualities, Miss Landes finally came to the conclusion that a salary in hand from "The Isle of Champagne" was considerably better than one constantly in anticipation from "Trovatore" or "Faust."

Our portrait shows her in "Prince Bonnie," where she took the place of Eleanore Mayo after the latter's marriage.

"UNDER THE POLAR STAR."

The dramatic season of 1896-97, looked forward to with dread by all financially interested, was opened in New York on August 20th with a popular success. On that night of nights for him, the author of "Under the Polar Star" confessed that for ten years he had tried in vain to induce managers to produce his play. This statement has materially increased our respect for the literary judgment of these much maligned gentlemen. "Under the Polar Star" is quite the baldest specimen of dramatic construction that ever saw the footlights in a reputable theater. Even a modern melodrama is supposed to possess some consistency of *motif*, and to be true at least to its own lights. But the only *motif* apparent in this frigid farrago of impossibilities is the very evident determination of the author to thrill the audience; the only lights to which he remains true are the aurora borealis on the back drop, and the conflagration that fills the auditorium with noxious fumes.

What can you expect, it may be asked, when plays are confessedly written around sensational situations? Well, for one thing we expect a story with a grain or two of probability in some portion of it. Give us a foundation of reasonableness, even if it reach only half way to the basement ceiling; but Mr. Greene has not taken the trouble to do so much as this.

"Any old thing will do to lead up to the thrills," we can imagine the author saying. And "any old thing" has proved that it will do, if we estimate matters from the box office viewpoint. But nobody assumes for one instant that the success of this lurid melodrama is built on the story the play tells. The collision with the iceberg, the burning of the ship, the great scene where the ice floes break up and drift apart before the spectators' very eyes—these are the sights that set the old Academy vibrating with enthusiastic plaudits. But would these plaudits have been any the less hearty had the same incidents been led up to with more skilful workmanship? And just here is the pity of this success; it will set up a false standard and lower the tone of the "action" plays the immediate future has even already set itself to bring forth.

"ROSEMARY."

If the success of "Under the Polar Star" has its regrettable side, the triumph achieved by "Rosemary," with which John Drew reopened the Empire Theater, is as fragrant in every respect as the flower which gives it name. With none of the side splitting mirth of farce, the awesome grandeur of tragedy, the scenic splendor of melodrama, or even the pulse stirring activity of romance, "Rosemary" wins from the very simplicity of its transcription of a single love incident in the life of a middle aged Englishman, sixty years ago. Mr. Drew, shorn of his mustache, slips more easily into the old time frame than one would have imagined, and Maude Adams, smiling sunnily from amid her bower of curls, makes an ideal maiden of the early Victorian period. Sticklers for probability may tell you that no girl in the act of eloping with the young man of her choice, would stop to go out in the morning to gather flowers wherewith to adorn the breakfast room of another gentleman. But how is one to know what is probable and what is not in a case like this? Ten to one all precedents are taken from novels, and where one may choose in preference the precedent of a sweet, pure girl, brimming over with the desire to make all mankind happy because she is so happy herself, let him cavil who will, our choice is the fair *Dorothy Cruickshank* of "Rosemary."

As to that much discussed last act, of course it is not at all necessary to the play, and, rigidly classified, is in the nature of an anti climax. But although by this time everybody knows that it simply shows *Sir Jasper* in senile decay some fifty years later, all stay to see it. And it is human nature that they should. So many plays and stories end in the middle, as it were, that when an opportunity offers to find out what happened even after "they married and lived happily ever afterward," few will willingly neglect it, be the artistic consequences what they may.

Digitized by Google

A BROKEN LORGNETTE.

THEY were pacing the platform of the little station that rose up from the midst of the prairie. She looked as if she were going to a funeral, rather than to a new life of gaiety. Her dark eyes were tearfully bright, and her dainty figure seemed bent with grief, but she pressed her lip between her teeth and tried to put down the feelings of sorrow and regret that crowded her heart.

Her companion looked as miserable and woebegone as it is possible for a cow puncher to look. He was a great tall fellow, straight as a sturdy pine tree, with an eye as true and fearless as ever gazed from beneath a sombrero. His rather long, well proportioned face was lighted with more than ordinary intelligence, and the lines about his mouth bespoke firmness, amiability, and depth of nature. He had come over from Gulchtown to bid her God speed.

"The Gulch," about fifteen miles from the railroad, was just one long street reaching from the foot of Devil Mountain and extending on towards the plains. Not more than two hundred houses made the town, and two thirds of these were shanties. The other thirty three and a third per cent were saloons. Here for two years "Miss Jen" had spared the rod without spoiling the child; but the commissioners had come along, and not finding more than a handful of wondering eyed, open mouthed children, they summarily abolished the school.

There were great doings in Gulchtown that day. An indignation meeting was held at "Bill Biggins' Place," resolutions were passed, a petition drafted and sent to the commissioners. Then with a suppressed interest the townspeople, young and old, literate and those who could not read a lager beer sign, awaited an answer. It came.

One morning they awoke to find the school house closed, every door with a padlock, every window with a bar. A flaring poster covering half its side announced that the place was for sale. Forthwith Bill Biggins organized a committee of twenty prominent citizens, with the avowed intention of riding seventy miles to the adjacent town where the commissioners dwelt, and treating each of them to a little swing from the branch of some convenient tree. Accidents will happen, however. A new barrel of old brandy arrived from Kentucky, and the next morning Bill Biggins and several members of his committee were indisposed. So, for the time being, the expedition was given over. One stern fact remained, though. In the words of War Whoop Jim when he summed up the case that night across the bar, "Miss Jen had lost her job."

The following afternoon Ben Winston and the little teacher took a walk up the side of Devil Mountain. Then it was that she read him a letter from some relatives of hers in Boston inviting her to make her home with them, at least for the present.

"There's nothing for me here; I guess I'll go," she said, looking down wistfully upon the scattered roofs of Gulchtown, with here and there a forlorn little column of smoke rising heavenward.

Ben did not try to dissuade her.

"Do what you think is best for yer, Jen," he told her, while his regretful eyes went wandering over the plains to the eastern sky, as if to measure the distance that would soon lie between them.

Later on he sauntered into "Bill Biggins' Place."

"Pards, she air goin'," he said, and from his face it might have been a tragedy he was telling them. They were a rough lot, but they could feel sorry, and there were not so many desirable citizens at the Gulch that they could afford to lose Miss Jen.

"We'll do the right thing, and we'll do it in style," declared Bill Biggins, and it was decided then and there that the whole town should turn out to bid her good by, that day one week.

It was a rousing send off they gave her. At the head of a score of her admirers, Bill escorted her to Bison Creek, a famished little stream that vanished into the sand about a mile below the Gulch trail. Here they drew up in line and gave her three ringing cheers, firing salutes with their revolvers until she and Ben, whose prerogative it was to see her to the station, were far on their way.

Once she turned and looked back over

Digitized by Google

the waving grass, at the little band of horsemen. A cloud of dust made them indistinct, and behind them rose Devil Mountain. She almost fancied she could see the great white rock where she and Ben had so often sat. She turned, a tear on her cheek, and lightly laid her hand upon her companion's shoulder.

"I wonder when I shall see all this—and you again," and then, as if fearful of breaking down, she began to ask Ben questions about the Indians, who had lately been driven back to their reservation at the point of the bayonet, and to talk of other local topics, just as if she were not leaving him, perhaps forever. During the remainder of the ride they talked but little; yet the minutes were precious, like a chain of jewels, dropped one by one, and lost with each step, unclaimed and profitless.

At the station, the waiting time was short. The cow puncher nervously fingered the revolver that hung in his belt, and kept his eyes fixed three feet in front of him. The girl's eyes were dim, but she held her chin defiantly in the air and walked straight ahead.

"Here, let's sit down," said Ben, suddenly pausing at the edge of the platform.

"Due in jest a minute!" yelled the station man to some one half way across the road.

Ben gave a great sigh, pulled himself together, and looked the little teacher in the eyes. His face wore a look of now or never, and though his voice wavered, his eyes never moved from her face.

"Look a here, Jen; ever since we left town I've been tryin' to talk to yer—strugglin' to tell yer somethin' suitable like. Somehow I ain't been able. It jus' gets lassoed in my throat. The Lord knows I ain't got no time to say anything now. It's jes' this, though, Jen: when ye're gone don't disremember me. I know I ain't much—ain't nothin', but all the same, don't disremember me. Yer an' I has be'n good friends out here in this wilderness; ye're goin' to a great place—I stays here. What the blue blazes I'll do without yer, ther Lord knows. Only ef I thought yer wouldn't go an' forget me as soon as yer gets away among them fine people, I know I'd be more happy like. I ken do my part better, too, Jen," he went on. "Somehow, jes' yer sweet presence has taught me that I ken be a better kind o' feller—maybe make somethin' out o' myself. I'm a goin' to stake it, any way—that I promise yer. An' then maybe, some o' these days, when I'm different like, I'll come over to Boston, an'—an' p'raps yer'll think——" A shrill whistle cut short Ben's words, but his eyes told the rest. He stood mutely by the girl's side as the train rolled in.

"It does 'pear like ye're goin', sho' 'nuf," was all he could find heart to say as he hurried her aboard. He saw her through the window, smiling at him through the tears that blurred her sight. For one wild moment she could have thrown herself back to his arms, but the bell sounded, and the great engine began to move. She thrust her hand out, and the cow puncher on the platform took it.

"Don't disremember me, Jen, little one."

"Indeed I will not," she sobbed.

The next instant he was standing there alone, bewildered and hopeless.

* * * *

After Jen's departure, Ben seldom appeared in public. His absence had become the topic of the hour at "Bill Biggins' Place."

"I don't know what's struck him," Bill often declared, "but 'pears like he allers stays in that thar shanty of his."

On towards autumn, Ben was sitting one evening in his room. A lamp fixed to the side of the wall shed a dim light on the pages of a book that rested on his knee. It was one of Jen's books. His great shoulders bent themselves to it, as if with difficulty, and his strained eyes were preplexed with picking out the sentences. Ever since the evening she went away, he had assiduously bent over this volume, but his progress had been slow.

Suddenly he was aroused by a chorus of shouts, and the sharp sound of firearms. Seizing a brace of pistols, he flung open the door and stepped out into the open air. In front of the shanty were a score of men.

"Thar's Ben now. Be quiet, everybody," sang out the voice of War Whoop. "Ben," he continued, coming forward, "a while ago we runned across a man travelin' through the town. 'Pears like he war a school commissioner—leastwise he's suspicious like. We thought we'd take him down to Little Sandy Creek and branch him, and we are come to ask you to jine the entertainment."

"Whar's the man?" demanded Ben.

"Here!" answered a dozen voices from the crowd.

"Wal, now, it's so divilish dark I can't see anything," returned Ben. "S'pose, pards, yer all come into ther light and bring the prisoner with yer?"

This proposal was greeted with a pro-

Digitized by Google

longed shout, and immediately the room was filled. Ben went over and tried to turn up the light. Then he took a look at the stranger. He was a tall, slender man of thirty or thirty five. His hair was partially gray and his face sunburnt. His small, keen eyes were just at present very fiery, but he seemed to realize that resistance was useless.

"Stranger," said Ben, "might I ask yer what yer occupation is?"

"Geologist," answered the man in a quick, firm voice.

"Gee—what?" inquired Ben, advancing a step with his hand to his ear.

"Geologist," repeated the man, a light of humor breaking upon his face.

"Stranger, yer say ye're a geeoljist—now I'd like to know what kin is a geeoljist to a school commissioner?"

"Look here, friends," said the man, with a laugh; "I'm not a school commissioner. I have been sent out in the interests of a scientific society in Boston——"

"Boston!" broke in Ben.

"Yes, Boston. I am trying to find the different kinds of strata—kinds of earth, you know—that lie between the Fork River and Devil Mountain. That's why I am here."

"And you say ye're not a commissioner?"

The man protested that he was not, and Ben drew War Whoop aside. Finally the latter turned.

"Boys," said he, "Ben here thinks the man's straight. Anyhow, he's willin' to be responsible for him until tomorrow. Ef we git the dead wood on him as bein' a commissioner, we'll branch him, and Ben will help. Fur the present we'll leave the stranger with Ben, and the rest of us might as well adjourn."

This was somewhat disappointing to the crowd, and they filed out grudgingly, leaving Ben and the geologist alone.

"Ken yer write, stranger?" asked Ben.

The man seemed somewhat amused at this.

"Well, yes," said he.

"And read writin'?"

"Yes, I can do that, too."

"Stranger, how long do yer calc'late to hang out 'round these here diggin's?"

"Well, that I can't tell certainly; at least a year, perhaps a good deal longer."

Ben got up and threw his revolver on the bed. This was a sign of peace.

"Stranger, here's a proposition," he began, settling down and eying the geologist calculatingly. "While yer here'bouts, stay in this here shanty with me. I'll give yer yer bed and board, tell yer what I know of the country around, take yer to any place where yer want to 'xamine the earth. That's my part of ther contrac'; here's yourn: teach me how to learn somethin', everything, anything. Show me how to make somethin' better of myself. Now thar's the whole biz in a nutshell—take it or leave it; thar won't be no hard feelin's ef yer won't go me. What do yer say, stranger?"

The geologist scarcely knew what to say. He took another survey of his companion. The cow puncher looked big and honest and sincere as he sat eagerly leaning forward, awaiting an answer.

"My friend," said the man in a decisive voice, "I accept your proposition;" and they shook hands upon it.

The geologist was not "branched." Ben took him to Bill Biggins', and introduced him to the boys as his friend.

From that time the cow puncher and Lewis Moorman were inseparable. During the day they rode for miles and miles around, examining the "earth complexion," as Ben expressed it. At night they shut themselves up in their shanty. Then, for Ben at least, came the most difficult portion of the day. His mind had remained so long untrained that it was hard for him to grasp abstract things. But the geologist did his own part untiringly, and even sent on to Boston for a number of volumes, when Ben had exhausted his little stock of books.

Jen? She knew nothing of the change. Of course they corresponded, but the geologist was Ben's amanuensis; at first from necessity, for Ben wrote a very sorry hand—and latterly because of an idea Ben had picked up somewhere. He did not want Jen to know that he had improved.

"I look at it this way," he told his friend. "If she still loves the rough cowboy, when I go to her one of these days, then her love is solid as a rock."

He did not state the alternative. The geologist supplied it, however, and he shook his head doubtfully and tried to argue Ben out of his plan. Moorman had seen a good deal of the world, and knew its people pretty thoroughly.

But to go back to the letters themselves. They were scarcely more than friendly ones. They could hardly be anything stronger with a third party participating in the correspondence. Latterly the answers that came from Boston did not exactly satisfy Ben. It seemed to him that their tone was increasingly strained and formal. Indeed, on one occasion he expressed himself

Digitized by Google

on the subject to Moorman. Her last letter he read with a wrinkle of annoyance across his brow, then handed it to his friend as usual.

"If I went up to Boston and found the girl as unnatural as that letter," the geologist remarked with feeling, "that would be the end of the whole affair, right then and there!"

It had now been eighteen months since Lewis Moorman entered into his agreement with the cow puncher. The terms of the original contract had been considerably altered, however. Moorman, finding Ben such a useful and congenial companion, had written on to his people in Boston, asking that Ben be made his assistant in his geological researches. This was immediately accorded, and Ben, the cow puncher, was now a salaried geologist. This was his first piece of good luck. The second came several months later.

It happened this way. Moorman had almost completed his work, and was soon to go to Alaska. One day he was occupied some fifteen miles from the Gulch. For some reason Ben had remained at home. The geologist was trying to trace a certain stratum of earth and connect it with another of the same nature about five miles distant. The land where it cropped out had been left to Ben, some years before, by a man for whom the cow puncher had done a good turn. Ben always regarded the sixty odd acres, a very small tract in that region, as almost worthless; but he liked the idea of being a property owner, and had always paid the taxes.

That evening, while Ben was going over his books, the geologist returned. He came in quietly and sat down opposite the cowboy. The latter looked at his companion with some surprise, for it was his wont to begin talking as soon as he entered the room. The geologist moved his chair close to Ben and leaned forward.

"I believe you said you owned that hill-top I was on today?" he asked.

"Yes," Ben answered, wondering.

"Well, I just want to tell you," returned the geologist, in a slow, mechanical way, "that there's gold on it."

"So? How much?" asked Ben, scarcely interested, for he had been finding traces of gold almost every day.

The geologist's eyes sparkled like diamonds. He drew a deep breath and straightened himself.

"Enough gold to make you a prince!" and he brought his fist down on the table with such force that the shanty shook.

Ben sprang to his feet. To him a sudden surprise had always embodied the idea of danger, and mechanically he seized his revolvers and belted them around him; then he sat down. The two friends drew their chairs close to the table, and far into the night they talked and made plan after plan.

Before daybreak Ben rode through Gulchtown on his way to the telegraph office, to send a despatch signed by Lewis Moorman to a certain banker and mine promoter in Boston. He paused on the platform, as he had done once before, and looked up the railroad just as if he expected to see the train, with Jen on it, disappearing toward the east, where the straight rails converged beyond his sight.

"If she still loves the rough and penniless cowboy, her love's as solid as a rock," he murmured.

Three hours brought a reply to the telegram, saying:

"Experts start today. If representations are true, will buy outright."

In three days the geologist's researches were at an end. He finished just in time to take the experts to the hilltop, and demonstrate to them the value of the property. Then he and Ben took the train for Denver. They wished to be where they could have direct telegraphic communication with the capitalists in Boston.

Moorman had a long report to write up, but that did not prevent him and Ben from amusing themselves. Ben was generally pleased with city life, except that he could not bear anything that savored of unnaturalness. One night at the theater he touched the geologist on the shoulder.

"What in the world is the thing that woman there in the box is holding up to her eyes?"

The geologist turned his head.

"Oh, it's a lorgnette," he answered laughingly.

"Well, what's a lorgnette?"

"Nothing, only glasses with handles. A mere fad—all the society women use them; not to see out of especially, but to be seen with, you know," he explained.

Ben said nothing, but Moorman knew by the curl of his lip what his thoughts were.

Several evenings after this they were having a quiet smoke in their room at the hotel.

"As soon as I finish my report," said Moorman, removing the pipe from his mouth, "I must get ready for Alaska. I shall probably be there a long while, for there's a big tract to go over, and I'm glad of the trip East before I start."

Digitized by Google

"Alaska," repeated Ben thoughtfully. "I wish you weren't going so far away."

Moorman was silent a moment. He blew a great whiff of smoke in the air, and then averted his eyes.

"Look here, Ben, I want you to promise me something. It's this. If you find, when you reach Boston, that——" hesitatingly—"that you are not likely to be married soon, in that event you will go with me as a fellow explorer to Alaska."

Ben took a long pull at the butt of his cigar.

"Pard, I'll go you, and——"

A boy entered with a telegram. Ben opened it and read aloud, "Will give seventy five thousand cash for Hilltop mine—Belmont."

The cow puncher wrote two telegrams, and gave them to the boy. Then he sat down and resumed his cigar.

"I accepted that thar offer," said he, unconsciously using the old lingo. "Other one? Oh, I jes' wired Jen I would call on her Thursday evening."

On Thursday morning they reached Boston, and that evening Moorman came into Ben's room to find him putting on a brand new suit of buckskin.

"Now I feel as if I was at home once more," said Ben, adjusting the sombrero on his head. "Why, if I called on Jen in any other kind of clothes, I wouldn't feel natural;" and he laughed aloud.

As he started towards the door the geologist called him back.

"Look here, old man," said he hesitatingly, "if that girl of yours doesn't appear just the same as when she left you, why, you mustn't take it too hard. You know we are all ruled by circumstances."

Ben raised his hand solemnly. "Pard," he said, "all the circumstances in the world can't change the truth in a true woman's heart."

Ben took a cab. As he rattled along the street he pictured to himself Jen coming down to meet him in some simple little white dress, with a bow of ribbon in her hair, perhaps, and her eyes half averted, yet filled with a light begotten not of material things, but of the soul. The cab stopped. Ben got out and went up the stone steps. The door opened, and he stood in a flood of light.

"Tell Miss Jordon that Ben Winston of Gulchtown is here," he said simply, and walked into the parlor. A bright light burned at the further end of the room. Ben laid his sombrero on a chair, and sitting down waited. His heart was beating stoutly within him, and his eyes were bright with expectancy. He got up and stood before a portrait, with his back to the door. Suddenly there was a rustle of silk, and Ben turned.

Jen was there. She seemed to have grown taller; there was no ribbon in her hair; her gown was not of muslin, it was the stiffest of rich silk, and flaring so widely at the hem that Ben wondered at its amplitude. In her hand she held—yes, it was a lorgnette. She came forward cordially, without the least embarrassment in her manner.

"Why, really, I am very glad to see my old friend."

Ben took her hand, and looked searchingly into her eyes.

"I am glad to see you, Jen," he said gently, as he released her hand. They sat down opposite each other.

And this was she—his little Jen, his ideal, his queen!

"And what in the world brought you away up here, to Boston?" she inquired, raising her lorgnette and gazing upon Ben patronizingly.

Such a question! And from her, of all others on earth! What had brought him to Boston? A thousand images crowded in upon his mind, filling him with bitterness. Intuitively he knew that his ideal was a memory and—no more. Then he threw back his head, and laughed the merriest laugh that she had heard since she left old Gulchtown.

"Why, seein' it's you, I don't mind tellin'. I'm here on my weddin' tower!" Somehow he hardly recognized his own voice in the old vernacular. "You don't disremember Bill Biggins' daughter Sal? Yes, she's the one. We was married last week. I struck ile in a little game at War Whoop Jim's thar the night afore, an' sez I to Sal, 'Let's pull out from here an' run up to Boston fer a day er so.' Er course Sal she war in fer it, an' pull out we did, an' here I am. She's 'round at ther boardin' house on Milk Street, an' gol darn me, ef she know'd I was here, I know she'd raise a young cyclone;" and the cow puncher laughed again. "An' you, Jen—how is it with you?" he asked in an unconcerned way.

Her composure was gone now. She seemed painfully confused.

"Come now, don't keep it from an old friend."

Ben was still laughing, but it seemed to him that his heart had ceased beating.

"Well, I suppose—that is, I am going to be married during the winter," she finally admitted.

Digitized by Google

"Going to be married during the winter; wal, wal," said Ben slowly, and bowed his head. There was a long silence, and then he spoke again.

"Jen, do you remember the day you left me?" he asked, but she hardly heard his question in her wonder at the new melody and refinement in his voice. She did not speak, and he went on:

"I can see you now in that little blue dress, with the light jacket and the pretty hat that were so becoming to you. That long ride, too—long and yet so short," he went on slowly, dwelling with a passionate intensity upon each word. "I recall that as if it were but yesterday. And the rose, the wild rose that I plucked just after we crossed Little Sandy Creek, and placed in your hair—I believe I can smell it now," he almost whispered, resting his head in the palm of his hand. "How we walked that station platform without saying a word, because we were afraid to trust ourselves, lest we should become children. Then we sat down, and I tried to tell you something in my rough way; and though the train ended my poor, stumbling speech, I thought you understood—I felt that you understood. 'Don't disremember me, Jen,' I said as I took your hand for the last time, and as the train moved away you answered, 'Indeed, I will not.'"

He got up and stood looking blankly at a picture on the wall.

"Indeed I will not!" he repeated bitterly.

The girl's face was as white as the rose that hung its head on her bosom. The lorgnette had slipped from her hand and lay unnoticed at her feet. The cow puncher turned, and seeing it, crossed over and picked it up.

"Jen," said he, resting his elbow on the mantel, and dangling the frail shell thing in his hand, "I had a dream once. I thought that after the day you left I tried to make something of myself—for your sake. That was my one purpose in life. Many a night, while the wind blew a hurricane, I sat in my cheerless cabin with my book before me, and the only thing that took my mind from it was the memory of your sweet face—my only distracting thought that of your dear self. Yet this was not all. It seemed to me, in my dream, that I tried to lead a manly life, free from anything that would bring a blush to your cheek. After a while I had a streak of luck. On some waste land that belonged to me a gold mine was discovered. It was worth a fabulous sum to one who could afford to wait, and work it himself. I sold it outright, that I might come to you and offer you my honest love."

There was a long pause. She could not move her eyes from his face. Something there seemed to hold them as by some magic, and she could not conceal her trembling.

"And when I came," he continued, smiling very sadly, "you met me with a bright light in your eyes, and you put your little head on my shoulder—penniless and uncultured cowboy though you thought me." He paused, and a wave of real suffering for the first time came upon his face. When he spoke again his voice was low and stern. "You did not ask me what in the world brought me to Boston. Your heart told you that. Nor did you stare at me through these infernal implements of affectation!" and he shook the lorgnette on high. Then, as his hand fell to his side, his strong fingers tightened around the slender tortoiseshell until it broke with a sharp snap. The sound recalled him to himself.

"But," said he, suddenly speaking in a milder tone, "that's neither here nor there—my dream! It was a foolish dream, wasn't it, Jen?" he asked almost playfully.

But the girl sat speechless, her eyes fixed immovably upon the towering form and the mild face of the cow puncher. He crossed the room and picked up his hat. Then he came and stood over the slender figure of the girl who had once been the Gulchtown school teacher. He cleared his throat, and with an effort he said softly:

"Jen, I'm going back now—going back to Sal," he added with pathetic humor. Then, seeing she vouchsafed no reply, "Aren't you going to say good by?"

"Good by."

It was spoken in so low and choking a voice that he scarcely heard. He did not take her hand, but rose to his full height, and extended his own over the bent form of the girl, his eyes filled with a pathetic gentleness.

"God bless you, little one!" he said, and moved softly towards the door.

He heard a low cry, and turned quickly. Jen, with white face, had risen. She stood leaning towards him, her hand outstretched, and he came back and took it. For a moment he held it. The next he was at the door. As he passed out he glanced back into the room. She was standing where he left her, with dim eyes and her lip pressed between her teeth. Something in this attitude of suppressed emotion made her look strangely like her with whom he had parted

Digitized by Google

two years before. And with these two pictures—of the past and of the present, so wonderfully alike and yet so subtly different—with these before him, the cow puncher passed out into the night.

An hour later Ben entered the room where sat the geologist. The latter looked up from his writing, and it seemed to him that upon Ben's face there was a stronger and a nobler cast.

Without a word o greeting, Ben Winston came forward and laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder.

"Pard," said he, "when do you start for Alaska?"

"The day after tomorrow," answered Moorman.

"Then, pard, I am with you," said the cow puncher, and he laid on the table a broken lorgnette.

Joseph Sebastian Rogers.

VENETIAN SONNETS.

NOON.

THROUGH the fair waterways, with heart at ease,
I float, and let the dreamy noontides pass.
The gentle rise and fall of salt green grass
On the worn lintels of old palaces,
The wavering gloom and gleam of austral seas,
The silence of the gliding gondolas,
The faint oar eddies on the rippled glass,
Hush all my senses with the touch of grace.
Thy heart as still as those still waters lies,
All surface strewn with light, and shifting glow
Of summer's solstice; I will turn mine eyes
From those grim dungeon mouths which prate of woe,
And old dead sins and secrets, hid below
The dark tide ebbing 'neath the Bridge of Sighs.

NIGHT.

So dark below the wave wash'd palace walls
I scarce can see the dusky gondolier,
Shadow on shade, with silent swiftness steer
Through the warm blackness of the still canals.
On the sweet hush ring out the warning calls
Of soft voiced rowers; and in darkness near,
Beneath a glimmering casement, low and clear
A sad notturno slowly swells and falls.
Darkness and empty space, where once, long syne,
Thou floatedst with me thro' the waterways!
Love holds me thrall, with memory's fire forged chain,
And mocks me with thy love dark eyes again,
Thy love warm fingers stealing into mine,
Thy love low voice, and pitiless love sweet face.

Bessie Gray.

Digitized by Google

MY LAST AFFAIR.

I KNOW there's no fool like an old fool. Hundreds of everybody's acquaintances prove it, every hour of every day; yet it was more or less of a surprise that I myself should take my fling at that ancient folly. For I must confess now that I have. Last June I was fifty seven; I suppose I may say I am old. But if I am old, I am not gray. I am very straight, thanks to my service long ago under Sherman, and I don't know that I have a pain. Last autumn I took up the wheel; I am a member of three golf clubs, I still can sit even an uncertain horse with some skill, and my nerve is still mine, for I hold and keep a record with the rifle. I may say that I am still susceptible, with some pride, too! But I thought myself beyond the loss of my judgment in such an affair.

I always have been susceptible; and the reason that I am a bachelor at fifty seven is that I never could like one woman enough not to find—perhaps a little later—another equally irresistible. Ah, my friends, a man remains a bachelor because he admires the sex deeply; and the man who marries, after all, is a narrow fellow. Women get their finest tributes from such temperaments as mine, and they know it, too. I have not been without my successes, and why should I, for the sake of false modesty, deny 'em? A man at fifty seven knows himself—where his virtues and vices will carry him.

Yet at fifty seven, without any warning, I find myself turning experimental, as sentimental as that lackadaisical fellow *Werther*, who is always—his kind never dies—a very young or a very old bachelor.

When I came to town at the close of the war I found myself possessed of an income comfortable for one. I found, too, that with caution, and by making myself socially agreeable, I could eat other fellows' dinners and ride their horses. If I married I knew that my position would be gone. I might become entangled with undesirable persons (you never know about a family) who would deprive me of all the position my tact had gained. Inevitably—unless she had a dot, which agreeable women don't always, and the disagreeable ones often do have—I should become a beast of burden; a beast, because a worried man often becomes that; a beast with a burden of worries about making ends meet. So, coming to town as I did, I let other fellows work for the money, the luxuries, and the irresistible girls, while I enjoyed their fruits. I mean that I appreciated their cooks, or their pictures, and basked in their wives' smiles, which, if more sincere for them, at least never became a frown for me.

And they married, and worked, and became distinguished, and had riches, and reputations, little or great, and children to live up to, and grew old, and worn, and disagreeable; while I—I have told you what I am at fifty seven because I have been content to eliminate worry.

It was the most natural thing in the world, then, for Jack Bellington to invite me for the thousandth time to his house in Westchester. Jack was a dear fellow when we were boys in college; a disagreeable fellow since he has become the great Bellington, the lawyer whose income—a small measure of his capacity—is greater than that of the President of the United States; but of course Jack is too clever a man ever to be President.

"You know you go to everybody's house, Phil, and you are so infernally popular that you never come to ours. Oh, you may pay a bit of a visit now and then in town on Clarissa. But this is different. You must, positively must. It's a house party for Clarissa Second."

"Is she like Clarissa First?" said I. Clarissa First is Jack's wife, with whom I had been madly in love thirty years ago, and whom, for the reasons I have stated, I let Jack marry. Now she is too fat, too dowager-like. Bless me, that was a narrow escape I had thirty years ago!

"She is prettier than her mother ever was at twenty," Jack went on. "She is just from that French convent; and how is it, Phil, that girls brought up in convents, as my wife would have Clarissa, always have more men about them? I'm afraid she is a sad little flirt. I had six youngsters approach me on the subject in so many weeks. I was frightened at first, they were such callow youths. But Clarissa just cast down her eyes, and said, 'Papa, they will make fools of themselves—I can't help it.'

Digitized by Google

She only came out last winter. You were in Cairo, weren't you? She has been making time tell, that little girl of mine. Once we—my wife and I—did have a fright. There's young Digges, down in my office, a clever enough boy, but without a penny, and he seemed to be around too much. But Clarissa First put her foot down; Clarissa Second cried for a week, and then seemed to get over it. Digges left me, and went over to Peabody's office. I miss him some in getting up my briefs; but a fellow must think of his own daughter's future, you know."

Hang it, old man, thought I, how you old chaps forget! Weren't you an impecunious young chap when I let you win Clarissa First? I was discreet enough only to think this. I never combat people's prejudices.

"And," he chattered on—he had had several Scotches; I never go beyond one—"it was all well enough. Young Tom Roaringby has taken Digges' place, with some others. I hope it's young Tom. He's such a nice fellow; doesn't make a fool of himself, as he might with all that money. I'd like to turn 'em all out; but I suppose there'll have to be one, some day; and I want him to be nice like Tom. Oh, h'm, it's late. I have a deal of work on tomorrow. Now we'll expect you, Phil. Clarissa First never will forgive you, if you don't. There'll be Job Piper and his wife, and the Roaringbys, and Van Brules—just a fit house full. Take the three o'clock train, and you'll have time to dress at your leisure. It's for a week at least, you know."

Well, I went. I was a bit late, for I didn't catch the three o'clock. As I came down they were waiting, and Job Piper was telling one of his detestable stories. Everybody laughs, and groans inwardly. Piper has been telling those stories for years; I know 'em all.

"You see I was pretty ill, I can tell you," came Job's voice. "I should have died if it hadn't been for an accident."

"What accident, Mr. Piper?" came a pretty voice, like Clarissa First's voice thirty years since. Now will you believe it?—my ancient heart began to beat. Well, as I say, I am still a young man.

"Now don't, Job," said Mrs. Piper.

"It was the accident, Miss Bellington, of waking up one night and hearing my wife's voice. I listened."

"You listened," said Clarissa Second, for it was she; and I listened on the stair.

"I listened," Piper went on, "to hear my wife's voice. 'How do you spell widow in French?' she was murmuring in her sleep. My hair—all I have left—stood on end. From that moment I began to get well, and now——"

"How can you, Job?" said Mrs. Piper.

I had heard the same story a dozen times. In the perfunctory laughter—which I was relieved from sharing, thanks to my hesitation on the stair—I entered, making a relieved hush while Clarissa First (she really was fatter) greeted me. Then I turned around to see her as she was thirty years ago—as she was now, rejuvenated, in Clarissa Second. My heart beat ridiculously. Can you believe it of me? I went at it, deliberately—with the shrewdness of many, many affairs—to outshine that boy, Tom Roaringby.

And I did, young Crœsus that he is; that is, I apparently did. She smiled on me; she listened to me; she exclaimed at all my war stories that I had not trotted out for many a year. She rode with me, avoiding Roaringby. Jack and Clarissa First smiled approval of Clarissa Second. They did not think me dangerous. But I began to think I was; this was after some days, you understand.

Sometimes there was a touch of color in her face, a glimpse of a quickly hid expression in her eyes. Could it be, I asked? She certainly gave me preference among all of that house party. I saw that; and Jack and Clarissa First never noticed in their sleek lack of suspicion. It became a question to me whether I was acting honorably; and then I forgot all considerations, even those of the hospitality I was enjoying, as if I were an unbridled boy—and I was an old boy.

Still, there were no sentimental speeches until that fatal afternoon. We were returning alone through the little wood. I heard her sigh.

"Ah, Miss Clarissa!" said I.

Then she showed me her eyes. I tried to take her hand.

"Dear major," said she, drawing it away, "this life is unendurable to me."

"And why, Miss Clarissa?" said I. "You have everything."

"Excepting one thing," said she.

"My dear young lady, I wish I were twenty—thirty years younger!"

"You don't look a bit more than thirty five."

You may appreciate my condition when I say I believed her.

"You flatter me——"

"You are the dearest man, Major Wynne."

Digitized by Google

"Oh, Miss Clarissa," said I, like a sentimental spinster.

"And you always will be dear to me, major, if——"

What could I say? I was in love—yes, I say it frankly, in love as I never had been even with Clarissa First.

"My dear Clarissa," said I, taking both her hands.

"And you will, major?" said she.

"What?" said I.

"Elope," said Clarissa.

Well, I dropped her hands. I stared at her. I never had considered myself so irresistible as that. Yet it might be; I still, as I have stated, am of a passably good figure.

"Tonight," she went on. "You will, major, now please—for me. And you will be more than my father."

"Ah, Miss Clarissa," said I. I began to feel the need of formality.

Tears suddenly were in her eyes.

"They are so unkind!"

I took her hands again; yes, I kissed her.

"And you will help me, major. Oh, you will!" she sobbed.

"Oh, I will—Clarissa."

"And, dear major, he is so nice, so brave——"

"He?" said I, suddenly suspicious.

"So clever, so good——"

"He?"

"Yes, major—dear major—I mean Charlie Digges."

I dropped her hands. I felt—now will you believe it?—resentment.

"And you mean you wish me to help you to run away from your father's house with a young man your father and mother disapprove of?"

"Yes, tonight, major," she said, looking at me rather critically. She had stopped sobbing.

"Miss Clarissa——" I began severely.

"Now you will, major—please!"

Her hands were on my shoulders; her face was upturned to mine; and suddenly my resentment—the resentment of a foolish old man, passed, and I felt toward her as I know Jack, her father, does; I felt a certain yearning—a something as if she were my daughter.

"You will, major?"

"What, Miss Clarissa?"

"Only this, dear major. After dinner, ask me to take a walk. No one will wonder at that. We've often walked together."

"Yes," said I.

"At the end of the garden walk there will be——"

"Charlie Digges, and a church——"

"Charlie has arranged that."

"And afterward, what am I to do?" I added.

"You are to turn back, and tell papa and mamma."

"Oh, I am, am I?"

"You are, major."

She raised her face nearer mine; yes, she kissed me.

"Well, Miss Clarissa, I will," said I; "I promise I will."

"You dear major, I could hug you!"

"You mustn't me, only Charlie Digges," said I gravely.

"Yes, major," said she demurely. "Come. It's time to dress for dinner."

And we sauntered up to the house, she on my arm.

"I can trust you, major—after dinner," she said, nodding back.

I didn't answer then. I followed her in; and as I dressed I swore just a bit—as a bachelor may, who has no one to correct his profanity. Could I do it? Why, it would be a terrible abuse of Jack's friendship, to say nothing of his hospitality. At dinner I positively shivered. At first I did not dare look at her. I looked at Jack; at Clarissa First. It was a horrid dinner; and Piper told stories.

After dinner I thought I might escape; but Clarissa Second put her arm in mine.

"The major and I are going to take a walk," said she.

"It's very dreadful, you and the major," Clarissa First called after us. Young Tom Roaringby glared at me.

When we were beginning the garden path, I turned and said hoarsely,

"I can't."

"You can!"

"I can't."

"Dear, dear major!"

Well, I went. At the end of the garden path were a carriage and Digges.

"Oh, Charlie," said she, as red as the western sky just then glowing across the Westchester hills. "You dear major," she added, from Charlie's arms.

"You dear major," said Digges—confound the young puppy!

"And tell them, dear major, that they must forgive us. You can make it all right, major."

The carriage drove away; once she looked back, smiling from the window. I turned back to the house, until suddenly what I had done appeared before me in all its enormity. I rushed back to the gate, and called after the retreating carriage.

Digitized by Google

The chirrup of crickets mocked me. But I couldn't return to the house. I ran, like a coward, down the road, in a dinner coat. Luckily I had a hat. I ran like some frightened creature—as a deer runs, as a thief may run, as a man who runs from a confidence betrayed. At last, getting some method in my madness, I went to the station, just as the eight thirty train was pulling out.

I reached my lodgings, but did not dare to go to any of the clubs. I felt I had ruined my career, builded so carefully with the polite efforts of years. Jack Bellington and Mrs. Jack would be my enemies. The story would be told; I should be the joke of the men. People no longer would trust me with their daughters. Invitations would cease.

Well, to end a long story, I was violently ill for a week. I heard nothing of the Bellingtons, nor did they send my boxes. But a vigorous constitution brought me around, and Wimple, hearing I was down, looked me up, and offered me one of his horses for a canter.

"It's just what you need, major. Come down into the country——"

"No more house parties for me," said I savagely.

"Oh, it's your liver, major. I'll send Smith around with the mare sharp at seven."

"Have you read the papers lately, Wimple?" I asked with a sudden fear.

"Every day. Lot of bosh—I suppose the people demand it."

"Have you seen any scandal about——"

"About——?"

"The Bellingtons, or me?"

What if they had not written? What if Bellington thought I had eloped with his daughter?

"What the dickens have the Bellingtons and you been doing?"

I scanned his face. There was nothing there.

"Ask Bellington," said I. "And thanks, Wimple, I will exercise that mare, if you'll send her around."

I was walking Wimple's mare near McGowan's Pass, in the Park, when about the turn opposite the tavern came a landau. On the box sat two lackeys in yellow. There was a mighty jingle of trappings. With all Bellington's seventy thousand a year in fees, I fear he won't ever lay up anything. In the landau were Bellington, Clarissa First, Clarissa Second, and Charlie Digges.

They all beckoned. I saw, and understood with a great relief.

"Ah, Phil, you were right," said Jack Bellington.

"Yes, major, you were right," said Clarissa First bitterly.

"You dear, lovely major," said Clarissa Second.

"Major, you are a trump," said Digges.

"You see, dear madam, I understood what was for the best," said I, making my best bow to Clarissa First, and rejoicing in the consciousness that my social prestige was restored—nay, increased.

Clinton Ross.

ONE DAY.

Up the empurpled east behold
  The royal squadron of the sun,
O'er ocean skies of blue and gold,
  The daily pilgrimage begun.

Across the noon, and far away,
  Asail on an imperial quest,
Until the fleets at anchor lay
  In some still harbor down the west.

Robert Loveman.

Digitized by Google

STORIETTES

ON THE ROAD.

We had taken an early Sunday morning train out of Chattanooga, Tennessee, to go to our next "stand"—at Montgomery, Alabama, if I remember rightly—and I was sitting looking listlessly out of the wigdow at the soft spring haze that veiled the hills. The train stopped every few minutes, it seemed to me, to let off or take on a few slow moving white and colored people. The latter always seemed to have a small colony of their own to greet them, or to say good by. They exchanged a most promiscuous and extensive amount of kisses, and each embrace was the signal for peals of that indescribable negro laughter.

I roused myself just sufficiently to ask another member of our company if it was Lookout Mountain in whose shadow we were traveling, and upon her replying, in still more sleepy tones, that she "didn't know," a soft, deliberate voice from the seat opposite said, "Yes, ma'am, that is it; it was along there that General Hooker took his army"—pointing to somewhere in the mass of blue.

I turned to say "Thank you," in the tone one uses to unknown men who vouchsafe information; but I was met by such soft, innocent eyes, belonging to such a small, slight young man, that I answered in the same simple tone as his, "Is it so? How very beautiful it all is!"

This brought forth a torrent of enthusiastic phrases, spoken with the most delicate precision. Meanwhile I noticed how very threadbare, well brushed, and "Sunday" the speaker's clothes looked, how very white were the hands that held a little, much worn Bible, how very clean his linen, and how sweet the boyish smile. There was something pathetic about him, yet he fairly beamed with joy. I wished two things—that he might not see any more of the world than he had seen, and that our company would not talk so loud. I was lazily wondering what his calling might be, when I glanced at a book that lay in my lap, and smiled to note that it was Barrie's "Little Minister."

There were very few people in the car, beside the company, so we talked across the aisle, quite frankly, about the scenery and about the South. After a while he came over and sat down beside me, just as a child might have done. With that delicious Southern twist of the tongue, added to a quaint little ministerial turn of his sentences, he told me many things that just teemed with local color. He spoke of the whisky stills run in defiance of the law all over the mountains. I had heard of them, of course, but the stories always seemed too romantic to be true; but he could vouch for the truth of one such incident, at least. One day, while riding through the mountains, he had come upon a trail, and idly letting his horse follow it, he himself thinking of "God's wonderful works," he had come upon a little clearing, in the center of which stood a rough cabin. Half a dozen almost naked children played about the door, at which stood a man and a woman, to whom he spoke. They answered in a quite unintelligible way, yet he could tell that it was not a foreign tongue. He soon left them, fearing the man might attack him, his looks were so fierce and suspicious. Not long after they were raided for running an illicit distillery, and the man was shot while resisting the revenue officers.

"I tried to go to his wife and children," the little minister added, "but I never succeeded in finding my way there again."

The conversation died down for a while, and then he spoke again.

"You are from the North, are you not? Traveling for pleasure?"

"Oh, no, I am on my way to Montgomery; we played in Chattanooga last night." He looked puzzled. "And you?"

"I am going to Marion, to preach my first sermon. I am in hopes that it may result in a call to the pastorate there." A wistful look came into his eyes. "It is a very little place, but my wife"—his wife! I looked at the boyish face and threadbare clothes—"my wife and I are so anxious to begin our dear Lord's work; she is very ambitious for me." He paused, hesitating. "You said you *played* in Chattanooga; then you are——?"

"An actress, yes." I dreaded to say it, because I knew it would pain him.

He laid his hand on my arm. "My dear child"—I felt at least a hundred years his senior—"my dear child, I only hope you carry into your work, as I do into mine, the love of God."

I don't remember when I had so difficult a question to answer. I must have answered it rightly, however, for an expression of unfeigned joy and relief shone upon his face—just as if what I did or felt mattered either in this world or the next! Then he told me about his wife.

"We haven't been married long. She is very young, much younger than I"—I looked at his boyish features again—"but she is very settled. We've only been married five months, but we have really gotten so much into each other's ways that I can tell just what she thinks about almost everything, and she seems to interpret my every thought. A very peculiar little incident recurs to my memory, which will show you how true that is. Last Christmas, I thought and thought what would be the most acceptable gift for her, and one night it just seemed to come to me—I would buy a little

Digitized by Google

chain for her watch. We both had watches, but we were wearing them on ribbons. I hunted all over Chattanooga, and out of the many shown to me I selected one with a little gold heart attached to it, I suppose because it seemed so appropriate. On Christmas morning, when we opened our little presents to each other, there were two chains just alike, and two little hearts, just alike, only the one she gave me had this little star cut on it. We were very happy, for we felt that God had made our tastes the same even in the smallest things—that He had made us truly one."

I took the little chain in my hand, and then passed it back. I could not think of anything to say, for I was repeating to myself, "Truly one!"

We were slowing up at a platform, called a station, on which stood the inevitable crowd of half grown negro lads with brimless hats and broken shoes. Beyond the platform stretched a dusty road, running between a few whitewashed houses towards a little church just in sight.

"I get off here," he said, with a proud glance of possible possession at that little church and that dusty road. He held out his hand, I placed mine in it. He uncovered his head, and the soft, deliberate voice murmured, "God bless you."

I lost sight of him, still standing with his little Bible in one hand and his hat in the other, smiling his farewell.

Brandon Douglas.

FROM THE WINDOW.

THEY had wandered into a picture gallery to escape a shower, for, having known him since her school days, she felt no hesitation whatever in telling him that she "had a holy horror of spoiling her best hat and getting the bottom of her eight yard skirt muddy."

"I don't think much of this collection," she said disdainfully, after they had looked at the water colors that adorned the walls. "Not more than half a dozen of them are worth the frames around them. Who ever saw water like that?"

"Or snow like this?" added her companion, regarding a midwinter landscape decorated with deep purple tints. "The man that painted that must have been a South Sea Islander. Why do they hang such awful daubs? I believe I could do as well myself."

"Maybe you could, but it wouldn't be accepted. A name's worth a great deal in a picture gallery."

"And out of it, too, sometimes," he said, with evident meaning in his tone.

She turned sharply and looked at him. "Now you're going to talk nonsense again, and if you do I declare I'll——" She hesitated, as she looked out of the window.

"You won't go home," he said, following her gaze. "It's simply pouring, and you'd be drenched before you reached the corner. You needn't be alarmed; I'm not going to talk nonsense. It was your own guilty conscience that made you jump on me in the first place. You know you would never have given that man a second glance if it hadn't been for his big name."

They had sauntered into a little side room where the pictures were so few and far between, and so poor, that apparently no one considered them worth a glance; so the two had the whole room to themselves.

"I have told you a dozen times," she said, "that his name has nothing whatever to do with it. It's the man I like; he has beautiful manners, and I admire his character. I tell you once for all that if he proposes I shall accept him."

"You needn't take the trouble to tell me that," he said moodily. "I know it. It was on his account you threw me over the fence last fall, but for the life of me I can't see the attraction. What is there in his character that you admire? He's as two faced as the Evil One himself."

"He's not two faced at all, but you're very rude and as cross as a bear, so for goodness' sake change the subject. Oh, see! From this window we can look right into the café of the Staunton. Let's watch the people and make bets on what they're eating. There's a couple just sitting down now. See, he's asking her if she'll have something, and evidently she likes it, for she's nodding her head. Now he's calling the waiter. I guess it's a salad. What do you think?"

"Oh, I don't care whether it's salad or sawdust. Why didn't that fellow meet you today?"

"He's away on business," she said, still intent upon the café. "I didn't expect to come to town until tomorrow, but mother wanted some things she couldn't wait for. I'm sorry——"

"That's right, say it, don't mind me! You're sorry she couldn't wait, so that you could come in tomorrow and meet him. I'd like to meet him too, and break his neck."

"Oh, let up!" exclaimed the girl impatiently, and with a good deal more emphasis than elegance. "You're actually worse than Aunt Margaret."

Silence for a few moments, during which he watched the rain, and she the people in the café. Suddenly she exclaimed,

"Look at that girl just sitting down at the table by the window. Did you ever see such an amazing hat? To use your expression, it looks like the 'night before Christmas'—but pardon me, you seem interested. Perhaps she is a friend of yours."

"You needn't apologize. I never met the lady, although I have seen her once or twice before. Some people consider her very handsome."

"I don't think much of their taste. She looks like a drum major. I suppose that is one of her admirers with her now. I wish he'd take the seat opposite instead of getting behind that post. I'd like to have a good look at him."

Digitized by Google

"Shall I run over and tell him to change it?" her companion asked. "Perhaps he would, to oblige you."

"You needn't bother. I think she's telling him to do it now. See, he's moving; now we can see what he looks like—oh, Dick!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Dick, and gave a long, low whistle.

She turned fiercely upon him.

"Did you know *he* was over there with that girl?"

"I swear I didn't. I couldn't see him any better than you could. I'm not a bit surprised, though, for I've seen him with that girl before." Dick couldn't refrain from this last bit of intelligence.

"And he told me he was called out of town for the day on business!"

"Let's go home," suggested Dick, who felt happy enough to dance all over the picture gallery, if he had dared to express his feelings. "It's stopped raining, and you're getting excited."

"Go home!" she exclaimed. "No, indeed! Do you see that empty table next to theirs? I'm going right over there to have something to eat, and you are going with me."

"It's a go," said he, and they went. Again Dick didn't care whether it was salad or sawdust; he was too happy to know the difference, but the young woman who resembled a drum major wondered what made her companion suddenly grow so sullen and morose, and thought he must be troubled with an attack of indigestion. She knew nothing of the "pretty girl with a large bank account" who had just slipped from his grasp.

Celeste McJilton.

THE PENDULUM OF FATE.

PASADENA, peerless Pasadena, with its orange groves, its golden globes of fruit shining from glistening leaves, its vines where great voluptuous roses bloom in lavish profusion, and scatter their fragrant showers all the year long.

Sunshine in the San Gabriel valley, sunshine on the crest of the mountains, gray rocks covered with trailing mosses and ferns, little rills bursting through leafy openings in the glen.

They came down from the wonderful vista on Mount Lowe, the grave rector and the beautiful young girl, never speaking in the rapid descent along the almost perpendicular railway. They were hushed and awed by the beauty of the scene that lay below them. Far away the foam of the Pacific washed its shells upon the shores of seemingly enchanted islands.

"It is very beautiful," said the girl breathlessly; "it is almost like a dream."

"I did not exaggerate, then?" he asked smiling.

"Oh, no; it is almost more than I expected; and yet—the world lies beyond the desert."

"Why cross a desert to reach the world? Why not make a world of perpetual beauty here?" he asked.

A flush lit the olive cheeks, and the crimson lips curled slightly as she turned away. She did not say the thought in her heart, "Love lies beyond the desert, love beckons me;" and he, how could he know? So he dreamed his dream, and it was of her alone; and she dreamed hers, and it was of another, beyond the desert, in the world.

Life had held so little for the English rector. He loved the western sea because it shut out the world, and his blighted illusions. He had loved and married, and his wife had played him false; that was the whole story, but it had meant death to his sensitive soul, subjugation to passion, ashes to hopes and dreams, a ruined life. This was years ago, and now a new hope was in his heart. This young girl was his ideal. She was so superb in her statuesque queenliness, so beautiful, a Castilian without being one in aught but her type; yet so sweet, girlish, and fresh, so untouched by the wiles of the world, that he felt an indescribable joy in her presence. It enveloped him like the perfume of a flower, it thrilled him to the heart. He did not reach out to pluck the blossom of her life for himself; he was content to enjoy and worship, with the subtle consciousness that his new divinity pervaded every sanctuary of his soul.

There is a beautiful little church just outside the city limits, a memorial church built by loving, artistic hands for loved ones asleep in a stranger land, exiles from home. Here, in the gold of Sabbath sunsets, they lingered after the service had been read, and talked of many things.

The arroyo cut its way almost to the city, which nestled in its trees like a dove in its nest. Farms and groves dotted hill and valley, the gold and rose of the sunset lay like a benediction on the smiling scene, and each of them dreamed on.

"I am going away very soon," she said, in her rich, deep voice. She smiled in the joyousness of youth and hope, and talked of the East, and friends, and home; and he, listening, thought, "I will surprise her with my love and keep her here and in my heart forever."

Two carriages drove down the dusty road one day, in the gold of the gloaming. The girl was accompanied by a young man with brown hair and amber brown eyes, which shone brightly into her own. They tied the horses under the trees, and sauntered around the little church, picking the flowers, lifting the vines caressingly, looking away over the landscape. They walked two and two, and the young people seemed lost to all except each other.

When they reached the church door the rest fell back, and the girl entered alone. She went softly down the carpeted aisle, which was deserted. The rector sat at his desk alone, with a book before him, and he did not hear her till she stood beside him and touched him on the arm.

Digitized by Google

"I have come to ask a favor of you," she said a little nervously, as she caught the flash of his earnest, upturned gaze, and the half repressed exclamation of delight as he took her hand and retained it in his own. "You have been so good to me, so kind, I never can forget it," she went on hurriedly, with moist eyes and quavering voice. "You are my California to me, my West. Whenever I think of this place, it will be of you, who have made it beautiful to me."

"Yes, my dear," said the rector, much moved, "but first you must listen to me."

"No, no; I have something to ask you. Dearest and best of friends"—and she extended both her hands with a pretty girlish impulse—"would you be willing to marry me?"

He rose breathless and pale, with a wild throbbing at his heart.

"Would you?" she asked again. "Would you marry me to Frank?"

He swayed back from her as if he had been dealt a blow in the face. She thought he was going to fall; then he leaned against the desk, and smiled wearily.

"Why do you not speak to me? They are waiting on the outside. My betrothed came suddenly with my father and mother last night. He was obliged to go abroad, and so he urges the wedding to take place at once. We are to be married tonight and go East. I wanted it to be a very quiet wedding, in this dear little church I love so well, with you to marry me. You do not think hard of me that I have not told you before? I have tried again and again, and you would not listen. I am so sorry to go away, but I love Frank so much."

She did not know what she said. She pulled to pieces the blossom of the passion flower that trailed its flaming emblems round the altar, and scattered the leaves. The stillness oppressed her; she felt guiltily that she was wounding her friend, but she could hardly understand. Why did he not speak?

"Yes, yes," he said faintly at last. "Certainly. Bring them in. Certainly I will marry you."

There was a hush as of death in the little church. The heavy odor of the flowers seemed stifling him. He looked helplessly at the door, as if he would like to escape, then at the stained window with a figure of Christ. He remembered he was representing the cause of the Master to the people, and uttered a brief prayer. He saw them come down the aisle, and he spoke to them absently, and abruptly commenced the service.

His voice was full of emotion. As he went on it thrilled and trembled, and once he almost lost himself. He was too much excited to notice their agitation. They urged him to go back to the city with them, but he refused to leave the church. He stood in the door under the roses, and the beautiful girl looked up tearfully to say good by. He stooped and kissed her without a word, and then they drove away.

He watched the carriage disappear in the distance, and he knew that his hopes and dreams went with them. It is so different to lose one's ideal at twenty and at forty. All life is before one at twenty. Life disillusioned is behind one at forty.

A mist was stealing in from the ocean, like a shrouded specter. The valley was in shadow; only the mountains were golden in the glow of the sun behind them, and unconsciously he looked up and said,

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

Then he bowed his head in his hands, and wept at the bitterness of life.

Emma Playter Seabury.

A WOMAN'S MISTAKE.

THE whir and rumble of the train began to abate, and the engine gave a prolonged whistle as the brakeman opened the car door, calling out the name of the near by town.

Lucia Kane gave a start of surprise as his sonorous utterance fell on her ears.

Stanford! Why, that was Rhodes Guilford's home!

Quick as lightning's flash her thoughts flew back to the summer, long since past, when Rhodes Guilford had taught her the old, sweet story of love, and had been all the world to her. And indeed, spite of hasty action, spite of years of estrangement, was he not yet first in her heart?

Retrospection was suddenly interrupted by the voice of the conductor relating to the inmates of the car that a train had been derailed a mile or so below the town, causing a probable delay of about three hours. A buzz of excitement ran through the car as the passengers made preparations for alighting and spending the time of enforced delay in exploring the little city. Lucia gathered up her small belongings and followed the crowd, her thoughts still busy with the past. The usual throng of carriage drivers and baggage men were on hand, and she, contrary to her usual custom, fell easy prey to them, tendering her valise to the Jehu who first accosted her, with an order to drive her to a good hotel. Arriving, she found her way to the ladies' parlor and sank into an easy chair, giving herself up to recollections of the long ago.

They had been such happy months—the one bright spot in her lonely, neglected girlhood—those months spent with her old aunt in Fairville. Thither Rhodes Guilford had come to regain his health, which too close application to study had injured; and together he and Lucia Kane had strolled along the country lanes and loitered away the beautiful moonlit evenings, until life seemed glorified by their tender passion, and many fond vows were spoken between them.

Then came separation; Rhodes going to his law school, she to her loveless home in Brinton, where she was little more than a household drudge to her stepmother and little

Digitized by Google

brothers. Letters, for a time frequent and fervent, became fewer and colder, and rumors of flirtations reached Lucia in her far away home.

With the impetuosity of eighteen, she had returned all of his letters, and the simple pearl ring that had been his one present to her, with a request for like action on his part. He had acquiesced; not without a plea for a reconsideration of her demand, to which, with a rashness since most bitterly repented, Lucia had utterly refused to listen. Even now his words seemed burned on her heart: "If you had only had more faith in me, our future would be but a continuation of our happy past. As it is, I must bow to your will. But oh, dearest! If you find out your mistake, and I am sure it is one, if you ever decide that you were hasty and a little unjust, I pray you put pride aside and let me know. Do not fail, for to death's door I shall be faithful to you—yes, and beyond."

Eight years had passed on leaden wings to Lucia. She *had* found out her mistake, but pride held firm sway. Only once in the interval had she heard from Rhodes; two years or so after the parting a mutual friend brought her news of his lonely, studious life. The knowledge had reopened the old wounds and caused her so much heart misery that she had voluntarily put from her the chance for further reports by dropping all correspondence with her friend. She had found her vocation, and she steadily pursued it, striving to fill with ambition and work the part of her woman's heart where wifehood and maternity should have flourished.

And now fate had brought her to his very place of abode—unconsciously on her part, for she had not noticed that Stanford was on her route. The delay to this especial train at this especial place, too—was it fate, or was an all wise Providence overruling circumstances for her good? Since she had been led to Rhodes Guilford's home, why not have the battle out with pride here and now?

She arose, and, having the room to herself, began to pace to and fro, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands as she walked. A sudden noise in the street attracted her attention, and she paused by the window. Nothing but a forlorn cur running by, with half a dozen hooting, yelling arabs of the street at its heels. She was resuming her walk, when—merciful Heaven! Surely her eyes had not failed her? Just across the narrow street she saw the sign "Rhodes Guilford, Attorney at Law," and behind it, just inside the open window, the bowed form busily engaged in writing was surely no other than the subject of her thoughts.

Breathlessly she stood gazing, hidden from outside view by the lace draperies of the window, her heart throbbing wildly. It *was* fate! How careworn he looked! Ah, he had suffered, too! With a touch of feminine vanity, she crossed the room to the pier glass, and surveyed with careful scrutiny the image it presented to her. It was not the fresh, girlish bloom of eighteen she saw, but the maturer face of twenty six; yet there was comeliness, and even beauty, Lucia truthfully declared to herself; and the form was as lithe and as willowy as ever, with an added grace of matured charms.

"To death's door I shall be faithful to you, Lucia—yes, and beyond"—the words rang again in her ears.

With sudden decision she took from her portfolio a card, wrote quickly a line or two, enclosed it in an envelope, which she addressed, and rang for a messenger. While waiting she stole another glance at the busy writer across the way.

"Ah, darling, how happy I shall strive to make you to atone for these wasted years of obstinate pride!" she cried under her breath as she gazed.

What a perfect turnout that was, coming rapidly down the street! Its occupants were a charming woman and a bright faced little boy. "In just such a phaeton as that will I drive down to bring my husband home," dreamed Lucia.

The horses paused directly opposite, and the little man jumped out and disappeared within the building. In a moment Lucia saw the man she had been watching drop his pen and grasp his son in his arms, while she heard the childish treble pipe out, "Oh, papa! Me an' mamma 's comed for you early, 'cause it's my birfday, an' you promised——"

But the rest of the sentence was lost to Lucia, who dropped into a chair, pale and trembling—so pale that the maid who had at that moment answered her summons looked curiously at her, as she asked, "Are you sick, miss? What did you want of me?"

"Just a glass of water, please," answered Lucia feebly, unable at once to recover herself, and seizing the first subterfuge that presented itself to her mind. But as the maid's form disappeared down the corridor, she rose with sudden energy, and tearing the envelope and its contents into minute fragments, she thrust them behind the grate, where lingered a few embers. As she watched them blaze up for a moment, then blacken and turn to ashes, so within her heart the last fragments of her girlish romance were consumed, and died away—never to return.

As Rhodes Guilford drove leisurely to his home that day, something in the appearance of a swiftly walking woman, just turning down a side street that led towards the railway station, sent his thoughts roaming backward through the years.

"Reminded me of Lucia Kane, somehow," he said to himself. "Wonder what's become of her! What a fool I made of myself over that girl—thought my heart was broken and all that sort of rubbish, when she shipped me. Glad Belle never knew about it!"

And with a glance of satisfied proprietorship at the woman beside him, he drove on.

Della Higgins.

Digitized by Google

LITERARY CHAT

"THE UNDER SIDE OF THINGS."

A feeling of genuine regret at finishing a latter day novel is a decidedly rare sensation, but this is just what one experiences when the last page of Miss Lilian Bell's new book is turned. "What a treat it is," as Charles Dickens said of Tennyson, "to come across a fellow who can *write!*"

"The Under Side of Things" is Miss Bell's third book, and in every way it is better than its predecessors—a verdict of which only those who have read "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid" and "A Little Sister to the Wilderness" can fully appreciate the value. It pretends to be nothing more than a love story, and, appearing during the summer, might inadvertently be classed among the products of the "silly season." When once it is dipped into, the difference is apparent. The characters are alive. Considering how short her literary career has been, Miss Bell displays a mastery of novel making that is nothing short of phenomenal. Her analysis of character has a shrewdness about it which reminds one of Mrs. Craigie at her best, except that the "Hobbes acidity" is lacking, its place being filled by a keen, good humored raillery that puts the reader on a footing of *cameraderie* with the author at once.

"The Under Side of Things" opens with a description of a woman's nose. When this has continued for a page or two you know precisely what the woman herself is like, and you hate her. There is nothing left to be said. When once Miss Bell has described that nose, its owner is assigned to her proper shelf, and all that she does thereafter is inevitable. And again, there is *Mrs. Verry*, everything about whom "was so intense that it almost made you wink." One knows what to expect from her immediately, and is not disappointed.

It is this knack of completely analyzing a person or a situation or a sensation in a phrase or two that makes Miss Bell's work so novel and so attractive, and which calls forth a repetition of Dickens' words and a feeling that to both the author and the book they are aptly fitted. Not only does she know how to *write*, the pricelessness of the right word in the right place, and the "worth while" of searching for and finding the precise adjective to express her thought; but her attitude toward men and things is so frank and confident that the reader from the first regards her as a "good fellow," and is sorry when she is done with her story.

At the tender but none the less ambitious age of seven, Miss Bell embarked upon the sea of literature with an effort entitled "Be Kind to the Poor; a Story for the Young"—a name calculated not so much to adorn a tale as to point a moral. "I can still remember," she says, "the anguish I suffered at seeing my father wipe away tears of unholy mirth at each repetition of that subtitle. But as I accidentally overheard a certain well known literary man, who was visiting us, discussing it with my mother, I then and there determined to write books. That's all, except that I have been attended with fatal good luck." Those of us who know how small a factor in success "luck" is, and how potent are ability and hard work, will perhaps take the last words with a grain of salt. There is no fear of Miss Bell's future. She has been weighed in the balance and found worthy.

It is not unlikely that at some near date New Yorkers will have an opportunity of hearing Miss Bell's stories from her own lips, as she is planning for a series of readings in the East. In Chicago her public appearances have been remarkably successful, and if it is true, as she herself says, that she reads better than she writes, there will be no lack of lovers of fiction ready and willing to hear her. Certainly, if "The Under Side of Things" is not only a sample of what she can do but a promise of what she will continue to do, there are laurel wreaths waiting for Miss Lilian Bell. It is refreshing to find a novel that is both clever and natural in these slipshod and affected times. Spontaneity and wit do not commonly dwell together in unity, any more than beauty and genius, or a title and a fat purse. In the dreary waste of latter day American fiction, "what a treat it is to come across a fellow who can *write!*"

LOVE MAKING IN GENERAL AND "THE BROKEN RING" IN PARTICULAR.

When Mr. Anthony Hope evolved "The Prisoner of Zenda," he probably had no idea that in so doing he was founding a school of fiction; but the result of his work has demonstrated that such was the case. It has happened that this first and best of "princess stories" has been followed by many others, and the curious thing is that several of them have been exceedingly well done. With but two exceptions—Richard Harding Davis' "The Princess Aline" and Robert McDonald's "A Princess and a Woman"—the latest of the series is the best, always saving Mr. Hawkins' book. Miss Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, author of "The Broken Ring," is, no doubt, quite ready to acknowledge that her *Princess Lenore* would never have existed if it had not been for the *Princess Flavia*, and, to be frank, there is no reason to be ashamed of it; for, imitation or no imitation, *Lenore* is an entirely delightful personage, and, except for being a princess, an entirely original one.

Aside from the adventurous element—which is capital—in "The Broken Ring," Miss Tomp-

Digitized by Google

kins' story commands attention as illustrating a new development in fiction which has comparatively recently come to pass—the refining of the love scene. Among the novels of the past eighteen months one has been preëminent for the exquisite fidelity of the love making between hero and heroine. We refer to Mr. Mitchell's "Amos Judd," in which the half serious, half jesting conversations of the *fiancés* were done with an absolute command that attracted the notice of every reader. It is difficult to describe the quality of such work, except by saying that one feels its fidelity to life instinctively. Mr. Mitchell has the knack of saying affectionate things just as the average healthy young American, to whom love and life are innocent of tragedy, would say them. Take also that delicious bit from "A Princess and a Woman," where the young officer wins his royal wife:

As the blood went over her face she ceased to be a princess in Howlett's mind; she became all at once the woman he must protect, the woman he loved, the woman who trusted him, who loved him. The appeal in her eyes overmastered him. He put the taper on the pedestal where the saint had stood, and held out his arms to her. She went into them like a child.

And compare with this the masterly conclusion of "The Princess Aline," where Mr. Davis tells a whole life and love story in a phrase or two. There is something in such passages that goes straight down into one's heart; and there are equally good ones in "The Broken Ring." Entirely disregarding the romantic happenings which befall *Captain Delorme* and his royal prisoner—and these alone will sell the book—the conversations between the two characters show Miss Tompkins to be an author of high degree. The character of *Lenore* owes much, perhaps, to the fact that a woman is its creator. As Miss Lilian Bell has said of one of her own characters, this princess is "different."

"The Broken Ring" is a clean cut, brisk, and deliciously natural story, with a wholesome, honest man for its hero and a beautiful and naïve girl for its heroine, and its author is to be heartily congratulated on her work. We have already spoken in this department of Miss Tompkins and her sister—the latter being Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, whose clever short stories are well known to the readers of this magazine. These are two young American writers who are worth watching.

HENRY JAMES' STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

There was a time when a new book by Henry James was an international event. He and Mr. Howells were the founders of a school. *Life* caricatured them once by showing their characters on a slowly moving treadmill, going—very quietly and sedately—nowhere at all. But after all, even though Mr. James is not so much in the public eye as of yore, the subtle delicacy of his books remains, and they will be brilliant literature when half the popular trash of today is forgotten.

In his new book, "Embarrassments," he has collected four stories. Truth compels the most loyal of his admirers to acknowledge that there is absolutely nothing interesting in their *motif*. The characters are admirably drawn, and the author's perfect style gives to his page a charm that is as elusive and delightful as a personal trick of speech. If Mr. James only had the plain, unvarnished tale given him, he would make of it a work of genius. The pity is that he devotes so much time and so much talent to a trivial, weak, exasperating theme. During the last year or two he has been associating with the *Yellow Book* menagerie, and putting his stories alongside its monstrosities. We can only deplore the evil communications which, as our copy books used to tell us, corrupt good manners.

THE PROVINCE OF A CRITIC.

Richard Le Gallienne has lately published a collection of "Retrospective Reviews," and prefaced it with an assortment of observations which every critic, young or old, would do well to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. They are positive, very positive, and at first one is inclined to resent them; but due reflection develops a conviction that except in one or two instances Mr. Le Gallienne knows what he is talking about, and that if more critics were to adopt his creed it might be well for the gentle art of rending literature in twain.

A critic is a man whom God created to praise greater men than himself, but who, by a curious blindness, has never been able to find them.

The first thing for a critic to do is to be thankful that there is anything to criticise.

A necessary gift for the critic of poetry is the love of it.

The world is great, and strong, and beautiful; so must be the words. The world is little, and weak, and ugly—but so must never be the words.

You may point out the spots on the sun, or you may foul with mud the silver face of the moon, but they will each go on shining for all that.

A gentleman is always a gentleman—even when he writes anonymous criticism.

So far, so good. These are statements not particularly original, perhaps, but nevertheless forcefully put; and their acceptance by reviewers would perceptibly hasten the advent of the literary millennium. But, as Mr. Kipling would say, "we are none of us infallible—not even the youngest," and Mr. Le Gallienne is in error when he remarks that "criticism is the art of praise" and that "praise is more important than judgment." A critic is no critic at all if he forswears discrimination and devotes himself to eulogy. He ceases at once to be a critic, and becomes a press agent or a literary "boomer." Judgment is infinitely more important than praise, and every right minded writer would far prefer to be justly estimated than undeservedly lauded. Criticism, to be worthy of the name, *must* discriminate, as surely as a housekeeper must select the choic-

Digitized by Google

est vegetables for her use, instead of being satisfied with all because they are raised by some one more skilled in agriculture than herself. It is impartiality that is the crying need in the criticism of the day—the will to give credit to even an obscure writer where credit is due, the courage to disparage even a popular idol where disparagement is deserved.

It is indubitably true that "a gentleman is always a gentleman—even when he writes anonymous criticism." There are ways and ways of judging adversely, and one may utterly condemn a novel and yet retain one's self respect; and what shall we say to Mr Le Gallienne's definition that

A critic is one who makes odious comparisons and invidious distinctions. He is a writer of prey, the shark that gobbles up young writers, or the wasp that stings to pathetic irritation the old ones; and generally he is the cur that snaps or snarls at the heels of success. He is the goal keeper of literature, the guardian of its vested interests, and it is his business to keep young genius as long as possible from its birthright.

Is this quite fair to Matthew Arnold, Lowell, Lang, Stevenson, and a whole host of others—nay, even to Le Gallienne himself, whose "Retrospective Reviews" are distinguished by fairness and courtesy throughout? There may be so called "critics" of this type, but they are beneath notice, and not to be reckoned among the craftsmen of a truly noble profession.

SWINBURNE, FIRST OF LIVING POETS.

Those who are familiar with the earlier ballads and poems of Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne and who take up his latest work, "The Tale of Balen," will immediately be sensible of a strong contrast. There has been much discussion of late regarding what Quiller-Couch has called Mr. Swinburne's "later manner"—the abstract manner, that is, of "Astrophel," which "Q" further explained by the following words:

His must seem to us a godlike voice singing in the void. For, fit or unfit as we may be to grasp the elusive substance of his strains, all must confess the voice of the singer to be divine.

Godlike or not, Mr. Swinburne's voice is one that always commands attention. He invariably has something to say, and he possesses preëminently the ability to say it melodiously. His vocabulary and his apparently instinctive use of harmonious words have always been the despair of his imitators and the admiration of his readers. The extraordinary fire and passion of his earliest work, the wonderfully musical expression of his later thoughts, and the singular grace and simplicity of "The Tale of Balen," are all proofs that in Swinburne we probably have *the* living poet, the head and front of his clan.

So far as "Balen" is concerned, it would seem that both the first and the later manners have been discarded for a latest style quite foreign to all that has gone before. This is a narrative poem, distinguished, considering its author, principally for its directness. Mr. Swinburne has a story of Arthurian days to tell, and he proceeds to tell it without any abstruse flights of fancy. It is not a return to the ballad style, and still less is it akin to the "later manner," which, despite its beauty, was so difficult to follow. As an example of the contrast between this verbal labyrinth and "Balen," take the following:

The dark, dumb godhead, innate in the fair world's life,
  Imbues the rapture of dawn and of noon with dread,
Infects the peace of the star shod night with strife,
  Informs with terror the sorrow that guards the dead.

No service of bended knee or of humbled head
May soothe or subdue the God who has change to wife;
And life with death is as morning with evening wed.

Contrast this with the ringing meter of Mr. Swinburne's new poem:

Swift from his place leapt Balen, smote
The liar across his face, and wrote
His wrath in blood upon the bloat
Brute cheek that challenged shame for note
  How vile a king born knave may be.
Forth sprang their swords, and Balen slew
The knave ere well one witness drew
Of all that round them stood, or knew
  What sight was there to see.

Here is no rhetorical meandering about, but a swift, decisive, almost bald style, which, coming from such an apostle of what may be termed tropical poetry, is decidedly a surprise. The verse is as brisk and spirited as Scott's. But in this new departure Mr. Swinburne has lost nothing of his power. His peculiarly happy expression gleams forth again and again. In the opening stanzas of the seven divisions of the poem he allows free rein to imagination, and his old time word pageantry is seen for a moment before the narrative is resumed.

As thought from thought takes wing and flies,
As month on month with sunlit eyes
Tramples and triumphs in its rise,
As wave smites wave to death and dies,
  So chance on hurtling chance like steel
Strikes, flashes, and is quenched, ere fear
Can whisper hope, or hope can hear,
If sorrow or joy be far or near
  For time to hurt or heal.

There are any number of single lines in "The Tale of Balen" that fairly sing themselves:

Mused in many minded mood.
Tender twilight, heavy eyed.
The splendor of her sovereign eyes.
Strong summer, dumb with rapture.
The rapture of the encountering foam
  Embraced and breasted of the boy.
Men whose names like stars shall stand.

Digitized by Google

The poem as a whole is a matchless combination of vigor and melody. We are inclined to say amen to Mr. Quiller-Couch's estimate of its author:

At once in the range and suppleness of his music he is not merely the first of living poets, but incomparable.

A BOOK WITH A "WRONG ENDING."

The most striking peculiarity about "The Sentimental Sex," a new novel by Gertrude Warden, is the palpably false position in which the characters stand toward the reader. The very title is misleading, referring to a man, and not, as would naturally be inferred, to a woman. With Miss Warden's work we have not previously come into contact, and we are not at all certain that our first experience of it has produced a pleasant impression. She has a singular faculty of surrounding distinctly objectionable characters with an atmosphere of cleverness which causes their vices to be but dimly noted, and of unobtrusively satirizing their moral opposites until they appear absolutely offensive.

Take, for example, the two leading personages of "The Sentimental Sex": a man, who is very evidently intended as a personification of rectitude, and a woman, who is quite as evidently open to almost any variety of reproach. There is no attempt made to disguise the situation at first. The story opens with a "poem of passion" by the heroine, *Mrs. Lambert*, beginning

With all my pulses throbbing at the memory alone
Of your touch.
'Til I seem to feel the burning of your lips upon my own,
Kissed too much,

which, if it does nothing else, stamps her for just about what she is. *Neil Vansittart*, the man whom she afterwards marries, is described as an honest, straightforward, and peculiarly unromantic gentleman. Miss Warden thereupon proceeds so to distort and misrepresent that before the average reader has read thirty pages his sympathies are all upon the side of the woman who doesn't deserve them, and all his nature is up in arms against the man, whose worst fault is that he is a plain, unadulterated fool. He is large, well meaning, stupid, and immensely in love with her, and she is small, malicious, clever, and immensely in love—with another man. The odds in the woman's favor are too great to be combated. By all the canons of morality and fiction and destiny she deserves to fall mightily, but Miss Warden juggles so deftly and irresponsibly with her subject that in the end the sinner is exalted above the saint, and the reader is half convinced that such is the proper outcome of it all.

Viewed, therefore, from the standpoint of reason, Miss Warden's book presents an entirely false prospect of life. Taken merely at its face value, it is undeniably clever. Miss Warden's handling of epigram is exceedingly facile, but it has the same ring of insincerity which characterized the "society play," imported from England and popular in this country a year or so ago.

One word of advice to the author of "The Sentimental Sex." She would do well to have her full instead of only her last name stamped upon the backs of her books in future. There is a certain Florence Warden who also writes novels, and the name is a danger signal to those who dread being bored. "The Sentimental Sex" is well worth reading for its dialogue, and its author should take no chances of prejudicing its sale.

SOME WRITERS AT THEIR WORST.

The ability to shock the average reader by supernatural narrative is generally conceded in these days to be an unknown quantity. We have had revolting books, and books humanly horrible, but the ghost story pure and simple is no longer competent to send shivers of delightful fright down the vertebral column of the prosaic novel consumer. Cold, hard experience has done away with the capacity for being what the New England boys call "scart," and the wailing of unearthly voices, and the clanking of chains peculiar to "spook stories have come to resemble farce comedy. Still we are unable to perceive why, simply because the best fail to alarm, it has been considered necessary to collect the ten worst ghost tales in existence in one volume, and slander the late J. Sheridan Le Fanu by placing his name upon the cover. This result has been obtained by a new and, we think, over zealous book concern. The collection is called "A Stable for Nightmares." It has a yellow cover and four futile illustrations, and belongs to the half way class of books which are neither good enough nor bad enough to be entertaining.

We presume that Mr. Le Fanu was responsible for some of these stories, since his name appears so prominently, but frankly we did not believe it of him. It is apparent also that Mr. Fitz James O'Brien is a contributor, since the eleventh and only good yarn in the book is his "What Was It?" which is inserted without credit, and fearfully handicapped by one of the aforementioned futile illustrations. Of the latter the frontispiece is the *pièce de résistance*. It represents moonlight and a castle, the castle bearing a strong resemblance to the Gothic structures commonly found in drawing room aquaria.

We are sufficiently charitable to concede that the compiler of "A Stable for Nightmares" had some good purpose in mind when he arranged the book. We can hardly believe that it was his intention to show the literary weakness of Mr. Le Fanu and his companion contributors, and he has certainly conferred a great favor upon the latter by omitting to mention their names.

GOOD STORIES OF ADVENTURE IN IRELAND.

Three notable additions to the rapidly growing list of historical romances are "The Silk

Digitized by Google

of the Kine," by L. McManus, "The Crimson Sign," by S. R. Keightley, and "In the Wake of King James," by Standish O'Grady. Singularly enough, the whole period covered by these novels, published within a few weeks of one another, is less than fifty years, but the last half of the seventeenth century in Ireland was so crowded with daring adventure and romantic episode that the story of its wars and intrigues might well furnish material for a score of books.

The first of the series, if we may regard them as such, is "The Silk of the Kine," a brisk and well told narrative of several episodes of the year 1654, when by order of Parliament the native Irish were driven into the desolate wastes of Connaught, their properties being forfeit to the Protectorate, and the penalty of resistance being death or slavery in the tobacco islands of the West Indies. "The Silk of the Kine" is an exceptionally clean cut and good piece of work, and the two other novels are well up to the same standard, all three being far and away above the average adventure story.

"The Crimson Sign" deals with the siege of Londonderry, and is as absorbing a story as any Mr. Weyman or Mr. Hawkins has done. The central figure, a young Protestant officer of singular ingenuity and daring, passes through a number of the most exciting adventures, and it is by his agency that General Kirke is brought to the aid of the beleaguered city. "In the Wake of King James" shifts the scene to southwestern Ireland, shortly after the battle of Aughrim, and here Mr. O'Grady's hero sees enough of slaughter, treachery, and combat to fill three novels.

The almost simultaneous appearance of this capital trio opens up a new field, and demonstrates that Weyman, Pemberton, Doyle, and Hawkins are not supreme in historical fiction. The demand for pure romance does not seem to diminish. It is true, of course, that there are those who will buy a novel simply because it has been declared immoral by the reviewers, and equally true that there are authors who deliberately and consistently cater to this craving for prurient fiction. Regrettable indeed it is that some of the most brilliant minds in the literary world are found in each class. But until the contrary is indisputably proved, we shall contend that a clean book is the best book, and those who are pleased with it the truest representatives of the public taste. Not the least virtue in the work of McManus, Keightley, and O'Grady is its purity, and for this reason, as much as for their remarkable force and briskness, we give "The Silk of the Kine" and its fellow stories of Irish adventure our heartiest commendation.

THE RESULTS OF A KISS.

The regiment of problem novels is in no need of recruits. Here, for instance, is "Wisdom's Folly," which exhibits all the symptoms in a virulent form—imprudent wife, handsome, cynical bachelor friend, relentless husband, tears, recriminations, separation, penance, reconciliation. The author is A. V. Dutton, and if the market were not so hopelessly overcrowded with this variety of fiction it is possible that his book might make its mark. Under the circumstances, it is likely to be pushed to the wall in the mad rush for new problems.

The imprudent wife is by no means a woman with a past, nor does there seem to be any indication that she is a woman with a future. Her transgression, in the light of other novels dealing with matrimonial perplexities, does not present any tokens of extreme depravity. She simply closes her eyes and allows her cousin by marriage to kiss her. Then she does all that could be expected of a repentant wife when she exclaims, "What have I done?" and departs from him forthwith. Knowing the husband's character, the author is wise not to present a more complicated problem than this for solution. *Cedric Hatherton* is an entirely unreasonable person, who fails to understand that accidents will happen, even between the best regulated cousins. He hardens his face, gives a harsh, jarring laugh, and says in chilling tones, "Of course I do not, I *cannot* forgive."

The result of this Draconian verdict is mutual distrust, misery, a separation, and a final "happy ending," during all of which the reader is convinced that a little sane explanation would clear the trouble up in short order. But then if our novel characters were to begin explaining, what would become of our plots? After all, "Wisdom's Folly" has a very fair plot, and its interest is sufficiently well sustained to give it place among books for "summer reading." Poor *Eleanor* is severely punished for her oselatory indiscretion, and the "happy ending" is arrived at by a very circuitous route; but the author has decked the way from her girlhood to the problem with some clever dialogue, and even the misunderstandings and anguish of the later chapters are not devoid of silver linings. Above all we admire Mr. Dutton for withstanding the temptation to bring the husband upon the scene at the moment when the kiss takes place. The familiar and dramatic possibilities of such a situation must be well nigh irresistible.

RHODA BROUGHTON'S FIRST BOOK.

Rhoda Broughton, who is still writing novels at fifty five, lives in a pleasant home in Oxford. Fifty five is hardly old, but Miss Broughton has worn the dignified little cap of English middle age for several years. She was the daughter of a clergyman in North Wales, and she wrote "Cometh Up as a Flower" without taking her family into her confidence. When the book was printed, a copy was sent to her by the publishers, and unhappily was confiscated in the mail by her father. When she meekly asked for a look at it, he reprimanded her for frivolity, and told her that "after looking it over he had decided that it was not a proper book to put into a young girl's hands."

Digitized by Google

She had to confess her sin of authorship before she could get a sight of the printed result of her work.

ZOLA AS A PLAGIARIST.

Zola says that he has lately been called a "shark," and when he comes to consider the matter seriously, he thinks that he has been complimented.

"I am willing to be a shark," he says; "a shark who swallows his epoch. A great producer, a creator, has no other function than devouring his epoch in order to create it afresh and make life of it."

Everybody has known for a long time that there were pages in "L'Assommoir," and in several of Zola's books, which were taken almost bodily from the works of other men; and now the same charge is brought against "Rome." Its author meets the accusation with "What will you have?" He says he has three sources of information—books, witnesses, and personal observation. Then he calmly gives a list of the books from which he has "cribbed." He says that it is his function to make life out of all the elements he can obtain. It is his function as a romanticist to know everything, and when he approaches a new subject, he has but one duty—to study it, and to acquire the information necessary to deal with it.

M. Zola has too much respect for the information he borrows from other men. It is never half as good as what he sees for himself, for few men have had his gift of sight. When he relies upon facts, he grows dull. It is not for this that his readers have given him his present fame and place.

POKER LITERATURE.

So is the development of Poker one of the chief glories of Columbia, and it is pleasant to know that in the development of the game many of the greatest men in the United States have played an honorable part. Nor has royalty disdained Poker; Albert Edward has been known to take a hand, while King Kalakaua was an incessant player, but it is reported never went over a two dollar limit.

The above quotation from his preface is, it would seem, a fairly accurate indication of the intellectual caliber of the collector and editor of "Poker Stories," a small but unnecessary volume, which may be called literature simply because of its being bound in boards and printed from type—in short, because it is a book. The mental labor involved in preparing such a literary treat is not abnormal. Given a pair of scissors, a file of daily papers, and the ability to discern whether or not a paragraph deals with the subject in hand, and the rest is easy. A collection of mother in law jokes might be made with equal facility, and perhaps to this interesting and profitable task Mr. John F. B. Lillard will next apply himself. As it is, he has put the reading public under obligations to him by attempting no original composition beyond his dedication and his preface. Even in the few hundred words of the latter there are indications of a fierce and losing contest with the intricacies of the English language. Mr Lillard may, and probably does, gamble on the green with the ease, grace, and agility of any lambkin, but to him it has not been given to clothe his thoughts in ready and flowing periods. He is a stranger and a pilgrim when he ventures upon the slopes of Parnassus.

Where "Poker Stories" is to find a sale it is beyond our power to guess. Certainly no one but habitual patrons of the jack pot and the straight flush will have the faintest interest in its contents; and to these, if they are men of average intelligence, who read the newspapers, it is probable that every anecdote in the book is as familiar as the alphabet. In the pages of Mr. Lillard's masterly compilation are to be found stories which have gone the rounds of the daily press ever since such a thing as the daily press existed, and others that have been related from generation to generation as "personal experiences"—which is an infallible sign of advanced age. A majority of them are too old and decrepit to be thus utilized. They should be retired from active service and allowed to draw a pension, so that they may die in peace. They are footsore and weary with much traveling, and have earned their honorable discharge. They "have been handed down by tradition until, like proverbs and folk stories and all other gradual evolutions in the unwritten literature of the world, they have acquired a perfection of form and a neatness of wit that not only titillate the ears of the groundlings, but satisfy the severer requirements of the lover of art for art's sake."

The words are Mr. Lillard's own, and show him to have a somewhat unusual conception of what constitutes wit, as well as a rare appreciation of what constitutes literature. There *are* good poker stories. We do not attempt to deny it; but where, oh, where are they to be found in the book that bears their name? The introductions to the anecdotes have, it must be acknowledged, an unmistakable flavor of "art for art's sake":

"Hurricane George" Floyd, the man who never wears rubbers, used to run ahead of Nat Goodwin and the Bostonians.

He was no jay after all, as they soon found out.

Poor Patsy Doody used to tell a story about a skin game he got into once unawares.

Such is "the unwritten literature of the world," now first collected for the information of posterity by Mr. John F. B. Lillard. We sincerely trust that it may not only titillate but instruct all who are fortunate enough to possess "Poker Stories," but we fear, we greatly fear, that it will be unappreciated. Mr. Lillard may take consolation, however, in the thought that it is the fate of great men to be misunderstood. He is, at all events, strong in the courage of his convictions, spelling poker with an upper case P in his preface, and announcing in his dedication that he feels he really ought to give these valuable stories to

Digitized by Google

the world. Courage, to be sure, covers a multitude of sins.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER'S DAUGHTER.

When a Japanese play was produced at Daly's, in New York, long months ago, the public said some good things about it, and made another fling or two at Mr. Daly's company for not being as young as it used to be; but not one spectator in ten realized that he was listening to the words of the famous daughter of a famous father, whose work most of us know.

Judith Gautier, daughter of Théophile Gautier, and formerly the wife of Catulle Mendes, was one of the first of those who studied Japan and saw the poetry of that land and people. The best translator her father ever had, Lafcadio Hearn, is the latest man of letters to delve into the mine of Japanese life, and he probably would never have started in that direction had it not been for the wave of "Japanism" which Mme. Gautier did so much to roll onward.

She says that while the Anglo Saxon sees the drollery and the grotesque side of the Oriental, to her he is infinitely sad. Foreign souls arouse her curiosity, her interest, and she has always made friends among the Orientals from her childhood. She is a singular looking woman, who much resembles her father, with his splendid strong face and figure. She lives very modestly in Paris, and entertains the remnants of those gatherings of literary men who clustered about Théophile Gautier, but the new people also find their way to her. Our own John Sargent has painted her in Japanese dress.

J. GORDON COOGLER, POET LAUREATE.

It is with no little confidence that we submit to an appreciative public the name of Mr. J. Gordon Coogler, the Sweet Singer of South Carolina, as a candidate for the position of American poet laureate. That the United States have never yet been able to boast an officially recognized national bard has seemed to us a matter for regret. The time seems ripe for the conferring of such an honor, and we know of no one upon whom it can more justly be bestowed than upon Mr. Coogler. As yet but little is known of this poet, who is wasting his sweetness upon the desert air, but it will be unnecessary to do more than direct attention to his work to secure for him the reputation which he deserves.

His latest volume of poems is four inches wide by five and three quarters inches long and one quarter inch thick; it is bound in blue paper, and printed by the author; and we are informed by the introduction that it is the fourth of a series, completing more than four hundred compositions. We shall never cease to reproach ourselves for not having become familiar with Mr. Coogler's work before. His poems are of the lyrical order and display a marked ability in the matter of rhyme, tempered with a pleasing pessimism. As he says in his preface, My style and my sentiments are my own, purely original. I have borrowed no words intentionally from any author." One has only to read these verses to be convinced that this claim is absolutely accurate. The laureate thus addresses his critics:

> Challenge me to fight on the upon field,
> And hurl at my head the fiery dart,
> Rather than belittle the gentle muse
> That ushers from this lonely heart.

It must indeed be a captious reviewer who cannot frankly admire the charming simplicity and pastoral beauty of Mr. Coogler's poetry. Witness what may be done in the way of rhyming if one has only the divine afflatus, and witness also the peculiar pathos of the thought:

> From early youth to the frost of age
> Man's days have been a mixture
> Of all that constitutes in life
> A dark and gloomy picture.

Good as this is, however, it is not in philosophical quatrains that the poet reaches his highest level, but rather in lyrics that deal with the tender passion. In the poem entitled "To Miss Mattie Sue" we have a use of the verb "do" which commands immediate attention:

> As the summer sunbeams
> Peep o'er the distant hills
> On some sweet and lonely brook,
> So my weary, longing eyes,
> Warm with the dew of love,
> To thee alone doth look.
>
> On thy rosebud cheeks,
> Girlhood's sweetest smiles
> In brightest hope doth beam.

And here is a combination of grammar, morality, and melody equally noticeable:

> On thy fair finger, lovely maiden,
> Let there no jewel ever be
> If character be put at stake
> For the diamond ring he givest thee.

Further extracts are perhaps unnecessary. We consider that those we have made are abundantly sufficient to support J. Gordon Coogler's candidacy for the title of American laureate. There have been native poets deserving of recognition. Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell—all these did fair work, but "they have passed from our midst." Where are we to look for one who shall celebrate American love, morals, and patriotism? There is but one answer to the question. J. Gordon Coogler, of Columbia, South Carolina, is alone worthy of being crowned with wreaths of bay. What his future is to be is best expressed in his own words (never borrowed "intentionally from any author"):

> On ev'ry hill top, far and near,
> He'll sing that sinful hearts might hear
> His sweet refrain;
> All men will bow before his face,
> Whose winning smiles and perfect grace,
> Will dispel all pain!

Digitized by Google

LATEST FADS

CUP COLLECTIONS.

It was not necessary to assist at the coronation of the Czar to have one of those enameled Russian cups to decorate your trophy shelf, nor is it necessary to own a yacht to have a replica of the greatest prizes given. The only necessary exchange is money.

In other days a man's sideboard showed precisely what sports he indulged in, and how successful he had been. An array of cups was a stamp of excellence in some department of manly activity. The heavy silver, even if inartistic and badly engraved, could make the nerves of sons tingle as they told of the prowess of their fathers. A man who was given to sport would no more have put a purchased cup on his sideboard than he would have cheated in a game. Nowadays, however, these cherished tokens have taken on a somewhat different aspect. The cup shelf has become a woman's fad.

You may find an array in some houses that at first glance seems to proclaim a family of stalwart men who had brains and brawn above their fellows. You come closer, and you find that they are either replicas of famous trophies, or were won at progressive euchre or tiddledywinks.

THE BUTTON CRAZE.

We had occasion in our August number to mention the fad of collecting campaign buttons. The manufacturers of these chaste ornaments have embraced the opportunity of the present political excitement, and have so flooded the markets with their delectable productions that the button fad has flourished as never before. Not content with emblems of monetary principles, the faddish public has seized with enthusiasm upon buttons representing, or supposed to represent, all sorts and conditions of mundane affairs. In New York, at least, fifty per cent of the men one meets upon the highway bear in their coat lapels small disks embellished with strange designs. It is somewhat startling to meet a friend, and, stopping him, to find the words "Talk quick" or "This is my busy day" staring one in the face. The situation becomes still more alarming when the legend runs "If you love me—wink!"

The average American takes a peculiar pleasure in decorating his manly chest with variegated badges. He is supremely happy when fate makes him a political delegate, or a freemason, or a member of a floor committee, and thus allows him to wear something made of gold or ribbon over his exultant heart. What with our secret societies, our national guard, and our various religious and semi religious organizations, there is hardly a man so utterly outcast that he cannot boast some insigne of this description; but wherever such a one exists, he can find solace in the button fad.

This way to personal adornment is open to all. Political bias furnishes a sufficient excuse, and even if one takes no interest in Presidential possibilities there are badges galore that serve to herald views on other things. An enterprising bicycle firm has brought forth an exceedingly artistic silk button bearing the words "I ride the —— wheel." This is given free to customers, who, in return for the delicate attention, advertise the donor's goods, and so furnish a striking example of the celebrated doctrine of reciprocity.

After all, how very like children we are, with our little toys and trinkets! Vanity, vanity, saith the preacher!

PROFESSORS, OLD AND NEW.

One of the "Essays of Elia" is called "The Old and the New Schoolmaster." It is an amusing comparison between "those fine old pedagogues, believing that all learning was contained in the language which they taught, and despising every other acquirement as superficial and useless," and "the modern schoolmaster" who "is expected to know a little of everything, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of anything. He must be superficially, if I may so say, omniscient. He is to know something of pneumatics; of chemistry; of whatever is curious or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanics is desirable, with a touch of statistics; the quality of soils, etc., botany, the constitution of his country, *cum multis aliis*."

Now one should hesitate a long time before he ventures to cavil at anything of Elia's. But it is a pity that the subject of Lamb's pleasantry is not the Professor instead of the Schoolmaster. The contrast would have been similar, but so much greater. The modern schoolmaster does have to be up in "chemistry, pneumatics, etc., *cum multis aliis*." But the "*multis aliis*" can scarcely include the cutting of corns; and there are dozens of "professors of chiropody." It does not include the scientific manipulation of the razor; yet our "tonsorial professors" set out their neatly painted poles in almost every block. The new schoolmaster assuredly blacks no boots but his own; but there are a vast number of "professors" of the Italian school who come from sunny Naples to make our shoe leather resplendent.

Indeed, that "*cum multis aliis*," when applied to the new professor, becomes really colossal in its amplitude. The learning re-

Digitized by Google

quired of the man is simply startling. He must indeed "drink deep the Pierian spring." Chemistry and pneumatics? Nonsense! He must be able to entertain a crowd at a summer resort with legerdemain and card tricks. At the circus he must be able to turn handsprings on the back of a race horse, to train mice to pull chariots and elephants to waltz. "He puts his head in the lion's mouth and keeps it there a while, and when he takes it out again he greets you with a smile." He gives banjo lessons at fifty cents an hour. He teaches "ladies and gents" to waltz. He goes up in a balloon and comes down with a parachute. He swallows swords, fire, and glass, and walks on the tight rope and the ceiling with equal indifference. At Coney Island he tells your fortune and mixes your lemonade. He will rid your cellar of rats, or box you ten rounds for a purse of one hundred dollars and side bets. He examines your cranial protuberances and manicures your nails. He teaches anything in the world except Greek and mathematics.

Can Charles Lamb produce a schoolmaster who can do even one of all these things? We can show "professors" in such numbers that they would have to be counted like Xerxes' army. And no wonder; the title has virtually become a fad. It is true, and all "professors" fully realize it, that when John Jones comes to town he plays to empty houses, while Professor Alfieri Barbarino puts camp chairs in the aisles.

A DUBIOUS DECORATION.

A sad token of the utter degeneracy of our modern maidens, as well as of the corrupted morals of our youths, is to be found in the poker chip fad.

No longer will the *billet doux* tied with faded ribbon, the silver heart, or the spray of pressed and withered blossoms, appeal to the feminine mind. The little disk of ivory has done away with all that. The heart's pride and eye's delight of the *fin de siècle* damsel is a collection that is as unique as it is useless. Not every chip is by any means eligible for admission to my lady's favor. The conditions are as rigid, the rules as strict, as those which grace the bylaws of the Colonial Dames. From each small circle must hang a tale of alternate hopes and fears, expectations, woe, victory or defeat; and the more intricate and exciting the tale, the higher place does the souvenir hold in the owner's estimation. Only chips that have "really and truly" represented money value will she have, and she demands a certificate with each one to the effect that it has seen hard fighting. It must also bear the donor's autograph. The pierced heart is a symbol quite out of date, and it looks as if Cupid would have to turn gambler in order to win a smile or glance from his true love's eyes.

Incidentally, we may caution the donors of these little trophies to be careful upon whom they bestow them. Placed in untrustworthy hands, they might be turned to sinister ends. Jealousy or treachery—alas that such qualities should exist, but they do exist—might twist them into silent witnesses of midnight revels and giddy hours spent with "the boys." They might be used to break the heart of some trusting fair one, to call down the paternal wrath upon some callow pate, and to set maternal tears flowing in copious but unavailing streams.

THE RESTORATION OF THE OPAL.

Now and again there are signs that superstition is on the wane. The opal, long tabooed because of its supposed unlucky qualities, is reported by the dealers in gems to be once more selling well; and with this information comes what purports to be the true story how so beautiful a stone first suffered ostracism. It seems that a Belgian jeweler, finding a great demand for opals in Brussels, sent one of his salesmen to London to purchase a supply. On arriving there, the emissary found to his chagrin that the object of his quest was the most popular gem in the English capital, and that its price was proportionately large. Forthwith he conceived the story that opals brought bad luck, and circulated it diligently, with the surprising result that the much sought stones came to be sedulously avoided, and that their price rapidly declined. In the course of two months opals were selling in London for about a third of the amount previously asked for them, and the astute Belgian promptly bought up all that were to be had. Before the superstition he had started had time to reach the continent, he had delivered the jewels to his chief, and the firm had placed them upon the market and reaped a mammoth profit on the transaction.

The belief in the ill starred fortunes of an opal's owner grew greatly and brought forth fruit a hundred fold. For twenty years past the stone has been well nigh unsalable, in spite of its beauty. Now some one has unearthed, or more probably invented, the story of the Belgian speculator, and the pendulum of popular sentiment has began to swing in the opposite direction.

It remains for us to lament that we did not take advantage of the superstition and lay in some hundreds of opals at "sacrifice prices." Now we might be selling them at a profit of one hundred per cent! Such a fad has its speculative side, and might well tempt the commercial gambler were it not for the utter impossibility of foreseeing the vagaries of the popular taste.

A TIMELY WARNING.

It would seem that the next thing to expect is Congreve and Wycherly on drawing room tables. We have had the swearing girl, the slangy girl, and the smoking girl, but it was reserved for today to give us the girl who tells stories "with a point."

About the time of the "Heavenly Twins" nonsense, girls in society began talking about

Digitized by Google

everything under the sun, and some of the things under the moon, but they looked grave and half scared while they did it. They reminded a listener of the little girl of an earlier generation who, having heard of hair oil, smeared her elfin locks with the deservedly popular product of the cod's liver.

"Didn't it make you sick?" her mother asked as she washed it off.

"Yes," the culprit sobbed, "but I thought it was fashionable to smell that way."

The story telling girl starts in with a reckless air, and a general atmosphere of knowing what she is about. She is not discussing any system of philosophy or any of the social questions; she is exercising her wit or her sense of humor. She is not impelled by any desire to set right the problems of her time; she simply seeks the tickling of her fancy. There is no denying the fact that sometimes her stories are clever and original; but as long as they come from between rosy lips and under bright eyes, we are justified in expecting them to be full of the purity of maidenhood, and alas, they do not always carry out our expectations.

We hope and believe that these symptoms are merely temporary, and that they only need be pointed out in order to be discountenanced and done away. We should not like to think that modern society was going back to the days of Charles the Second, or to that earlier fairy tale time when the bewitched princess opened her lovely mouth, and snakes and toads fell out.

SEEING NEW YORK.

It has often been said that the friends one sees least frequently are those who live next door, and that parishioners who live nearest to the church are always late in arriving. Upon the same principle, it is a fact that any one who has been abroad is more familiar with the "sights" of London or Paris than with those of his native city. Familiarity breeds contempt, while distance lends interest as well as enchantment. We never thoroughly know the ins and outs of our own town until it becomes necessary to pilot a pilgrim and a stranger.

With the sole exceptions of Paris and Cairo, New York is the most cosmopolitan city in the world, and from the point of view of today the one best worth seeing. Here are domiciled representatives of all races, divided into "quarters" like wild animals duly classified in a zoölogical garden; here are products from every corner of the globe, and strange customs but little modified by transplanting. Any article made in the world can be found in New York, if one knows where to go and has the money to pay for it. And in addition there are a myriad points of historical interest to be found, bricked about and hidden by factories, office buildings, and the mammoth apartment houses of the new régime.

An appreciation of these facts has led to the formation of a novel club, which rejoices in the name of the "Stay at Home Travelers," and which has started a fad for learning to know New York before seeking novelty in other lands. The "travelers" are young bachelors with plenty of almighty dollars and nothing in particular to do, and they are much pleased with their new hobby. The warm nights of summer have found them dining at some small bohemian restaurant—for when Mr. Ford says that there is no Bohemia in America, it only goes to prove that even Jove will nod now and again. The meal finished, a tour of the Bowery or a visit to the Chinese theater is in order. And what the "Travelers" do systematically, other inquisitive people do as enthusiastically, if less regularly. Mott Street has seen many of these society dinners, and the goddess on Bedloe's Island, the Poe Cottage, or the purlieus around "the Bend," have had a novel sensation in beholding men of the Four Hundred among their visitors. One learns much nowadays by following the prevailing fad. Sometimes there are broken heads as a result of over enthusiastic foraging for new experiences, but we must take some risks in life, particularly if we desire to eat with chopsticks and learn "how the other half lives."

THE SYMBOLISM OF PERFUMERY.

The language of flowers, dear to the hearts of our romantically inclined forebears, cannot for a moment compete, in interest and importance, with the lately invented language of perfumes. By this not only may courtships be conducted in a secret and romantic way, but character may be read as infallibly as by the art of palmistry. So much, at least, the devotees of the perfume fad claim for their hobby. It appears that one's favorite perfume is not a matter of whim, but the outcome of destiny's machinations. We do not prefer violet extract simply by accident, but because our dispositions are modest, and we can no more help buying the perfume symbolic of modesty than we can help dying when the appointed day comes round. Such is the theory that some ingenious mind has evolved. It may be true, and again it may not: but one of the advantages of the fad is that it is not necessarily founded upon verity.

Consider, too, how charmingly romantic a courtship must needs be that is carried on by means of perfumes! Handkerchiefs become message bearers, and a row of scent bottles holds a whole vocabulary of vows and endearing names. Under the very noses of stern and disapproving parents the perfume faddist may woo his lady love, for in such a case of what use are noses unless they are reinforced by the gift of interpretation? Who is to discover that when Phyllis flirts her handkerchief before Corydon she is saying, "I will meet you at the garden gate at twelve." There are infinite possibilities in the idea, and it has all the fascination of invisible ink or cipher correspondence.

Neither is there the slightest excuse for being deceived in the characters of one's

Digitized by Google

friends. "Follow your nose," says the old proverb, and latter day faddism supplies it with a new significance. Beware of the woman that uses musk; she is extravagant, shallow, and heartless. Avoid also the girl with a circumambient aroma of heliotrope; she is jealous, revengeful, and unforgiving. But when you shall chance upon the maiden who affects violet, or orris, grapple her to your soul with hooks of steel, for she is a pearl of great price, modest, affectionate, and faithful.

All in all, this is the most important discovery since Ignatius Donnelly found out that Bacon wrote Shakspere, and Darius Green invented his flying machine.

CONCERNING CAMEOS.

The miniature fad's hold upon society has been materially weakened by a newly arisen craze for cameos. The singularly beautiful creations of the Italian cameo cutters were immensely popular twenty or thirty years ago, but they have long been strangers to fashion's jewel casket. Lately some one has "discovered" them, and once more they are coming into vogue, with a new claim, moreover, upon popularity. The cameos which our mothers have stowed away as souvenirs of girlhood are for the most part heads of Minerva, Mercury, or Apollo, but the latter day cameo seeks recognition on the score of being a family portrait. It is this, probably, that has elevated it to the dignity of a contemporary fad. We have had oil, pastel, water color, miniature portraits, marble busts, and a thousand varieties of photographs, but counterfeit presentments of this kind are distinctly new, extremely attractive, and, it may be added, delightfully expensive.

The work is done either from a photograph or directly from life, and the results obtained in some instances have been remarkably fetching. In cameos, as in portraits, of course, the beauty depends primarily upon the original. Capricious fate has seen fit to bestow upon many inoffensive people faces which even a cameo cutter cannot make attractive. It is the better part of these to shun the fad. A plain featured person's portrait in cameo is an accurate imitation of the soap babies with which the novelty shops have made us familiar, or the "mobile countenance" of the rubber head gaping hideously in the hands of a street fakir.

The ideal cameo head is the classic Greek type, with regular profile. Strength of feature is a quality that suits this medium, and many of the most effective portraits we have seen have been reproductions of the bearded physiognomies of men.

Set in gold or pearls, and worn as a chatelaine or a belt buckle, the cameo portrait is as stunning as it is unique. Some of them have developed additional beauty when framed in black and hung where it is possible for the light to shine through them.

It is quite probable that the craze for portrait cameos may accomplish a revival of the cameo proper. Everything is revived sooner or later. We have resurrected our Delft and our old fashioned furniture, our colonial china, our daguerreotypes and our fobs. Presently we shall be burrowing for our cameos, which a year or so ago were denounced as monstrosities. After all, fashion revolves in a very small orbit.

BAREFOOT CRANKS.

When the "cure" craze attacks the human brain, it is utterly impossible to determine where it is to stop. Some weeks ago the daily papers published a letter from one of the devotees of the barefoot craze, asking that he and his friends should be permitted to walk without shoes or stockings upon the grass of the public parks at the hours when the dew lies thereon. The unprejudiced outsider can hardly realize that such a performance can, even by the wildest imagination, be considered beneficial to the health, yet this is not all. Last winter a familiar figure in Central Park was a man who regaled himself daily with a barefoot stroll in the snow. Crowds of delighted spectators used to assemble to watch this unique act, but the eccentric pedestrian was by no means disconcerted by surveillance, and cheerfully grasped the opportunity of imparting his views on hygiene to the onlookers in what the reporters would call "a few well chosen sentences."

Now the momentous question has arisen, shall we or shall we not allow our public lawns to be invaded by a host of barefoot faddists? It is all very well to give them *carte blanche* so far as snow drifts are concerned. We have snow enough and to spare; but urban dew is scarce and valuable, and we think it should be allowed to remain where it belongs rather than to be absorbed through the pedal extremities of the Kneipp believers. How about mud? We have heard that it is extremely salutary, and every city has an unlimited supply. Why not let these enthusiasts parade through our argillaceous thoroughfares, and leave the dew in peace?

We believe that all men were created free and equal, and that all have equal rights. We have observed with pleasure that a protest has been submitted against watering the streets in summer because bicycle wheels slip on the wet asphalt, and against clearing away snow and slush in winter because one ninth of one per cent of the population possess sleighs and want to use them. The eternal principle of human brotherhood demands that those of us who do not ride wheels or own sleighs should submit to dust and wet shoes in order that certain classes of privileged people should enjoy themselves. And if such rights are to be accorded to rubber tires and steel runners, why neglect the barefoot walkers?

All that now remains is to have Fifth Avenue evenly sodded and sprinkled three times a day with artificial dew. Then the devotees of the barefoot fad can walk to and from their offices in sweet content of mind

Digitized by Google

ETCHINGS

CONCLUSIONS.

THERE are bipeds in society whose souls are still on all fours.

We fear what we do not understand, and we hate it because it may be stronger than we.

A man is more than the sum of his attributes.

Hardness is unprincipled sternness.

It is only the innocent that can make no plausible defense.

It should be borne in mind that ten people together are ten times as stupid as one person.

He who says of anything human "This is final," has still the heart of youth within him.

Evidence may convict, but evidence alone does not convince.

We blame our neighbor for not practising virtues of whose very existence he is perhaps quite unconscious—a state of things which might be remedied by a few object lessons on our part, given without intimation of their being part of an educational process.

After all our boasting, there has been but one true cosmopolitan—the man of Galilee.

Lois Neal.

GOLDEN ROD.

A BEGGAR prince, a royal vagabond,
  Gladdening the roadsides with his presence gay;
A rebel from Queen Summer's gentle rule,
  He cheers usurping Autumn on his way.

Arthur Ketchum.

IN THE LANE.

I MET her in the autumn tinted lane—
  A spot embowered by oak trees gnarled and hoary;
The west wind cooed a gentle, sad refrain
  As I bent low to tell my tender story.

The splendor of the sky, the tinted trees,
  The brown burnt grasses, and the hillsides sober,
Even the ripple of that vagrant breeze,
  Filled up the measure of supreme October.

I saw the birds belated on their way
  Facing the southern haunts they dreamed of winning;
Windrows of leaves were heaped in high array,
  And some in groups were downward idly spinning.

Soft ran the runnel on its pebbled course,
  Without a note to jar the calm quiescence;
The spring pulse it once felt had lost its force
  As life at last parts with its effervescence.

Sweet faced Medora, on a moss rocked seat,
  The youthfulest was amidst things gay and sober:
It seemed as if some fairy's antic feat
  Had May invoked to match the still October.

And so, while nature held its passing breath,
  Amidst rich garniture of gloom and glory,
We voiced the troth that has no end till death,
  The sweet, familiar, old time, endless story.

Joel Benton.

THE NEW BIRTH.

ABOVE the roar of the city's mart
  And the groans of a sin sick world,
Where man fights man, and man fights God,
  'Neath the flag of hate unfurled,

Comes the glad, clear cry of a heart new purged,
  All earthly dross above;
The triumphant shout of a soul new born—
  New born in the kingdom of love.

Anthony Wilson.

MY LADY'S GOWN.

My lady's gown is gray and soft;
  So like her eyes
That from its silken folds there comes
  A hint of Paradise.
I hold it close against my heart—
  My lady's gown!

The while she hummed a little song
  I saw her lay
This bit of lace around her throat;
  Dear eyes of gray.
So serious in fashioning
  My lady's gown.

My lady's gown is folded now;
  The knot of blue
Upon her breast is passing sweet
  With lavender and rue;
It brings me dreams of bygone days:
  My lady's gown.

Today I see the little gown
  With brimming eyes,
For out beneath the grass grown hill
  My lady lies;
And with despairing sobs, I kiss
  My lady's gown.

Myrtle Reed.

THE HOUSE IS STILL.

THE house is still. I never knew
  How deep was silence's voice before;
From room to room her words come in,
  And echo back from floor to floor.
When all the house was filled with sound
  Of song and word and laugh and shout,
I listened careless of them all,
  And never singled any out.

Digitized by Google

But now, ah me!—the house is still,
And now the din has died away;
One voice, one step, come back to me,
And haunt the silence of the day.
If but that voice upon the air,
If but that step upon the sill!
Ah, love! I heard not mine own heart
Nor thine—until the house was still.

J. D. Penniman.

THE NANCY'S PRIDE.

On the long slow heave of a lazy sea,
To the flap of an idle sail,
The Nancy's Pride went out on the tide;
And the skipper stood by the rail.

All down, all down by the sleepy town,
With the hollyhocks a-row
In the little poppy gardens,
The sea had her in tow.

They let her slip by the breathing rip,
Where the bell is never still,
And over the sounding harbor bar,
And under the harbor hill.

She melted into the dreaming noon,
Out of the drowsy land,
In sight of a flag of goldy hair,
To the kiss of a girlish hand.

For the lass who hailed the lad who sailed,
Was—who but his April bride?
And of all the fleet of Grand Latite,
Her pride was the Nancy's Pride.

So the little vessel faded down
With her creaking boom a-swing,
Till a wind from the deep came up with a creep,
And caught her wing and wing.

She made for the lost horizon line,
Where the clouds a-castled lay,
While the boil and seethe of the open sea
Hung on her frothing way.

She lifted her hull like a breasting gull
Where the rolling valleys be,
And dipped where the shining porpoises
Cut plowshares through the sea.

A fading sail on the far sea line,
About the turn of the tide,
As she made for the Banks on her maiden cruise,
Was the last of the Nancy's Pride.

Today a boy with goldy hair,
In a garden of Grand Latite,
From his mother's knee looks out to sea
For the coming of the fleet.

They all may home on a sleepy tide,
To the flap of the idle sail;
But it's never again the Nancy's Pride
That answers a human hail.

They all may home on a sleepy tide
To the sag of an idle sheet;
But it's never again the Nancy's Pride
That draws men down the street.

On the Banks tonight a fearsome sight
The fishermen behold,
Keeping the ghost watch in the moon
When the small hours are cold.

When the light wind veers, and the white fog clears,
They see by the after rail
An unknown schooner creeping up
With mildewed spar and sail.

Her crew lean forth by the rotting shrouds,
With the Judgment in their face;
And to their mates' "God save you!"
Have never a word of grace.

Then into the gray they sheer away,
On the awful polar tide;
And the sailors know they have seen the wraith
Of the missing Nancy's Pride.

Bliss Carman.

A MEMORY.

When I kissed you on the stair,
The perfume
Of the roses in your hair,
Drifted swooning on the air
Through the gloom:
And your sighs, and your eyes,
Soft as any doves,
Whispered you were nearest,
Told me you were dearest,
Of my loves!

When I kissed you on the stair,
On my heart
Lay a heavy weight of care,
For I knew that then and there
We must part;
Far away, are you gay,
And do you forget?
While the witching memory lingers,
Of your cool, caressing fingers,
With me yet.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

GOOD BY.

Good by, my love; though multitudes of years
And miles and faces come between us twain,
Though I should never hear your voice again,
Still are you mine, mine, mine! Not by my tears—
You never made them flow; nor by my fears,
For I was fearless born; but by the rain
Of joys that turned to seas of sunny grain
This heart that showed aforetime slender spears.

Now on my clouded day of life shall come
No loss. The streams of gold that poured from suns
Unseen have turned to gold this harvest heart;
I am all sunlight colored, and the sum
Of bygone happiness that through me runs
Will make you mine forever, though apart.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Digitized by Google

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

A CENTENARY AND AN EPIDEMIC.

THERE was celebrated recently in an English village the centenary of one of the most beneficent discoveries science has ever made. It is a hundred years since Jenner announced the result of his patient experiments with vaccination as a preventive of smallpox—an announcement which gained for an obscure country doctor a place in history, and heralded the conquest of a disease that had been mankind's most dreaded scourge.

It was a remarkable coincidence that at the time of this centennial, the mysterious hand of fate or Providence should have brought about, in the same English county, a striking proof of the value of Jenner's discovery, and a fearful rebuke to the recalcitrant minority who have protested against compulsory vaccination. These objectors, in England, have taken the high ground of personal liberty, and have declared that the government has no right to prevent them from spreading disease among their neighbors if they choose to do so. Like sundry other quirks and quibbles, the question has appeared in politics here and there, notably in the old city of Gloucester, where the municipal authorities had for some years declined to enforce the precautionary regulations. This year, as a result, they had to face a violent outbreak of the disease. In a population of forty thousand there were four or five thousand cases, and the percentage of deaths was high. Meanwhile other English towns, where vaccination is universal, remained practically exempt, as usual. It is pleasing to learn that the Gloucester anti vaccinationists have recanted almost en masse, and have flocked to the local doctors to be inoculated with Jenner's serum.

Every accepted doctrine has its foes. It is the very fact that Jenner's invention has proved so effectual, and has almost banished smallpox from the civilized world, that gives its detractors courage to lift up their voices against it. If object lessons like the Gloucester epidemic were more frequent, their protests would be few and far between.

NEWSPAPER SCIENCE.

WE are rapidly reaching a point where it will be almost impossible to impress the public with a new discovery. It would be so already, if nature did not possess wonders of which the finite and hampered mind of man cannot conceive. The sensational newspapers, in their eagerness for something new and striking, are feeding the minds of the people upon a diet that makes the plain truth seem flat and stale. A boy who goes to school finds little pleasure in the study of natural philosophy, however beautiful the experiments that may be set before him. To him they sound stupid and old fashioned. He is not incited to improve in some small degree upon the results of the principles he learns. The Sunday newspapers have taught him that such marvels as have already been achieved are far beyond the wildest dreams of his own fancy. If he could perchance do some small thing, it would not bring him fame, he imagines; it would be belittled by the tremendous stories that have been copied far and wide, and insisted upon as facts. Nikola Tesla, experimenting and making his machines as a school boy, had not been taught by a Sunday newspaper that his work had all been better done before.

But the worst results of these ridiculous tales is in the effect upon the scientific men who realize their fallacy. Professor Koch in Germany was one of the most bitter sufferers, although every man of science is his brother in this affliction. He discovered a possible destroyer of tuberculosis germs, and with a generous hand gave out to his fellow experimenters the results of his labors. He was immediately advertised as a wonder worker who could cure consumption. Quacks and charlatans recklessly exploited themselves along the line of his conservative theories, and he was brought into actual disrepute. The next time he finds himself on the border land of a great truth, he will keep it to himself. Scientific men are growing to have a horror of seeing themselves in print. They refuse information which might be invaluable to other experimenters, because they fear to be themselves set up as claiming impossibilities. "Newspaper scientist" is a term of reproach among them now.

ON ORATORY.

THE secret of stirring the emotions of a crowd is as little understood as are the mysterious impulses that stampede cattle. Sometimes we see the most finished orator arise to speak upon a subject which in itself should be a passport to the instant favor and attention of his hearers, and yet the message passes away unheeded. At another time a mediocre speaker will strike the right note, and a great multitude will vibrate to it. We know that when an army crosses a bridge the ranks break step, that the vibration may not destroy a structure which could bear many times the weight of the marching men. It is something the same way with crowds. They fall under the spell of a sort of rhythm.

The orator must be an actor who knows how to tune himself and his sentences to the middle notes which all men possess in common, and then, once gaining his listeners, to lead them on to any point he chooses. When he can combine this ability with wisdom and statesmanship he becomes a great man, but he often gains reputation through reciting the

Digitized by Google

ideas of other people. In many cases the first channel through which an idea is sent fails as a medium for reaching the people. When it is revived and trumpeted forth by a more forceful or more fortunate orator, it has all the effect of originality.

That oratory depends in a measure upon the mental condition of the listeners has been proven over and over again. A congregation of many minds, all thinking upon the same subject, has been the foundation of strange experiments. The "children's crusade," which destroyed the flower of France in the middle ages, was one of these waves of feeling, incomprehensible to those they control, which arise from this same human source. We are reminded of such historical instances by the events of the past few months in our own country. A man has been nominated for the greatest office in America by a convention brought to a high pitch of enthusiasm by a speech which had, in substance, been delivered before to a cold audience. The other day, at a Maine camp meeting, staid, sensible people were so excited by the speech of a foreign missionary, who told them nothing they did not already know, that they gave away their last pennies, and stripped themselves of jewels, to donate to a cause which had been familiar to them all their lives.

The study of oratory should be regarded as a scientific pursuit. The man who makes public speaking an exact science, and who learns how to run the scale until he strikes the dominant note, may have incalculable power over his fellow men. Without this careful study, eloquence ranks as an intermittent and almost fortuitous gift, like that of the hypnotist.

A BLOT ON MODERN CIVILIZATION.

MAN is an unaccountable creature. To express the same idea in more dignified language, the social philosopher is continually stumbling over facts that refuse to harmonize with his best constructed theories. Why, for instance, amid the improved conditions of modern life, with all our material progress and prosperity, with the spread of education, with the development of industry, with the diminution of crimes of violence, should suicide apparently be on the increase?

In Great Britain, where an official record has been carefully kept, the number of suicides has for years been growing, slowly but steadily. Last year the figures were 2,764, against 2,472 in 1894. In America, self murder is less common—a fact that may be regarded as testifying that opportunity is more abundant, and despair less frequent, in the great young republic than in the mother country. A report which may or may not be entirely accurate, gives 8 226 as the total for the six years from 1882 to 1887. In many of the European countries, on the other hand, the rate exceeds that of England, running from twice as much in France and Prussia, to four times as much in Saxony and Denmark. It is significant, too, that the figures reach their highest point in the great cities, where modern conditions are most fully developed. The worst showing is made by Berlin, Paris, and Dresden, whose suicides are from 36 to 51 in each 100,000 inhabitants.

There are theorists who conditionally approve self destruction, and who should logically be pleased, rather than disquieted, by its prevalence. Their view, however, is countenanced by few, and is condemned as a paradox by the vast majority. Explanations for the frequency of suicide can of course be found. It may be compared with the increase of insanity, and set down as a symptom of degeneracy, of neurosis, or of some other newly identified modern ailment. But most people will wonder why, when life is continually made more worth living, so many should, in spite of man's instinctive horror of extinction, be determined to abandon it?

A WARNING TO THE PUBLIC.

FROM letters recently received we learn that swindlers have been at work in Illinois, Colorado, and some other States, representing themselves as agents for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and taking money which of course never reaches this office. Sometimes they offer the magazine at a reduced rate, sometimes they promise pictures as premiums to subscribers; and unfortunately they seem to have deceived a good many people.

MUNSEY'S never offers premiums. In giving a year's subscription to this magazine for a dollar, we make an offer that does not need to be bolstered up with chromos. We employ no canvassers. Every month we print a notice warning the public against subscribing through agents not personally known to the subscriber. Any one who is victimized has only himself to blame. At the same time, it causes us no little regret and annoyance to hear of the frauds practised by unscrupulous men trading upon the popularity of MUNSEY'S, and we should be pleased to learn that the swindlers have been arrested and punished.

SOME time ago a story called "Sara Crewe's Little Game" was sent us, in manuscript, by a correspondent who signed himself or herself "Grace Stuart Reid, 310 North Carolina Avenue, Washington, D. C." We liked the story well enough to accept and publish it, and it appeared in our last number. It was printed and issued when we discovered that it was practically a copy of a story by Margaret Sutton Briscoe, published in *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1895.

This incident—an incident against which no editor can be entirely safe, for no editor can be familiar with the whole field of contemporary literature—puts us in the position of owing an apology to our readers, to the Messrs. Harper, and to Miss Briscoe. That apology we hereby tender most frankly.

It puts Grace Stuart Reid in a position on which extended comment is unnecessary.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"Chrysanthemums."

From the painting by Esman Semenowsky.

Digitized by Google

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI. NOVEMBER, 1896. No. 2.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

NOTES UPON CONTEMPORARY EVENTS IN THE WORLD OF BRUSH AND PALETTE, WITH A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS OF REPRESENTATIVE PAINTINGS.

THE DEATH OF TWO PRESIDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

This year will probably see three presidents of the Royal Academy, as the election of a successor to Leighton and Millais is to be held this month. The supply of worthy names is not very large. Most people would name Watts, Alma Tadema, and Herkomer as the Academy's foremost artists. Of these three, Mr. Watts is a very old man in precarious health, and the other two are foreigners by birth—an objection more potent in England than it would be with us. Mr. Orchardson—best known for his "Napoleon on board the Bellerophon"—has declined to be a candidate, also on the ground of ill health. Luke Fildes and Marcus Stone are probably the two most likely competitors. Others mentioned for the post are Briton Riviere, the animal painter; Poynter, who is now at the head of the National Gallery; and Val Prinsep,

"A November Snow."

From the painting by Louis Apol.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"An Autumn Song."

From the painting by C. von Bedenhausen—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

who has immortalized various official occasions with canvases remarkable rather for size than merit.

Some Americans might rise to remark that Sargent, our compatriot—for we continue to claim him as such—is as good a portrait painter as Fildes, and equally deserving of honor He is not in the running,

Digitized by Google

"A Flower of the Sea Shore."

From the painting by Ludovic Mouchet.

Digitized by Google

"Girlhood"
From the painting by Claudie.

however, for the reason that he is only an associate of the Academy, and that none but full fledged Academicians are eligible to the presidency. Yet the office has been held by one American—Benjamin West—and it is not impossible that some day history may repeat itself.

The coming winter exhibition at the Academy's galleries in Burlington House is likely to consist of works by the two lately deceased presidents.

CARLYLE AND MILLAIS.

The death of Millais recalled a remark of Thomas Carlyle's, which showed how utterly a mind of the greatest intellectual

Digitized by Google

"A Royal Invalid."

From a photograph by Hanfstaengl after the painting by Otto Erdmann.

Digitized by Google

"Herodiade."

From the painting by Juana Romani.

Digitized by Google

"Let Me Read It!"

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Alonso Perez.

force may lack all appreciation of art. The Chelsea philosopher visited the painter's London house one day, and gazed with surprise at its rich marbles and hangings, its ample rooms and wide stairways, and all its evidences of wealth.

"Has paint done all this?" he bluntly inquired. His host modestly admitted that it had. "Then," the genial sage resumed, "there must be more fools in the world than I thought."

The gentle Scotchman's standpoint was

Digitized by Google

one of sublime—or perhaps ridiculous—contempt for every one's opinion but his own. He cared nothing for art; *ergo*, art was worthless, and its patrons were fools. Fortunately, such dyspeptic self conceit is rare.

STILL THE POSTER.

The poster craze seems to continue on its triumphant way through the civilized world. It originated in France, traveled to England and America, and now we hear of it in Germany. A firm in Leipzig, one of the most important of German publishing centers, last month held a poster competition which attracted still more attention, apparently, than a recent venture of the same sort in New York. The prizes offered aggregated about a thousand dollars, and entry was open to designers of any nationality, the awards being decided by a jury of well known German artists.

About the time when the poster fad dies out here it will be heard of from Kamskatka or Timbuctoo.

A NOVEMBER DAY.

Oh, restless winds that sob and moan amid the leafless trees—
Like petulant complainings of a spirit ill at ease;
That crack and strain in futile wrath within the gloomy wood—
Blow on, blow on, it suits me well to note your bitter mood!

Oh, mimic waves, that beat in strife upon the pebbled shore,
Think you your feeble strength avails that ever failed before?
Laugh on, laugh on, in bitterness; your struggles are in vain—
You cannot pass your narrow bounds, nor wider province gain.

And I, too, long to break the bonds that bind my soul to clay,
And yearn in vain for higher things, for freedom far away;
And ever, like the warring winds, my spirit strives in pain;
I laugh, the laugh of bitterness, at struggles all in vain.

Lee Woodward Zeigler.

Coat of Arms Used by Members of the Dana Family

Dana

PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES.

VII.—THE DANAS.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN FAMILY THAT HAS BEEN PROMINENT IN ALMOST EVERY BRANCH OF POLITICAL AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE—THE LONG LIST OF DANAS WHO HAVE WON FAME AS SOLDIERS, STATESMEN, AUTHORS, SCIENTISTS, JOURNALISTS, JURISTS, AND DIVINES.

AMERICANS do not as a rule pride themselves unduly upon their ancestry, preferring to take credit to themselves for circumstances of their own creation. Yet the pride in a noble ancestral lineage—noble in character and achievements—is of a kind that removes it from the felicitations of mere vanity. For the persistence of certain types of character in a family through generations, and the reappearance of the same qualities, mental and moral, do reveal a phenomenon of heredity analogous to that of the physical world.

Of all American families, there are few that can compare, in the number of men eminent in various spheres, with the Danas. The original Richard Dana, whose name appears in the records of Cambridge, Massachusetts, about 1640—nine years after the town was settled—and who held in turn the offices of constable, surveyor of highways, tythingman, and grand juror, was the progenitor of a long line of descendants. As if to compensate for the obscurity in which his origin and early life are involved, the lives and records of those of his progeny who have perpetuated the family name are interwoven with the very life of the nation. They were soldiers and statesmen; hands that helped to lay the corner stone of the republic; patriots who rallied at Bunker Hill, who responded again to the call of freedom in 1812, and who in our civil war hastened to attest their right to the family name by a display of the heroic spirit of their sires.

The Richard Dana of 1640 was born somewhere between 1612 and 1620. He is generally thought to have been of French descent, and to have emigrated to America from England. It was long believed that all the Danas, entitled to the name by birth, trace their origin from Richard; but this has been dis-

Digitized by Google

covered to be an error. A few Danas were living in England at the time of Richard's appearance here, among them a Richard Dana, baptized in 1617. Their descendants, so far as can be ascertained, have died out. "Hotten's Emigrants" also gives the name of a "Ric. Danes" as sailing from Gravesend for the West Indies in 1635, aged twenty. The surname in the manuscript list at Gravesend looks as much like "Dana" as "Danes," and an effort is now being made to discover what connection, if any, existed between Richard Dana of Cambridge and these contemporaries.

Charles Francis Adams, in his life of R. H. Dana, Jr., conjectures a Piedmontese origin. There were Danas in Italy who rebelled against the dukes of Savoy on account of the salt tax, and fled to escape persecution. But whither they fled is not known; and not a particle of evidence exists to prove that any of them went to England or America. The rebellion, moreover, occurred between 1681 and 1699, nearly fifty years after Richard Dana came to Cambridge.

It is believed by some that this pioneer Dana was of Vaudois origin, and that his father had left France in consequence of the persecution of the Huguenots. But his name appears in America prior to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when the French Protestants were in the enjoyment of toleration; and it seems a more probable conjecture that as the Waldenses used to send delegates from their churches to Holland and England, some Dana may have gone in this capacity to the latter country and decided to settle there. The name is found in France, where it is spelt "Danna." A silver cup was in the possession of Judah Dana, of Maine, which tradition says was brought by the father of Richard Dana from France.

Justice Richard Dana (1700-1772).
From the portrait by Copley.

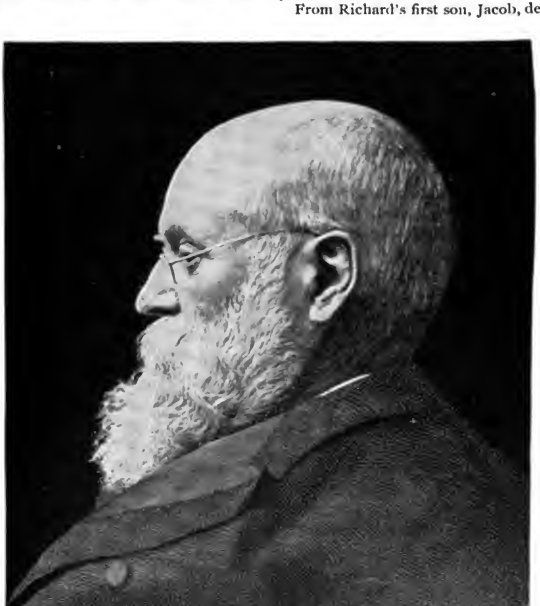
We are on more certain ground when we come to the events in the life of Richard Dana, though Paige, in his "History of Cambridge," says that some of the dates in the records of the Dana births are manifestly wrong. Richard married Anne Bullard, who died, says Paige, "probably July 15, 1711." Both were members of the Cambridge church "in full communion." An old parchment deed exists in which the

Digitized by Google

name Richard has almost disappeared, but "Anna Dana, Her Mark," is to be plainly deciphered. So the mother of all the Danas could not even write her own name, a thing, however, not uncommon at that period.

He was present at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument in 1825, and rode in one of the barouches, attired in the regimentals he had worn fifty years before.

From Richard's first son, Jacob, descends



Charles Anderson Dana, Editor of the New York "Sun."

From a photograph by Cox, New York.

Richard Dana's death is recorded in Sewall's well known "Diary," under the date of April 2, 1720: "Father Dana falls from a scaffold in his barn and dies." He had seven sons and four daughters. A descendant of one of the daughters, Henry Gates, was wounded at Bunker Hill, a ball entering his mouth and coming out at the back of his head, so disfiguring him that he was forever after known as "Twist Mouth."

Charles A. Dana, the veteran journalist who has made the New York *Sun* famous. Anderson Dana, his great grandfather, was a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut, and was killed in the Massacre of Wyoming. Larned, in his "History of Windham County, Connecticut," tells us that "Mrs. Anderson Dana, with her widowed daughter—the bride of a few weeks—and six younger children, toiled

Digitized by Google

back to Ashford, Connecticut, their home, on foot, a distance of three hundred miles, having first the presence of mind to save and bring with her the most valuable public and personal papers belonging to her husband." Among the children who went through this awful experience was little Sylvester Dana, son of Anderson, who later was a classmate of the Rev. Lyman Beecher and Horatio Seymour, at Yale.

Edmund Lovell Dana, another great grandson of Anderson Dana, volunteered for the Mexican War in 1846. He accompanied General Scott into the interior of Mexico, and distinguished himself in the battle of Cerro Gordo, receiving special mention in general orders. He also served in the civil war, and was for ten years judge of the Luzerne County (Pennsylvania) courts. His son, Charles Edmund Dana, is professor of art in the University of Pennsylvania.

A grandson of Benjamin, third son of Richard, was the Rev. Joseph Dana, who was pastor of a church at Ipswich for sixty three years, and followed nine hundred of his parishioners to their graves. He was distinguished for extreme nicety in his observance of social decorum—which is indeed a family characteristic. Sprague, in his "American Pulpits," tells us that on one occasion, when a visitor entered without uncovering, and seated himself without invitation, Mr. Dana left the room, to return with his hat upon his head, and seat himself beside his visitor without uttering a syllable. He was a great admirer of Washington, and sat beside him at a public dinner given to the First President on the occasion of his visit to Ipswich.

Richard H. Dana (1787-1879).
From a photograph by Warren, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Not all the Danas were as ardent in their patriotism, though search reveals but one Tory—an Edmund Dana, who went to England. The Rev. Samuel Dana, however, was dismissed from his pastoral charge at Groton, Massachusetts, because of his advocacy of the policy of non resistance. But the Rev. James Dana, despite suspicion of his heterodoxy on the questions of the Trinity, future punishment, and election, made himself exceedingly popular by his boldly patriotic utterances in favor of the rebellious colonists. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by the University of Edinburgh—probably the first instance of such a tribute to an American minister. He was a man of high character and profound religious convictions, liberalized by the new thought then being born into New England. It was this Dana who, being asked by the ordaining committee what he thought of the doctrines of belief held and declared by his predecessor—doubtless an iron bound confession—answered that they might as well ask him what he thought of the "Pilgrim's Progress" or "Æsop's Fables." Despite this unsatisfactory reply, he was ordained, though without the concurrence of the governing body.

Richard H. Dana, Jr. (1815-1882).
From a photograph by Liebert, Paris.

A story is told of another Dana, Jacob Dana, of Pomfret, who was one of a committee to propound to a clergyman suspected of heresy this tremendous crucial question: "Sir, don't you think a child brings sin enough into the world to damn it forever?" To which the suspected clergyman replied, with appalling frankness, "I do not;" whence followed his immediate deposition!

Digitized by Google

Another grandson of Benjamin, third son of Richard, was Captain William Dana, who was lieutenant, and afterwards captain, of the artillery company of Knox' regiment. Captain William was stationed a mile or two from Charlestown at the battle of Bunker Hill, and received orders from General Putnam to hasten to the field. But it was too late, and he met his countrymen on the Neck on their retreat. After the war he joined the emigration movement headed by the Ohio Company, and settled at Belpre on the Ohio River, twelve miles below Marietta, the first settlement in the Northwest. Following is an extract from a letter in the possession of the captain's descendants. It was written by the captain's wife, Mary Bancroft Dana, in 1790, and addressed to her father. It gives a glimpse of the hardships of early pioneer life:

HONORED SIR:

I have an opportunity to send a few lines by General Putnam, which I gladly embrace to inform you that we still exist. * * * We are as usual sometimes sick and sometimes well; all of us at work for life to get in a way to be comfortable. We are more put to our trumps than ever I expected for bread. There is no corn or flour of any kind to be had. We at present live entirely without (as many of our neighbors do) there being very few potatoes for want of seed. * * * Mr. Dana has worked himself almost to death to get things as he has. He is poor and pale, as is our whole family; but he is perfectly satisfied with what he has done, and depends upon reaping the good of his labor. I have passed through many scenes since I left you, and am still the same contented being, without fear from the natives. * * * It is now eleven at night, and all are at rest. It rains fast, and has for thirty hours; fast as I ever knew it—the river rises and falls at an amazing rate. It grows late, and our house is very wet. Must bid you adieu. Your affectionate daughter,

MARY DANA.

Richard H. Dana, Son of R. H. Dana, Jr.

From a photograph by Notman, Boston.

This heroic pioneer was a remarkable woman. As early as 1810 she predicted that slavery must die, or the nation cease to exist. A story is told illustrative of her conrage. The Danas were friends of the Blennerhassetts, and frequently exchanged visits. When public excitement was at fever heat over the treasonable conspiracy of Burr and Blennerhassett, the latter of whom is generally thought to have been deceived in the character of Burr's enterprise, a crowd of drunken soldiers surrounded Mr. Dana's house, believing Blennerhassett to be concealed within.

Digitized by Google

She would not allow them to enter, and barred the passageway with her person, daring them to carry out their threats to shoot her, and holding them at bay until the arrival of her husband with the farm hands. It should be said that Mr. and Mrs. Dana always believed in the innocence of Blennerhassett.

Another grandson of Richard's third son was Captain James Dana, who was wounded at Bunker Hill. It was this Dana who, having detected a flank movement of the enemy, threatened with death any man who should fire before him, and who on the occasion of the patriotic demonstration in honor of that engagement received from the hands of Washington's aide the flag which had been presented to Putnam's regiment by Connecticut. The young officer bore aloft its honored folds, amid the stirring cheers of the brave fellows who had followed his lead. Being as bashful as he was brave, the captain had shrunk from the honor of this distinction, until urged with bluff good nature by General Putnam. It is said, with how much truth I have been unable to ascertain, that this Captain Dana once saved Washington from capture.

The descendants of Richard's fourth son, Daniel, are a particularly illustrious line. His son, Richard Dana, whose strong, stern face looks out at us from the speaking portrait of Copley, was an eminent jurist and patriot, whose death in 1772 deprived the Revolution of one who would have been in the forefront of the patriots' ranks. Hawthorne, in his "Grandfather's Chair," tells us of the memorable scene under the Liberty Tree, in Boston, on the 17th of December, 1765,

Captain Nathaniel G. Dana, First U. S. Artillery (1825).

From a silhouette owned by his son, General N. J. T. Dana.

Mary Bancroft, Wife of Captain William Dana

From a portrait owned by Henry Dana, of Belmont, Ohio.

when Andrew Oliver made oath before Richard Dana, as magistrate, that he would take no measures to enforce the Stamp Act:

It was a stormy day. The equinoctial gale blew violently, and scattered the yellow leaves of the Liberty Tree all along the street. Mr. Oliver's wig was dripping with water drops, and he probably looked haggard, disconsolate, and humbled to the earth. Beneath the tree, in grandfather's chair—our venerable chair—sat Mr. Richard Dana, a justice of the peace. He administered the oath to Mr. Oliver that he would never have anything to do with distributing the stamps. A vast concourse of people heard the oath, and shouted when it was taken.

"There is something grand in this," said Lawrence. "I like it because the people seem to have acted

Digitized by Google

with thoughtfulness and dignity; and this proud gentleman, one of his majesty's high officers, was made to feel that King George could not protect him in wrong doing."

By affixing his name to the oath of Oliver, Magistrate Dana rendered himself liable to the penalty of treason. The Boston *Post*, in 1772, thus spoke of him after his decease:

Captain Benjamin Dana, an Original Member of the Society of the Cincinnati.

From a contemporary portrait.

He hated flattery; agreeable to the natural severity of his manners, he was a most inveterate enemy of luxury and prodigality; a very sturdy, strenuous, and, it must be confessed, many times a passionate opposer of all those, from the highest to the lowest, but especially the former, who in his judgment were enemies to the civil and religious rights of his country; and he very well understood what those rights were.

Looking at his fine face, we can well believe the truth of this.

The son of this Richard, Francis Dana, was our first minister to Russia, besides serving as chief justice of Massachusetts, and as secretary of legation in Paris, when John Adams was minister there. Many references are made to him in the letters of Mrs. Adams, with whose family he was in intimate association. He was one of the two delegates from Cambridge to the Massachusetts convention, in 1788—Stephen Dana being the other—whose votes were cast in favor of the adoption of the Constitution. Ten years before he had been the head of a Congressional committee charged with the reorganization of the Continental army, which he inspected at Valley Forge early in January, 1788. In June of the same year General Washington submitted a plan of operation to Congress, "to be undertaken with the advice and assistance of Mr. Reed and Mr. Dana, or either of them."

Francis Dana's wife was Elizabeth Ellery, daughter of William Ellery, Signer of the Declaration; and one of their daughters married the painter Washington Allston. Their son, Richard Henry Dana, was one of the founders of the *North American Review*, and the author of "The Buccaneer," which is included in every standard collection of American poetry. He wrote well upon a variety of subjects. Longfellow's "Burial of the Poet" has this reference to him:

In the old churchyard of his native town,
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,
And left him to his rest and his renown.
The snow was falling as if heaven dropped down
White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall;
The dead around him seemed to wake and call
His name as worthy of so white a crown.
And now the moon is shining on the scene,
And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er
With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,
As once the winding sheet of Saladin
With chapters of the Koran; but ah, more
Mysterious and triumphant signs are these.

Richard Henry Dana, and almost all the dead of that branch of the family, sleep in the old Cambridge burial ground; and beside them repose the bones of Washington Allston.

Richard Henry Dana, Jr., his father's still more celebrated son and namesake, author of "Two Years Before the Mast," was particularly fortunate in his biographer, his life having been written by his friend,

Digitized by Google

Charles Francis Adams, with a genuine appreciation of the value of his services to the cause of the anti slavery agitation. He was, like so many of the Danas, an aristocrat with a democratic fiber. He was a natural conservative, with radical contradictions. He strongly disapproved of Garrison's methods, yet he was a defender of the fugitive slave at a crucial period in the movement for human liberty. His oratory was of the old school; it had the frigid polish of Everett's, and was equal to that more famous orator's in the calm, clear dignity and lucid perspicuity of its measured phrases — a very dress parade of language. It was not without its profound effect. His speech in favor of town representation in the Massachusetts convention of 1853, in opposition to Rufus Choate, made him the recipient of many congratulations, Mr. Choate himself saying, "It is such a speech as one hears once in an age."

Captain Nathaniel G. Dana.

From a portrait owned by his son, General N. J. T. Dana.

Mr. Dana's campaign against Benjamin F. Butler for Congress resulted in his overwhelming defeat at the hands of that picturesque politician. Mr. Butler entered the canvas as an avowed advocate of repudiation. In his autobiography he thus refers to the episode:

> The people gathered around me; the bondholders gathered around him. It was evident that if he could not get the people away from me his votes would be scarce. He himself claimed to be of the aristocratic class in Massachusetts, and he attempted in his speeches to put himself on a level with the common people for the purpose of getting their votes; and his efforts afforded me infinite amusement as I replied to him.

Aristocrat though Butler accused him of being, Dana was perhaps a truer democrat than many who take the name. Proud as he was of his ancestry, he had worthily sustained its traditions by giving to international law disquisitions of the utmost value, to the cause of freedom an eloquent plea, and to imaginative literature a book that will outlive the ephemeral products of his generation. "Two Years Before the Mast" is a perfect picture of the life of the forecastle and quarterdeck. It has aroused the enthusiastic admiration of so good a judge as Clark Russell, himself a master of the sea story. There is small doubt, now, that though the full and deserved measure of success never came to its author — a fact of which he was proudly and perhaps somewhat sorely conscious—he was one of the great Americans of his day, and missed recognition as such by the narrowest of accidents. The most serious disappointment of his life came to him when the Senate rejected his nomination by President Grant as minister to England, an office which he was well fitted to adorn. The rejection was brought about largely through the persistent intervention of Benjamin F. Butler, who had never forgiven his political opponent. Mr. Dana died in Rome, and his bones were laid in the Protestant Cemetery of Porta Pia, near those of Shelley and Keats.

His son, the third Richard Henry Dana, a well known Boston lawyer and reformer, a former stroke oar and captain of the Harvard crew, married a daughter of Long-

Digitized by Google

William B. Dana, Editor of the "Financial Chronicle."
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

whose greatness of character and loftiness of purpose bore some likeness to the majesty of his themes—the revelation of God in the rocks, and the history of the onward march of man so strangely ciphered in the hieroglyphics of the earth's strata. His first work was published when he was twenty four, his last at eighty two. His son, Edward Salisbury Dana, has followed worthily in the footsteps of his more eminent father, and has made many exceedingly valuable contributions to our knowledge of natural science. William B. Dana, a younger brother of James Dwight Dana, has been for years the editor of the *Financial Chronicle*, a paper which has exercised a potent influence in the world of American finance.

Mention ought not to be omitted of the Rev. Daniel Dana, who was president of Dartmouth College in the early part of the present century; of Professor James Freeman Dana, the chemist, and of his brother, Samuel Luther Dana, who was an officer of artillery in the war of 1812, and afterwards published a number of scientific works; of another Daniel Dana, Charles A. Dana's

fellow. It was his hand that drew the Australian ballot law of Massachusetts, the first bill of its kind to pass in the United States, and one that marked an era in the history of electoral reform. He is also president of the New England Conservatory of Music.

There are many more descendants of the original Richard Dana of Cambridge whose names and achievements are part of our history. We have already mentioned Charles A. Dana, whose career, from the time when he edited the *Harbinger*, and from his active participation in the Brook Farm experiment, to his important work as assistant secretary of war, under Lincoln, and to his prominence in metropolitan journalism, is sufficiently familiar. But there are other Danas who in other departments have won as large a fame. James Dwight Dana, the geologist—a name better known to the world at large than that of any other Dana—was a calm, noble, indefatigable student of nature,

The Rev. Stephen Winchester Dana, D. D. of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, of Philadelphia.
From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

Digitized by Google

grandfather, who was judge and member of the Vermont Legislature; of Israel Thorndike Dana, author of a number of medical works, and connected with the Medical School of Maine, and later with Bowdoin College; of Samuel Whittesley Dana, United States Senator from Connecticut; of Judge Judah Dana, United States Senator from Maine; of his son, John Winchester Dana, governor of that State from 1847 to 1850; and of S. Dana Green of the Monitor, to whom, perhaps, it will appear that full justice has not been done when it is remembered that early in the conflict with the Merrimac Worden was disabled, the command thereupon devolving upon young Green, then only in his twenty second year.

General Napoleon Jackson Tecumseh Dana.
From a photograph taken during the war.

Among the Danas in the civil war were Captain Newell B. Dana, who enlisted when only nineteen years of age in the Fourth Iowa Cavalry, and was at the siege of Vicksburg; and his cousin Frederick Foster Dana, who enlisted at eighteen in the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, marched with Sherman to the sea, and was one of the guard that conducted Jefferson Davis to Atlanta. Better known than these is General Napoleon Jackson Tecumseh Dana—quite worthy of all these fighting names—who was created a brevet captain "for gallant and meritorious conduct" at the battle of Cerro Gordo (in which conflict, as already noted, another Dana distinguished himself) and rose to a major generalship of volunteers in the civil war. General Dana is still living, his body scarred by more than one hard conflict, for he was wounded at Antietam as well as at Cerro Gordo.

General James Jackson Dana, a cousin of General N. J. T. Dana, fought in the Seminole war, and was at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. He, too, is still living, full of years.

The coat of arms which appears at the head of this article is in use among certain members of the Dana family who are perhaps not informed as to its history. It is certain that the Danas have no proper title to it. These bearings were granted by Queen Elizabeth to a William Dane of Hertfordshire, who was sheriff of Middlesex and alderman of London. It is conjectured that some Dana, on application to the Heralds' College, which in times past

Digitized by Google

Edward Salisbury Dana, Professor of Physics at Yale.
From a photograph by Park, New York.

was careless in such matters, received the coat of arms belonging to the name most closely resembling his own. The motto, "Cavendo tutus" ("Safe by being cautious") is the same as that of the English family of Cavendish, whose head bears the title of Duke of Devonshire.

There are other Revolutionary Danas than those we have named. Among these were Captain Benjamin Dana, who was in Sullivan's campaign in Rhode Island, and was one of the original members of the Society of the Cincinnati; Thomas Dana, one of the Roxbury minute men, who is supposed to have been one of the Boston Tea Party. His brothers in law, Thomas and Ezekiel Williams, were certainly concerned in this famous entertainment, though it is very difficult to say just who were the members of the Tea Party. There were also Asa Dana, revolutionary soldier, who received a pension up to the time of his death in 1845, and who named one of his sons — he had six, all six feet in height, or more — Federal; Isaac Dana, of Pomfret, an aide of General Putnam's, who died in the service on the return from Savannah; Amariah Dana, who was with Ethan Allen at the taking of Fort Ticonderoga, and who, as if to emulate Asa Dana's example, named one of his daughters Freedom; and several others whose names appear in the rolls of the Continental army.

Among living descendants of "the original Richard" of 1640 are Benjamin Apthorp Gould, the astronomer and Harvard professor; General Charles A. Darling, of Utica, secretary of the Oneida Historical Society, who took an active part in suppressing the draft riots of 1863, and whose conduct on that occasion called forth the commendation of his military superiors; Charles Loomis Dana, the well known New York physician; Mary Stanley Bunce Palmer Dana, the author of the beautiful hymn "I'm a Pilgrim and a Stranger"; George Dana Boardman, the missionary, and his son of the same name, a Baptist clergyman, and late professor of ethics at

Dr. Charles Loomis Dana, of New York.
From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

Digitized by Google

the Chicago University; William Jay Dana, a well known engraver; Charles Dana Gibson, the artist famous as the creator of the "Gibson girl," and his cousin, the late William Hamilton Gibson, artist and author.

The Rev. Stephen Winchester Dana is perhaps the best known living pastor who bears the name. In 1893 his congregation of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, in West Philadelphia, celebrated the twenty fifth anniversary of his pastorate. His father is the Rev. J. J. Dana, of Housatonic, Massachusetts.

Here the list shall end. From the Richard Dana of 1640 all these Danas have come, an illustrious succession, possessing a certain family likeness, contributing at a hundred points to the nation's development, and including much of what is best in American life and tradition. It is not to be wondered at that a pride in this splendid ancestral record should have been common to the Danas for generations. The Rev. J. J. Dana, mentioned in the preceding paragraph, has compiled a Dana genealogy; General Darling has collected data in the leisure intervals of his busy life; and even Professor James Dwight Dana found time, amid his multifarious duties and studies, to make more or less exhaustive researches into the family annals.

James Dwight Dana (1813-1895), the Famous Geologist.
From a photograph by Park, New York.

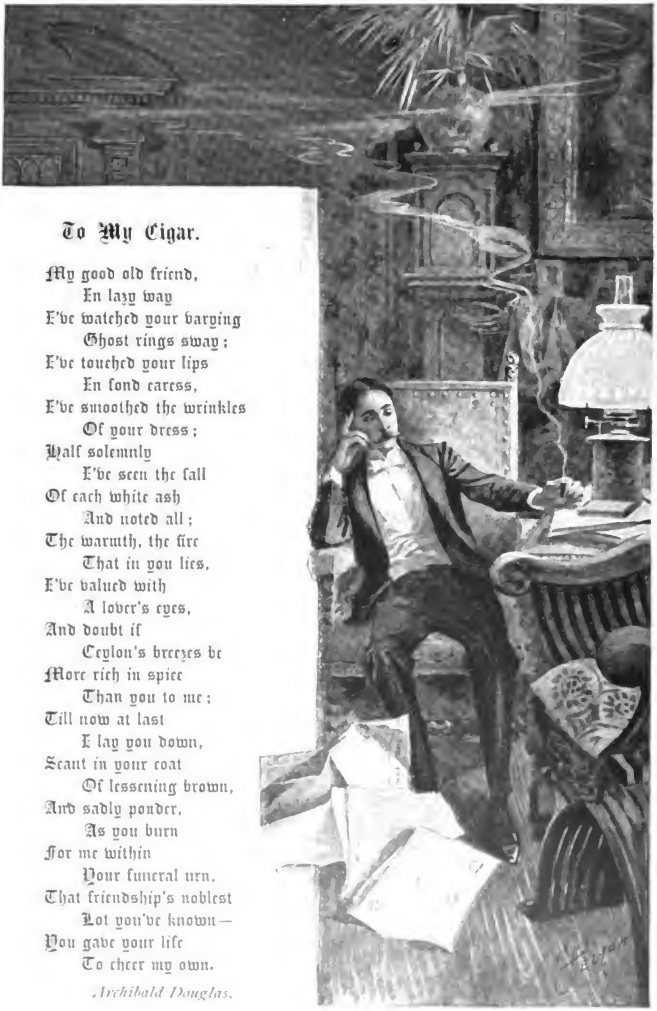
Joseph Dana Miller.

THE TALISMAN.

AH, why do I recall that winter day?—
  The lowering sky, the snow half turned to rain,
  The crowded station, the incoming train,
So soon to bear me on my homeward way;
The futile effort to be almost gay
  In our farewells, disguising all the pain
  Of parting. "Dearest, when you come again,"
    I hear you say, "the skies will be more fair
    Than now. With summer roses in my hair,
I shall come out to meet you through the lane,
  And I shall wear the gown you like the best,
  Your talisman of love upon my breast—
    The little silver heart I always wear."
  And when the roses bloomed, I came again,
And though she did not meet me, yet I felt
The nearness of her presence. As I knelt
    Upon the ground, my lips moved in a prayer
  With eyes of faith, I saw that she was drest
  In the fair gown she knew I liked the best;
    Yes, and that there were roses in her hair.
And then, as if to make me understand
  More fully what I could not clearly see,
  A voiceless message of her love to me
Came from the silver heart within my hand.

Charles Williams Barnes.

Digitized by Google



To My Cigar.

My good old friend,
  In lazy way
I've watched your varying
  Ghost rings sway;
I've touched your lips
  In fond caress,
I've smoothed the wrinkles
  Of your dress;
Half solemnly
  I've seen the fall
Of each white ash
  And noted all;
The warmth, the fire
  That in you lies,
I've valued with
  A lover's eyes,
And doubt if
  Ceylon's breezes be
More rich in spice
  Than you to me;
Till now at last
  I lay you down,
Scant in your coat
  Of lessening brown,
And sadly ponder,
  As you burn
For me within
  Your funeral urn,
That friendship's noblest
  Lot you've known—
You gave your life
  To cheer my own.

Archibald Douglas.

Digitized by Google

SOME COLONIAL DAMES.

HEROINES OF THE DAYS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION—OLD LETTERS AND JOURNALS THAT GIVE GLIMPSES OF THE PERSONAL SIDE OF AMERICA'S EARLY ANNALS.

FROM the time when the Indian princess Pocahontas befriended the pioneer settlers of Virginia, women wielded great though quiet influence in the history of the American colonies. At that time a woman's name was held too sacred to be published, and an old historian speaks of "those gracious matrons whom we dare not name in print." On only two occasions was this rule disregarded—their marriage and their death. But happily there remain many letters, and now and then a journal, to give us an insight into their lives. As we turn the yellowed pages the stately dames seem to rise before us, carrying us back to that time of powdered hair and jeweled gowns, of luxury and leisure.

The colonial maiden made her début at an early age, and the costumes for this great event were brought over from England. The outfit of Miss Elizabeth Carter, aged fourteen, included "a cap, ruffles, and tucker, the lace five shillings a yard; a pair white stays; eight pair white kid gloves; two pair colored ditto; one pair silk shoes laced; one pair morocco ditto; one mask; one fan; one necklace; one girdle and buckle; one peice (*sic*) fashionable calico; four yards ribbon for knots; one hoop coat; one hatt; a mantua and coat of Slite lute string." Every ship brought invoices of pretty things, which were eagerly looked for by maiden and matron alike.

Those were the days of much entertaining. The ladies, attired in stiff brocade, drove to the feasts and junkets in huge red and yellow coaches, attended by postilions with outriders and horns. The young folks played games of "blind man's buff" and "hunt the slipper," or danced in the glow of big wood fires, while the more sober matrons sat down to "triumph, ruff, and honors," and "quadrille," for small stakes, or curtsied to their partners in the stately minuet. Among the dishes at supper would be venison pasty garnished with barberries, a joll of salmon, a potage with a hen, a dish of pippins, and home made comfits and sweetmeats. The evening always ended with a Sir Roger de Coverley, in which young and old alike took part.

An interesting figure in colonial annals is Lady Berkeley, wife of Sir William Berkeley, "His Majestie's Governor in the Colony of Virginia." As Dame Frances Stevens, a sprightly widow of Warwick, her hand was sought by many admirers, but finally won by Sir William, at that time a gallant cavalier, far different from the embittered man who thirty two years later returned to England to die. In spite of his changing fortunes the union proved a happy one; but none of Virginia's fair daughters of today

Lady Berkeley.

From a contemporary portrait.

Digitized by Google

trace their descent from this noble dame, for she died childless.

Berkeley was a great upholder of form and ceremony, and at Green Spring, his manor house in Jamestown, reigned as a petty monarch. During the days of the Protectorate in England many cavaliers flocked to loyal Virginia, and these "butterflies of aristocracy" found a ready welcome in the home of the stanch old royalist. Round his hospitable board they toasted the king and drank "confusion to Noll and his traitors," while my lady smiled on them her gracious approval.

Lady Berkeley seems to have been a spirited woman and a warm supporter of her husband when troubles gathered round him. A letter written by the royal commissioners sent over to hear and redress the colonists' grievances, which had found expression in Bacon's rebellion, complains bitterly of an indignity put upon them on the occasion of a visit to Green Spring. The governor had been recalled, and was to leave shortly for England.

At our coming away that evening my Lady Berkeley with great Forwardness often press'd the making ready of the Coach for us, when (because of the great companie of us) Wee chose

Mrs. Philip Schuyler (Catherine Van Rensselaer).

From a portrait owned by her great grandson, Philip Schuyler of New York.

A Relic of Colonial Days.

rather to walk on Foot to the Landing Place; whereupon she still urg'd the courtesie of the coach and sayd then it should follow us that when Wee would Wee might take turns; the Common Hangman (that was every Day at Green Spring and put the halters about the Prisoners' Necks in Court where they were to make, in that Posture, their submission for their Crimes at ye Barr of Justice) to be our Postillion, being no Meniall Servant but sent for this very end, who boldly putts by the other Postillion that us'd to ride, and gott up himself before the Governour's Face, severall of the Councill and other bystanders none of them taking any Notice of the affront offered Us, but undoubtedly others did, for my Lady went presently into her chamber and peep'd through a broken Quarrell of the Glass to observe how the shew lookt. But God be thank'd, Wee had the Grace and Good Luck to goe all the way on Foot and let ye Cart Coach wth. Rope Horse traces troule after Us; wch. of itself had been scandalous enough without the Help of a Hangman, Wee not knowing anything of this trick (wch. looks more like a woman's than a man's malice) untill Wee came to the landing place and were ready to ship into ye Barge that there attended Us.

In response to this we find a spirited letter from the culprit, which protests

Digitized by Google

that neither Sir William nor herself had the least thought or knowledge who was their postilion, and ends, woman-like, with a sly hit, declaring that those bearing the king's stamp must ever be respected by all—save a Bacon!

Lady Spotswood.

From a portrait in the State Library at Richmond.

After Berkeley's death his widow married his former secretary, Colonel Philip Ludwell, but of her three husbands she seems to have preferred the second, as she continued to call herself Lady Berkeley.

Another wife of a colonial governor of Virginia was my Lady Spotswood, formerly Anne Butler Bryan. She was the daughter of Richard Bryan, of Westminster, and goddaughter of James Butler, Duke of Ormonde, from whom she derived her middle name. Her marriage to Spotswood took place in England, and with him she came over to the colony in 1710, when he was appointed governor. Since Berkeley's day the capital had been removed from Jamestown to Williamsburg, and a palace erected at the latter place. Lady Spotswood entertained lavishly, and gave state balls which were attended by the burgesses and planters for miles around. These balls were opened by the governor with the most distinguished lady present, and here the young gallants vied with the maidens in the splendor of their attire.

After Spotswood resigned his office he took up his residence at Germanna, on the Rapidan, and we have a humorous account of a visit paid him by his friend, William Byrd, of Westover. He describes Spotswood's home as an enchanted castle, and rallies him upon his exceeding fondness for

Digitized by Google

his wife and children, which he says "is in direct conflict to the maxims he used to preach up before he was married." To this the old courtier replies that "whoever brings a poor gentlewoman into so solitary a place would be ungrateful indeed not to use her with all possible tenderness." After her husband's death in 1740, Lady Spotswood continued to reside at Germanna. The rector of the parish, the Rev. John Thompson, speedily succumbed to the charms of the fair widow. Although of goodly presence and rare ability, he found his suit attended with much difficulty, as she, like Lady Berkeley, was loath to part with her title. Thereupon he wrote her a letter still preserved by his descendants, in which he upholds the dignity of his calling, bringing many passages of Scripture to his aid, and asserting that he who tendeth upon the King of Kings is equal in rank to any man. His arguments seem to have been convincing, for a few months later Lady Spotswood became Mrs. Thompson.

Evelyn Byrd of Westover

In sharp contrast with the happy domestic picture which Byrd draws at Germanna is the fate of his daughter Evelyn. She grew up at Westover, her father's home on the banks of the James, and later spent two years in England, where she was presented

Digitized by Google

The Parlor of an Old Colonial Home.

at court. The colonial beauty made a great stir in London, and courtiers, cavaliers, and poets combined to do her honor. Many rumors of her triumphs reached her distant home, but at last came a report which alarmed the worthy planter and caused her immediate recall. An attachment had sprung up between herself and the Earl of Peterborough, a young Roman Catholic nobleman. Her father, being a stanch adherent of the church of England, refused his consent, and in spite of pleadings remained obdurate. Lord Peterborough followed her to America, and the young couple waited from day to day for some sign of relenting on the part of her father.

Evelyn Byrd's Grave at Westover

Digitized by Google

None ever came. Tradition tells that one night she stole out for a final interview with her English lover by the old church near her home, and there they parted forever. After this she drooped daily, and finally, dying broken hearted, was buried in the little churchyard on almost the same spot where she had bidden him farewell. Her grave is marked by a slab of marble bearing the following inscription :

Here, in the sleep of Peace,
Reposes the Body of
MRS. EVELYN BYRD,
Daughter
of the honorable William Byrd, Esq :
The various and excellent Endowments
of Nature ; Improved and perfected
by an accomplished Education
Formed her
For the Happyness of her Friends
For an Ornament of her country.
Alas, Reader !
We can detain nothing however Valued
From unrelenting Death :
Beauty, Fortune or exalted Honour :
See here a Proof !
And be reminded by this awful Tomb
That every worldly comfort fleets away :
Excepting only what arises
From imitating the Virtues of our friends
And the contemplation of their Happyness—
To which
God was pleased to call this Lady
On the 13th day of November, 1737.

Miss Mary Philipse of Philipse Manor.

Betty Martin, a famous Maryland beauty and belle, was courted by lovers from far and near, but found it so hard to choose between them as to give rise to the couplet :

Hi, Betty Martin ! tiptoe fine
Couldn't get a husband to suit her mind—

the composition, doubtless, of some rejected swain. Finally the choice lay between two

Digitized by Google

friends, Dallam and Winston, who agreed to do their courting together. Wishing to present a festive appearance, they jointly invested in a ruffled shirt, which each in turn wore when he tried his fate. Dallam proved successful, and carried off the prize, but after several happy years fell ill and died; whereupon, proving the truth of the adage that all things come to him who waits, Winston stepped forward and gained the widow. Three sons and a daughter blessed each union. Dallam's daughter was the mother of Richard Caswell, Governor of South Carolina and member of Congress, while Winston's daughter had a son, William Paca, who was Governor of Maryland and member of the Continental Congress. On each trip to and from Congress both grandsons visited the brilliant Mistress Betty, who lived, it is said, to the great age of a hundred and twenty years.

Among the colonies New York held a prominent place as the home of brilliant men and cultured women. One of the most notable of her colonial dames was Catherine Van Rensselaer, who was married in 1755 to Philip Schuyler, a young man who was destined to become one of the foremost soldiers and statesmen of his day. The marriage formed a link between two prominent Knickerbocker families of New York. Five years later General Schuyler built for his wife the famous Schuyler mansion at Albany, and many stories are told of the lavish hospitality which they dispensed. No stranger of distinction passed through the city without being welcomed under this roof. Here Franklin and Carroll were en-

Miss Margaret Philipse of Philipse Manor.

Digitized by Google

Judith, Wife of "King" Carter.

From a photograph by Cook, Richmond, after a portrait at Shirley.

tertained on their famous mission to Canada, and here Burgoyne came after his surrender. The Indian chieftains in those days frequently gathered in Albany, and often visited the Schuyler house. They conceived a great admiration for the general, and insisted on naming two of his children.

Mary Philipse, one of three lovely sisters, was born in 1730 at Philipse Manor, in Yonkers. She was an early flame of George Washington, but she preferred to marry Colonel Roger Morris. A well known member of the same family was her brother's wife, Mrs. Frederick Philipse, who delighted in style and display, and often appeared on the roads of Westchester County driving four spirited black horses to the admiration of all beholders. She was killed by a fall from her carriage.

A New Jersey dame of interest was Sarah Dagworthy, wife of John De Hart, member of the house of burgesses. Her brother was the celebrated General John Dagworthy, who claimed to outrank Washington himself, declaring that an officer holding a royal commission (his own bearing date 1753) was higher than one appointed "merely by a governor." Sarah De Hart is described as tall and slender, with especially charming manners. Some of her silver, marked

Digitized by Google

"S. D." in quaint lettering, is still preserved by her descendants.

Deborah Gedney, daughter of Colonel Bartholomew Gedney, of Massachusetts, was a well known woman in her day. She lived in Salem, and in 1701 married Francis Clark, who died twenty six years later. A portrait of her, clad in the widow's garb of that period, hangs in the Essex Institute, and represents a countenance at once powerful and refined. It was painted by John Smibert of Edinburgh.

Deborah Clark was a woman of strong intellect and culture, who possessed many friends. One of these, Mrs. William Fairfax, of Virginia, so revered her that when dying she requested her husband to make Deborah his second wife. This he afterwards did. William Fairfax was first cousin to Lord Fairfax, and lived at Belvoir, where George Washington in his boyhood days spent much time. Next to his mother, Deborah Fairfax is said to have had the most influence in forming the character of the patriot leader.

The beautiful personality of Margaret Tyndale Winthrop, wife of Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts, is shown by some old letters which passed between herself and her husband. He called her his "loving, faithfull yokefellow," and such indeed she seems to have been. When she came from England to join him, in 1631, her arrival was celebrated with great rejoicings and thanksgiving. She was the third wife of her husband, who was first married at the age of seventeen. Of his second wife he wrote that he loved her too well to keep her long.

Judith Armistead, whose portrait hangs at Sabine Hall and at Shirley, the homes of her descendants in Virginia, was the wife of Robert Carter, called "King" Carter from his princely possessions. He held many of the most prominent positions in the colony, and wielded immense power. His home was described as a palace, and the homage received by him was like that accorded to royalty. On a Sunday the congregation at the county church did not enter until the arrival of the Carter coach, when all followed Mr. and Mrs. Carter into the building, one fourth of which was reserved for themselves and their dependents.

We are not told that "King" Carter loved his wife too well, but it is certain he did not keep her long. After her death in 1699, he married the inevitable colonial widow—as a rule these worthy ladies had scarcely lost one spouse ere they were ready to smile upon another—and lies buried with his two wives near the old church just mentioned.

Esther Wake was the beautiful sister of Lady Tryon, wife of one of Carolina's governors. No suitable home had yet been erected for his majesty's representative, so the two dames plotted together to secure a generous appropriation. They gave brilliant balls and dinners, and with smiles and blandishments so softened the hearts of the members of the Assembly that double the amount asked for was obtained. The palace, when finished, was pronounced the most magnificent structure in America, a fitting home for its fair occupants; and the Assembly went still further, and named Wake County in the fair Esther's honor.

Louise Allan Mayo.
Mary Lyons Mayo.

FOR LOVE OF HER.

THE long, long day had saddened into night
And summer's thousand voices all were dumb
My heart despairing with the waning light,
Because she did not come.

The troubled sea had sobbed itself to sleep,
Like some sad child who missed its mother's care;
The trees bowed low as if they too would weep
Because she was not there.

A tender cloud hid the moon's sorrowing,
Earth's sluggish pulse with longing was astir;
I wondered if the birds would wake and sing
While yet they wanted her.

The moon burst forth from out its hiding place,
Across the sky the glad stars traced her name,
A drowsy lily upward turned its face,
And then—she came! She came!

Ethel M. Kelley.

Digitized by Google

THE CHRISTIAN.*

By Hall Caine,

Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," etc.

TO THE READER OF "THE CHRISTIAN":

In making a picture of what I take to be the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement towards Christian socialism—I have been irresistibly drawn from the general study of types to the particular study of individual persons, living and dead; and following good precedent I have freely used the sayings and doings, and in some instances the letters, of recognizable people. It is inevitable and perhaps desirable that this should be observed: but lest there should be any tendency to draw the natural inference that individual portraits are intended, I take the opportunity of saying that I dare not claim any authority except that of the irresponsible story teller, and the scenes described in this story are not always to be identified with the localities wherein I have placed them.

HALL CAINE.

I.

ON the morning of the 9th of May, 18—, three persons important to this story stood among the passengers on the deck of the Isle of Man steamship Tynwald as she lay by the pier at Douglas, getting up steam for the passage to Liverpool. One of these was an old clergyman of seventy, with a sweet, mellow, childlike face; another was a young man of thirty, also a clergyman; the third was a girl of twenty. The older clergyman wore a white stock about his throat, and was dressed in rather threadbare black, of a cut that had been more common twenty years before; the younger clergyman wore a Roman collar, a long clerical coat, and a stiff, broad brimmed hat with a cord and tassel. They stood amidships, and the captain, coming out of his room to mount the bridge, saluted them as he passed.

"Good morning, Mr. Storm."

The young clergyman returned the salutation with a brief smile and a slight bow, and the lifting of his hat.

"Good morning to you, Parson Quayle."

The old clergyman answered cheerily, "Oh, good morning, captain, good morning."

There was the usual inquiry about the weather outside, and drawing up to answer it, the captain came eye to eye with the girl.

"So this is the granddaughter, is it?"

"Yes, this is Glory," said Parson Quayle. "She's leaving the old grandfather at last, captain, and I'm over from Peel to set her off, you see."

"Well, the young lady has got the world before her—at her feet, I ought to say. You're looking as bright and fresh as the morning, Miss Quayle."

The captain carried off his compliment with a breezy laugh, and went along to the bridge. The girl had heard him only in a momentary flash of consciousness, and she replied merely with a side glance and a smile. Both eyes and ears, and every sense and every faculty, seemed occupied with the scene before her.

It was a beautiful spring morning, not yet nine o'clock, but the sun stood high over Douglas Head, and the sunlight was glancing in the harbor from the little waves of the flowing tide. Cars were rattling up the pier, passengers were trooping down the gangways, and the decks fore and aft were becoming thronged.

"It's beautiful!" she was saying, not so much to her companions as to herself, and the old parson was laughing at her bursts of rapture over the commonplace scene, and dropping out in reply little driblets of simple talk; sweet, pure nothings, the innocent babble as of a mountain stream.

She was taller than the common, and had golden red hair and magnificent dark gray eyes of great size. One of her eyes had a brown spot, which gave at the first glance the effect of a squint, at the next glance a coquettish expression, and ever after a sense of tremendous power and passion. But her most noticeable feature was her mouth, which was somewhat too large for beauty, and was always moving nervously. When she spoke her voice startled you with its depth, which was a kind of soft hoarseness,

* *Copyright, 1896, by Hall Caine.*

Digitized by Google

but capable of every shade of color. There was a playful and impetuous raillery in nearly all she said, and everything seemed to be expressed by mind and body at the same time. She moved her body restlessly, and while standing in the same place her feet were always shuffling. Her dress was homely, almost poor, and perhaps a little careless. She appeared to smile and laugh continually, and yet there were tears in her eyes sometimes.

The young clergyman was of a good average height, but he looked taller from a certain distinction of figure. When he raised his hat at the captain's greeting, he showed a forehead like an arched wall and a large, close cropped head. He had a well formed nose, a powerful chin, and full lips, all very strong and set for one so young. His complexion was dark, almost swarthy, and there was a certain look of the gipsy in his big golden brown eyes with their long black lashes. He was clean shaven, and the lower part of his face seemed heavy under the splendid fire of the eyes above it. His manner had a sort of diffident restraint; he stood on the same spot without moving, and almost without raising his drooping head; his speech was grave and usually slow and labored, his voice was bold and full.

The second bell had rung, the loud throbs of the funnels were echoing across the harbor, and the old parson was making ready to go ashore.

"You'll take care of this runaway, Mr. Storm, and deliver her safely at the door of the hospital."

"I will."

"And you'll keep an eye on her in that big Babylon over there."

"If she'll let me, sir."

"Yes, indeed, yes, I know—she's as unstable as water and as hard to hold as a puff of wind."

The girl was laughing again. "You might as well call me a tempest and have done with it, or"—with a glance at the younger man—"say a storm—Glory St—oh!"

With a little catch of the breath she arrested the name before it was uttered by her impetuous tongue, and laughed again to cover her confusion. The young man smiled faintly and rather painfully, but the old parson was conscious of nothing.

"Well, and why not? A good name for you too, and you richly deserve it. But the Lord is lenient with such natures, John. He never tries them beyond their strength. She hasn't much leaning to religion, you know."

The girl recalled herself from the busy scene around, and broke in again with a tone of humor and pathos mixed.

"There! Call me an infidel at once, grandfather. I know what you mean. But just to show you that I haven't exactly registered a vow in heaven never to go to church in London because you've given me such a dose of it in the Isle of Man, I'll promise to send you a full and particular report of Mr. Storm's first sermon. Isn't that charming of me?"

The third bell was ringing, the blast of the steam whistle was echoing across the bay, and the steamer was only waiting for the mails. Taking a step nearer to the gangway, the old parson talked faster.

"Did Aunt Anna give you money enough, child?"

"Enough for my boat fare and my train."

"No more? Now Anna is so——"

"Don't trouble, grandfather. Woman wants but little here below—Aunt Anna excepted. And then a hospital nurse——"

"I'm afraid you'll feel lonely in that great wilderness."

"Lonely! With five millions of neighbors!"

"You'll be longing for the old island, Glory, and I half repent me already——"

"If ever I have the blues, grandpa, I'll just whip on my cape and fly home again."

"Tomorrow morning I'll be searching all over the house for my runaway."

Glory tried to laugh gaily. "Upstairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber."

"'Glory!' I'll be crying. 'Where's the girl gone at all? I haven't heard her voice in the house today. What's come over the old place to strike it so dead?'"

The girl's eyes were running over, but in a tone of gentle raillery and heart's love she said severely, "Nonsense, grandfather, you'll forget all about Glory going to London before the day after tomorrow. Every morning you'll be making rubbings of your old runes, and every night you'll be playing chess with Aunt Rachel, and every Sunday you'll be scolding old Neilus for falling asleep in the reading desk, and—and everything will go on the same as ever."

The mails had come aboard, one of the gangways had been drawn ashore, and the old parson, holding his big watch in his left hand, was diving into his fob pocket with the fingers of the right.

"Here"—panting audibly as if he had been running hard—"your mother's little pearl ring."

The girl drew off her slack, soiled glove, and took the ring in her nervous fingers.

Digitized by Google

"A wonderful talisman is a relic of a good mother, sir," said the old parson.

The young clergyman bent his head.

"You're like Glory herself in that, though—you don't remember your mother either."

"No—no."

"I'll keep in touch with your father, John. Trust me for that. You and he shall be good friends yet. A man can't hold out against his son for nothing worse than choosing the church against the world. The old gentleman didn't mean all he said, and then it isn't the thunder that strikes people dead, you know. So leave him to me, and if that foolish old Chalse hasn't been putting notions into his head——"

The throbbing in the steam funnel had ceased, and in the sudden hush a voice from the bridge cried "All ashore!"

"Good by, Glory! Good by, John! Good by, both!"

"Good by, sir," said the young clergyman with a long hand clasp.

But the girl's arms were about the old man's neck.

"Good by, you dear old grandpa, and I'm ashamed I—I'm sorry I—I mean it's a shame of me to—— Good by!"

"Good by, my wandering gipsy, my witch, my runaway!"

"If you call me names, I'll have to stop your mouth, sir. Again—another——"

A voice cried, "Stand back there!"

The young clergyman drew the girl back from the bulwarks, and the steamer moved slowly away.

"I'll go below—no, I won't, I'll stay on deck—I'll go ashore—I can't bear it—it's not too late yet—no, I'll go to the stern and see the water in the wake."

The pier was cleared and the harbor was empty. Over the white churning water the seagulls were wheeling, and Douglas Head was gliding slowly back.

Down the long line of the quay the friends of the passengers were waving adieus.

"There he is—on the end of the pier! That's grandpa waving his handkerchief. Don't you see it? The red and white cotton one! God bless him! How wae his little present made me! He has been keeping it all these years. But my silk handkerchief is too damp—it won't float at all. Will you lend me—ah, thank you! Good by! Good by! Good——"

The girl hung over the stern rail, leaning her breast upon it and waving the handkerchief, as long as the pier and its people were in sight; and when they were gone from recognition she watched the line of the land until it began to fade into the clouds, and there was no more to be seen of what she had looked upon every day of her life until today.

"The dear little island! I never thought it was so beautiful! Perhaps I might have been happy even there if I had tried. If I had only had somebody for company! How silly of me—I've been five years wishing and praying to get away, and now—— It *is* lovely, though, isn't it? Just like a bird on the water! And when you've been born in a place—— The dear little island! And the old folks, too! How lonely they'll be, after all. I wonder if I shall ever—— I'll go below. The wind's freshening, and this water in the wake is making my eyes—— Good by, little birdie! I'll come back—I'll—yes, never fear, I'll——"

The laughter and impetuous talking, the gentle humor and pathos, had broken at length into a gurgling sob, and the girl had wheeled about and disappeared down the cabin stairs. John Storm stood looking after her. He had hardly spoken, but his great brown eyes were moist.

II.

HER father had been the only son of Parson Quayle, and chaplain to the bishop at Bishopscourt. It was there he had met her mother, who was maid to the bishop's wife. The maid was a bright young Frenchwoman, daughter of a French actress famous in her day, and of an officer in the army under the Empire, who had never been told of her existence. Shortly after their marriage a big missionary station in Central Africa was offered to the chaplain, and being a devotee he clutched at it without fear of the fevers of Gaboon. But his young French wife was about to become a mother, and she shrank from the perils of his life abroad, so he took her to his father's house at Peel, and bade her farewell for five years.

He lived four, and during that time they exchanged some letters. His final instructions were sent from Southampton: "If it's a boy call him John (after the Evangelist) and if it's a girl call her Glory." At the end of the first year she wrote: "I have shortened our darling, and you never saw anything so lovely. Oh, the sweetness of her little bare arms, and her neck and her little round shoulders! You know she's red—I've really got a red one—a curly red one. Such big beaming eyes, too, and then her mouth, and her chin, and her tiny red toes! I don't know how you can live without seeing her."

Digitized by Google

Near the end of the fourth year he sent his last answer: "Dear wife, this separation is bitter, but God has willed it, and we must not forget that the probabilities are that we may pass our lives apart." The next letter was from the French consul on the Gaboon river, announcing the death of the devoted English missionary.

Parson Quayle's household consisted only of himself and two maiden daughters, but that was enough for the lively young Frenchwoman. While her husband lived she suffocated under the old maid régime, and when he was gone she made no more fight with destiny, but took some simple ailment and died suddenly.

A bare hillside frowned down on the place where Glory was born, but the sun rose on it, and a beautiful river hugged its sides. A quarter of a mile down the river there was a harbor, and beyond the harbor a bay with the ruins of an old castle standing out on an islet rock, and then the broad sweep of the Irish Sea, the last in those latitudes to "parley with the setting sun." The vicarage was called Glenfaba, and it was half a mile outside the fishing town of Peel.

She was a little red headed witch from the first, with an air of general uncanniness in everything she did and said. Until after she was five there was no believing a word she uttered. Her conversation was bravely indifferent to considerations of truth or falsehood, fear or favor, reward or punishment. The parson used to say, "I'm really afraid the child has no moral conscience—she doesn't seem to know right from wrong." This troubled his religion, but it tickled his humor, and it did not disturb his love. "She's a perfect pagan, God bless her innocent heart!"

She had more than a child's genius for make believe. In her hunger for child company, before the days when she found it for herself, she made believe that various versions of her lived all over the place, and she would call them out to play. There was Glory in the river, under the pool where the perches swam, and Glory down the well, and Glory up in the hills, and she answered when you spoke to her. All her dolls were kings and queens, and she had a gift for making herself up in strange and grand disguises. It was almost as if her grandmother actress had bestowed on her from her birth the right to life and luxury and love.

She was a born mimic, and could hit off to a hair an eccentricity or an affectation. The frown of Aunt Anna, who was severe, the smile of Aunt Rachel, who was sentimental, and the yawn of Cornelius Kewley, the clerk, who was always sleepy, lived again in the roguish, rippling face. She remembered some of her mother's French songs, and seeing a street singer one day, she established herself in the market place in that character, with grown people on their knees around her, ready to fall on her and kiss her and call her Phonodoree, the fairy. But she did not forget to go round for the ha' pennies, either.

At ten she was a tomboy, and marched through the town at the head of an army of boys, playing a comb between her teeth and flying the vicar's handkerchief at the end of his walkingstick. In these days she climbed trees and robbed orchards (generally her own) and imitated boys' voices, and thought it tyranny that she might not wear trousers. But she wore a sailor's blue stocking cap, and it brightened existence when, for economy's sake, and for the sake of general tidiness, she was allowed to wear a white woolen jersey. Then somebody who had a dinghy that he did not want asked her if she would like to have a boat. Would she like to have paradise, or pastry cakes, or anything that was heavenly! After that she wore a sailor's jacket and a sou'wester when she was on the sea, and tumbled about the water like a water duck.

At twelve she fell in love—with love. It was a vague passion, interwoven with dreams of grandeur. The parson being too poor to send her to the girls' college at Douglas, and his daughters being too proud to send her to the dame's school at Peel, she was taught at home by Aunt Rachel, who read the poetry of Thomas Moore, knew the birthdays of all the royal family, and was otherwise meekly romantic. From this source she gathered much curious sentiment relating to some visionary world where young girls were held aloft in the sunshine of luxury and love and happiness. One day she was lying on her back on the heather of the Peel hill, with her head on her arms, thinking of a story that Aunt Rachel had told her. It was of a mermaid who had only to slip up out of the sea and say to any man "Come," and he came—he left everything and followed her. Suddenly the cold snout of a pointer rubbed against her forehead, a strong voice cried "Down, sir!" and a young man of two and twenty, in leggings and a shooting jacket, strode between her and the cliffs. She knew him by sight. He was John Storm, the son of Lord Storm, who had lately come to live in the mansion house at Knockaloe, a mile up the hill from Glenfaba.

Digitized by Google

For three weeks thereafter she talked of nobody else, and even began to comb her hair. She watched him in church, and told Aunt Rachel she was sure he could see quite well in the dark, for his big eyes seemed to have the light inside of them. After that she became ashamed, and if anybody happened to mention his name in her hearing she flushed up to the forehead and fled out of the room. He never once looked at her, and after a while he went away to Canada. She set the clock on the back landing to Canadian time so that she might always know what he was doing abroad, and then straightway forgot all about him. Her moods followed each other rapidly, and were all of them overpowering and all sincere, but it was not until a year afterwards that she fell in love, in the church vestry, with the pretty boy who stood opposite to her in the catechism class.

He was an English boy of her own age, and he was only staying in the island for his holidays. The second time she saw him it was in the grounds at Glenfaba, while his mother was returning a call indoors. She gave him a little tap on the arm and he had to run after her—down a bank and up a tree, where she laughed and said "Isn't it nice?" and he could see nothing but her big white teeth.

His name was Francis Horatio Nelson Drake, and he was full of great accounts of the goings on in the outer world, where his school was, and where lived the only "men" worth talking about. Of course he spoke of all this familiarly and with a convincing reality which wrapped Glory in the plumage of dreams. He was a wonderful being altogether, and in due time (about three days) she proposed to him. True, he did not jump at her offer with quite proper alacrity, but when she mentioned that it didn't matter to her in the least whether he wanted her or not, and that plenty would be glad of the chance, he saw things differently, and they agreed to elope. There was no particular reason for this drastic measure, but as Glory had a boat it seemed the right thing to do.

She dressed herself in all her confirmation finery, and stole out to meet him under the bridge, where her boat lay moored. He kept her half an hour waiting, having sisters and other disadvantages, but "once aboard her lugger" he was safe. She was breathless, and he was anxious, and neither thought it necessary to waste any time in kissing each other.

They slipped down the harbor and out into the bay, and then ran up the sail and stood off for Scotland. Being more easy in mind when this was done, they had time to talk of the future. Francis Horatio was for work—he was going to make a name for himself. Glory did not see it quite in that light. A name, yes, and lots of triumphal processions, but she was for travel—there were such lots of things people could see if they didn't waste so much time working.

"What a girl you are!" he said derisively, whereupon she bit her lip, for she didn't quite like it. But they were nearly half an hour out before he spoiled himself utterly. He had brought his dog, a fox terrier, and he began to tell her what a lot of money they would make by selling her pups. That was too much for Glory. She couldn't think of eloping with a person who had such low ideas.

"What a girl you are!" he said again, but she did not mind it in the least. With a sweep of her bare arm she had put the tiller hard aport, intending to tack back to Peel, but the wind had freshened and the sea was rising, and by the swift leap of the boat the boom was snapped and the helpless sail came flapping down upon the mast. Then they tumbled into the trough, and Glory had not strength to pull them out of it, and the boy was of no more use than a "tripper." She was in her white muslin dress, and he was nursing his dog; the night was coming down on them, and they were wabbling about under a pole and a tattered rag. But all at once a great black yacht came heaving up in the darkness, and a grown up voice cried, "Trust yourself to me, dear."

It was John Storm. He had already awakened the young girl in her, and thereafter he awakened the young woman as well. She clung to him like a child that night, and during the four years following she seemed always to be doing the same. He was her big brother, her master, her lord, her sovereign. She placed him on a dizzy height above her, amid a halo of goodness and greatness and grandeur. If he smiled on her she flushed, and if he frowned she fretted and was afraid. Thinking to please him, she tried to dress herself up in all the colors of the rainbow, but he reproved her and bade her return to her jersey. She struggled to comb out her red curls, until he told her that the highest ladies in the land would give both ears for them, and then she fondled them in her fingers and admired them in a glass.

He was a serious person, but she could make him laugh until he screamed. Excepting Byron and "Sir Charles Grandison," out of the vicar's library, the only literature

Digitized by Google

she knew was the Bible, the catechism, and the church service, and she used these in common talk with appalling audacity. The favorite butt of her mimicry was the parish clerk saying responses when he was sleepy:

The Parson—"Incline unto my aid, O Lord." (No response.) Where are you, Neilus?

The Clerk (awakening suddenly in the desk below)—Here I am, your reverence, "and my tongue shall announce Thy praise."

When John Storm did laugh he laughed beyond all control, and then Glory was entirely happy. But he went away again, his father having sent him to Australia, and all the light of the world went out.

It was of no use bothering with the clock on the back landing, because things were different by this time. She was sixteen, and the only tree she climbed now was the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and that tore her terribly. John Storm was the son of a lord, and he would be Lord Something himself some day. Glory Quayle was an orphan, and her grandfather was a poor country clergyman. Their poverty was sweet, but there was gall in it nevertheless. The little forced economies in dress, the frocks that had to be turned, the bonnets that were beauties when they were bought but had to be worn until the changes of fashion made them frights, and then the parcels of left off clothing from the overflowing wardrobes of great people round about—how the independence of the girl's spirit consumed itself under such humiliations!

The blood of her mother was beginning to boil over, and the old maid régime which had crushed the life out of the French woman was suffocating the Manx girl with its formalism. She was always forgetting the meal times regulated by the sun, and she could sleep at any time and keep awake until any hour. It tired her to sit demurely like a young lady, and she had a trick of lying down on the floor. She often laughed in order not to cry, but she would not even smile at a great lady's silly story, and she did not care a jot about the birthdays of the royal family. The old aunts loved her body and soul, but they often said, "What ever is going to happen to the girl when the grandfather is gone?"

And the grandfather, good man, would have laid down his life to save her a pain in her toe, but he had not a notion of the stuff she was made of. His hobby was the study of the runic crosses with which the Isle of Man abounds, and when she helped him with his rubbings and his casts he was as merry as an old sand boy. Though they occupied the same house, and her bed room, which faced the harbor, was next to his little musty study that looked over the scullery slates, he lived always in the tenth century and she lived somewhere in the twentieth.

The caged linnet was beating at the bars of her cage. Before she was aware of it she wanted to escape from the sleepy old scene, and had begun to be consumed with longing for the great world outside. On summer evenings she would go up Peel hill and lie on the heather where she had first seen John Storm, and watch the ships weighing anchor in the bay beyond the old dead castle walls, and wish she were going out with them—out to the sea and the great cities north and south. But existence closed in ever narrowing circles round her, and she could see no way out.

Two years passed, and at eighteen she was fretting that half her life had been wasted away. She watched the sun until it sank into the sea, and then turned back to Glenfaba and the darkened part of the sky. It was all the fault of their poverty, and their poverty was the fault of the church. She began to hate the church; it had made her an orphan, and when she thought of religion as a profession it seemed a selfish thing. If a man was really bent on so lofty an aim (as her own father had been) he could not think of himself, he had to give up life and love and the world—and then these always took advantage of him. But people had to live in the world for all that, and what was the good of burying yourself before you were dead?

Somehow her undefined wishes took shape in visions of John Storm, and one day she heard he was home again. She went out on the hill that evening, and, being seen only by the gulls, she laughed and cried and ran. It was just like poetry, for there he was himself, lying on the edge of the cliff, near the very spot where she had been used to lie. On seeing him she went more slowly, and began to poke about in the heather as if she had seen nothing. He came up to her with both hands outstretched, and then suddenly she remembered that she was wearing her old jersey, and she flushed up to the eyes and nearly choked with shame. She got better by and by, and talked away like a mill wheel; and then, fearing he might think it was from something quite different, she began to pull the heather and to tell him why she had been blushing.

He did not laugh at all. With a strange

Digitized by Google

smile he said something in his deep voice that made her blood run cold.

"But I'm to be a poor man myself in future, Glory. I've quarreled with my father—I'm going into the church."

It was a frightful blow to her, and the sun went down like a shot. But it burst open the bars of her cage, for all that. After John Storm had taken deacon's orders and found his first curacy (it was in London) he told them at Glenfaba that among his honorary offices was to be that of chaplain to a great West End hospital. This suggested to Glory the channel of escape. She would go out as a hospital nurse. It was easier said than done, for hospital nursing was fashionable. With great labor she secured her appointment as probationer, and with greater labor still overcame the fear and affection of her grandfather. But the old parson was finally appeased when he heard that Glory's hospital was the same that John Storm was to be chaplain of, and that they might go up to London together.

III.

DEAR GRANDFATHER OF ME—AND EVERYBODY AT GLENFABA:

Here I am at last, dears, at the end of my pilgrim's progress, and the evening and the morning are the first day. It is now eleven o'clock at night, and I am about to put myself to bed in my own little room at the hospital of Martha's Vineyard, Hyde Park, London, England! The captain was quite right—the morning was as fresh as his flattery, and before we got far beyond the Head most of the passengers were spread out below like the three legs of Man. Being an old sea doggie myself I didn't give it the chance to make me sick, but went down stairs and lay quiet in my berth and deliberated great things. I didn't go up again until we got into the Mersey, and then the passengers were on deck, looking like sour buttermilk spilt out of the churn. What a glorious sight! The ships, the docks, the towers, the town! I couldn't breathe for excitement until we got up to the landing stage. Mr. Storm put me into a cab, and for the sake of experience I insisted on paying my own way. Of course he tried to trick me, but a woman's a woman for a' that. As we drove up to Lime Street Station there befell—a porter. He carried my big trunk on his head like a mushroom, and when I bought my ticket he took me to the train while Mr. Storm went for a newspaper. Being such a stranger he was very kind, so I flung the responsibility on Providence and gave him sixpence. There were two old ladies in the carriage beside ourselves, and the train we traveled by was an express. It was perfectly delightful, and for all the world like plunging into a stiff sou'wester off the rocks of Contrary. But the first part of the journey was terrible. That tunnel nearly made me shriek. It was a misty day, too, at Liverpool, and all the way to Edge Hill they let off signals with a noise like battering rams. My nerves were on the rack, so taking advantage of the darkness of the carriage I began to sing. That calmed me, but it nearly drove the old ladies out of their wits. *They* screamed, if I didn't, and just as I was summoning the Almighty to attend to me a little in the middle of that inferno, out we came as innocent as a baby. There was another of these places just before getting into London. I suppose they are the Purgatories through which you have to pass to get to these wonderful cities. Only if I had been consulted in the making of the Litany ("from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us") I should have made an exception for people in tunnels.

You never knew what an absolute ninny Glory is! I was burning with such impatience to see London that when we came near I couldn't see anything for water under the brain. Approaching a great and mighty city for the first time must be like going into the presence of majesty; only heaven save me from such palpitation the day I become singress to the queen!

Mercy! What a roar and boom—a deep murmur as of ten hundred million million moths buzzing away on a still evening in autumn. On a nearer view it is more like a Tower of Babel concern, with its click and clatter. The explosion of voices, the confused clamor, the dreadful disorder—cars, wagons, omnibuses—it makes you feel religious and rather cold down the back. What a needle in a haystack a poor girl must be here if there is nobody above to keep track of her!

Tell Aunt Rachel they are wearing another kind of bonnet in London—more pokey in front—and say if I see the queen I'll be sure to tell her all about it.

We didn't get to the hospital until nine, so I've not seen much of it yet. The housekeeper gave me tea, and told me I might go over the house, as I wouldn't be wanted to begin duty before morning. So for an hour I went from ward to ward like a female Wandering Jew. Such silence! I'm afraid this hospital nursing is going to be a lockjaw business. And now I'm going to

Digitized by Google

bed—well, not homesick, you know, but just "longing a lil bit for all." Tomorrow morning I'll waken up to new sounds and sights, and when I draw my blind I'll see the streets where the cars are forever running and rattling. Then I'll think of Glenfaba and the birds singing and rejoicing.

Dispense my love throughout the island. Say that I love everybody just the same now I'm a London lady as when I was a mere provincial girl, and that when I'm a wonderful woman and have brought the eyes of England upon me I'll come back and make amends. I can hear what grandfather is saying, "Gough bless me, what a girl though!"

GLORY.

P. S. I've not said much about Mr. Storm. He left me at the door of the hospital and went on to the house of his vicar, for that is where he is to lodge, you know. On the way up I expended much beautiful poetry upon him on the subject of love. The old girlies having dozed off I chanced to ask him if he liked to talk of it, but he said no, it was a profanation. Love was too sacred, it was a kind of religion. Sometimes it came unawares, sometimes it smoldered like fire under ashes; sometimes it was a good angel, sometimes a devil, making you do things and say things, and laying your life waste like winter. But I told him it was just charming, and as for religion there was nothing under heaven like the devotion of a handsome and clever man to a handsome and clever woman, when he gave up all the world for her, and his body and his soul and everything that was his. I think he saw there was something in that, for though he said nothing there came a wonderful light into his splendid eyes, and I thought if he wasn't going to be a clergyman—but no matter. So long, dear!

IV.

JOHN STORM was the son of Lord Storm and nephew of the prime minister of England, the Earl of Erin. Two years before John's birth the brothers had quarreled about a woman. It was John's mother. She had engaged herself to the younger brother, and afterwards fallen in love with the elder one. The voice of conscience told her that it was her duty to carry out her engagement, and she did so. Then the voice of conscience took sides with the laws of life, and told the lovers they must renounce each other; and they both did that as well. But the poor girl found it easier to renounce life than love, and after flying to religion as an escape from the conflict between conjugal duty and elemental passion, she gave birth to her child and died. She was the daughter of a rich banker, who had come from the soil, and she had been brought up to consider love distinct from marriage. Exchanging wealth for title, she found death in the deal.

Her husband had never stood in any natural affinity to her. On his part their marriage had been a loveless and selfish union, based on the desire for an heir, that he might found a family and wipe out the cruel stigma often attaching to the position of the second son in aristocratic families. But the sin he committed against the fundamental law that marriage shall be founded only in love brought its swift revenge.

On hearing that the wife was dead, the elder brother had come to attend the funeral. The night before that event the husband felt unhappy about the part he had played. He had given no occasion for scandal, but he had never disguised, even from the mother of his son, the motives of his marriage. The poor girl was gone, he had only trained himself for the pursuit of her dowry, and the voice of love had been silent. Troubled by such thoughts he walked about his room all night long, and somewhere in the first dead gray of dawn he went down to the death chamber that he might look upon her face again. Opening the door he heard the sound of half stifled sobs. Some one was leaning over the white face and weeping like a man with a broken heart. It was his brother.

From that time forward Lord Storm considered himself the injured person. He had never cared for his brother, and now he designed to wipe him out. His son would do it. He was the natural heir, for the earl had never married. But a posthumous revenge was too trivial. The earl had gone into politics, and was making a name. Lord Storm had missed his own opportunities, but his son should be brought up to eclipse everything.

To this end the father devoted his life to the boy's training. All conventional education was wrong in principle. Schools and colleges and degrees, and a literary education in dead languages, were driveling folly with next to nothing to do with life. Travel was the great teacher. "You shall travel as far as the sun," he said, so the boy was taken through Europe and Asia and learned something of many languages. He became his father's daily companion, and nowhere

Digitized by Google

the father went was it thought wrong for the boy to go also. Conventional morality was considered mawkish. The chief aim of home training was to bring children up in total ignorance, if possible, of the most important facts and functions of life. But it was *not* possible, and hence suppression, dissimulation, lying, and under the ban of secret sin one half the world's woe. So the boy was taken to the temples of Greece and India, and even to Western casinos and dancing gardens and gambling hells. Before he was twenty he had seen something of nearly everything the world has in it.

When the time came to think of his career, England was in straits about her colonial empire. The vast lands over sea wanted to take care of themselves. It was the moment of the British North America Act, and that gave the father his cue for action. While his brother, the earl, was fiddling the country to the tune of limited self government for crown colonies, the father of John Storm conceived the daring idea of breaking up the entire empire into self governing states. They were to be the "United States of Great Britain."

This was to be John Storm's policy, and to work it out Lord Storm set up a house in the Isle of Man, where he might always look upon his plan in miniature. There he established a bureau for the gathering of the data that his son would need to use hereafter. Newspapers came to him in his lonely retreat from all quarters of the globe, and he cut out everything relating to his subject. His library was a dusty room lined all round with brown paper pockets which were labeled with the names of colonies and counties.

"It will take us two generations to do it, my boy, but we'll alter the history of England."

At fifty he was iron gray and had a head like a big owl.

Meanwhile the object of these grand preparations, the offspring of that loveless union, had a personality all his own. It seemed as if he had been built for a big man every way, and nature had been arrested in the making of him. When people looked at his head they felt he ought to have been a giant, but he was far from being a son of Anak. When they listened to his conversation they thought he might turn out to be a creature of genius, but perhaps he was only a man of powerful moods. The best strength of body and mind seemed to have gone into his heart. It may be that the sorrowful unrest of his mother, and her smothered and murdered passion, had left their red stream in John Storm's soul.

When he was a boy he would cry at a beautiful view in nature, at a tale of heroism, or at any sentimental ditty sung excruciatingly in the streets. Seeing a bird's nest that had been robbed of its eggs he burst into tears, but when he came upon the bleeding, broken shells in the path the tears turned to fierce wrath and mad rage, and he snatched up a gun in his father's room and went out to take the life of the offender.

On coming to the Isle of Man he noticed, as often as he went to church, that a little curly, red headed girl kept staring at him from the vicar's pew. He was a man of two and twenty, but the child's eyes tormented him. At any time of day or night he could call up a vision of their gleaming brightness. Then his father sent him to Canada, to watch the establishment of the Dominion, and when he came back he brought a Canadian canoe and an American yacht, and certain democratic opinions.

The first time he put the yacht into Manx waters he sighted a disabled boat and rescued two children. One of them was the girl of the vicar's pew, grown taller and more winsome. She nestled up to him when he lifted her into the yacht, and without knowing why he kept his arms about her.

For two years after that he amused himself with the child, and then realized that she was child no longer. The pity of the girl's position took hold of him. This sunny soul with her skill, her sportfulness, her grace of many gifts, with her eyes that flashed and gleamed like lightning, with her voice that was like the warble of a bird, this golden headed gipsy, this witch, this fairy—what was the life that was before her? His pity gave place to a different feeling, and then he was aware of a pain in the breast when he thought of the girl. As often as her eyes rested upon him he felt his face tingle and burn. He began to be conscious of an imprisoned side to his nature, the passionate side, and he drew back afraid. This wild power, this tempest, this raging fire within, God only knew where it was to lead him. And then he had given hostage to fortune, or his father had for him.

From his father's gloomy house at Knockaloe, where the winds were forever droning in the trees, he looked over at Glenfaba, and it seemed to him like a little white cloud lit up by the sunshine. His heart was forever calling to the sunny spot over

Digitized by Google

there: "Glory! Glory!" The pity of it was that the girl seemed to understand everything, and to know quite well what kept them apart. She flushed with shame that he should see her wearing the same clothes constantly, and with head aside and furtive glances she talked of the days when he would leave the island for good and London would take him and make much of him, and he would forget all about his friends in that dead old place. Such talk cut him to the quick. Though he had seen a deal of the world, he did not know too much about the conversation of women.

The struggle was brief. He began to wear plainer clothes—an Oxford tweed coat and a flannel shirt—to talk about fame as an empty word, and to tell his father that he was superior to all stupid conventions.

His father sent him to Australia. Then the grown up trouble of his life began. He passed through the world now with eyes open for the privations of the poor, and he saw everything in a new light. Unconsciously he was doing in another way what his mother had done when she flew to religion from stifled passion. He had been brought up as a sort of imperialist democrat, but now he bettered his father's instructions. England did not want more parliaments, she wanted more apostles. It was not by giving votes to a nation, but by strengthening the soul of a nation, that it became great and free. The man for the hour was not he who revolved schemes for making himself glorious, but he who was ready to renounce everything, and if he was great was willing to become little, and if he was rich to become poor. There was room for an apostle—for a thousand apostles—who, being dead to the world's glory, its money, or its calls, were prepared to do everything in Christ's spirit, and to believe that in the renunciation of Jesus lay the only salvation remaining to the world.

He tramped through the slums of Melbourne and Sydney and afterwards through the slums of London, returned to the Isle of Man a Christian socialist, and announced to his father his intention of going into the church.

The old man did not fume and fly out. He staggered back to his room like a bull to its pen after it has had its death blow in the shambles. In the midst of his dusty old bureau, with its labeled pockets full of cuttings, he realized that twenty years of his life had been wasted. A son was a separate being, a different growth, and a father was only the seed at the root that must decay and die. Then he made some show of resistance.

"But with your talents, boy, surely you are not going to throw away your chances of a great name?"

"I care nothing, sir, for a great name," said John. "I shall gain a greater victory than any that Parliament can give me."

"But, my boy, my dear boy, one must either be the camel or the camel driver, and then society——"

"I hate society, sir, and society would hate me. It is only for the sake of the few godly men that God spares it, as He spared Sodom for Lot's sake."

Having braved this ordeal, and nearly broken the heart of his old father, he turned for his reward to Glory. He found her at her usual haunt on the headlands.

"I was blushing when you came up, wasn't I?" she said. "Shall I tell you why?"

"Why?"

"It was this," she said, with a sweep of her hand across her bosom. He looked puzzled.

"Don't you understand? This old rag—it's the one I was wearing before you went away."

He wanted to tell her how well she looked in it, better than ever now that her bosom showed under its seamless curves and her figure had grown so lithe and shapely. But though she was laughing, he saw she was ashamed of her poverty, and he thought to comfort her.

"I'm to be a poor man myself in future, Glory. I've quarreled with my father, and I'm going into the church."

Her face fell. "Oh, I didn't think anybody would be poor who could help it. To be a clergyman is all right for a poor man, perhaps—but I hate to be poor. It's horrid."

Then darkness fell upon his eyes, and he felt sad and sick.

Glory had disappointed him; she was vain, she was worldly; she was incapable of the higher things; she would never know what a sacrifice he had made for her; she would think nothing of him now, but he would go on all the same—the more earnestly because the devil had drawn a bow at him and the arrow had gone in up to the feathers. "With God's help I shall nail my colors to the mast," he said.

Thus he made up his mind to follow the unrolling of the scroll. He had the strength called character. The church had been his beacon before, but now it was to be his refuge.

Digitized by Google

He found no difficulty in making the necessary preparations. For a year he read the Anglican divines, Tomline, Jeremy Taylor, Bull, and Hooker, and when the time came for his orders the diocesan examiner told him that he could not think of subjecting a gentleman of his talents and family to any examination except one as a matter of form. He was ordained by the Bishop of Sodor and Man and inducted by Parson Quayle, and then his uncle, the Earl of Erin, who was now prime minister, obtained him a curacy under the popular Canon Wealthy of All Saints, Belgravia.

On the morning of his departure for London his father, with whom there had in the mean time been trying scenes, left him this final word of farewell: "As I understand you that you intend to lead the life of poverty, I presume that you do not need your mother's dowry, and I shall hold myself at liberty to dispose of it elsewhere—*unless* you require it for the use of the young lady who is, I hear, to go up with you."

Old Chalse, an itinerant beggar, and the privileged gossip of the island, had lately been hanging around Glenfaba.

V.

"I WILL be a poor man among poor men," said John Storm to himself, as he drove to his vicar's house in Eaton Place, but he awoke next morning in a bed room that did not answer to his ideas of a life of poverty. A footman came with hot water and tea, and also a message from the canon overnight, saying that he would be pleased to see Mr. Storm in the study after breakfast.

The study was a sumptuous apartment immediately beneath, with carpets like cushions on the floor, and tiger skins over the backs of chairs, and as he entered it a bright faced man in middle life, wearing a clean shaven face and gold mounted pince nez, and bubbling over with politeness, stepped forward to receive him.

"Welcome to London, my dear Mr. Storm, and welcome to my humble abode as well. When the letter came from the dear prime minister I said to my daughter—my daughter Felicity—you will see her presently—I trust you will be good friends—I said, 'It is a privilege, my child, to meet any wish of the dear Earl of Erin, and I am proud to be in at the beginning of a career that is sure to be brilliant and distinguished."

John Storm made some murmur of dissent.

"I trust you found your rooms to your taste, Mr. Storm?"

John Storm had found them more than he expected or desired.

"Ah, well, humble but comfortable, and in any case please regard them as your own, to receive whom you please therein and to dispense your own hospitalities. This house is large enough. We shall not meet oftener than we wish, so we cannot quarrel. The only meal we need take together is dinner. Don't expect too much. Simple but wholesome—that's all we can promise you in a poor clergyman's family."

John Storm answered that food was an indifferent matter to him, and half an hour after dinner he never knew what he had eaten. The canon laughed, and began again. It was a peculiarity of his manner that always, before speaking, he strutted a step and threw out his chest like a cock preparing to crow.

"I thought it best you should come to us, being a stranger in London, though I confess I have never had but one of my clergy residing with me before. He is here now. You'll see him by and by. His name is Golightly—a simple, worthy young man, from one of the lesser colleges, I believe, formerly a scripture reader or something, and son of a green grocer in Bethnal Green, I think. You understand? Useful, you know, good to fetch and carry, and devoted to me and to my daughter, but of course a different sort of person altogether, and you need not see more of him than—er—that is, I always say——"

It was another peculiarity of the canon that whatever he began to talk about he always ended by talking of himself.

"I sent for you this morning that I might tell you something of our organization and your own duties. You see in me the head of a staff of ten clergy."

John Storm was not surprised—a great preacher must be followed by flocks of the poor—it was natural that they should wish him to help them and to minister to them. But the canon drew himself up, and swung his pince nez.

"We have no poor in my parish, Mr. Storm."

"No poor, sir?"

"On the contrary, Her Majesty herself is one of my parishioners."

"That must be a great grief to you, sir."

"The queen! Oh, the poor! Ah, yes, certainly. Of course we have our associated charities, such as the maternity home for unfortunate girls, founded by Mrs. Callender in Soho—a worthy old Scotswoman, odd and whimsical, perhaps, but rich, very rich and influential. My clergy, however,

Digitized by Google

have enough to do with the various departments of our church work. For instance, there are the Belgravia Ladies' Society, the fancy needlework classes, and the Decorative Flower Guild, not to speak of the daughter churches and the ministration in hospitals, for I always hold—er——"

John Storm's mind had been wandering, but at the mention of the hospital he looked up eagerly.

"Ah, yes, the hospital. Your own duties will be chiefly concerned with our excellent hospital of Martha's Vineyard. You will have the spiritual care of all patients and nurses—yes, nurses, also—within its precincts, precisely as if it were your own parish. 'This is my parish,' you will say to yourself, and treat it accordingly. You will have one service daily in each of the wards, taking the wards in rotation. There are seven wards, so there will be one service in each ward once a week, for I always say that fewer——"

"Is that enough?" said John. "I shall be only too pleased——"

"Ah, well, we'll see. On Wednesday evenings we have service in the church, and all nurses not on night duty are expected to attend. Two hundred of them altogether, and rather a curious compound. Ladies among them, yes, the daughters of gentlemen, but also persons of all classes. You will hold yourself responsible for their spiritual welfare. Let me see—this is Friday—say you take the sermon on Wednesday next, if that is agreeable. As to views, my people are of all shades of color, so I ask my clergy to take strictly *via media* views—strictly *via media*. Do you intone?"

John Storm had been wandering again, but he recovered himself in time to say he did not.

"That is a pity—our choir is so excellent—two violins, a viola, clarinet, cello, double bass, the trumpets and drums—and of course the organ. Our organist himself——" At that moment a young clergyman came into the room, making many apologies, and bowing subserviently on all sides. "Ah, this is Mr. Golightly—the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Storm. You will take charge of Mr. Storm, and bring him to church on Sunday morning."

Mr. Golightly delivered his message. It was about the organist. His wife had called to say that he had been removed to the hospital for some slight operation, and there was some difficulty about the singer of Sunday morning's anthem.

"Most irritating! Bring her up." The curate went out backwards. "I shall ask you to excuse me, Mr. Storm. My daughter Felicity—ah, here she is."

A tall, scraggy young woman in spectacles entered.

"This is our new housemate, the Hon. Mr. Storm, the nephew of our dear Lord Erin. Felicity, my child, I wish you to drive Mr. Storm round and introduce him to our best people, for I always say a young clergyman in London——"

John Storm mumbled something about the prime minister.

"Going to pay your respects to your uncle now? Very good and proper. Next week will do for the visits. Yes, yes—come in, Mrs. Koenig."

A meek, middle aged woman had appeared at the door. She was dark, and had deep, luminous eyes, with the moist look to be seen in the eyes of a tired old terrier.

"This person is the wife of our organist and choir master. Good day! Kindest greetings to the dear first lord. And by the way, let us say Monday for the beginning of your chaplaincy at the hospital."

The Prime Minister of England chanced to be the first lord of the Treasury as well, so he occupied the narrow, unassuming brick house, which is the Treasury residence in Downing Street. Although the official head of the church, with power to appoint its bishops and highest dignitaries, he was secretly a sceptic, if not openly a derider of spiritual things. For this attitude towards faith his early love passage had been chiefly accountable. That strife between duty and passion, which had driven the woman he loved to religion, had driven him in the other direction and left a broad swath of desolation in his soul. He had seen little of his brother since that evil time, and nothing whatever of his brother's son. Then John had written, "I am now bound by the awful tie of the priesthood," and he had thought it necessary to do something for him.

When John was announced he felt a thrill of tender feeling to which he had long thought himself a stranger. He got up and waited. The young man with his mother's face and the eyes of an enthusiast was coming down the long corridor.

John Storm saw his uncle first in the spacious old cabinet room which looked out on the little garden and the park. He was a gaunt old man with meager mustache and hair, and a face like a death's head. He held out his hand and smiled. His hand was cold, and his smile was half tearful and half saturnine.

"You are like your mother, John."

Digitized by Google

John never knew her.

"When I saw her last you were a child in arms and she was younger than you are."

"Where was that, uncle?"

"In her coffin, poor girl." The prime minister shuffled some papers and said, "Well, is there anything you wish for?"

"Nothing, sir. I've come to thank you for what you've done already."

The prime minister made a deprecatory gesture.

"I almost wish you had chosen another career, John. Still, the church has its opportunities and its chances, and if I can ever——"

"I am satisfied, sir, more than satisfied," said John. "My choice is based, I trust, on a firm vocation. The preferments of the world are nothing to me now, because I have come to see how insignificant are all enterprises except such as have the glory of God for their end. To attain that a man must give up everything, sir, everything—no half measures will do. I once thought it possible to bargain with God, to give up half my desire of the world, to retain the joy and beauty and sweetness of life and devote the rest of my desires to Christ. But I was awakened from that dream. God is love, and His name is Jealous. I now see that I must leave all, even myself and my affections, if I am to enjoy inward peace. Then God's work is great, sir, and greatest of all in London. That is why I am so grateful to you. I might have remained in the country, or I might have gone abroad as a missionary, but London grappled me and drew me to it, and you opened the way. Think of it, sir——" John was leaning forward in his chair with one arm stretched out. "Of the five millions of people in this vast city not one million cross the threshold of church or chapel. And then remember their condition. A hundred thousand live in constant want, slowly starving to death every day and hour—and a quarter of the old people of London die as paupers. Isn't it a wonderful scene, sir? If a man is willing to be spiritually dead to the world—to leave family and friends—to go forth never to return—as one might go to his execution——"

Drawn on by the prime minister's silence John Storm had said so much, almost forgetting, in his fervor, where he was and to whom he was speaking. The prime minister listened to the ardent young man who was talking to him there with his mother's voice, and then said quite suddenly,

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry?"

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake."

John Storm looked puzzled.

"I've sent you to the wrong place, John. When you wrote I naturally supposed you were thinking of the church as a career, and I tried to put you in the way of it. Do you know anything of your vicar?"

John knew that fame spoke of him as a great preacher—one of the few who had passed through their Pentecost and come out with the gift of tongues.

"Precisely!" The prime minister gave a little bitter laugh. "But let me tell you something about him. He was a poor curate in the country where the lord of the manor chanced to be a lady. He married the lord of the manor. His wife died, and he bought a London parish. Then, by the help of an old actor who gave lessons in elocution, he—well, he set up his Pentecost. Since then he has been a fashionable preacher and frequented the houses of great people. Ten years ago he was made a minor canon, and when he hears of an appointment to a bishopric he says in a tearful voice, 'I don't know what the dear queen has got against me.'"

"Well, sir?"

"Well, if I had known you felt like that I should scarcely have sent you to Canon Wealthy. And yet I hardly know where else a young man of your opinions—I'm afraid the church has a good many Canon Wealthys in it."

"God forbid, sir," said John. "No doubt there are Pharisees in these days, just as in the days of Christ, but the church is still the pillar of the state, sir——"

"The caterpillar, you mean, boy—eating out its heart and its vitals. Oh, *I* know! Don't I know!"

The prime minister gave another little bitter laugh, then looked quickly into John's flushed face and said, "But it's poor work for an old man to sap away a young man's enthusiasm."

"You can't do that, sir," said John, "because I know that God is the absolute ruler of all things good and bad, and He governs both to His glory. Let Him only give me strength to endure my exile——"

"I don't like to hear you talk like that, John. I think I know what the upshot will be. There's a gang of men about—Anglican Catholics they call themselves—well, remember the German proverb, 'Every priestling hides a popeling.' And if you *are* to be in the church, John, is there any reason why you shouldn't marry and be reasonable? To tell you the truth, I'm rather a lonely old man, whatever I seem to

Digitized by Google

be, and if your mother's son would give me a sort of a grandson—eh?"

The prime minister was pretending to laugh again.

"Come, John, come, it seems a pity—a fine young fellow like you, too. Are there no sweet young girls about in these days? Or are they all dead and gone since I was a young fellow? I could give you a wide choice, you know, for when a man stands high enough—in fact you would find me reasonable, you might have anybody you liked—rich or poor, dark or fair——"

John Storm had been sitting in torment, and now he rose to go. "No, sir," he said in a thicker voice, "I shall never marry. A clergyman who is married is bound to life by too many ties. Even his affection for his wife is a tie. And then there is her affection for the world, its riches, its praise, its honors. No, uncle, I think it a blessing I am single."

"Well, well, we'll say no more. After all, it's better than running wild, and that's what most young men seem to be doing nowadays. But then your long education abroad—and your poor father left to look after himself! Good day to you! Come and see me now and then. How like your mother you are sometimes! Good day!"

When the door of the cabinet room closed on John Storm, the prime minister thought, "Poor boy, he's laying up for himself a big heartache one of these fine days."

And John Storm, going down the street with plunging steps, said to himself, "How strange he should talk like that! But thank God he didn't produce a twitter in me. I died to all that a year ago."

Then he lifted his head and his footstep lightened, and deep, deep in some secret place the thought came proudly, "She shall see that to renounce the world is to possess the world—that a man may be poor and have all the kingdom of the world at his feet."

He went back by the Underground from Westminster Bridge. It was midday, and the carriage was crowded. His spirits were high, and he talked with every one near him. Getting out at Victoria, he came upon his vicar on the platform, and saluted him rather demonstratively. The canon responded with some restraint, and plunged into a first class carriage.

On turning into Eaton Place he came upon a group of people standing around something that lay on the pavement. It was an old woman, a poor, tattered, bedraggled creature with a pinched and pallid face. "Is it an accident?" a gentleman was saying, and somebody answered, "No, sir, she's gorn off in a faint." "Why doesn't some one take her to the hospital?" said the gentleman, and then, like the Levite, he passed by on the other side. A butcher's cart drew up at the curb and the butcher jumped down, saying, "There never *is* no p'licemen about when they're wanted for anythink." "But they aren't wanted here, friend," said somebody from the outside. It was John Storm, and he was pushing his way through the crowd. "Will somebody knock at that door, please?"

He lifted the old thing in his arms and carried her towards the canon's house. The footman looked aghast. "Let me know when the canon returns," said John, and then marched up the carpeted stairs to his rooms.

An hour afterwards the old woman opened her eyes and said, "Anythink gorn wrong? Wot's up? Is it the work'us?"

It was a clear case of destitution and collapse. John Storm began to feed the old creature with the chicken and milk sent up for his own lunch.

Some time in the afternoon he heard the voice and step of the vicar in the room below. Going down to the study, he was about to knock, but the voice continued in varying tones, now loud, now low. In a pause he rapped, and then with noticeable irritation the voice cried, "Come in!"

He found the vicar with a manuscript in hand, rehearsing his Sunday sermon. It was a shock to John, but it helped him to understand what his uncle had said about the canon's Pentecost.

The canon's brow was clouded. "Ah, is it you? Sorry to see you getting out of a third class carriage today, Mr. Storm."

John answered that it was the poor man's class, and therefore he thought it ought to be his.

"You do yourself an injustice, Mr. Storm. The third class contains low, ill bred, coarse tongued fellows, not fit for a clergyman to mix among. Besides, to tell you the truth, I don't choose that my assistant clergy——"

John looked ashamed. "If that is your view, sir," he said, "I don't know what you'll say to what I've been doing since."

"I've heard of it, and I confess I'm not pleased. Whatever your old protégée may be, my house is no place for her. I help to maintain charitable institutions for such cases, and I will ask you to lose no time in having her removed to the hospital."

John was crushed. "Very well, sir, if that is your wish—only I thought you said my rooms—besides, the poor old thing fills

Digitized by Google

her place as well as Queen Victoria, and perhaps the angels are watching the one as much as the other."

Next day John Storm called to see the old woman at Martha's Vineyard, and he saw the matron, the house doctor, and a staff nurse as well. His adventure was known to everybody at the hospital. Once or twice he caught looks of amused compassion and heard a twitter of laughter. As he stood by the bed the old woman muttered, "I knoo ez it wasn't the work'us, my dear. He spoke to me friendly and squeedged my 'and."

Coming through the wards, he had looked for a face he could not see, but just then he was aware of a young woman in the print dress and white apron of a nurse standing in silence at the bed head. It was Glory, and her eyes were wet with tears.

"You mustn't do such things," she said hoarsely. "I can't bear it," and she stamped her foot. "Don't you see that these people——"

But she turned about and was gone before he could reply. Glory was ashamed for him. His head sank, and his legs felt weak. Perhaps she had been taking his part! He felt the blood mounting to his face, and his cheeks tingling. Glory! His eyes were swimming, and he dare not look after her, but he could have found it in his heart to kiss the old bag of bones on the bed.

That night he wrote to the parson in the island:

"Glory has left off her home garments, and now looks more beautiful than ever in the white simplicity of the costume of the nurse. Her vocation is a great one. God grant she may hold on to it." Then something about the fallacy of ceremonial religion and the impossibility of pleasing God by such religious formalities. "But if we have publicans and pharisees now, even as they existed in Christ's time, all the more service is waiting for that man for whom life has no ambitions, death no terrors. I thank God I am in a great measure dead to these things. I will fulfil my promise to look after Glory. My constant prayer is against Agag. It is so easy for him to get a foothold in a girl's heart here. This great new world, with its fashions, its gaieties, its beauty, and its brightness—no wonder if a beautiful young girl, tingling with life and ruddy health, should burn with impatience to fling herself into the arms of it. Agag is in London, and as insinuating as ever."

(*To be continued.*)

GIFTS.

Joy, Gladness, Happiness, and Mirth,
With garlands twined round arm and waist,
Came floating down from heaven to earth,
Each with a wreath of roses graced.

Mirth with pink petals gently strewed
A head that pressed a pillow white—
A babe who crowed in merry mood
Because the world was warm and bright.

Then Happiness her garland threw
Around a youthful, loving pair,
Whose thoughts were all of roseate hue,
Because the world was fresh and fair.

The crown of Gladness, rich and sweet,
Was laid on one who, low and long,
Sang songs with hope and trust replete,
Because the world was brave and strong.

But Joy crept down the lane of years,
And placed white blossoms on the breast
Of one who, past all grief and tears,
Lay smiling peacefully—at rest.

Clarence Urmy.

Digitized by Google

If there ever was a time in the history of the world when woman was having her little hour, it is the present. Sentimental writers like Elizabeth Stuart Phelps are still penning such lines as "God may have been in a just mood, but He was not in a merciful one, when knowing they were to be in the same world with men, He created women;" but the average woman hasn't the faintest idea what they mean by it, in this end of the nineteenth century. She is very joyous and handsome and happy, and optimistically takes what her times have brought her. She finds her father and brothers, and her husband, if she happens to have one, tolerably patient and admiring creatures.

How many women realize that the commerce of the world is carried on mainly for them? Women are larger consumers than men. What would become of the merchants and manufacturers if they ceased to

Miss May Van Benthuysen as "Queen of Nereus"

From a photograph by Washburn, New Orleans.

Digitized by Google

provide and plan for feminine needs and luxuries? Teeming cities would become wastes. The jewelers, the furriers, the gold and silver smiths, the makers of silk, cotton, and woolen fabrics, and of musical instruments, the workers in straw, flowers, and feathers—all these and a thousand others would see their industries decay. Men might eat and drink, but it would be crudely. Ah, no! The women of this day have everything there is, and if they have too little it is because they can think of nothing new to demand.

They are always in the public eye. Only the other day English people, or those of them who allow themselves to be disturbed by the utterances of a penny-a-liner, were wildly indignant over an American woman journalist's allegation that the feminine types of our own society are superior in beauty, wit, and naturalness, to those of England. This imaginative writer airily announced that London was at the feet of the American woman, and that in her the best manhood of Britain found its true mate. On this side of the Atlantic we hear a great deal about the American girls who marry titles and become prominent in English society, but very little about the English women who created that society and who are after all its mainspring. Of England's upper ten thousand, about sixty have married Americans in this generation. The American peeresses—not every titled lady, by any means, is a peeress—number only seven or eight. Hence British society can scarcely be said to be ruled by our fair compatriots, good specimens as they are of American womanhood.

Mrs. Arthur Paget
(Formerly Miss Minnie Stevens of New York.)
From a miniature by Amalia Kussner.

It is always a matter of regret to sensible people that comparisons should be made. Well bred, clever, and beautiful women are found all over the civilized world. It is our boast that in almost any country town we can find a girl with beauty and breeding sufficient to endow a princess, should she be called to that high estate. Our lovely women are no more lovely than the best types of other lands; but we claim more of them, and from all classes.

The English people who wrote to the newspapers to controvert the American journalist's assertion were as far afield as the writer they attacked. Some of them declared that "the American woman's only attractions are those derived from money." This is disproved, if disproof be needed, by marriages in which money has been a slight

Digitized by Google

Miss Vira Boarman as "Queen of Proteus"

From a photograph by Washburn, New Orleans.

Digitized by Google

factor. The Duchess of Manchester, for example, had no fortune.

We give this month a portrait of a New York belle of two decades ago, whose face today denies the old story that American women fade early. Mrs. Arthur Paget, formerly Miss Minnie Stevens, was the daughter of Mrs. Paran Stevens, who was known as the most brilliant hostess in New York. Her marriage to Arthur Henry Fitzroy Paget, son of the Waterloo general, was celebrated at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and was considered one of the most brilliant ever seen in London. It was notable at the time as being one of the first international weddings in which the queen and her family evinced any interest. Of the presents, at least a dozen came from royalties.

Consuelo Yznaga, who became the Duchess of Manchester, was Miss Stevens' dearest girl friend, and the two were constantly together, a pair of sparkling beauties. By their tact, wit, and fine breeding they did much to open the doors of London society to the American girl.

Miss Anna Plater, of Nashville.

From a photograph by Thum, Nashville.

When fair women are gathered together it seems impossible to get away from the South; and the "Mystic Krewe" appears to have discovered most of the beauties of New Orleans. Miss Vira Boarman was selected by Proteus to preside over his revels last spring. She is a brunette, with large dark eyes, and the creamy magnolia skin without a trace of color. Although slender, and of medium height, the royal robes and jewels were unusually becoming to her. She spent most of the past summer at a Northern watering place.

Digitized by Google

Miss Myssie Brown, of Nashville.

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

Miss May Van Benthuysen is another acknowledged belle of New Orleans. Her beauty can hardly be portrayed in dull inks. She is tall, with a very erect carriage, golden hair with glints of mahogany color, brown eyes, and a beautiful complexion. During this year's carnival season she was chosen maid of honor to the queen of the famous Twelfth Night ball, and was herself crowned Queen of Nereus. Her name has been identified with almost every prominent social event in New Orleans.

Miss Myssie Brown is another American girl who is soon to go to England as a bride. She hails from Nashville, and belongs to a family long prominent in the social and political life of Tennessee. Both her grandfather, Neil S. Brown, and her uncle, John C. Brown, were governors of the State. Miss Brown has been abroad all summer, but when this is read, she will probably have married the Hon. Archibald Majoribanks, a brother of the Earl of Tweedmouth, and a member of the staff of Lord Aberdeen, the Canadian governor general, who is his brother in law. Miss Brown is still quite young, but she will take nothing away from the reputation of the American girl. She is already noted as a brilliant conversationalist, in the part of the United States where conversation still survives

One of her friends in Nashville, Miss Anna Plater, attended a Patriarchs' ball in New York, several seasons ago, and the late

Digitized by Google

Miss Nellie Holbrook, of New York

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

Mr. Ward McAllister pronounced her the prettiest girl he had ever seen. She closely resembles the Irish type, with blue eyes and black hair. Miss Plater is a famous equestrienne, and it is said that some of her feats —achieved in private—rival those of the Empress of Austria.

Miss Nellie Holbrook, of New York, is the typical "frank and free young Yankee maiden" extolled in society verse. An only child, she was early left with a fortune by the death of her father, the late Isaac Holbrook, and there has been no sphere of social activity in which her energies have not run. She is a capital whip, a clever golf player, and an all around athletic girl. She can steer a yacht or drive a four in hand with equal skill. During the past summer she and her mother took a house on Long Island, where they entertained a series of brilliant house parties. Miss Holbrook is shortly to be married to Aubrey Boucicault, son of the late Dion Boucicault, the famous dramatist.

Captain Yates Stirling, of the United States navy, is as famous for his daughters as for his achievements upon the seas. Mrs. Lee Tailer has been a New York society favorite since her marriage, but her place as "Captain Stirling's lovely daughter" has been well filled by her sister, Miss Helen Stirling. Both of the sisters are distinguished for a cosmopolitanism created by constant contact with those who live over the whole globe. The Stirlings are Southern people, who call Baltimore their home, but every part of the United States has known them. The position of a young girl in the American army or navy is an enviable one. In the service there are seldom fortunes, but there is generally breeding, and always that certainty of position in any part of the

Digitized by Google

world which is one of the tributes mankind pays to those who make duty instead of pecuniary profit their ideal. If a man has not a high purpose and a patriotic heart, our service is no place for him.

Miss Helen Stirling, of Baltimore.

From a photograph by Mr. J. Lee Tasher.

Something of the chivalry, the flavor of days gone by, hangs about the army and navy. To men who live half their lives on sun baked plains, or on the wide and lonely expanses of the sea, a woman—any woman—holds a place which the business man, who has a woman clerk and a woman typewriter, never knows. The army girl is accustomed to the homage of these men, and she unconsciously demands it of every man—a fact that may, in a measure, account for the "distinguished air" of the "beautiful Stirlings."

The Countess of Essex, who was Miss Adele Grant, is a daughter of the late Beach Grant of New York. The marriage between Miss Grant and the earl is said to have been arranged by the Pagets, to whom her husband is distantly related. It could not be criticised as the barter of a fortune for a title, for the bride's dowry was by no means a great one. It was her beauty and her personal charm that carried all before her.

Digitized by Google

Lady Beatrice Butler, Daughter of the Marquis of Ormonde.

From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Digitized by Google

The Countess of Essex (Formerly Miss Adelie Grant of New York).
From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

She was introduced into New York society in 1883, and immediately became a belle. She subsequently went to Europe, where the Prince of Wales delighted to introduce her everywhere. She was at one time engaged to the late Earl of Cairns, but the marriage was broken off on account of the young man's debts.

An English girl who has been giving the popular Americans some very hard running, and who is doing much to prove that after all what an Englishman most admires is the finest type of his own womenkind, is Lady Beatrice Butler, the elder of the two beautiful daughters of the Irish Marquis of Ormonde. Lady Beatrice, who is soon to marry the young Marquis of Waterford, is just twenty, and, as her picture shows, represents a very distinct type. If Mr. Du Maurier wanted to picture one of his tall and lovely dream women, like the *Duchess of Towers*, he could find no better model than this young girl with her regular features and serious face. It is a type which appears to grow only in the British isles. American girls may sometimes try to take on that manner and appearance; but if they do, nobody ever finds it out.

Digitized by Google

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE HEAD SHEPHERD OF THE CZAR'S SHEEP.

The death of Prince Lobanoff has deprived Russia of the guiding spirit of her foreign relations. An equally remarkable and influential Muscovite remains in the person of Constantine Pobedonostseff, who has in the last fifteen years done more than any other man to mold the internal policy of the vast empire of the east.

M. Pobedonostseff is a "scholar in politics." He entered the palace of the Romanoffs as tutor to the late Czar Alexander, over whom he acquired a great influence. He was appointed a member of the imperial council, and later, when his former pupil ascended the throne, Pobedonostseff became ober procurer—a title that carries with it the official headship of the Russian ecclesiastical organization. He is described as a bloodless, emotionless ascetic. His features are pinched, his glance cold, his manner jerky. He has none of the ease of the man of the world. He never enters society, yet it is said of him that he can hear the wool grow upon the sheep's back and the grass sprout in the meadow. He is adroit, intense, narrow, and heartless. His habits are scrupulously methodical. His books and documents are always in apple pie order. He is ready with a fixed and definite opinion upon every possible subject. He never makes or listens to a joke, cares nothing for art, and has never been known to laugh. He has no relaxations, except an occasional dabbling in literature. His tastes in this respect are characteristically instanced by the fact that he has translated into Russian Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," and Mr. Gladstone's celebrated pamphlet on the Turkish atrocities of 1876 in Bulgaria.

Constantine Pobedonostseff.

From a photograph by Denier, St. Petersburgh

A Russian of the Russians, devoutly patriotic, his one aim is to see his country move along the lines he has laid down. Twice he has saved it from the disaster, as he regards it, of constitutionalism—once in 1881, when Loris Melikoff had a charter ready for issuing, and again a year or so later, when Ignatieff was moving toward parliamentary government. Pobedonostseff's sole political ideal is autocracy—the supremacy of church and monarch, two in one—an altar throne at which all shall kneel. He would keep the great Russian nation a mighty unit, with its religion and its politics

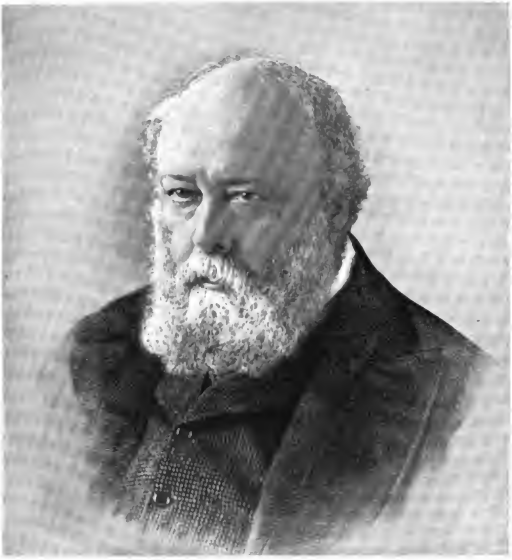
Digitized by Google

summed up in a single word, centralized in a single figurehead—the Czar.

THE ENGLISH PREMIER.

One of the world's great political posts of power, worthy to be ranked with the American Presidency, is the British premiership. Queen Victoria may be the titular ruler of the empire that includes something like one sixth of the habitable globe, but its real official head is the gentleman who presides over the cabinet meetings in the rather shabby old building in Downing Street.

Lord Salisbury is commonly regarded in America with somewhat unfriendly eyes. In our dealings with his government—which are more numerous and important than our dealings with any other foreign power—he has been found less sympathetic than his predecessor, Lord Rosebery. He represents the more aggressive foreign policy which has long been the tradition of the Conservative party in England. He represents the overthrow of the movement for Irish home rule, with which many Americans have sympathized. He is a typical aristocrat, a man of inherited wealth, one of the great English landlords, and the scion of a historic house. His family, the Cecils, have been social and political magnates ever since the days of Henry VIII.



The Marquis of Salisbury, Premier of England.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

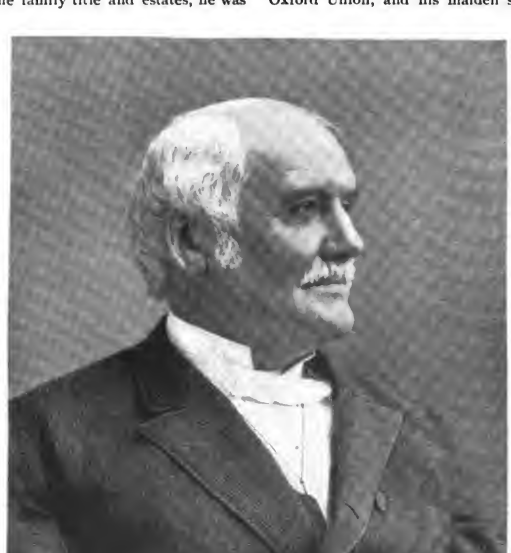
Nevertheless, there is no reason to impute to Lord Salisbury unfriendliness toward America. He has given expression, both in word and deed, to the opposite feeling, when he has had an opportunity of doing so. It is scarcely strange that he should not always shape his policy to the dictation of our jingo press. When national interests conflict, as they will sometimes, he has asserted the British view of the matter at issue, ably and firmly, as is his official duty; but he has never given any reasonable cause for personal resentment.

Personally, the English premier is—rather curiously for one in his position—

Digitized by Google

retiring rather than ambitious, a reserved man of quiet tastes, a student with a hobby for chemical experiments, and with little liking for society. As a young man, before an elder brother's death made him the heir to the family title and estates, he was a gold seeker in Australia and a working journalist in London. Elected to the House of Commons, he won his political promotion by skill as a speaker and by good service in minor offices. In debate he is a heavy hitter, a "master of gibes and flouts and sneers," as Disraeli once called him during a temporary mutual disagreement. He is respected and admired, but he has no such personal popularity as had the last two famous English prime ministers—Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone.

Lord Salisbury has several sons, two of whom are members of the House of Commons. For the younger of these two, Lord Hugh Cecil, it is predicted that he may follow in his father's footsteps. In his college days he was the best speaker at the Oxford Union, and his maiden speech in Parliament, delivered a few weeks ago, attracted marked attention.



Colonel A. K. McClure

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

A VETERAN AMERICAN JOURNALIST.

Alexander K. McClure is one of the famous veterans of American journalism. That he is a journalist by nature is proved by the fact that excursions into other fields have never permanently drawn him away from the music of the printing presses. At nineteen he rose superior to an apprenticeship in tanning, and established a country weekly in southern Pennsylvania. Then he

Digitized by Google

practised law in Chambersburgh, but gave it up to edit the local paper. Next he went into Philadelphia politics, and ran for the mayoralty, but again went back to his first love and founded the *Times*, of which he is still the guiding spirit.

Colonel McClure is earnest and aggressive, a good speaker, and a redoubtable figure upon the stump in a political campaign. He is fearlessly independent, and has always set principle above party. Before the war he was a Whig, and was at one time a candidate for a State office—that of auditor general—on the Whig ticket. His earliest prominence was gained as one of the founders of the Republican party. He was a delegate to the convention that nominated Fremont, and was one of the first Republican members of the Pennsylvania Legislature. He was a close friend of Lincoln. In recent years he became estranged from his former associations, but his leaning toward Democratic affiliations ended abruptly with last summer's Chicago convention. The colonel announced that he "spat upon the platform" adopted by that body, and would fight its Presidential nominees with all his powers.

THE MAKER OF THE TELEPHONE.

No one will ever determine, to the satisfaction of every one concerned, who invented the telephone. But the authorities at Washington decided that Alexander Graham Bell had a right to the patent, and as a result of that decision Mr. Bell has become a millionaire. No one who knows him begrudges his good fortune, for he is a man whose gentle, cordial manners make him friends wherever he goes.

Mr. Bell has to thank other things, besides the patent office, for his wealth. The history of inventions shows that the profits of a discovery seldom go to the man who made it. Had not Mr. Bell had the good fortune to find a backer in his wife's father, Gardiner G. Hubbard, even so valuable a patent as the telephone might have brought him little or no reward. Luckily, Mr. Hubbard had plenty of capital and unfailing confidence in his son in law's abilities, and pushed his invention to success after Senator Cameron and other wealthy men had declined to take it up.

Miss Hubbard, who became Mrs. Bell, was a deaf mute, and for her sake her husband has devoted a great deal of time and thought to the relief of her fellow sufferers.

Alexander Graham Bell.
Drawn by V. Grabayeloff.

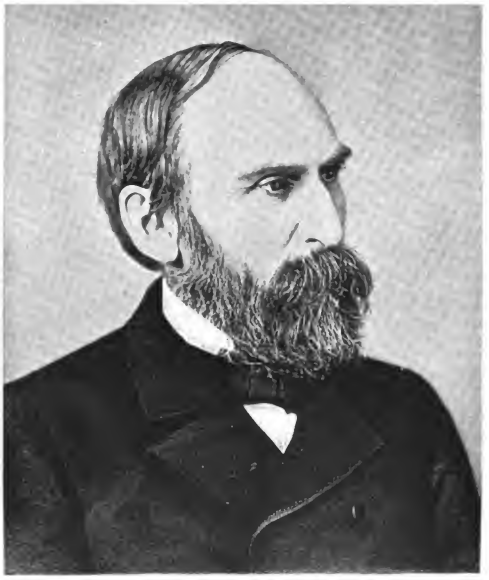
He devised a system of lip reading by means of which he taught his wife to converse, and which has been widely adopted by others. Mr. Bell and his father in law live in Washington, and belong to the set which has made that city the center of American scientific activity. The telephone has made them both very rich men. They have a summer home in Nova Scotia, where a little colony of Washington people find relief from the capital's torrid atmosphere and social burdens.

A REPUBLICAN LEADER IN CONGRESS.

The people of New England have one notable political virtue: they recognize merit, and their public men have little fear of enforced retirement so long as they give

Digitized by Google

good service to their constituencies. For an instance, take the Pine Tree State and her six representatives at Washington. Mr. Hale has had three terms in the Senate, after five in the House. Mr. Frye has been six times elected to the House, and four times to the Senate. Messrs. Boutelle and Milliken have served uninterruptedly



Nelson Dingley, Jr., Chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means.

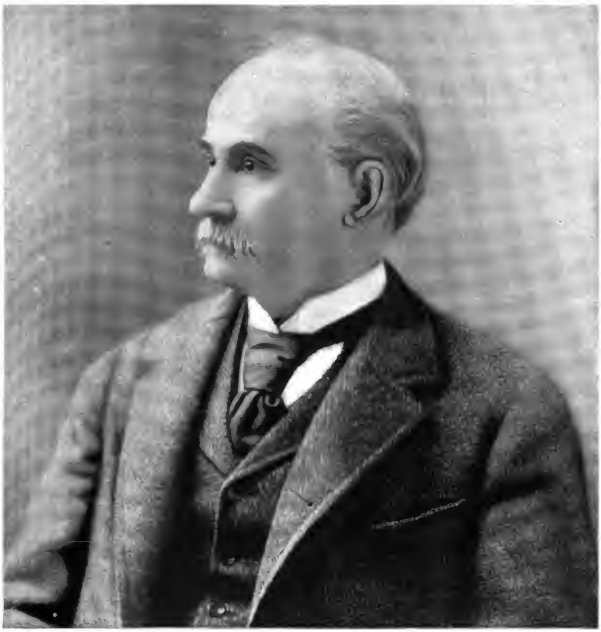
From a photograph by Howard, Lewiston, Maine.

through seven Congresses, Mr. Dingley through eight, and Mr. Reed ten.

Nelson Dingley, Jr.—whose neighbors still know him as Governor Dingley, though it is more than twenty years since he held Maine's chief magistracy—is one of Speaker Reed's foremost and ablest lieutenants. He is a *rara avis* in that he is an educated Congressman—not merely a Congressman with a college education, but a man who was educated for Congress. He prepared himself for public life as sedulously as other men equip their minds for the law, medicine, or commercial pursuits. After graduating at Dartmouth, he studied for the bar, but with no intention of practising. He bought an interest in the Lewiston *Journal*, and devoted himself to newspaper work and politics. His political apprenticeship was gained in the State Legislature, in which he served several terms before his promotion to Congress. Economic questions have always been his hobby. Mr. Reed once said that even as a boy his friend Dingley would rather pore over a statistical table than sit in the summer moonlight with a pretty girl.

It was comparatively late in life that Mr. Dingley achieved a really national reputation. When his party resumed control of Congress, two years ago, it became evident that there was no fitter man for the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee. The important post was assigned to him, and the tariff bill which passed the House last winter was drawn under his supervision. If this month's election shall verify Republican predictions, he hopes to frame another financial measure and to send it to the

Digitized by Google



Robert R. Hitt, Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs.

From a photograph.

Senate. His power as a leader lies in his mastery of political economy, in his conscientiousness, and in an aggressiveness which is militant but never offensive. His weakness is in his voice, which was not designed for public speaking.

A WESTERN CONGRESSMAN.

The President of the United States is fortunate when he finds at the head of the Congressional committees men capable of rising above partisanship in their dealings with the executive. It has been especially pleasant for Messrs. Cleveland and Olney, with such delicate and important international questions recently on the board, that the leadership of the House committee on foreign affairs has been in the dignified and capable hands of Robert Roberts Hitt, of Illinois. Mr. Hitt was trained for his post by practical experience of diplomatic work. He spent seven years in Paris as secretary of legation and *chargé d' affaires*, and then, before his fourteen years' service in Congress began, he was assistant secretary of state at Washington.

Mr. Hitt and his wife are wealthy, and live in one of the handsomest houses at the capital. They entertain a great deal, and are conspicuous factors in Washington's social life. Mr. Hitt is a slender man, just past sixty, whose dark hair is touched with gray, and who usually wears the "statesman's" garb of frock coat and silk hat. In the House, he is not a frequent speaker, but when he has anything to say it is always heard with attention. He is likely to hold his seat in Congress as long as he desires to do so, for he is the most popular Republican in a district that is a party stronghold. At

Digitized by Google

the last election he polled two thirds of all the votes cast.

A GREAT MAN OF THE EAST.

When General Grant returned from his historic tour of the world, he declared that during his travels he had met four truly great personalities—Bismarck, Gambetta, Disraeli, and Li Hung Chang. He added that he thought the last named the greatest man of the four.

A strange sympathy seemed to exist between the American soldier and the Chinese viceroy—a sympathy which has never been fully explained. From the moment when Grant landed in the Flowery Kingdom to the time of his departure, he received from Li Hung Chang an unbroken series of the most solicitous, the most devoted attentions. The great Chinaman said that they were born in the same year and month, and that their stars were the same. Dr. Edward Bedloe, who became intimate with him when stationed at Amoy as United States Consul, says that Li has always been something of a mystic, a dreamer, a poet. Dr. Bedloe thus translated one of his stanzas:

Dragon who rulest the shoreless sea of death,
When I lie dreaming on my loved one's lip,
And thou dost come to steal away her breath,
Take me with her upon thy phantom ship!

Li Hung Chang.

From a portrait owned by Dr. Bedloe, formerly United States Consul at Amoy, China.

Writing such "poetry of passion" seems a curious diversion for the statesman who has for more than a generation held a powerful, if not a controlling influence in the government of a huge and unwieldy empire. Just how Li's influence has been exerted, and what it has done for his country, it is impossible to say, for the recent history of China is practically a sealed book to outsiders. He is commonly credited, however, with patriotism and progressiveness, and the fact that he has done little to open the Flowery Kingdom to western civilization is charged to the tremendous forces of conservatism which he has had to combat.

Digitized by Google

IN THE REIGN OF BORIS.*

By Robert McDonald,

Author of "A Princess and a Woman."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO XVII.

BEVERLY, a New York *Herald* correspondent, is sent to Carpathia, a little state in southeastern Europe, to investigate the political situation, and the transactions of John Marr, a wealthy American who controls vast interests there. He discovers the existence of a plot to overthrow the young king, Boris, who is suspected of desiring to hand his domains over to Russia, of whose royal house he is a morganatic scion. An attempt is made to assassinate Boris, while riding through a wooded ravine some distance from Carpeth, the capital, and the king receives painful injuries. Count Lubona, the king's chamberlain, and the leading spirit of the revolt, orders the wounded man conveyed to his own ancestral castle, now occupied by John Marr and his daughter Elinor, with whom Beverly is in love. The king is ordered detained until the conspirators' plans are matured, but when he has recovered somewhat from his injuries, Beverly assists him to escape, and they flee toward Carpeth in company with Miss Marr, whom Beverly has persuaded to come, believing her to be in danger. They elude their pursuers, but the exertion proves too much for the king, and he is unable to continue. Beverly secures the assistance of a recluse who is versed in medicine, and who proves to be Leo Lubona, the uncle of the treacherous chamberlain, and the father of Linda, a girl whom his nephew has betrayed. When almost ready to resume their journey, Linda, who still loves Lubona, and who is jealous of the beautiful American girl, has her abducted and conveyed to Leo's old home. Here they are traced by Beverly, and Linda learns of their mutual affection. Believing that the Carpathian woman is now satisfied that she is in no danger from Elinor, the young couple, who are thoroughly exhausted, decide to pass the remainder of the night where they are.

XVIII.

TIRED nature exacts her dues sooner or later, and Beverly was paying his now in a deep sleep. Linda Lubona sat in the doorway and looked out over the trees that had known her gaze as that of a young child and an innocent, happy girl. She saw before her the ruins of her old home, which had been burned after she had left it. It all seemed typical of what had come to her and her house. Another woman might have been touched by the sight, but to this poor, distorted brain there was but an access of hatred and spite.

She looked back into the room, where she could see Beverly lying heavily on the floor, and she almost loved him. He seemed to carry the possibility of revenge. It was all plain in her mind. Lubona loved this white girl; more fool he, for it was plainly to be seen that the American was in love with the handsome young man of her own race. She had no thought of Lubona. But that was like a man—like her husband, she reasoned bitterly, to pursue the game that avoided him. He belonged to the class of men who have so little self respect that they despise the woman who can love them. She made this reading of Lubona's character, and she never quite realized that in some ways she could read it closely because she too carried such thoughts in her heart.

She had formed a determination, and she arose to carry it out. Lubona should see them there. He should surprise them in such a way that he would see himself scorned. Love, or what she called love, a sort of passion for the man who had ruined her life, dominated this poor creature, and she could see nothing else in a man's motives. Lubona's whole plot, to her, was but to gain possession of this beautiful American. She hated her like a savage. At one moment she wanted to kill the woman, to plunge a knife into her breast in an ecstasy of fury; at the next she almost loved her as she did Beverly. Both of them might be instruments of vengeance.

She went softly across the room, stepping lightly over Beverly as if she had been a puff of the south wind, and opened the door leading into the room where Elinor lay. The hinges were old, the door sagged through long standing open, and the rusty iron hinges creaked dismally, but neither sleeper awakened. Fatigue, the drug, and a feeling of something like peace at last were holding Elinor's mind and senses in thrall. She believed in Beverly's ability to take care of her. The woman who had been unmade by the betrayal of her love looked at the sweet, strong, lovely white face which showed in the square of moonlight from the little window, and a sigh came from the depths of her heart. It was not only fortune and accident, but the Creator that had made them different.

* *This story began in the July number of* MUNSEY'S.

Digitized by Google

"*She* wouldn't do it," the Carpathian woman muttered, but not for an instant did that turn her aside from her own purpose. Elinor was lying on a sort of bunk. She had loosened her collar, and her red gold hair hung down to the floor. But for that she was fully dressed. The room was so small that she lay very near the door, and when Linda propped it open, Beverly was almost at her side. The Carpathian took a long tress of the hair and put it over the man's broad chest, and then went softly away and left them.

She knew her way through these woods and little ravines inch by inch. Here she and Lubona had played as children, racing hand in hand through the forest. She knew exactly where the sentries were stationed, and she lost no time in reaching the man she wanted to see.

"Gregory," she called softly.

He turned like a flash in the moonlight, showing a man where only the shadow of a bush had been but a moment before.

"Is it you, my lady?" the man said respectfully. "I wouldn't come any nearer if I were you. He is all around tonight, and in one of his terrible rages."

"Ah, yes!" she almost laughed. "He has discovered that his beauty has gone."

"They all got away. You told us to pay no attention for a little while, and we walked away. When we came back the hut was empty. They are trying to find the trail now. The count thinks that his Swiss betrayed him. He too has gone."

"His Swiss?"

"His Swiss valet. He is a new man. He should never have come. He has only been here lately. But if you should be seen——"

"I will not be," she said calmly, "until I want to. Do you think your master would be willing to come to the old house to find his prisoners?"

The man hesitated, and looked at her in almost a frightened way. Lubona had taken no gentlemen with him upon this enterprise. He was trusting entirely to the old retainers of his estates, who had a family pride in serving him. But there was one thing he did not know. Linda Lubona, who was the lady of their house, and whom they had been taught to serve first, was also giving orders. They would not have left Lubona for her, but she did not ask that. She wanted all of his plans to succeed except such as related to the American girl. His followers were not made of the stuff that would cross a lady of their house in her jealousies. Women of the Lubona race had always known how to deal with rivals. This one should have her chance. Morals were not high in the mountains of Carpathia. They knew exactly how Lubona had treated his cousin, and they shrugged their sheepskin shoulders. It was no affair of theirs. They believed that Linda had killed, or would kill, the white American girl. For all Gregory knew she might want to entice Lubona there to exhibit her dead body to him. That accorded with Carpathian usage.

"They say the soothsayers say that if the count goes to the old manor he will meet his death," Gregory whispered.

"My father is away," she returned, as though that question were settled.

In their earnest talk neither of them had noticed a stealthy step behind them, but suddenly Linda felt a hand on her shoulder, and her slender body was whirled about. Her heart seemed to turn to water in her bosom, because she surely believed that the man who had been her husband was standing there. She felt a blindness strike her eyes, and then she heard Gregory's protest, and knew that it must be the Swiss.

"Is this the way you keep sentry?" the valet sneered. "Talking to a sweetheart here in the wood! I will report you."

"I wouldn't be a bearer of bad tidings to my lord tonight," Gregory returned with contempt. "He is ready to have you kicked like a dog already without going to him with tales of a man whom he knew before you were born. You should stay by the Lubonas, or come with good news."

"What is wrong?"

"The people we have been watching have gone, and he thinks you helped them away. You also were gone."

"I have been in the farm house below, getting a glass of milk," the man began to explain with the apologetic manner of his class. "I had nothing to do with them. Where is he?"

"Tramping the woods."

The Swiss suddenly broke into a rage.

"It was you who let them go, philandering here," he began, but Linda cut him short with a coquettish laugh, which made Gregory gasp to hear it given to a servant.

"Gregory is no sweetheart of mine," Linda said. "He is too old and ugly to make love." She wore her peasant's dress and spoke in the vernacular. "I have seen love making tonight which makes such as you find here tame and commonplace. The woman looked like a white angel out of the sky, and her hair was the color of a new copper pot."

Digitized by Google

Gregory started so violently that he let his rifle fall, but the Swiss' breath began to come quickly.

"Where was she?" he asked.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Linda taunted. "Why should I tell you, and let rough, rude men like you disturb them? Ah, you should have seen them, sitting alone on the ruined wall in the moonlight, their arms about each other, cooing like two turtle doves in the spring time. Ah, but they love each other! He would kiss her hair. No doubt they are running away from her parents, and tomorrow perhaps they will go to Carpeth and be married."

"Where are these lovers?" the Swiss insisted with excitement.

"Why do you wish to know?"

"For the same reason that a boy in the wood seeks a bird's nest, I suppose," he laughed.

"I will not tell you."

"Then come along with me to the master. He can make you tell."

"I will not," Linda returned, drawing away from the hand of the Swiss. Her heart was beating violently. She had intended to go to Lubona, had intended to taunt him, but she could not. "Do not touch me!" she cried. "I will tell you."

"The truth?"

"Yes, the truth. I am not a liar. They are in the outhouse of a ruined building on the spur of the next hill. They will not thank you for a visit, however."

"It is in my mind to report you and Gregory," the Swiss said, but they knew that he would not do it. He was only too anxious to make his peace with his master with this piece of news.

He found Lubona charging up and down the byre. The Carpathian count was full of bitterness. He called himself a fool that he had not killed the king at once. Now he himself was in danger. He had nothing in his hands but that prisoner over there in the castle, and confiscation, exile, and disgrace; if not death, were before him if Boris were not captured. He had believed too much in his servants, and had thought too little of—what? Beverly's intelligence? He knew nothing of Linda and her warnings.

He turned on the Swiss with the snarl of a wild beast; but he saw by the fellow's face, where the glare from the logs lighted it, that there was news, and he controlled himself and waited.

"I followed," the Swiss announced boldly, "and I know where they are."

"Where?" Lubona's lips formed.

"In the outhouse of a house that was burned. The king and the lady with hair of the color of a new copper pot are together. They love each other. I saw them sitting on the ruined wall of the old house, their arms about each other." The Swiss recited his lesson glibly.

Lubona sprang to his feet, but there was a look in his face which the Swiss could not quite understand. He had but one fear, that he would be asked to lead his master to the house, in which case he intended to lose his path; but Lubona made no such suggestion. Like Linda, he knew every inch of the way to that house; he would go to it alone, and find his quarry. If the story told were true—well, he could settle it with Boris then and there. And to do Lubona justice, he did not think of the king as being a sick man. He had all to fight for, and it should be man against man, with no witness but the girl.

He thought nothing of the prophecy which had come to his ears, saying that he would meet his death in the old house. He had reason for believing that even if his plans failed, he could probably escape punishment.

But half way to the old place he stopped. He could take no chances now. He would come back and get a few of his faithful servants, and take them with him. He turned, and stood almost face to face with Gregory, who was just behind him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked angrily.

"I could not let you go there alone, my lord."

"Where? How do you know where I am going?"

"I heard——"

"That tattling Swiss!" Lubona cried furiously. "Go back and kill him. Silence him. Then bring Nicholas, and follow me quickly. We must make no mistakes this time."

"No, we must make no mistakes this time," the man said, and ran hastily back.

Lubona stepped on through the wood, a thousand emotions running over him. Only a few minutes earlier, Linda had gone along the same path, a wild and bitter exultation in her heart. While he went to an expected triumph, she saw ahead of him mortification only.

XIX.

BORIS and Leo stood watching the place where Beverly had disappeared, till the king sat heavily down, his hand to his head.

Digitized by Google

"It is rather a long walk from here to Carpeth," he commented cheerfully, "and I cannot say that I feel in the humor for sprinting. Where do you suppose my young friend has disappeared to?" He almost added, "What can the girl tell him now?" but he remembered who the girl was, and held his tongue upon that subject.

"My prince," Leo Lubona said, "I have a hut here in the hills. Would it not be well for you to rest there before you go any farther?"

"I think not. I have done too much resting. I must get back to Carpeth, but how? Are there horses to be found at that farm house? I want to get my hands on that devil of a Lubona." He arose and spoke feverishly. "I cannot linger. I must get to my own men, and get them after Lubona, to rescue Miss Marr. He is a fiend——"

"You cannot call him too many names, but to do so is a waste of breath," the older man said. "I will go to the farm house and try to get horses, but like every other place it is probably watched. We may only succeed in falling into Henri Lubona's hands again."

"Let me get a sight of him!"

Leo made a sound in his throat which Boris rightly interpreted to mean that were Linda's father to catch sight of the count, any subsequent observations would be taken upon a dead man. But both realized how helpless they were, here in the wilderness without horses. Boris felt that Beverly's desertion had been wanton, though he could not question the young American's right to go where he pleased and carry on his investigation after his own fashion.

They started together toward the farm house, and when they reached its lights they saw that the big kitchen was filled with men. Boris stood still in the shelter of a hedge, while Leo cautiously approached the house. It was only a moment before he was back again.

"The house and the stables are in the hands of men who are upon some expedition. It would be madness for us to try to get horses. I must take you to my house. I have a horse there. It is old and not swift, but it can carry you to Carpeth by morning."

Traveling upon almost parallel lines, the two Lubonas and Boris, the king, walked toward the house where Beverly and Elinor Marr slept. Linda had gone ahead, and, slipping in, had crouched just inside the door of the room where Elinor lay. Neither of the sleepers had moved. The moon had crept up until the square from the window covered not only the face of Elinor, but that of Beverly as well, and glittered along the golden tress lying upon his breast.

The breath of both of these healthy young people rose and fell in peace, but that of Linda Lubona came in struggling gasps. She held a revolver in her hand. She meant to give it to Beverly when the time came to awaken him, so that he might not be quite unarmed—although she had a deadly, chilling fear of the use to which he might put it. It was not in her program, however, to see Lubona kill Beverly and carry the American girl off. She had not thought of the possibility of his doing that until the past few minutes. She was beginning to feel as a great many women have felt before, after setting a machine in motion which they were quite unable to control. But some crisis must of necessity come. She could not go on living her life like this.

Every sound outside was magnified. Linda had left the door open, and the space before the house was clearly visible. When at last she saw a shadow cross it, she had to bite her tongue and clench her hands until the nails marked deep into the palms, to keep from crying out aloud. She waited, hardly breathing, but the shadow did not come closer. She had closed her eyes for a second, and did not see that the first shadow was followed by a second, and that they went toward the back of the house, to a clump of trees where a rude shed stood.

Leo was the first to enter. Boris had lingered on the outside, but an exclamation of astonishment caused him to go forward hastily. Leo had taken a match box from his pocket and struck a match. As the king came up, he saw, standing together, the three horses which had been taken from the hut on the hill—the three horses which he and Elinor and Beverly had ridden from Marr's stable. Here was the swift little mare, the big hunter, and the intelligent saddle horse which had carried him in the darkness. He looked at them, and involuntarily put a hand to his arms. If Lubona were here, the animals must be guarded by somebody. He cast a quick look about, but saw no one.

"Here, in this place?" Leo said, and his voice was thick.

"He must be here."

"In my house?" The man could not believe it. "Come with me into the house," he said. It was dark, and the door was open. "It may be a trap, but——" he closed his lips.

Digitized by Google

"Not until I get a horse—one horse, at least. I must be sure of that," Boris said gravely.

The saddles had not been removed, but the bridles were slipped so that the horses could eat. Leo would not wait. He started toward the house, almost running, and in a moment or two Boris followed him, leading the horse. There was a piece of wood lying at the side of the building, and this Leo put up to be used as a support while he looked into the small window. Boris gave him a tug which pulled him to the ground, and he and the board came down together, making a noise.

"Do you want to make a bullseye in the center of that window?" the king said.

Linda heard the noise, and was so intent upon watching the window that she did not see Lubona slip through the door and stand for an instant amazed and astonished at the picture before him. Beverly's face, where he had expected to see that of the king, filled him with rage. He could not move, he did not know how to move, but he was suddenly pushed into life by the sound of a shot near him. It was from the pistol in the hands of Linda. She had seen the face which Leo had succeeded in lifting to the window notwithstanding Boris' protests, and she fired toward it, almost at random, her real purpose being to awaken Beverly and Elinor.

Beverly sprang to his feet with an exclamation, all alive in an instant, but for the moment unconscious of his surroundings. He only knew, or rather felt, that Elinor was there beside him, and he sprang to protect her. She in her turn went toward him with an instinct as unreasoning.

Meanwhile Leo and Boris ran around the house, determined to carry it at a rush.

"She is in there asleep, and two men. I saw them," Leo whispered.

Boris let the bridle of his horse fall, and followed in a tumult of passion. Lubona sprang back toward the door, but he was too late. He could not get out. In the bright moonlight he saw the face of the man of whom he was resolved to get rid. He knew there was not one chance in a thousand of his getting away himself, but he would risk it, and he blazed away full at Boris' face.

He was inside, in the darkness, and if he had held his fire he might have slipped by and out of the door in another instant; but he forgot caution and all else in his anger. The flash of his revolver showed exactly where he stood, showed his face, too, only for the thousandth part of a second, but long enough for two people to recognize him.

Linda Lubona saw something else. She saw her father in the door, and knew that the life of the man she loved was forfeit. With a cry like that of some wild, savage thing, she sprang from the corner where she had crouched, full at Lubona. Could she have been a little earlier, she would have caught her father's bullet in her own body, and have given life where she had already given youth and hope and happiness. But it was not to be. Leo, with certain, steady aim, fired straight at the heart of the man before him, and his bullet went as true as though he had been practising in a shooting gallery.

With a lurch, first backward and then forward, Lubona fell to the floor, with a shrieking, wailing creature lying on his breast, calling to him, begging him to arise, to open his eyes and to hear her say that if he would only live she would forgive him, that she had always loved him, that she would love him always.

Boris struck a match with trembling fingers, and held it up. Leo, looking drawn and miserable, leaned against the wall, his smoking pistol in his limp hand. Beverly stood close beside the bed from which Elinor Marr had arisen, and his arm was around her. It may have been the look in Boris' eyes that made her draw herself away, a fine flush creeping up into her cheeks. There are some things of which a woman is acutely conscious, even when a man has been killed before her eyes.

Boris went over to the dead man, and tried to pull Linda away; but she clung to him, crying out that it was all her fault, that she had murdered her love. The king looked at her father, but Leo shook his head. He had intended to kill the man, but the sight of him lying there, his only brother's only child, and the sounds of his own child's grief, were too much for him. He went out again into the night.

Boris had found the oil lamp and lighted it, and it sent a feeble glimmer through the room. Elinor went to Linda and put her arms about her with a womanly pity which looked divine to the man who knew how the miserable little elfin creature had plotted against the American girl.

"Come away," Elinor said softly. "Come with me. You can do nothing."

Linda sprang at her like a fury.

"You! You! It is all your fault. It is you who killed him. He never would have come here if it had not been for you. Why couldn't you stay in your own country?" Then she felt the strong, soft arms, the soothing touch of the beautiful creature

Digitized by Google

who was born with the mother magnetism, and she let her take her away, out into the clear moonlight, from that ghastly sight on the floor.

Elinor did not say, "You are better off with him dead." She knew nothing except that here was a sore and miserable heart which she might comfort. She had no words, only her gentle loving touch. They sat down on the ruined wall where, as Linda had made Lubona think, Elinor had been sitting with a lover's arms around her. Two men came close, and listened. Linda was wailing, and they knew what the import must be.

Gregory turned to his companion.

"He is dead," he said. "No woman wails like that for any other cause. He is dead."

"What are we to do?"

"She seems to be in safe hands. Why should we risk belonging to a revolution? The Lubonas should have been seated on a throne long ago, but they never will now."

"Not now. There is no need for us to stay."

And like shadows they crept away to tell the rest of their comrades that the revolution was over, that there was no longer anybody to serve in intrigue and war, and that they might go back to their pig raising, and be ready to be called to a great family funeral at the castle.

Gregory stopped suddenly and spoke to his comrade.

"Wouldn't it be wise to let the old man who is in the castle loose?"

"Never fear but they will find him. We need not be too officious," the other said.

In two hours not a trace remained of Lubona's plot to get possession of Carpathia. It was a mushroom which had come up in a night and lasted but a day.

XX.

"You appear to have been very well informed as to Miss Marr's whereabouts," Boris remarked. He leaned against the side of the hut, and watched Beverly's rapid investigation of Lubona's wound with something like curiosity.

"The man may not be dead," Beverly said excitedly. "This bullet wound is not exactly in the spot to kill instantly, unless it deflects. I can feel a flutter, I believe."

"Let him alone," Boris replied rudely. "He would probably prefer dying thus to being hanged presently. And hang him I certainly would. Why do you have so much curiosity concerning the dog's wounds?"

There was a note of suspicion in the king's voice which the American was not slow to hear. He sprang to his feet, and the two stood facing each other, looking full into each other's eyes. Man to man, they knew that they were enemies.

"Perhaps," Boris' voice drawled out, "you have more reason to act a friendly part toward that assassin there than I have had cause to think." There was insult in every tone.

"I have the same reason for seeking his wound that I had in seeking yours a few hours ago—common humanity. Neither of you were anything to me."

"Perhaps you can explain," the king went on, "how Miss Marr and the horses happened to disappear, and how, a little later, you are found calmly sleeping at her feet, with Lubona and his cousin in the house."

"I have no explanations to make to you," Beverly said furiously. "None at all. Who are you that I should explain my actions to you?"

"I am the king of this country."

"Well, go and mount your toy throne," Beverly replied contemptuously. "Who the devil cares?"

It was not, perhaps, a sensible or dignified remark, but after a man has patched up a king, and carried him about the country for a day or two, he loses some of his respect for a monarch's powers, particularly when the monarch is not a very wise one. They say that the people who were loyal to the Stuarts could dress up bonny Prince Charlie in the petticoats of a servant and hide him all day, and then bend the knee to him at night, but that isn't the sort of stuff of which young American newspaper men are made. Here was simply another young man, and one whom Beverly considered, and justly, to be ungrateful and impertinent; and he would treat him accordingly.

"This is no time to quarrel," Boris said. "Miss Marr is to be considered."

"I can take care of Miss Marr now. I suppose you will come at once to the castle and release her father, and let him decide for her."

"I am not sure that that is the best plan. I will first go to Carpeth, to see that no trouble can come to a head there. Miss Marr will come with me, traveling under my protection."

"Miss Marr will doubtless decide what she will do," Beverly returned, but he knew that this was the thing she must do, the safe thing. He went to the door and looked out. Elinor still sat on the stone wall, with

Digitized by Google

Linda in her arms. For an instant Beverly hesitated, and then he went toward her. She looked up into his face with something like timidity.

"Mr. Hardin," she said, "I am going to take this poor girl home with me, back to the castle. It ought to be her home. She was Count Lubona's wife. There is no longer any danger."

"I will not go there. I cannot go there. Do not take me!" Linda wailed. "I want my father."

"Can you find her father for her?" Elinor asked gently.

But that was not necessary. A haggard, miserable man sat near by. The fire of exultation which he had expected when this deed was done had not come. The pistol still hung in his hand, and it was not until he heard his daughter cry out for him that he let it drop to the ground and went to her.

As Elinor saw the strong man take the slight, weak woman into his arms, she turned her face away. Tears fell over her lids and rolled down her cheeks. Tragedies like this she had never expected to see. They were stories out of a sphere of life which she, in her spotless youth and innocence, had never thought to know. Yet she understood Leo, as one strong nature understands another. He could kill, but he could comfort, and his wrath and vengeance were righteous.

Elinor rose to her feet and walked away, leaving father and child together, and Beverly followed her.

"Can I go home at once? Will you go with me? If my father has returned, he must be anxious." The other father and daughter had reminded her that stern as John Marr was, she was the apple of his eye.

"I do not believe your father has returned, Miss Marr, and it would hardly be wise for you to go back to the castle."

Beverly spoke in a hesitating fashion. He could not decide what was the best thing to do. He knew that were he the king, he would go to Carpeth and have a regiment of soldiers at the Lubona castle by morning, to restore Elinor to her father; but he was learning that Boris had other ideas. He believed, indeed he knew, that Elinor would be safe under the protection of Boris, but he did not intend to trust to that. He intended to follow beside her. There was supposed to be an American representative in Carpeth, but Beverly had met him in Paris a few weeks ago, and the genial diplomat had boasted that he had never had time to look at his legation. Boris would take her to some place where there were women.

"He *shall* take her!" the American said to himself.

"I think the first thing to do is to have Count Lubona's body taken somewhere," Elinor said again. "It must not be left to lie there."

"We cannot have it taken away, or any disturbance made, until the king is safe in Carpeth."

"Then some one must be left to watch it. It must not be that poor man and his daughter. They must go. Can you not go to some farm house and find some of his people? And"—she looked up at him—"how will you know when the king is safe in Carpeth? Where is he now?"

"The king?" Beverly looked at her stupidly. For the first time since Lubona was shot he realized that she did not know that Boris was the king. "Count Festin can tell you all about the king," he said. He would not betray the other man's secret. He was sailing under false colors himself, but they were colors he intended to take down as soon as possible. There was no reason for it now, except that in this crucial time he could not show himself to her as one who skulked behind another man's name. If Boris wanted to tell her, he was welcome to do so.

"But we must find some one to care for Count Lubona's body."

"I will see," Beverly said, but he did not leave her there alone. He took her to a point between the door and Leo, and left her sitting on a stone. Her hair was all unbound, and she looked like a glittering wraith.

Beverly stopped when he reached the door. Boris, King of Carpathia, was kneeling on the floor, going through the pockets of his dead foe. He looked up as the American entered, but went calmly on. He extracted a Russia leather book from a pocket so near the dead man's heart that it was stained with blood, looked at it, and then cast his eyes about for something to wipe it upon. There was nothing in sight, so he took Lubona's handkerchief from the breast of his coat and daintily cleaned the book before he opened it. The sight of his strong, jeweled fingers at this work made Beverly a little sick. Boris took the papers out one by one, and read them. They appeared to be of no consequence, and he laid them down. The dead man's eyes were staring up to the ceiling, unseeing. With an impulse he could not forego,

Digitized by Google

Beverly went over and covered the face with his own handkerchief.

Boris gave a half smile as he saw what the American had done.

"Squeamish, eh? I have no nerves over dead men, particularly over a scoundrel like this. I am only sorry his uncle killed him before I had the opportunity. Whew!" He had opened a paper which he had taken from an inner pocket. "Here is something which may interest you," he said, and held it out.

"I do not take advantage of a man who cannot protect his property," Beverly replied stiffly.

Boris laughed. "On second thought I will keep it," he said with gaiety. "It may be very useful to me in my new enterprise. Never despise trumps, however strong your hand. Shall we go now?"

"There is one thing I wish to speak of. Are you going to tell Miss Marr that you are the king?"

"And that you are a newspaper reporter who followed her father here to catch him at his tricks and queer his investments, eh? That all this fighting of yours is only part of a 'good story'? Do you want me to do that?"

"So far as I am concerned, I do not care what you do, or what you tell anybody. I wish, however, to know whether Miss Marr is to be taken into the secret of your royalty or not?"

"I think I may carry the name of Count Festin a little longer," Boris told him.

Beverly stopped and said what he would rather have torn his tongue out than have voiced, but there was no alternative.

"I shall not betray your secret. I was your guest, and I acquiesced in the deception the dead man put upon us; but do you think it fair to a woman to keep her in ignorance of a rank which divides you from her as surely as the deepest social chasm? She is young, she has been much with you."

Boris stood up wonderingly. He had no conception of a love which might want to protect a woman from possible waste of affection in such a way. He knew what jealousy meant, but if Beverly had been filled with that vulgar passion he would have betrayed him. And then the American's words sent a hope through his heart which he had not had before. Could he, as Count Festin, win her heart? Boris was not made of the stuff of moral heroes. This girl, with her life, her strength, her purity and beauty and innocence, made his soul kneel to her, but it awakened in him emotions which he had inherited from half savage ancestors, men who had stolen their wives, and from the lawless blood in his mother's veins. Boris with the veneer of court etiquette was one man; Boris in a state of nature was quite another, and he himself was beginning to feel the rush of freedom from restraint through his veins. He was like the tiger born of generations in captivity who smells blood and lashes against the bars of his cage.

"I will be Count Festin until my throne is reached once more."

"What are your plans?"

"I want to go at once. Miss Marr's horse is near by. She can ride with me to Carpeth."

"Are you not afraid that Lubona's men will follow and avenge him?"

For answer, Boris pointed outside. "Leo would soon stop that. He is the head of the house. He killed the fellow. There is danger, however, and it is for that reason that I wish to get away as speedily as possible. I will take Leo with Miss Marr and myself."

"And his daughter?"

"She can come if he cares to bring her. There are four horses, although one is his own, old and disabled."

"Do you know anything of this country, or of Lubona's people? What is to be done about his body?"

"Leo will know."

"It is a good deal to ask of a man—to kill your enemies and then bury them."

"You might stay here until we can send somebody back from Carpeth."

Beverly's face became a shade sterner, and his mouth set.

"I shall not leave Miss Marr until I see her safe with some woman," he declared.

The king put his hand to his mustache, and stroked it with an indifference which its trembling belied.

"I can take care of Miss Marr without your assistance."

"She is my countrywoman."

"And partially my own," Boris added lightly.

"She asked me not to leave her until she was in a place of safety."

"Her wishes shall certainly be respected." Then the king did something which only the rage which was in his heart, his hatred of his rival, and the fever of his illness could make possible in a man whose possibilities were as good as his. He turned to Beverly with a black sneer in his eyes—those bold black eyes with the white lights—and with his young face haggard and

Digitized by Google

transformed. "She must have good reason for considering you a judge of a place of safety. You appeared to have found one for her here. Do you expect to hold her hair while she sleeps?"

Beverly made one stride across the room, and caught the king by the throat.

"You——" he choked. They swayed noiselessly, moving along back and forth. The people from the outside could not see them now. Once Beverly's foot struck the dead man, but he hardly knew it. He pushed the king through the door of the little room, and flung him violently upon the couch where Elinor had lain; and then he took his fingers from his throat.

"You slandering barbarian!" he said, but the words fell upon deaf ears. Beverly realized that he had struck a man whose strength was merely fictitious. Boris was unconscious.

Running back into the room, he lifted Lubona's body in his powerful arms, laid it gently on one side of the room, and threw the blanket over it. Then he went outside to Leo.

"The king is ill," he said. "Will you attend to him? I will ride to Carpeth for a physician, and for his guard."

As he spoke, and while he was on his way to the horses, Beverly saw Elinor start up and run into the house to succor the man who had just insulted her.

"Kings are superstitious," he decided to himself, but at the thought of the turmoil of the country, of all that rested upon Boris' recovery, he lashed his willing horse and tore recklessly down over the rocky slope toward the road to Carpeth.

XXI.

As Beverly rode through the streets of the capital, morning was breaking. His excitement waned as he saw the prevailing quiet, and he realized that it had been but a few hours since he left the old town, and that to the people here everything was as usual. A few of Lubona's friends and followers were awaiting the decisive blow which was to be the signal of a *coup d' état*, but most of Carpeth knew nothing of it.

He found the cook of the inn where he had taken a room, going in and out of the kitchen, quarreling at his scullions, and the appetizing fragrance of cooking meats mingled with the aroma of wood smoke permeating the atmosphere. He sprang from his horse, and gave the reins into the hands of one of the crop haired boys in aprons who stood waiting.

It took him an hour or two to get to his majesty's physician, and to have him understand that an ambulance must be taken out to the house of Leo Lubona with an escort of soldiers. There had been a hunting party, an accident, the king was slightly hurt, and the king's chamberlain had been killed. There was no necessity of going to the police to make explanations. Accidents had happened in Carpathia before, and funerals had followed them. Miss Marr, an American lady, would hardly care to go back to the castle of the Lubonas until after the funeral, and Beverly wondered haltingly if the physician's wife could not make her comfortable, until after her father's return.

The physician's wife, a buxom, curious lady, would be delighted to entertain the great heiress. But when the house of Leo was reached, Beverly found that Elinor would not consent to leave Linda. She would stay there until after the funeral of Lubona, and then she would go home. Beverly did not go near Boris, did not intend to enter the house again. He set his lips doggedly as he stood outside and waited for the physician's report. Would Boris have him arrested for assaulting the royal person? He believed not, but he would wait and see.

Elinor came outside and stood talking to him. He could find no fault with her decision to stay, but there was one thought in his mind which seemed to be a reflex of a trouble of her own, and in another instant she voiced it.

"Mr. Hardin," she said, "I am anxious about my father. He often goes away without a word of warning, and stays for days, but I do not understand it this time. Where is he?"

"I am sure he is quite safe, and that you may see him within a few hours. Indeed, I am going to look for him now. Lubona's revolution is over."

"Yes, Lubona's revolution is over."

They were carrying the body of the dead man out.

"Where are they taking him?" Beverly asked.

"It seems that the king has heard, and has ordered that he be taken to his old home, if my father consents, for the funeral. As my father was not to be found I gave my own orders."

"Fate loves its ironies," Beverly thought. He wondered if John Marr would be able to see the return of the man who had imprisoned him. Doubtless Boris had given other orders, and by this time the millionaire was on his way to his daughter. Twice mes-

Digitized by Google

sengers had come from the cottage and ridden away since he had stood there. Half a regiment had come to guard their injured sovereign. They were by no means a crack corps, these guards of the king; they made Beverly think of country militia somewhere in the United States. They slouched about their work, but they appeared to carry out their orders.

"It is like you to stay with this poor girl," he said as he held out his hand in farewell. Fight against it as he would, her kindness to him alternately thrilled him, and filled him with dejection. She knew that he loved her. She was either resting in that assurance, or she was doing, kindly and considerately, what he had begged her to do—forgetting his words. He might have understood a coquette, but a great, simple, womanly creature like this was beyond the comprehension of any man.

Beverly held her hand for a moment, and her eyes met his frankly. He had intended to go at once to the Lubona castle, and to tell John Marr all the circumstances of the case. Surely, after he knew, his own revolution would be a thing of the past. But now the young American thought it hardly necessary, for he felt sure that Boris would have anticipated him; so when Elinor asked a service of him, he readily complied. It was afternoon now. The ride to Carpeth had been a long one, and the ride back harder. He was ready to drop with fatigue. The soldiers and the ambulances had outstripped him, and Boris was ready to leave the house. The physician had said nothing of the marks he found on his sovereign's throat. Evidently, if he thought of them at all, he supposed they had been given by the king's chamberlain, who had met his death in consequence. Beverly was entirely ignored.

A detachment of the guard trotted off, and the others lined up around the ambulance which was to take the king away. An officer approached and saluted, not Beverly, but Miss Marr, and delivered a message. He, too, had evidently been instructed in his majesty's incognito.

"The Count Festin presents his compliments to Miss Marr, and asks the honor of bidding her farewell."

"I must go," she said. "It was so kind of you to take all of this trouble. Will you take a little more? Will you seek out those servants of Lubona's—Linda thinks they are about the hut on the hillside—and tell them of his death? She wants to warn them to escape before they are arrested and punished. There is no one else to trust."

"I will go," he said.

But he found no one. There were marks of a camp, but although he searched wearily through the wood, not a sign of the force of the day before remained. They had scattered like a column of dust.

It was dusk when the castle of Lubona found Beverly standing before its gates. He could see that the lower rooms were illuminated, and hanging over the ivy grown doorway was a mourning hatchment. He looked up to the tower where Linda had told him that John Marr was imprisoned, but here was darkness.

"Of course he has gone," he said; but he could not sleep until he had assured himself. He dropped down from his horse, his legs so stiff that they seemed like sticks of wood, and found one of the king's guard before him.

"Have you an order to pass, sir?" the man asked respectfully.

"No. I come on business for Miss Marr."

"I will call the lieutenant," he said, and sent for the officer in charge.

"We have sent away Miss Marr's belongings, with her maid," the officer said. "Count Lubona's body lies here in state, and we have orders from the king that no one shall pass under any circumstances."

"Can you tell me if Mr. Marr has been here?"

"I have neither seen nor heard anything of him," the man said, but Beverly knew that he was lying.

There was nothing more to be done. Wearily he made his way up the hillside and threw himself down in the byre of the pig herder in a sleep of utter exhaustion and fatigue of body and mind.

XXII.

TWICE every day, in the next three days, Beverly made an effort to see the king; but Boris was said to be recovering from his injuries, and could see no one. All at once the free and easy court of Carpathia had become inaccessible, and where an audience had been the easiest thing in the world it became the most difficult. Some men left the country after the death of Lubona became known, and there was uneasiness in many places. Little groups of men talked here and there, but there was no sign of disaffection in the capital, and Beverly heard of no arrests. He haunted the palace. He could not go back to Elinor Marr until he had something definite to tell her concerning her father. Erratic as the old schemer was, her anxiety must be great by this time.

Digitized by Google

Lubona's funeral came three days after his body had been taken to his old home, and it was made as great as the funeral of a king's chamberlain should be. The king himself attended in person. To Beverly's astonishment, Leo Lubona was also there in the capacity of chief mourner. He had a fantastic notion that had it not been against the customs of the country, Linda would have also publicly paid her last respects to the man who had ruined her life.

The king, resplendent in his showiest uniform, laid a wreath on the coffin where the keen, sarcastic face of the dead Lubona seemed to smile at the mockery of respect and affection. Crowds had filed through the rooms. Old servants, tearless, stolid, fatalistic, who had been his followers but the other day, looked upon the king with no hard feeling. It was all in the fortunes of war. They were glad to see that no effort was to be made to molest them. Beverly even recognized the face he had seen in the bushes of the hillside six days ago, before that tree fell in the roadway.

No place was given to the American, except as courtesy made way for him as a foreigner, and as one who had known the dead man. After the body had been ceremoniously placed in the vault of the estate, Beverly lost sight of Boris. Once, during the services, he had tried to make his way through one of the halls and had been stopped, silently, unostentatiously, by a guard. He did not leave the house with the body, but remained behind. Here was the bit of tapestry, cut as he had cut it that night when he slipped through to the stables. It seemed a dozen years ago. He was like a man looking on the record of events of his youth.

As he wandered about, a young officer whom he had seen in the king's household came up to him.

"Mr. Beverly," he said, "is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes. Get me an audience with the king."

The young man pulled his long mustache thoughtfully.

"Pardon me," he said, "I do not wish to be impertinent, but have you not offended his majesty? I thought——"

"I may have done so," Beverly said, "but I wish very much to see him. Can you make some arrangement by which it will be possible?"

"I can try. He comes here to rest for an hour before he goes back to Carpeth. He is still weak from his hurt. It may be possible that you can see him. I will take the risk of asking you to stay until then. Come in here." He opened the door of a little ante chamber which led from the drawing room, and Beverly sat down to wait. The young officer smiled. "It might be well for both of us," he said, "if you left the door ajar. If the king refuses to see you, there is no necessity of your appearing again. It is a good leap to the ground outside. It might save some complications if you disappeared. I will ask him in here. His hurt appears to have upset his temper to some degree. He has not been himself since his return to Carpeth. He appears to be suffering."

It was but a few minutes before sounds in the next room told Beverly that the king had arrived.

"Pull out that couch," a strong voice ordered. "Bring me a carafe of water and some brandy, and leave me alone for ten minutes."

"Your majesty——" the young officer began.

"Hush!" Boris said in a peremptory fashion. "Do not disturb me. I wish to be left alone."

The servant set the brandy and water beside him. Once again the officer tried to speak, and once again he was repulsed. With a sigh which was meant to convey failure to Beverly, he backed out of the room. In an instant the American had opened the door between the two apartments, and stood before the king. Another man might have sprung up with an exclamation, but this one did not. He lay back on his pillows, and the glass of brandy in his hand did not show a tremor. To Beverly he looked half a dozen years older than six days before; but that may have been due, in some measure, to the heavy, gaudy uniform. His pallor was intense, and the black eyes were encircled by great bister shadows. There was a hardness in them like iron.

He looked at Beverly for an instant, without a word, and for the first time that young man felt the force of the kingly office. As he stood before Boris, hate himself for it as he might, he recognized the other's superior rank, that "divinity" that tradition has made to "hedge a king." This was not the reckless, loose tongued boy of those nights, but the man for whom he had killed other men. But Boris let the iron of his face degenerate into a sneer.

"May I ask to what I owe the honor of this visit?" he said. "I might have known that bars and bolts, guards and doors, would not hold you."

"Your majesty is kind to remind me of

Digitized by Google

my poor services," Beverly replied, despising himself for the words. "I had a debt to you, but you chose to take the payment yourself." Involuntarily he looked at the throat of the king, where a lace cravat, tucked inside his high uniform collar, hid some black marks. The American had strong fingers. "I have come to ask you what you have done with my countryman, John Marr."

A cruel light came into the king's eyes, and animation into the lines of his face. Evidently he had looked for this, and it was not displeasing to him.

"By what right do you ask? Are you minister to this court? Pardon me, I forget I am perhaps being interviewed for your newspaper. Your story is not finished until you learn where the hero—or is it the villain?—of your tale can be found. You might end it up appropriately by saying that he had been captured and was in the hands of the King of Carpathia."

"If I am not the minister to Carpathia, perhaps that gentleman may have some objections to offer to even the King of Carpathia holding a citizen of the United States prisoner."

Beverly was losing his head. For a moment or two the king looked at him with half closed eyes, and then he went on almost in a tone of banter. It had always been hard for Boris to refrain from that.

"You are not a very good news gatherer, Mr. Beverly, notwithstanding your reputation; nor can you carry a situation logically in your mind. Remember, please, that your countryman confessed to me, and to you, that he was heading an insurrection, a movement to put Carpathia into the hands of Russia. Stop," he went on as Beverly began to speak. "Only you and I heard that. If you cared to commit perjury, I have documentary evidence which I took from Count Lubona's pocket with my own hands. Evidently he had some hope of bringing Marr to terms some time or other."

"At least you may remember," Beverly said in a low tone, "that Miss Marr has not taken payment for the debt you owe to her; a debt twice over, for you in——"

Boris brought his feet to the ground with a crash, and stood up, his hand on the bell beside him.

"Mr. Beverly," he said, "I am the king of this country. Had my patience been less, you might find yourself a target outside the walls of Carpeth. As it is, you have been my companion through sundry dangers. For that I am grateful. And I will do you the honor, and myself the justice, to tell you my plans. Mr. Marr shall be released, for I intend to make his daughter my wife."

"You cannot! You are a king," Beverly said quickly.

"My mother was the wife of a prince."

"You would not——"

"Pray consider the memory of my mother, who was as good a woman as yours. I do not care to have a newspaper reporter meddling in the affairs of my family. I beg, Mr. Beverly, that you will find it convenient to leave Carpathia within the next twenty four hours."

(To be continued.)

OUT DOOR AIR.

BREATHER of hope upon the face that grieves,
  Reddener of paleness, mocker at despair,
  Playground of happy wings that upward fare,
Lover of violets and sodden leaves,
Of roses running to the cottage eaves,
  And hay fields sweetening in the sunny glare;
  Companion of the heart that knows no care,
And of the budding boughs and bursting sheaves;

Though armed with weapons of the icy north,
  Or red with dropping leaves or white with flakes,
    Or scorched with sun or wistful in the rain,
Out of my cell your spirit calls me forth,
  Out to the splendid open, where the aches
    And hurts of life are bathed and healed again.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Digitized by Google

A GIRL'S WAY.

THERE was nothing unusual in the situation. So Ellen told herself with a little grim smile, as she looked steadily from one to the other of the two photographs that lay in her lap. She was not the only woman in the world to whom had come the necessity of deciding between two good men, both in a measure eligible, and both undoubtedly attractive; but she had found herself shrinking more and more from the making of a final decision, with a cowardice that surprised her and was certainly entirely foreign to her nature. Now, however, as she lay back in a great easy chair in the pleasant sitting room, she drew her red lips very closely together in a way that, to one who knew this maiden of determined spirit, betokened a farewell to indecision, and a brave facing, and if possible a speedy solving, of the problem before her.

"No one knows any better than I," she told herself with severity, "that I cannot go on in this way any longer. If there were only some objection to one or the other! But there isn't—bless their hearts! And how good they are to me—too good. Oh dear!" and she sighed. Then, sitting up very straight, "This will never do. Now"—taking up one of the pictures—"here is Henry C. Dillard, aged thirty three: by inheritance, very wealthy; by profession, an artist; character, excellent; temper, amiable; personally—good looking, very popular, and a great catch." She meditated. "The truth of the matter is, the girl who refused Mr. Dillard would be a very foolish girl indeed."

She took up the other photograph. "Now, here is Richard W. Wheeler, familiarly known as Dick Wheeler; by inheritance, poor; by profession, a lawyer; character, good; temper—well, temper a little quick; while as for looks"—and she held the picture at arm's length and gazed at it critically—"I do think"—smiling in spite of herself—"that Dick has one of the very nicest faces in the world."

She leaned back with her hands behind her head and stared up at the ceiling with unseeing eyes.

"I must decide," she thought. "I suppose I am just an average woman, but it does seem strange that I do not know which of these two I like the better, or if I really love either of them. I do believe I think as much of one as the other. In that case, it is just a question of expediency, fitness, in fact. Why, that is simple enough. Now, which is the better match of the two? Mr. Dillard, undoubtedly. Which could provide for me the better? Which would be the more acceptable to my relatives and friends? Mr. Dillard, of course. There it is in a nutshell;" and she sprang to her feet with animation and laid the pictures on the table. "There, the matter is decided, and how glad I am!"

She went to the window and leaned out. "Poor Dick," she said softly, "how grieved he will be, but he will get over it, of course. I am so glad I have acted sensibly in the matter. I always said I would when it came to a question of marriage. Now I come to think of it, I don't see how any sensible girl could make any other decision."

The portières parted and an older lady entered the room, attired for the street.

"I am going down town, Ellen," she said pleasantly. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you, mamma."

The pictures lay in full view side by side on the table.

"Ellen," said her mother gently, "those are two good men who love you. I have hesitated to speak to you about the matter before, trusting that you would realize the necessity of making some decision one way or the other."

"I do realize it."

"I am sure you do. Personally, I have no objections to either of them. They are both estimable men, and I would have you act according to the dictates of your own heart, but I trust you will use good sense in your decision. In fact, I am sure you will. You are used to having everything you want, dear, and Mr. Dillard is wealthy and would be very kind."

"Still, papa was a poor man when you married him," said Ellen, acting upon—who shall say what impulse?

"That is true, but I would have you avoid the trials of my early married life. Not that I have any serious objection to Dick. He is a nice boy, but a trifle too near your own age, and then I am afraid I should al-

Digitized by Google

ways worry about that—uncle, was it not?—of his who died an—an—inebriate."

"Why, mamma," exclaimed Ellen, "that was not his uncle—he was a second cousin or something of that kind. Besides, what on earth has that to do with Dick?"

"Nothing, dear. Of course he is not responsible. But those things run in families, you know. But no matter. I am sure I can trust to your decision, only you owe it to both to decide one way or the other. Good by, dear;" and with a kiss she was gone.

It was with a sober face that Ellen crossed the room to her work basket and took up a piece of embroidery. Before she had seated herself, however, light footsteps were heard and the portières were parted to disclose one of the most up to date of maidens: voluminous skirt, immaculate shirtwaist, demurely parted hair, jaunty hat, and all.

"Good morning, Ellie," exclaimed this bewildering apparition. "I met your mother on the steps and she told me to come right on in. Embroidery? Oh, put it up! I want to have a talk—a nice, good, old, uninterrupted talk;" and Ellen found herself seated on the sofa, her hand tightly clasped in that of her friend.

"I am glad you have come," she said with a smile. "I was feeling a little—well, a little lonesome, I guess."

"No wonder! Cooped up in a house a fine day like this. Isn't that a picture of Mr. Dillard?"—reaching over and taking up the photograph from the table. "I thought so. What a handsome fellow he is! I tell you, Ellen, you are a lucky girl."

"Indeed! In what way?" and Ellen straightened up a little.

"In what way? Now don't you know it is perfectly absurd for you to put on that innocent air with me? It is scarcely to be believed that he has been paying you such devoted attentions for nothing. And that being the case, my dear, you needn't tell me you are going to refuse him."

"And why not, pray?" asked Ellen, with some spirit.

"Why not?" echoed her friend. "Because no girl in her senses would. Why, he is handsome, rich, distinguished—everything a woman's heart could desire."

Ellen was silent, and her friend regarded her thoughtfully for a moment.

"I see you have a picture of Dick Wheeler, too," she remarked presently. "I declare, it is a shame the way you have treated that poor boy."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You know well enough. Dick's a nice boy, but such a temper!"

"Is his temper bad?"

"Is it?" said Miss Kate, with fine sarcasm. "I suppose you have forgotten that night you and Mr. Dillard called at our house and found Dick there. We had been talking about you, and I thought it only kindness to tell the poor boy how in my opinion matters stood. Then when you two came in it only confirmed what I had been saying, and my, wasn't he angry! Do you remember, he insisted on leaving immediately, when he had told me only a moment before that he had come in for a long talk. I never saw any one more furious. I thought I would be sorry for the woman who married him."

"Really, Kate, you are very unjust. Don't you think any man might have been a little—well, perturbed under those circumstances?"

Kate shook her head.

"He is too quick tempered to suit me."

"I *like* quick tempered people," exclaimed Ellen suddenly.

"Oh, ho! So that's the way the land lies, is it? I never supposed for a moment that a girl would hesitate between Mr. Dillard and Dick Wheeler. I see I have made a mistake."

"You have done nothing of the kind," began Ellen. "I——"

"Who is that coming in the gate?" exclaimed Kate, looking out of the window. "Your aunt, Mrs. Williams, and some clerical appearing gentleman—old Dr. Watson, is it not? So here's an end to our talk. Good by, Ellie. I'm sure the lucky man *is* Mr. Dillard after all, and I do hope you are not angry at anything I've said. I want to be on good terms with the future Mrs. Dillard. She will be a person worth cultivating. By by;" and this animated young woman was gone.

The next moment Mrs. Williams, short, stout, and good natured, entered the room, followed by the kind, benignant countenance and stately figure of the Rev. Dr. Watson.

"Good morning, aunty," said Ellen cordially. "Good morning, Dr. Watson. I am very sorry, but mamma is down town."

"So John told us at the door," remarked her aunt, sinking into a chair and fanning herself vigorously. "I only dropped in for a moment, and chanced to meet Dr. Watson just coming in the gate."

Hereupon followed the usual remarks about the weather, and inquiries regarding the health of the respective families.

"I hope you are well, dear child," said Mrs. Williams. "It seems to me you look a little flushed and feverish this morning. Don't you think so, doctor?"

Digitized by Google

"I think Ellen looks to be in her usual good health," said the doctor, with a smile.

"I am quite well, thank you, aunty."

"Well, I am glad of that," said her aunt. "Oh, I have been hearing some interesting stories about you, young lady. Haven't you anything to tell us at all? I think she might take us into her confidence, don't you, doctor?"

"Ellen knows I am always interested in anything that concerns her welfare."

"Indeed, I have nothing to tell," Ellen hastened to say, with a flushed countenance.

"Then you have not decided," exclaimed her aunt. "Now, dear child, I know you don't mind my speaking of it before such an old friend as Dr. Watson, and I am sure you know I love you as though you were my own child. I do hope you will be careful, dear. A matter of this kind is not to be decided hastily. The choice of a husband is a very serious matter, isn't it, doctor?"

"Most certainly it is," assented the doctor.

"I am sure I would not wish to influence you, dear," went on the good lady with animation. "It is of course a matter for your own heart to decide. I am sure Richard is a very nice young man, but of course we all know how unusually desirable Mr. Dillard is in every way. Is he not, doctor?"

"Both are excellent young men," remarked the doctor.

"Yes, indeed, of course they are, and I am the last person in the world to wish Ellen to be influenced by worldly considerations. I am fond of Richard, but he is a lawyer, my dear, and lawyers are apt to drift into politics, and the life of a politician's wife is very hard. Now Mr. Dillard, with his position and wealth, could make you so comfortable. He is such an unusually fine man. Don't you think so, doctor?"

"He is a liberal hearted, Christian gentleman," said the doctor. "His wife would be in a position to do much good."

At this juncture a boy's voice was heard from the rear of the house calling lustily, "Ellen, oh, Ellen!"

"It is only Jim," explained Ellen, but her guests arose.

"We will not detain you," said her aunt. "We only dropped in for a moment. Give my love to your mother, and think well over what I have said."

Ellen found her twelve year old brother on the back steps rocking himself back and forth apparently in great agony.

"Why, what is the matter?" she inquired in alarm.

"I've hurt my arm," he groaned. "Get the witch hazel, won't you?"

"How did it happen?" Ellen asked sympathetically, as she bathed the injured member.

"Fell off that old bicycle. It ain't fit for a fellow of my age to ride. I do hope, Ellen, when you marry Mr. Dillard, he'll give me a decent wheel."

Ellen drew herself up.

"James," she said tragically, "how dare you speak to me like that? Here, take your lotion, and don't you ever mention that subject to me again."

"I don't know what is the matter with me," she thought, as she returned to the sitting room. "This has been a horrid day"—and there were tears in her eyes.

She was more than surprised as she entered the room to find Mr. Wheeler awaiting her. He was standing by the mantel, and looked taller and more grave than usual, she thought.

"I was just wondering what to do," he said. "I was told I would find you here."

How glad she was to see him! She was amazed at her own gladness. She explained her absence, and then touched lightly and with unusual animation and charm on a variety of subjects.

"You seem to be in a happy mood this afternoon," he remarked gloomily.

"Do I?" she returned. "You don't."

"No," he said slowly, "I am not. I have come to say good by."

"Good by?" she echoed. "Are you going away?"

"I am not coming here any more."

There was silence for a moment. Then she said with dignity,

"Have I offended you in any way?"

"You understand well enough," he answered bitterly. "Do you suppose that I do not know what every one else knows—that you are going to marry Dillard?"

Ellen rose and faced him steadily.

"I am going to do nothing of the kind," she said, with distinctness. Then she went over to the window and lowered the sash.

"You are not!" he repeated. "Why?"

"Because I don't care to," she answered, drumming lightly on the pane.

He went over and stood by her side.

"Is there any one you *would* marry?" he asked earnestly.

"Yes," she said, after a pause, "there is."

"Ellen," he asked huskily, "am I the man?"

"You are the man," she said.

Lulu Judson.

Digitized by Google

LITERARY CHAT

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRIT."

The first issue of a new French periodical entitled *Nos Actrices Chez Elles*, printed in both French and English, reminds us forcibly of the renowned José da Fonseca's "New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English." The latter, which is now a rare and valuable book, made its appearance in 1855, and has been called the "finest example of unintentional humor in existence." A short extract from the preface will serve to demonstrate the quality of this humor.

A choice of familiar dialogues, clean of gallicisms, and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious portuguese and brazilian Youth; and also to persons of others nations that wish to know the portuguese language . . . We expect them, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him and for her typgraphical correction) that may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons, and especialy of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly.

As a matter of fact "he" was so heartily appreciated that when Señor Fonseca, discovering the enormities of his work, endeavored to buy up and destroy the whole edition, he found it was too late, and to this day a few copies remain to delight the eye of the lover of curious books.

The second part of "The New Guide" contained a number of anecdotes, one at least of which is worth quoting:

A first actor of the Opera being fall sick in the time from a new representation, was choiced for to succeed him a subaltern actor. This sang and was whistled (hissed?) but, without to be disconcerted, he had looked fixedly the partiere and told him, "I don't conceive you; and you ought to imagine than, for six hundred pounds that i receive every year, i shall go to give you a voice of thousand crowns?"

The fatal results of implicit faith in an English dictionary are almost as startlingly evident in *Nos Actrices Chez Elles* as in Fonseca's artless translation from the Portuguese. Its purpose is thus naïvely stated:

As yeldance to a general wish we beg to undertake just now the publication of peculiar precedentless an album.

Two of the actresses dealt with are well known to New York audiences, and their characteristics are set forth as follows:

Jane Hading is a Marseille's native. Her correct beauty as much as her right talent, which the modern playing and classic taste are thrilling in, prove that some blood of Phocean emigrants from old and artful Ionia is flowing into her veins. Then, as an hereditary consequence, she is passionately fond of emigration. Madame Hading alternately glittered on our most greatest theatres. Even she reached the "Français"; but the Boulevard without her seemed to be sky without sun. Now she is again at the Gymnase, which recovers with her assistance its formerly fashion.

And of the incomparable Yvette Guilbert we are told that:

She is more than a glory, she is an idol. Happy idol; she conquered the world before her thirtieth year of age—as Alexander did. But, indeed, what a perfect incarnation of the to-day song! Not at Loisa Paget's rose stockings song, nor short petticoat one at the 'Caveau,' but the song only dressed with a pair of black gloves, and all at once brightening in meadows, woods, streets, and alcoves. With her bulky sheaf of couplets and strophes, she appears. The acclaim suddenly claps. Her slyness is so piercing one, so bewitching her cleverness, that everything is pleasingly received from herself. Nicely minded she likes to be surrounded with artful works in order to take some rest when her songs are over. Sometimes she is tired, having sprinkled salt and pepper to her authors. Fortunately she has an unexhausted stock. She made a compact with Devil, and, nevertheless, she can occasionally have many pure and soft repentance accents.

Palpably we poor Americans know but little of the resources of our language.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN FICTION.

As a general thing the verdicts of newspaper critics, favorable or otherwise, are to be taken with a grain of salt, but the reviewer who has pronounced Mr. Martin J. Pritchard's "Without Sin" "the most startling novel yet" has come unaccountably near to telling the exact truth. It is startling first of all, then interesting, and finally, when one has had time to think it over, unpleasant. It will probably take its place among the books which attract considerable attention without arousing any great amount of discussion.

As a matter of fact, it contains nothing to discuss. "Without Sin" is innocent of problems, in the accepted sense of the word, but nevertheless it is one of the most daring pieces of fiction which have come under our notice—so daring, indeed, that to review it without giving offense is a matter of some difficulty. Mr. Pritchard's story deals with the betrayal of a young and beautiful Jewess, unknown to herself. From earliest childhood she has been intensely, almost morbidly religious, and when the knowledge of her condition breaks upon her, believing herself absolutely a virgin, she announces that she is the chosen woman, the mother of the expected Messiah. Without going into details, this will suffice to show wherein "Without Sin" is startling. Mr. Pritchard displays remarkable skill in handling a very delicate subject, yet with all his ability—or her ability, for the author is said to be a woman, a member of London society—"Without Sin" is distinctly an unpleasant novel. Though it does not cater to the cravings of those who enjoy the fiction of immorality, yet it is not a volume for the Sun-

Digitized by Google

day school. Many will consider it sacrilegious, at least in suggestion. Here again the writer has been very careful to avoid any definitely offensive phrase or scene, but the whole book is uncomfortably like a parody upon the Immaculate Conception.

A London paper has spoken of "the very ingenious way in which improbable incidents are made to appear natural" in "Without Sin"; but in reality there is nothing in the book which can fairly be called "improbable," in the sense here intended. Its incidents are unusual in the extreme, but they follow naturally from the strange situation conceived by the author. It is a conspicuously consistent narrative from start to finish. Herein—in the skilful and logical handling of a startling plot—lies its chief merit. Its weakness is that while it may not do much harm, it can do no good. The author's sole purpose seems to be to display her own cleverness, to create, if she can, the literary sensation of an hour. It is neither an edifying nor a pleasant book, and had it never appeared none would regret the fact except Martin Pritchard.

EUGENE FIELD'S DAUGHTER.

The death of Eugene Field turned his daughter Mary from a gay, light hearted child, just beginning to see the delights of young ladyhood in the society which her brilliant father and beautiful mother brought to their home, into a serious woman of responsibilities.

Miss Mary French Field

From a photograph by Place & Gover, Chicago.

The Field home was one of the most delightful and sought after in Chicago. There was no citizen of whom the Western metropolis was prouder than of Eugene Field. He had the closest friends everywhere. In the nature of things, his work could not have the popularity that brings in great sums, and of such sums as it brought he was a ready spender. Hamlin Garland met him on the street one day

Digitized by Google

Miss Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.
From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

swinging an old brass tea kettle, and was greeted with a swing of the newly purchased treasure and "Behold a man who once had ten dollars!" Mr. Field had curiosities from everywhere, many of them gifts from famous people. When he died he left his family poor in money, but rich in friends and memories.

His children had seen his stories in manuscript, many of them embellished with the quaint little pen and ink sketches he used to put on those he most loved. They had heard him read them over and over, and when, after his death, it became necessary that there should be a bread winner, his daughter opened his books and began reading his poems in public. She has made a great success of her work, and has been in constant demand at Chicago "at homes." She will probably be in New York this winter, and our society will have an opportunity to hear "With Trumpet and Drum" and "Little Boy Blue," as Eugene Field taught her baby lips to recite them. She was her father's "chum" and boon companion. He dedicated many of his poems to her, and used to say that she was his severest critic as well as his best friend. It was he who nicknamed her "Trotty"—a name that has clung to her among her intimates, ever since her childhood days.

She is a very natural, unaffected reader, and inherits her father's power of producing effects by simplicity of method.

TWO NEW IMMORTALS.

The two last additions to the French Academy are very unlike, and testify strikingly to the catholicity of that institution. Gaston Paris is very little known on this side of the world except as a writer of critical articles. It seemed ridiculous to us that he should have received the coveted honor of the palm leaf coat when men like Zola and Daudet were passed by, but the earlier announcement of the election of Anatole France was met with a smile of approval in America, where many of us knew him as the author of "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard."

When that book appeared, it was generally supposed to be the work of an old man, one who had reached the ashes of the rose and still found them fragrant. It was a surprise to most people to know that the author was comparatively young at the time of its publication. France is a poet, a student and philosopher. He is the son of a Jewish bookseller named Thibault. During most of his life he has been connected with the library of the French senate; and he has long been known as one of the foremost of Parisian journalists. He was a close friend of Renan, who always predicted for him a great popularity as the years went by. He has a very striking personality. He is

Anatole France.
From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Digitized by Google

as tall and thin as *Don Quixote*, with a distinctly French head. He dresses like the leading man in a society drama. Many of his winters are spent in Florence.

A YOUNG CALIFORNIA AUTHOR.

It is with real pleasure that we present a portrait of a young writer who has become one of our popular contributors. Miss Juliet Wilbor Tompkins is a California girl who lives with her widowed mother on a fruit farm near San Leandro. She graduated at Vassar in 1891, following her sister, the clever author of "Her Majesty" and "The Broken Ring," who became an alumna three years before. She has been writing verses ever since she could hold a pen, and during the past few years has found a ready acceptance for them. But her successes have been short stories. She is also at work upon a light opera, collaborating with her brother, Gilbert Tompkins, who is a bright and promising young composer.

Almost any day the sisters and their visitors may be seen on sturdy little broncos riding through the liveoaks of the beautiful San Leandro valley. San Francisco is only an hour and a half away, and they are almost as well known in society there as they are to the dwellers in the foothills near their country place. They are a family from whom a literary surprise may some day come.

MORE FICTION FROM MR. MATTHEWS.

For some time we have been expecting Mr. Brander Matthews to put forth a volume of essays. The time is ripe for it, and, if we mistake not, he has sufficient material in hand for such a book. From month to month, for a year or so past, essays have been appearing under his name upon a variety of topics, and we have looked for a published collection of them. A volume of critical or miscellaneous essays by Brander Matthews is a literary event. He possesses to a marked degree the ability to make such work interesting, and we do not hesitate to venture the opinion that while his plays and his fiction are doomed to utter oblivion, for his essays he will be remembered.

With his undisputed ability in mind, therefore, it is heart breaking to take up "Tales of Fantasy and Fact," Mr. Matthews' latest book, and turn the pages and wonder why he did it. Here is a man whose head is full of information, and who can, when he will, write the most delightful English, wasting precious time upon fiction that is not even second class, and doing it, too, with the apparent conviction that this is preëminently his forte. Such is the fatuity of cultivated minds. It is said that Joseph Jefferson is prouder of his painting, which is mediocre, and his poetry, which is execrable, than of his acting, which is sublime. Brander Matthews, who in his own line does as good work as any man in America, persists in writing fiction when Providence has denied him the power to build plot or dialogue.

Gaston Paris.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

We have no wish to assail Mr. Matthews beyond his deserts. There is more of regret than anything else in our mind when we pronounce an adverse criticism upon the fiction which has probably cost him so much time and trouble; but in compiling "Tales of Fantasy and Fact" he seems to have been guided by a fatal discrimination. These are his six worst stories, and, depressing as they are when read apart, they are ten times more vapid when grouped together.

Yet in Mr. Matthews' book there is one ray of light which does something toward illuminating the prevailing dullness of the surrounding scenery. This is the "Confidential Postscript" at the end, in which the writer chats pleasantly with the reader about his work. We mention it particularly because of two sentences which it contains.

For the egoistic garrulity of the author there is, in fact, no more fit occasion than in the final pages of his book. At that stage of the game

Digitized by Google

Miss Lilian Bell.

From a photograph by Varney, Chicago.

he may fairly enough count on the good humor of his readers, since those who might be dissatisfied with him would all have yielded to discouragement long before the postscript was reached.

Nevertheless, it is as well to regard these confidences as a preface and not as a postscript, for, if it is essential to read all that precedes them before discovering their existence, many there will be who will never see them at all.

To hark back to our original proposition—namely, that a book of essays by Mr. Matthews will always find a welcome—there is a fair prospect that the opportunity for such a welcome is not far off. We are informed that "Aspects of Fiction, and Other Ventures in Criticism" is in press, and we shall look with interest for its appearance. Albeit Mr. Matthews cannot write fiction, he can discuss it entertainingly and profitably.

ANOTHER CLEVER WESTERN WOMAN.

Miss Lilian Bell, whose portrait we print here, and whose latest book we noticed last month, belies the reputation she would give herself by the mild sarcasms of her articles upon society. She takes a great interest in telling young men how brutally uninteresting they are, and discourses with great frankness upon their faults, but nevertheless there is no woman in Chicago who is more popular among the very people whose little follies she catches on the point of her clever pen and uses for "copy."

Miss Bell has never done anything better than her "Love Affairs of an Old Maid." There is a semblance of truth in all of her stories which is almost painful under some circumstances. They become too intimate for comfort.

MAETERLINCK'S NEW DEPARTURE.

Maeterlinck, the Belgian symbolist, who has been responsible for more bad dialogues (written by other men) than any other living writer, has announced that he is about to change the fashion he set. What on earth will become of William Sharp, and what of Henry

Digitized by Google

B. Fuller, who has just learned to do his work in similar style?

M. Maeterlinck is reported as blowing rings of cigarette smoke into the air in a Paris café, the other day, and announcing that "symbolism was overdone." It had always had the symptoms of being underdone to the average reader. One of the most sympathetic critics of the so called Belgian Shakspere says that "his works are clear only to a restricted number of select and initiated spirits."

Maeterlinck belongs to a Ghentish family of well to do burghers, which had a few stray drops of Spanish blood. He was educated in an orthodox Jesuit college in Belgium. It was a year in Paris, and the acquaintance of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, that set him on the path he has since followed. His first book, when written, naturally found no publisher. Publishers are rarely among the "initiated spirits." As he had no money to waste, but unlimited time, the young Maurice printed "Terres Chaudes" on a printing press owned by a friend, turning the machine with his own hands.

He lives in Ghent, with his parents, and he boats and skates and bicycles like any ordinary young man. The wheel has been held responsible for a good many things, but if it has changed Maeterlinck's style, it has indeed worked wonders.

Maurice Maeterlinck.

From a photograph by Benque, Paris.

M. Maeterlinck does not look like a decadent. He is tall and rather handsome, and looks perfectly conscious of it. He has a few tricks of manner, but his apparent moodiness may be due, just now, to the fact that he is moulting his old style and has not fully taken on his new literary fashion.

Digitized by Google

THE JILT'S JACQUEMINOT.

A JACQUEMINOT, from roses red and white
In her corsage, she let me pluck one night;
'Twas while we floated through the witching dance;
The music and her charms held me in trance;
She was my queen and I her plighted knight.

Ah me! Since then twelve months have taken flight·
No more her flame—merely a lovelorn wight—
I cherish that relic of my romance—
A jacqueminot.

Another's bride, so beautiful and bright,
She vowed her yestere'en; with rapt delight
He gazed upon her comely countenance;
His love and pride illumined every glance,
Just how her fickle heart such joy can blight,
A Jack may know!

George Shelby Bogert.

Digitized by Google

NO MORE STARS WANTED.

Managers never neglect an opportunity to inform the public of their untiring efforts to give productions that shall be as near perfect as the mimic art will permit. The press agent is instructed to spare no figures in his statement of the money spent on scenery and costumes. Months, we are told by this same worthy, are often devoted to the search for some particular bit of property in order to complete the harmony of the stage picture.

Of course we all know that the manager does not go to all this trouble and expense for mere love of art. He expects his painstaking to be appreciated in a practical manner at the box office window. Granted that these anticipations are realized, what is his next move in many cases? Does he seek to add still further to the strength of an organization which has won such favor? Not he, but straightway sits him down to plan how he may split up his one good stone so that he may therewith kill two hapless birds. All of which is pertinent to the rumor, current now these many moons, that Charles Frohman proposes to "star" Maude Adams.

Maude Adams

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

Digitized by Google

Maud Jeffreys in "The Sign of the Cross"

From a photograph by Downey, London.

Miss Adams is one of the most charming young women on our stage; in some points she has no equal, and there are not a few "stars" now more or less precariously scintillating aloft who might profitably snuff themselves out to come down and sit at her feet. And yet if starring Maude Adams means removing her from the Drew company, is it fair to the public which for the past four years has so liberally supported this well matched pair? No doubt both companies would be well patronized—Charles Frohman is too astute to blaze a pathway into sterile fields—but where formerly two prime favorites were seen in one evening, for a single entrance fee, there would be but one. And it is not for an instant supposable that the prices of seats would be cut in half to correspond.

Alackaday that ever the word "star" was introduced into our dramatic vocabulary! Abroad they know it not; in Germany the equivalent term is "guest," implying that the player to whom all the others are supposed to be subordinate, will only tarry for a while. If "stars" we must have, let them at least always be of the plural number. Irving and Terry are no mean example to follow. Change it to "Drew and Adams," Mr. Frohman, on the dead walls and house bills, if you will, but in the name of American theater goers don't

Digitized by Google

Jane Hading.

From her latest photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Digitized by Google

give us half a loaf where we have been getting a whole one.

AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

Every one interested in stage matters will watch with keen attention the reception accorded to Wilson Barrett's "Sign of the Cross" when it is brought out at the Knickerbocker in the near future. The enormous hit it has made in London is well known, while those with passably good memories will recall the total absence of any sensation when the piece was rendered in America on the occasion of Barrett's last visit here. Our portrait of Maud Jeffreys shows an important factor in the presentation, she being no less a personage than Mr. Barrett's leading woman.

Miss Jeffreys' career might be considered a plea for belief in luck, were it not that her undoubted abilities point otherwhere. She is an American girl, hailing from Tennessee, and for some time was a member of Mr. Daly's forces —a member whom the audience saw but heard not. Fearing that she too nearly resembled another woman in the company to hope for speedy promotion, she exchanged this precarious foothold for complete chaos. For such was the outlook, so far as any plans she had. But "nothing ventured, nothing gained," and chancing to pass Wilson Barrett's hotel one day, she presented herself to his notice. To her complete amazement she was engaged to go to England with him. She played only small parts at first, but on Miss Eastlake's retirement she was promptly installed in the position she now occupies.

THE GREAT COMEDIENNE OF FRANCE.

It is not likely that we shall have visits from French players for some time to come, now that the Abbey firm has restricted itself to the musical field. The Mounet-Sully "frost," some three seasons ago, will not soon be forgotten on the American Rialto. Even the star himself, on the eve of his departure, put the matter very frankly. "Pecuniarily," he said to a reporter, "my tour has turned out very badly. The audiences were more than small, many, many times."

The Coquelin-Hading company, following upon the heels of Mounet-Sully, fared only slightly better. Bernhardt appears to be the only French player who can make money here. And yet Hading is a most engaging artist, possessing a remarkable insight into characteristics as difficult of discernment, sometimes, as they are of portrayal. Hading is one year

Julia Marlowe Taber.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

Digitized by Google

Dorothy Morton.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

older than Lillian Russell, having been born in 1859, and made her first appearance on the stage when she was three, assuming a part usually filled by a doll. It is already a familiar story how she started out as a singer and only became a comedian through happy chance. She has been associated at various times with six of the leading theaters of Paris, including the Comédie Française.

JULIA MARLOWE'S TRAINING.

There are few more conscientious actresses than Julia Marlowe. The stage is to her, one might almost say, a holy place. No temptations of wider fame or larger returns have served to move her from her resolve never to debase a vocation of which she has declared that there is none more honorable.

Although an American by adoption and training, Miss Marlowe (whose family name was Brough) is of English birth. But she came to this country when only five years old, and first appeared on the stage as a mere child with one of the juvenile "Pinafore" companies which overran the land in the early eighties. Her aunt, whom Miss Marlowe naïvely describes as "a shy young lady," was at the head of this organization, and when it disbanded Julia was twelve. Then followed four years of schooling, at the end of which period the aunt announced that her niece must set herself to work to study seriously for the legitimate boards. Thereupon ensued another four years of work for the young girl, just at that age when youth most craves recreation—four years that laid strong and deep the foundations for the superstructure of her later career. There were no vacations, and but three holidays during each twelve months. Every day, from eight o'clock in the morning until noon, the young student read plays, going over each one fifty times before she was allowed to put her conception of it into action. The afternoons were devoted to rehearsing such parts

Digitized by Google

Georgia Caine.

From a photograph by Platt, Chicago.

as *Rosalind*, *Parthenia*, and *Juliet*. She was required not only to have her own rôle letter perfect, but to be prepared to recite any portion of the play. She was twenty years old when she made her début in New York as *Parthenia* at a matinée performance of "Ingomar," and it is her pride that from that day to this she has only played similar high class rôles.

Miss Marlowe married her leading man, Robert Taber, in 1894, and they have continued to act together in legitimate repertoire with marked success. Early last season she essayed the character of *Prince Hal* in Henry IV, but the play was soon dropped from her list. Did Mr. Daly take note of this fact when he decided that Ada Rehan should not be the *Prince* in his production, after all? As at present arranged C. J. Richman is to fill the part.

Last summer Mr. and Mrs. Taber spent as usual in traveling abroad, incidentally paying a visit to Juliet's tomb in Verona. They have opened their present season with a new play, a dramatization of George Eliot's "Romola," by Elwyn A. Barron. It is very possible that next summer the Tabers will play an engagement in London.

"THE CALIPH" AND "THE GEISHA."

It should be a matter of consolation to Jefferson de Angelis to recall that Hopper and Wilson started out on their starry courses crippled by weak operas. To be sure, both "Castles in the Air" and "The Oolah" were pared and

Digitized by Google

patched and polished into a final result that carried their owners through the first season; but real, substantial success did not come until "Wang" and "The Merry Monarch" were introduced. The trouble with "The Caliph" is to be found in the same old spot—the libretto. There is no story to tell; the beholder is impressed only with the fact that the writer is feeling his way, allowing one incident to suggest another, thus imparting a spasmodic atmosphere to the entire performance. But De Angelis himself is a clever comedian, and will no doubt "arrive" as his two predecessors in this particular field have done.

The score of "The Caliph" has some good things in it, its choruses being especially clever. The whistling one in the last act is an immense "go," and promises to make killing demands on the performers' lung powers before the trees bloom again, so often is it redemanded.

The weakness that mars "The Caliph" was clearly apparent in "An Artist's Model," and is just as conspicuously absent from "The Geisha," by the same three men, which has duplicated at Daly's, New York, the hit it is still making at Daly's, London. To be sure, the Japanese atmosphere lends a daintiness that is a great help, but it is because the makers of this pretty little musical comedy had something to work with that they have gained fortune in two hemispheres. Do your hardest thinking, gentlemen of the libretto, before you put pen to paper. It is easier to whip lyrics and dialogue into shape after a trial performance than to lend life and verisimilitude to a barren central theme.

Dorothy Morton, who sings the name part in the New York presentation—done in London by Marie Tempest—is thoroughly at home in the rôle. It is indeed a satisfaction to find her without the disfiguring blond wig which handicapped her in "The Wizard of the Nile." The scene where she is taught to kiss is an exceedingly clever bit of work, both on her part and that of Mr. Wheeler, whom Mr. Daly brought with him from London.

The only player from the original company in the American cast is Violet Lloyd—Letty Lind's understudy—and she won immediate and bountiful favor, not only by her singing and dancing, and her sunshiny presence, but by the distinctness of her enunciation—cordially commended to her American sisters in the bill.

Florence Thornton.

From a photograph by Platz, Chicago.

As soon as the latter was published, it became apparent why Mr. Daly is sending out no road company this fall—he is utilizing many of his people in "The Geisha." In one or two instances the experiment of converting mummers into song birds has been attended with disastrous results, but the comedy element is well sustained, and who can blame a manager,

Digitized by Google

in these times, for endeavoring to stretch his cloth when he has the slightest excuse for doing so?

"LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN."

"The Geisha" is the fourth "musical comedy" the English have sent us, and now we are beginning to manufacture our own. "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen" is one of the early samples.

There were three precedents against the success of "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen," at the Fifth Avenue Theater. It was a musical offering in modern costume, it was advertised by no particular star in the cast, and it had won favor on its original production in Chicago. And yet there was no question of its having made a hit in the metropolis as soon as the middle of the first act was reached. To be sure, there is no reason in the plot, but there is plenty of rhyme, swing, and jollity in the songs, while the time worn phrase "fast and furious" is exactly descriptive of the fun in the now famous third act. Goodwin and Morse have given us more ambitious work in "Wang," "The Merry Monarch," and "Panjandrum," but they have no cause to be ashamed of "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen," which was adapted from an old French farce. It will do nothing towards the elevation of the stage, but, on the other hand, it leaves no bad taste in the mouth, and it is well calculated to make a man forget hard times and Presidential possibilities—surely a service not without honor in this year of grace and grievances.

Our portraits show two members of the cast. Georgia Caine, the leading woman, comes rightfully by her talent, both her parents being stage people. Her first essay in the musical line was with "Wang," in Della Fox's part. When "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen" was produced in Chicago in the early summer, Miss Caine was the nursemaid, and also served as Jennie Goldthwaite's understudy for the leading rôle. Miss Goldthwaite's sudden illness soon gave her an opportunity to go on in the important part—that of a French actress—and she was so successful that when the other singer married and left the company, there was no hesitation in determining who should take her place.

Violet Rand.
From a photograph by Seem, St. Paul.

Florence Thornton, now playing as the French maid, is a graduate from the rear ranks of the Rice chorus. Her first promotion was to a foothold with the "Brownies"; her second to her present position.

A WELL KNOWN PLAYER IN THE FROHMAN COMEDIES.

Maud Haslam's name is a familiar one to theater goers—so familiar, in fact, that they are apt to think she is indebted to the make up box for her youthful appearance. For was

Digitized by Google

she not cast prominently in "Held by the Enemy," "The Private Secretary," and "All the Comforts of Home"? And yet Miss Haslam is no older than she looks—twenty five. She has been on the stage, however, sixteen years, and has played leading business since she was fifteen. Her versatility is remarkable, though she has not had much use for the gift of late, as she has been the *Mrs. Billings* throughout the phenomenal run of "Too Much Johnson."

Maud Haslam.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

Apropos of this play, there are liars and liars, as Charles Frohman has recently found to his cost, the lying of *Gustave Bravot*, albeit done in the highest style of the art by the ever popular Fritz Williams, having failed to carry "The Liar" beyond a ten nights' existence.

"AN ENEMY TO THE KING."

The fact that "The Liar" failed where "Too Much Johnson" succeeded does not argue that it is always fatal to follow up a distinct hit on a certain line with another piece of similar trend. Sothern's experience disproves this most emphatically. While in no sense an imitation, "An Enemy to the King" is wholly in the class of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and there is no question of the favor it has won. Critics may carp, declaring that the dialogue is not up to the Hope standard, that the piece

Digitized by Google

Percy Haswel

[illegible]

Digitized by Google

is overcrowded, and that the man who wrote it is also responsible for "The White Rat" and "On the Bowery"; but these dodge the main issue. "An Enemy to the King" is built up of material that appeals straight to the human heart, which will never cease to be captivated by a worthy rendering of the old, old story of all conquering love.

The stage pictures of Mr. Stephens' play are marvelous in their blended beauty and effectiveness. Action is conveyed through each and every one of them; the spectator feels that they are not arranged simply to be looked at, but are of vital importance in carrying the story forward. The sun dial scene in the third act is a beautifnl conception—sweet and strangely pathetic; and the last act is breathlessly intense—ringingly dramatic. Mr. Sothern has a rôle exactly suited to him, and is probably already buried beneath the bushels of manuscript other aspiring American playwrights have sent to him, dazzled by the success that has come to one of their number.

The illness of Grace Kimball at the beginning of the season gave romance lovers the coveted opportunity of seeing Virginia Harned again in the position she once occupied in the Sothern forces. Her marriage to Mr. Sothern has been rumored since last spring. Another member of the company now at the Lyceum is Violet Rand, of whom we give a portrait. Miss Rand is the third sister in a talented trio—the other two being Eleanor Moretti, of "Pudd'nhead Wilson" fame, and Katherine Florence (Mrs. Fritz Williams). She has played the rôle the latter created in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," *Fawn Afraid*, and now, although not out of her teens, has made an auspicious start under Mr. Sothern's banner.

DALY PLAYERS OF THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

The death of James Lewis leaves a void in the Daly company, than which none could be harder to fill. Mr. Lewis went over to the majority the day after the theater opened, with his name leading all the others in the company roster on the house bill. In a newspaper sketch of his life, printed in 1888, it was said that "for fifteen years past James Lewis has been the mainstay of Augustin Daly's comedy company." Change "fifteen" to "twenty three," and the statement was equally true in 1896. The passing of James Lewis is felt almost as a personal loss by the thousands who have seen him only across the footlights. "The king is dead, long live the king" may be said of many men in many lines of work, but not of him. We might well say, in the words of the master playwright, whose work he had so often put into living shape before us, "we shall not look upon his like again."

A revival of "As You Like It" and the production of the long promised "Henry IV" are among the first offerings of the new dramatic season at Daly's, to be begun November 9. Of course the absence of James Lewis will be keenly felt, and beautiful Maxine Elliott is also missing. But Ada Rehan still reigns, the only star in the stock system.

Then there is Percy Haswell. She has been with Mr. Daly five years, yet she is always young, always pretty, always a pleasing and finished actress. Her early appearances in her present environment were made in "The School for Scandal," "The Foresters," and "The Cabinet Minister," and when the company was divided, two years ago, Miss Haswell was intrusted with Miss Rehan's parts. She played them with an intelligence and an ease of manner that won her many new admirers, and it is to be hoped that her future with Mr. Daly will receive the recognition it deserves. A Texas girl, she began her career very young, and success has come to her long before she need lament faded charms.

THAT LONDON INDORSEMENT.

Now and again we read press agents' glowing reports of the success achieved in London by American plays or players. But almost invariably it proves to be press agent matter and nothing more—which means that the wish for a hit fathers the actual account of it before there is time for a substantial verdict to be registered. Indeed, the very éclat with which every legitimate triumph of Yankee goods in John Bull's stagedom is heralded, is proof that legitimate triumphs are all too rare. The wonder is that they are not of still more infrequent occurrence. Year after year American stage folk go to London with the express purpose of getting English encomiums and come back to receive twice and three times their former salary, in some cases much more.

The Britishers are fully aware of their power in this respect, so it is not unnatural that they should entertain cheap views of America's ability to decide for herself. So it comes to pass that a cisatlantic success is very likely to turn out a transatlantic failure. When we can learn to give home talent as much honor before a foreign indorsement as after it, perhaps our judgment in plays may be reckoned as worthy of serious consideration. As matters stand we are evidently regarded as not knowing a good thing when we first see it and *vice versa*.

"HALF A KING" AND ITS "PIERRETTE."

Francis Wilson may be said to represent the upper stratum of comic opera. At any rate, society has taken him up as it has taken up no other comedian of his class, and if you belong to the Four Hundred you may rest assured that it will be quite the thing for you to be seen among his followers. Indeed, it is even within the possibilities that you went to see "The Chieftain" last season from a sense of duty, and consoled yourself afterwards with this reflection. But you will not need to be consoled after a visit to "Half a King." With this new opera Wilson has got back into his old field.

Digitized by Google

He is no longer aspiring; he is simply funny, and if that is not what is demanded of a comedian, somebody would better put a new kind of dictionary on the market.

But not only is Wilson funny; his accomplished associate, Lulu Glaser, has a part thoroughly after her own heart. This means that her *Pierrette* is one of the most captivating creations of the comic opera stage. Into her acting Miss Glaser puts that dash, fire, snap, and sparkle of which she is mistress, and her singing completes the picture she is called on to present of the mountebank's daughter whose voice is the mainstay of the band.

"This is the first part," Miss Glaser said, in stating her own opinion of *Pierrette*, "that has given me an opportunity to show any versatility within the confines of a single performance. By the same token this makes it harder for me to conceal my identity when off the stage, as I have hitherto succeeded in doing. That bridal dress scene in the second act forces me to look like my real self by way of contrast to the other two acts. Yes, this is the third rôle I have created since I have been with Mr. Wilson, which is the same as saying the third in my whole career, as I have never been in any other company.

"I shall never forget my first interview with Mr. Wilson. It was in his dressing room at the Broadway Theater, before a matinée of 'The Merry Monarch.'

"'How old are you?' was his first question.

"'Sixteen, sir.'

"'Have you ever had any experience on the stage?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Do you know anything about making up?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Have you done anything in amateur theatricals?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"Then he suggested that I should go out in front and see the performance. Afterwards he sent for me and told me to report at the theater on the following Monday."

Miss Glaser sang her trial song on the empty stage of the Broadway after a performance, with Mr. de Novellis, the orchestra leader, to play her accompaniment on the piano. She imagined that he was her only listener, but Mr. Wilson had his door open and at the conclusion of the song there was a mysterious outburst of applause from the wings. Turning about, the young girl was astonished to see the members of the company assembled at various vantage points, on stairways and door sills, whither they had hurried from their dressing rooms at the sound of her voice. She was engaged as understudy to Marie Jansen, sang in the chorus for six months, and then became leading woman of the company.

Harry B. Smith has a corner on librettos along Broadway this fall. With "Half a King" at the Knickerbocker, "The Caliph" at the Broadway, and "The Mandarin" at the Herald Square, he covers the town pretty thoroughly. In the case of "Half a King" and "The Caliph," the same composer, Ludwig Englander, is responsible for the music.

WHAT "THE GOLD BUG" MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

From Siam comes the report of a big hit in the dramatic line made by a play in which the leading woman represents Queen Victoria, who, after being made to go to war with the King of Siam, finally falls in love with and marries him. Here is an idea for our managers who are ransacking the ends of the earth for "something new." Let them set the playwrights to work building pieces in which all the characters shall be real personages of contemporary importance. Applied to a Presidential campaign, such a concoction ought to overcome all the traditional bad business of this rueful period. The present year would have been an especially happy one for the experiment, as in most parts of the country it is easy to guess the predominating local sentiment, thus permitting of a drama with interchangeable denouement. For the Eastern States the final act could bring Major McKinley to a triumphal election, while in the silver regions Mr. Bryan could be represented as carrying everything before him.

A different fate might have been portioned out to "The Gold Bug" had that Casino "blend" only lived up to its title in some such way as that just suggested. But when the public came expecting to find a travesty on up to date topics and discovered that "Gold Bug" was merely the name of a boat, they were certainly justified in feeling that they had been tricked. It was a misnomer on the one hand and good for nothing on the other.

ANNA HELD.

If this "Star of Paris," as the posters style her, had had as long a start in the booming line as Guilbert, she might have made an American hit not inferior to that of the unforgettable Yvette. For, whether she possesses the histrionic abilities of her forerunner or not, she is certainly a very much more pleasing person to look upon and her songs are of a decidedly more cheerful order. Again, she can talk English with a delightful twisting of the "th's" into "z's," and although she hasn't any more voice than the rest of these music hall "favorites," she is so quick, so seemingly happy, has, in brief, such a "nice little way" with her, that it really seems a pity, from the point of view of her manager's pocketbook, that she didn't stay away a little longer, in order to give her boom fuller swing. As it is, she has carried the revival of "A Parlor Match" into the category of the new season's successes.

A DRAMA OF MISSED OPPORTUNITIES.

"Sue" was put on at Hoyt's in a hurry, to replace the disappointing "Liar." Bret Harte's name insured it a respectful hearing—and at the same time prepared the public to

Digitized by Google

find a failure, as our literary men have not been particularly fortunate in bringing their wares to the footlights. The result is a somewhat difficult one to classify. In some respects "Sue" is a fine play, in others an amateurish attempt at drama building. The ingredients are all there, but the cooks have been at fault in stirring them into the completed concoction.

Of course Annie Russell plays the title rôle effectively. There is no reason why she shouldn't. *Sue* is *Esmeralda* over again, and everybody knows that *Esmeralda* was Annie Russell, or Annie Russell was *Esmeralda*, it scarcely matters which way you put it. At any rate, few can represent the innocent country maid of stageland so well as Miss Russell.

"SANTA MARIA."

Oscar Hammerstein's newest feat recalls the famous piece which *Mr. Crummles* wanted *Nicholas Nickleby* to write around a real pump and two washing tubs. But *Mr. Crummles* was actuated by motives of economy; Mr. Hammerstein cared not what he spent so long as his idea was carried out. "Santa Maria" has been fitted around a most elaborate series of stage settings. One must go far to find a prettier picture than the first scene presents, or a more glitteringly resplendent one than the last.

The work with which Olympia's theater part was reopened is called "a romantic comic opera." You get decidedly more of romance than comedy in the piece, which is interpreted by a splendid cast, including Camille d'Arville, Marie Halton, Lucille Saunders, Julius Steger, and James T. Powers. There is a preponderance of heavy music in the score, and the light and "catchy" airs are all more or less reminiscent. The impression made by a first hearing of "Santa Maria" is that of almost cloying richness, as of a wedding breakfast whose every course is plum cake.

CHAT OF THE NEW SEASON.

If a precedent is worth anything, we may expect to hear managers prophesy a poor season every summer, after the experience of the present autumn. Nobody has yet forgotten the dismal prognostications made for this theatrical year of 1896-97. Besides the deadly bicycle, there were the hard times on the one hand and the Presidential campaign on the other. What company would be able to survive all three? Some were disbanded before starting out, with the brief explanation, "We are going to wait till after election." So much for the August anticipation; now for the September record, as scored in the metropolis: "Under the Polar Star," "Rosemary," "An Enemy to the King," "A Parlor Match" with the Anna Held annex, "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen" and "Half a King"—six unmistakable successes against last year's showing within the same period of "The Sporting Duchess," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "The Widow Jones."

* * * *

"The Two Little Vagrants," Charles Frohman's new name for his latest French melodrama, "Les Deux Gosses," opened happily in Boston, and the silver lining to "The Liar's" failure was found in the opportunity it afforded of restoring Fritz Williams to his original rôle in the Chicago production of "Thoroughbred."

* * * *

The vacancy left in Crane's company by the marriage of his leading woman, Annie O'Neill, to H. C. Miner, has been filled by the engagement of Effie Shannon in her place. This will be good news to lovers of the drama. Miss Shannon is a clever actress who has hitherto lacked opportunities commensurate with her ability.

* * * *

Rumor runs that Mr. Daly will give Lewis' part as *Falstaff* in "Henry IV" to William F. Owen. Mr. Owen played the rôle with great success when Julia Marlowe produced the piece in Boston last spring. He has acted with Booth, Barrett, Modjeska, and Marie Wainwright, and was the *Sir Oliver Surface* in "The School for Scandal" at Daly's London theater. He is an especially clever *Sir Toby Belch* in "Twelfth Night."

* * * *

Like "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen," Manager Whitney's new comic opera, "Brian Boru," booked to follow "The Caliph" at the Broadway, has four comedians. It is written by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards, of "Madeleine" fame, two craftsmen whose names were last seen together underneath Lillian Russell's "Goddess of Truth." The scene of "Brian Boru" is laid in the eleventh century, admitting of original effects in costuming, and Mr. Whitney anticipates a sweeping success. But no matter how sweeping this may be, he declares that he will not keep the piece in the metropolis beyond the original ten weeks, as he wishes all the large cities to see it during the first season.

* * * *

It has been the invariable custom of the Empire Stock Company to produce its new plays at the home theater in New York. Last winter it had three failures in rapid succession, so this year Mr. Frohman is going to try Chicago for luck. "A Man and His Wife," by J. M. Barrie, is scheduled to be brought out there during the company's autumn tour.

* * * *

Every February New York managers have gone on to Boston to see Barnet's annual burlesque as presented by the Cadets, the Hub's crack regiment. Mr. Rice had been so successful with "1492" and "Excelsior, Jr.," that a good deal of surprise was manifested when it came out that Klaw & Erlanger had secured last season's work, "Jack and the Beanstalk." It is to be produced on November 2 at the Casino, when the world will soon be able to conjecture whether it was a question of too much money or too little merit that kept Rice out of it.

Digitized by Google

A BONIFACE OF BROOM FALLS.

HALF way between the Falls and the Junction there stood a deserted farm house, known to the inhabitants of that district as "Kinzie's old place." Kinzie was an Irishman of large ideas, and equally large family, who had, in former years, shed the light of his smile over the country, but had long since departed, confiding his destination to no man. His career presented an example of the evils of prosperity, and the old house was a mark thereof.

To be brief, Kinzie had been a hard working man and saving, so that during a residence of five years at the Falls he had contrived to lay by enough to purchase a few feet of rocky ground a little way outside the town, and to erect a cabin thereon. Here he flourished and was happy until the disturbing element came, in the shape of a legacy from an uncle in Ireland, of whose existence this was the first intimation to the legatee. The sum was magnificent in Kinzie's eyes, and he proceeded to handle it as such, immediately quitting work that he might better spend his income. Even now the older residents of the Falls talk with bated breath of Kinzie's reckless extravagances.

One of his first acts was to build a house where his cabin had stood, with the avowed intention of having a room for each member of his family. This rash resolve resulted in the erection of an edifice almost as large as the town hall, but alas, scarce had the house been paid for, when it was mortgaged, and then mortgaged a second time, for the fortunes of Timothy Kinzie began to wane. Whether he confidently awaited the discovery of another deceased relative, I do not know, but at all events, he refused to work, and spent the last dollar of his small store as lavishly as the first, borrowing when it was exhausted.

This could result in no other way than it did, and Kinzie and his family silently flitted away between two days, leaving their real property in the hands of those who had loaned upon it.

The mortgagees tried to sell the place, but could not. Except for the house, it consisted only of about a quarter acre of rock, in the midst of many acres of the same geological formation. If put up at auction, the Kinzie domain would hardly bring enough to pay the auctioneer's fee, and no one seemed available as tenant. So the new owners shut the house up, and waited in the cheering hope that, as one of them expressed it, "Some bigger fool than us may be alive yet."

Such were the conditions existing at the time at which this story rightly begins. The old house, leaky and falling, seemed likely to fade away unmolested, when the unexpected happened. A tenant put in his appearance and was greeted as a gift from heaven. He took possession of the premises, and announced his action to all concerned by means of a hand painted sign, which read:

HOTEL
BY
NATH'L FLETCHER.

Broom Falls was a settlement on the eastern shore of Bear River, and derived its name from the shape which the stream took in its plunge over the rocks. The village had long been the commercial center of a large stretch of country, but its growth stopped with the building of the new railroad. The heartless directors of that corporation did not consider Broom Falls a sufficiently large metropolis to warrant any deviation from the original survey, and the road passed at a distance of ten miles, so that any freight billed to the village had to be hauled thither on wagons. This was a tedious process, and so expensive that few availed themselves of the privilege, most of the buyers preferring the old method of shipping by water. Another town grew up some miles down the river, near the railway bridge, and the glory of Broom Falls was arrested and stood still.

It was on the road to the station, commonly called the Junction, though nothing joined there, that Nathaniel Fletcher assumed the rôle of boniface. No one knew him, and his sign was the first intimation of his coming. He was very busy for the first few days after his arrival, patching up the ramshackle old house, and unpacking and arranging his few possessions. The change produced in the appearance of the

Digitized by Google

premises was not startling, but it must be acknowledged that he made them look better, and brought the house to take on the likeness of a human habitation.

The repairs being completed, Nathaniel drifted down to the village one summer evening, and proceeded to introduce himself and make overtures for a place in the social life of the neighborhood. He was a tall old man, apparently about sixty years of age, stooping a little, as though tired of carrying the weight of his shoulders. His face was angular and toughened by work and exposure. His eyes were blue and wide open, and his gaze was that of a child; but the most noticeable thing about him was an expression of absolute kindliness which attracted one to him at once.

"I come from York State," he explained to the group which gathered at the store that evening. "My wife's been dead a long time, and we never had no family. I got to ailin' and feelin' miserable most all the time, and the doctor reckoned 'twas the climate and I'd better be off somewheres else; so I jest packed up and started out. I always heard it was healthy in these parts, and I calculated I'd stop somewheres along the line. I asked the railway man what was a good place, and he said this was; so I got off here, thinkin' I'd try it a little while, any way."

Nathaniel was accepted as a member of the community, and before very long he had won his way into the good graces of every one. At first people mistrusted his kindliness, thinking it only assumed, but as time went on they found that the whole man was made up of it.

"Seems like he must have done suthin' awful, once," said one old woman oracle, "and is tryin' to make up for it. Mebbe he's a convic'. Who knows?"

"And who cares?" spoke her husband briefly. "Ef bein' a convic' makes a man thataway, I reckon it's wuth while bein' one." In which opinion the whole settlement concurred, and Fletcher was taken at his present worth.

Neither the situation nor the outward appearance of the hotel offered any promise of business success, but he managed to make enough to supply his few wants, and whoever was once his guest never left him for the hospitality of a rival. The few commercial travelers who touched at the Falls were his mainstay, and in the summer he gathered a scanty crop of boarders, for the most part city people desirous of "roughing it"—for which purpose Nathaniel could offer every facility. Moreover, no one who had occasion to go to the Junction ever passed Fletcher's place without stopping to talk with the host, and he had no lack of company, for which he seemed to care more than for profit. In summer you could always find him on the porch, tipped back in a stiff, straight chair with his feet high up on a post. In winter he carried the chair into the house, and, instead of the post, made use of one side of the old chimney. His corps of employees consisted of a very expansive cook and her daughter, who lived in the rear part of the house and did all there was to do, with time to spare.

And so Nathaniel prospered after a fashion, and was not envied, but came to be regarded as an example of the reward bestowed by Broom Falls upon a deserving object. Many a one, young and old, gave to him the confidences which his ready sympathy seemed to invite, and none ever regretted having done so, while many were thankful with the gratitude which means much. And of one of these is the tale which I am going to tell.

It was late in the autumn, and there had been no new name that day on the little book which did duty as a register. The wind had taken the bit in its teeth and howled around the barn-like structure, driving against the windows a rain which was as cold as snow.

Nathaniel sat in his accustomed place, looking into the fire and living his life all over, as old men do, in the pictures he saw therein. Not all the memories which came to him were pleasant, for seldom can a man look back and be entirely satisfied. To the best of us the dark milestones stand out plainest, and perhaps it was a relief to the old man when an uncertain knock at the door roused him. He took the lamp from its rack in the corner and went out into the cold passageway, wondering to himself that any one should be abroad on such a night. He slowly drew back the great bolts. As he lifted the latch, the door swung sharply against him, and a flare of wind blew out the light.

"Lord, but it's stormin'," he said, peering at the figure before him. "Come in, whoever ye be, and don't stand there like a ghost. Go on ahead while I shut the door."

It took him some time to secure the fastenings again, and when he followed after his visitor, he found her standing by the fire—a slender, brown eyed girl, whose face, even with its apprehensive look, was rarely sweet. Her rough cloak was dripping wet, and the flimsy scarf hung drenched about her head.

Digitized by Google

The old man gazed at her in a puzzled way.

"I don't know just who ye be," he said, "though I've seen ye often enough."

"I'm John Borden's daughter," replied the girl. "We live down by the lumber slide."

"To be sure ye do," said Nathaniel. "I know your father right well. Did he come along with ye, now?"

"No, I came alone."

"Did ye, though? And on a night like this! Take off them wet things and dry out by the fire a bit." He helped the girl to remove her cloak, and spread it out on the back of a chair. "Your shoes and stockin's must be soppin'," he said. "Did ye bring any others with ye, now?"

"No," said the girl again. "I didn't bring anything."

"You wait here," said Nathaniel. "Mebbe I can find somethin'." He climbed up the creaking stairs, and descended presently with a pair of coarse stockings in his hand. "I've had these things a terrible long time," he said. "Everything comes in handy sooner or later. You put 'em on, and I'll get some kind of shoes or other."

He went up stairs again, and returned bearing an enormous pair of carpet slippers, which he insisted that his guest should wear.

"Set down in the big chair, and get warm," he said. "I suppose ye got ketched out in the rain on the way home?"

"I came from home," answered the girl, with a little tremble in her voice. "The folks were all asleep."

"Were they, now?" said the old man. "And you come all the way alone?" He looked uneasily at her. "Is there anything ye want I should do?" he asked hesitatingly. "Ye don't need to tell me anything, ye know, ef ye don't want to."

"I do want to," she said eagerly. "I'd rather tell you. And I do want you to help me if you will."

He nodded encouragingly. "I'd like to listen to ye," he said.

"It's a little hard to say, so that you can understand," the girl went on, slowly. "I am going to be married. Father doesn't approve of it, and so I came away without telling him. I know my own feelings better than any one else does."

"I reckon that's so," assented Nathaniel, as she paused. "I ought to know about that. I allow you're on your way now to meet the man that ye care about?"

"He is coming here," she said, "and we are going away on the night train."

"That train don't get along till after one o'clock," put in the old man.

"I know that," she answered.

"And you want to stay here till it comes. Ain't that right?"

"Yes," said the girl quickly, with a little sigh of relief, "if you will let me. I can stay right here. You needn't sit up."

He laughed jovially. "Bless ye," he said, "I always do stay up late. One of my great failin's is that I can't sleep enough; so I generally set here till the fire goes out. It gets lonesome sometimes, and I'm right glad to have ye here for company."

His tone put her more at ease. "Are you sure I won't bother you?" she asked.

"Sure? I reckon I am," said Nathaniel, with another laugh. "It does me good to see a young face. Many and many's the time I have wished I had a girl of my own to set here with me evenin's." His voice softened. "Ye hain't got no idee, dearie, how much an old man loves a daughter. Specially ef he ain't got no other women folks. Ye couldn't understand it, bein' so young."

The girl looked at him with moist eyes. "My mother died long ago," she said brokenly.

"I oughtn't to have spoke that way," cried the old man, with quick remorse. "I wouldn't ef I'd knowed."

Neither spoke for a time, and then Nathaniel broke the silence. "Ye haven't told me who the man is?" he said tentatively.

The girl blushed and hesitated.

"Ye needn't tell ef ye don't think best," he continued. "And there ain't no need of my seein' him at all. I can go up stairs when we hear him comin'. Only I think mebbe I'd best know his name, ef ye don't mind very much. Perhaps I could help ye better. I've lived a long time and seen a good deal, and I think ye wouldn't be sorry ef ye told me about it."

She still hesitated. "He wouldn't like it," she said finally, "but I don't see why I shouldn't. It's Mr. Osgood."

"Him that was here last summer?" asked Nathaniel quickly.

"Yes," she answered.

The old man sat for a time in silence, gazing into the fire. "Sure he loves ye?" he asked at last.

"He told me so," said the girl simply.

"He's a good bit older than you be."

"Yes," she said. "I've thought sometimes that that was what made me care for him at first. It seemed a great thing for him to think about a little girl like me. I couldn't hardly believe it at first, and when

Digitized by Google

he told me he loved me, I was happier than I ever dreamed of."

Her eyes were shining with a look which there was no mistaking. Nathaniel sighed, half to himself, as she paused. He left his chair, and, going to the corner of the room used for an office, turned the pages of the little register, whistling softly to himself. A wild blast of wind rattled the windows, and the girl shivered unconsciously. He turned and came to the fire again.

"You're cold yet," he said.

"Just a little," she admitted.

"You wait a minute." He went up stairs, and came back with a glass which he filled from the kettle on the old fashioned crane. "Drink it," he said. "It's blackberry, and jest what you need;" and when she gave him the empty glass, he stood looking at her solicitously. "Ain't that some better?" he asked.

She nodded, smiling.

"Now," said Nathaniel, "I'll tell you what you're goin' to do. It's three hours before that train gets here, and you're all fagged out. There's a room right at the head of the stairs that's tolerable warm. I want ye should go up and lie down for a bit. I'll call ye when it's time to go."

"I couldn't, really," she protested. "I couldn't sleep at all."

"You'll be sound asleep in five minutes," he returned, "what with the wine and your bein' tired out any way."

"I don't want to keep you up," she said.

"I always have to be up for that train."

"You'll be sure to wake me in time?" she asked, wavering.

"Plenty of time. Run on now," he answered with kindly authority.

"I will go, then," she said. "I am tired out just when I don't want to be." She rose wearily, and stood facing him. "You're very kind to me," she added gratefully. "I don't know why; but I am very thankful."

The old man laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"I'll tell ye why," he said. "I had a girl once, just about like you be, and she run away one night, jest the way you're doin'. I never knowed where she went." He paused for a moment, and went on almost caressingly. "Don't ye reckon I'd be glad to know that some man had helped her ever so little? Wouldn't I thank him for that? Wouldn't it make me feel better ef I knowed that even one man was kind to my little girl?" His hand trembled on her arm. "Don't ye reckon it would?" he asked softly.

With a sudden impulse the girl lifted her face and kissed him. "Good night," she said, and turned and went lightly up the clumsy stairs.

"Good night," he called after her. "God bless ye, dearie. Good night."

* * * *

Left alone, Nathaniel resumed his accustomed position, and waited patiently. He got up two or three times to stir the dying embers into life in an absent minded way; but for the greater part of the time he sat immovable, with his feet against the chimney, tipped back in his chair.

At last the shrill neigh of a horse broke in upon his reverie. As he heard the sound of wheels crunching the road outside, he rose with a grim smile, and went out to welcome his second visitor of the evening.

The newcomer was a tall, floridly handsome man, who greeted his host with effusion, and talked loudly as he followed him into the room.

"You are as good looking as ever, uncle," he said, with a laugh. "I believe you will never get any older."

"I'm fairly well," responded Nathaniel. "And you ain't changed much, neither." He turned the lamp to a higher flame, and looked inquiringly at the younger man. "Goin' to stay here all night?" he asked.

"No," answered the other. "I am going down on the one o'clock train. You needn't wait, though."

"I 'most always set up for that train," answered Nathaniel, "and I'd like first rate to have a chat with ye. Do ye think of comin' here next summer?"

"I don't know," answered his guest absently. He looked at his watch with an anxious expression. "Has any young lady been here tonight?" he asked. "I expected——"

"This a poor place for young ladies at this time of year," interrupted Nathaniel, with a short laugh. "There ain't no one here at all except John Borden's girl. She got caught out in the storm, and I told her she'd best stay here till mornin'."

The young man gave an ejaculation of relief. "She's the one I mean," he said. "Where is she?"

"Up stairs, asleep."

"Call her, if you please."

Nathaniel looked at him with an expression of wonder. "At this time of night?" he asked.

"What difference does the time make?" said the other impatiently. "Please call her now."

"I don't see no good reason for disturbin'

Digitized by Google

her," said Nathaniel. "You'd best wait till mornin'. It don't seem jest the thing to me."

"What business is it of yours?"

"This is my house, ye know. That makes some difference."

"I tell you she came here to meet me."

"How do I know that?"

"This is nonsense," said the young man angrily. "If you won't call her, I will."

He moved toward the stairway, but Nathaniel stepped quickly in front of him, and stood leaning against the door.

"I wouldn't ef I was you," he said. "Let's talk a bit, first."

"I don't want to talk," cried the other. "Don't be a fool!"

The old man raised his hand imperatively. "Hush," he said. "Ye might wake her."

"That is exactly what I want to do."

Nathaniel regarded him with a grim smile. "What would your wife think of this sort of thing?" he asked quietly.

"Wife?" repeated the other, with a quick glance. "I haven't any."

"I think ye have. Leastways, some woman wrote to me after ye went away last summer, and asked me to send on some things ye left here. She said she was your wife, and I sent the things. Didn't ye get them?"

A sudden flash of recollection leaped over the visitor's face, but he recovered himself quickly. "The letter was a forgery, then," he said. "I tell you I never was married."

"Ye know whether that's true or not, John Osgood," said Nathaniel; "and so do I; but I'll tell ye one thing. Ye won't go up them stairs while I'm here, and ef ye make a row and wake the girl up, she may feel hard against me. Ef she does, I'll have to write to the place where I sent them things, to sort of set myself right with her. Do ye understand?"

The younger man looked at the great frame and the quiet, determined face. He could not help believing that his host meant every word, and both could and would carry out his intention. He stood silently thinking for a little time, and then turned shortly toward the door.

Nathaniel stopped him. "Wait jest a minute," he said. Osgood wheeled, with his hand on the latch. "The girl may have been expectin' ye, after all, and ef she was, there's no need of her bein' disappointed. Ye better write a note, sayin' ye couldn't come, and givin' her to understand she won't see ye again."

Osgood did not answer, but opened the door.

"Ef ye don't," Nathaniel continued, "she may blame me somehow, and I'll have to give reasons."

"Damn you!" said the other. "What do you want? Write what you like. I'll sign it."

"I want you to do the writin'. There's paper over on that table. You'll know what to say. Better hurry ef ye want that train."

The young man crossed to the table, and wrote a half sheet. He also addressed an envelope, and handed both to his host, who read the note and sealed it in the envelope, with a smile.

"I guess that's jest about right," he said. "Now I'll light ye out."

They went together through the hall and out into the cold air. Neither spoke until Osgood had taken his seat, and held the reins ready to start.

"I suppose you won't write?" he said.

"Lord, no," answered Nathaniel. "There ain't no reason why I should, now, and I don't allow you'll give me another chance. Will ye?"

"No," said the other shortly, as he drove away.

Nathaniel looked smilingly after him for a moment, and then turned back to the house. A sound, far off down the road, caught his ear, and he paused to listen. A wagon was coming from the Falls at great speed, to judge by the rapidly increasing noise. The old man went to the end of the long porch and waited, peering out into the darkness.

The wagon came on swiftly, and in a few minutes whirled around the turn and stopped before the hotel, the horses straining and trembling in every limb. The only occupant of the vehicle was a broad shouldered man of middle age, whose face showed anxiety in every feature. He had evidently dressed in great haste, and was covered from head to foot with clay mud. He leaped from the wagon and came up the steps, shaking himself like a great dog.

"How be ye, John?" said Nathaniel, coming to meet him.

"Have ye seen Milly?" demanded the other.

"Milly?" Nathaniel repeated.

"Milly, my girl—you know her. She come this way and must have gone by here. I thought perhaps you seen her."

"I did see her. She stopped at the house."

"Did ye notice where she went?" cried the man eagerly, half turning to his wagon.

"She's here now."

Digitized by Google

"Thank God!" said the father, and leaned against one of the great posts. "Is she alone?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Nathaniel. "Come into the house, and I'll tell you about it. Better blanket them horses first." He helped Borden to lead the team under a little shed, and then led the way into the house. On the threshold he paused, and turned to his companion. "Don't make no noise jest yet," he said. "She's sound asleep."

When they had seated themselves silently, Nathaniel recounted all that had happened that night. Borden did not interrupt, but listened intently, resting his heavy face on his hand. He looked up when Nathaniel finished.

"Thank ye," he said simply. "Mebbe I can pay ye back some day. I woke up, and thought I heard wife callin' me. I went to Milly's room to see if she had spoke, and found the letter she left. I hooked up and drove on the run after her. If it hadn't been for you, I'd been too late!" He let his head sink on his hand again. "God knows what made her do such a thing," he went on. "She never talked much about the man. She knew I hated him, but that oughtn't to matter. She might have trusted her own father."

"It's all right now, any way," said Nathaniel cheerfully. "You've got her back all safe and sound."

Borden shook his head sadly. "It can't never be the same so far as Milly is concerned. She might just as well gone off with him. She tried to do it once; mebbe she'll try again. I can't never trust her again after this."

"Don't blame the girl too much. Perhaps it ain't all her fault. Mebbe you ain't done jest right by her. She might be afraid to talk to you."

"I done the best I could by her," answered the other. "I ain't petted her much, for I ain't that kind of a man; but she's all I've got since her mother died, and I'd done anything in the world to keep her from this. If she'd only told me about it, I'd understood her, and helped her any way I could. She ought to known that."

"Girls don't know them things," said Nathaniel slowly. "They're different from men, and we've got to treat 'em different. I ain't got no doubt Milly never understood ye, and I don't think it's her fault. You'd ought to be more open with her, and talk with her more about things."

"I wish I had," said Borden. "Mebbe you're right. I wish I'd been different. I've done wrong, somehow. If I had it all to do over again——"

"Ye have," Nathaniel interrupted.

The other man shook his head again. "It's too late," he said. "Can't ye see it's too late?"

"You're not goin' to be hard on the girl, now?"

"I couldn't be hard on her if I wanted to, and the Lord knows I don't want to; but I can't forget. No one could."

The old man sat silent for some time. "I'd like to tell ye a little experience," he said at length.

Borden looked up inquiringly.

"About ten years ago," Nathaniel went on slowly, "I had a girl jest about as old as Milly, and a good deal like her. My wife had been dead a long time, and I was alone with my girl jest about the way you be with yourn. I never was the same after Mary died, and couldn't help seemin' glum and hard like; leastways, I didn't think so then. Well, I loved the little one better than everything else in the world, but I didn't never tell her so. I sort of took it for granted that she knowed it without bein' told, but she didn't. I found that out afterwards."

He paused a moment and went to the window, looking out into the blackness. Borden sat silent, watching him. Nathaniel came slowly back, and stood leaning against the chimney shelf.

"There ain't a great deal more to tell," he said. "She run away one night, and left a letter, like Milly did, sayin' what she was goin' to do; only she wrote it so that when I read it, I see my mistake as plain as day. It was too late for me then. It ain't too late for you now."

"Did ye find her?" asked Borden.

"I never saw her again," answered Nathaniel softly. "I hunted for her everywheres. I sold the farm, and spent the money lookin' for her. I used to go along the streets lookin' at every girl's face, thinkin' it might be hers; but I couldn't find her. My money run out, and I had to give up. I never knowed what become of her, nor whether she was alive or dead." His voice trembled. "I never knowed," he repeated, and buried his face in his arm, as it rested on the tall shelf.

"I never thought you had trouble like that," said Borden, after a pause.

"I don't tell about it," returned Nathaniel, raising his head. "I wouldn't tell you, except I want you should profit by it." His eyes were wet, as he faced his friend. "I would 'a' given my life," he said, "for

Digitized by Google

one day like what you've got ahead. Ef I could 'a' been sure she was dead, I'd been happy, almost. It near drove me crazy to set and think how I might kept her, ef I'd only done a little bit different. I could see the whole business then, and I remembered all the little things I hadn't done. Ef Mary had been alive, it wouldn't have happened. I got to wonderin' whether she knowed about it, and whether she blamed me or was sorry for me. I hadn't never thought much about God, but I prayed to him then over and over and over again, and begged for one more chance; jest one little chance; only a day, to tell my little girl all that I'd thought and felt, and never told her." His voice was gentle as a mother's. "I never had the chance, John," he said. "You've got it now. For your wife's sake don't let it get away. Ye won't; I know ye won't."

Borden was silent, but his eyes gave a sufficient answer. He had always liked Fletcher, and now he understood him.

Nathaniel turned, and went softly up the stairs. He tapped at the door, and the girl came quickly out to him.

"Is he here?" she asked the old man, breathlessly.

"No, dearie," he answered, "but your father's come for ye. Ye needn't be afraid," he added, as she shrank back in sudden terror. "He won't be cross with ye. Mr. Osgood couldn't come, but he sent this letter."

The girl seized the note, and hid it in her breast.

"Does father——" she began.

"He ain't angry," said the old man. "Come."

He took her hand, and led the way down the stairs, the girl following dumbly. She had feared to meet her father; but he stretched out his arms, and she ran to him with a sob.

"Come home, Milly," he said gently. "Come home and tell me all about it."

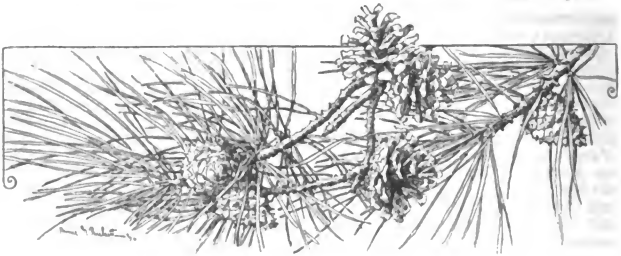
Together they went out, and found Nathaniel waiting with the wagon. He tucked the robes around the shivering girl, and held in a vise-like grip the hand which her father held out to him.

"Drive fast," he said, "and you'll get home before mornin'."

Until the wagon was out of sight, the old man stood bareheaded, gazing after it.

"I hope some man has done as much for my little girl," he said softly to himself. "Ef I only knowed!" And he turned and went into the lonely house.

Leland Ingersoll.



FRIENDS.

THE path I trod when autumn neared its end
  Was spanned by heavens heavy eyed and drear,
  And all the death and drooping of the year
Saddened the world till I met you, my friend;
A hand grip at the crossing of the ways,
  And then we parted; yes, but where I strode
  Skies smiled serenely, and beside the road
Lay violets and the slim arbutus sprays;
  And oh, from out a copse—strange, sacred thing—
  A God sent bird voice rioted of spring!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

Digitized by Google

IN THE OTHER CELL.

THE sheriff had an unpleasant task to perform; which accounted, perhaps, for his almost servile manner and tone as he stopped before a particular cell in Hangman's Row.

"Peelin' well, Jim?"

The man at the barred door nodded, but his temper was plainly sullen.

"If I could git out'n here——" he began.

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed the sheriff fretfully. "What you want to talk that way for? Ain't I been a good friend of your'n, Jim?"

The prisoner nodded again.

"Ain't you been treated right?"

"Right 'nough, I guess." He shifted his eyes from their contemplation of the sheriff's face, and shuffled his feet.

"Well then, Jim, what's the matter? You ain't goin' to throw me down, be you, after all I've done? Why, my reputation hangs on you."

The prisoner laughed.

"It's the other way, Bill. I guess I hang on your reputation."

The sheriff became uproariously merry.

"Say, that's the best I ever heard. I'll tell that." Then, hastily: "But not till you're gone, Jim. I don't want to offend." He looked speculatively down the corridor, occasionally breaking into a laugh as the jest recurred. "Yes," he went on presently, "it means a lot to me, old man. If I carry this thing through in style it'll be good for a renomination in the fall. It's a record any sheriff might be proud of. Why, there never *was* a double hangin' before in the whole State. What's the matter, Jim?"

The prisoner put one hand on the bars, and drew closer to the unsympathetic irons.

"It's just that, Bill; the double part of it. It ain't the hangin' I object to for myself, and you know it. I s'pose I oughter been hung ten years ago. But when I think of bein' strung up along of a ordinary, onprincipled Dago, it makes my blood boil. At least, Bill"—he made the reminder with injured firmness—"I've acted like a gentleman, and I oughter be treated like one."

"That's right, Jim, you have," acknowledged the sheriff soothingly, "and I reco'nize how you feel. But what's the difference? You don't have to pay any attention to him. Why, I'll let you make a speech if you wanter, and you can denounce pauper immigration and foreign labor and all that. You uscter be good at makin' speeches before you got clean off your head and went in with the rustlers. Besides, the judge fixed all this, didn't he? Now, was it my fault if he sentenced you both for the same day?"

The prisoner kicked at the iron door nervously.

"Oh, I s'pose not," he admitted, "but it does seem kinder tough. What's for breakfast?"

"Anything you want, Jim," replied the sheriff, relieved. "Anything you want. McQuiety got in some oysters yesterday. Want oysters, Jim?"

"Fried," responded Jim. "Bring 'em early. What does the Dago git?"

"Just the reg'ler stuff," the sheriff assured him. "D'you think I'm goin' to spend the county's money on a cheap railroad grader? I thought you knew me better'n that," he finished in an injured tone. With affected carelessness he added: "There's to be a hangin' at Gold Hill tomorrow, too."

The prisoner evinced a lively interest.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Man named Garrahan. Killed the postmaster at Riley's."

"Jake Morley's the sheriff up there," commented Jim.

"Jus' so."

"Never had any use for that Gold Hill crowd or Jake Morley, either," the prisoner went on. He took a turn up and down the cell, and then returned to the door. "If you don't give 'em a better hangin' in Oxide than they'll have at Gold Hill, Bill Williams," he said with severity, "you oughter be defeated next election."

The sheriff beamed his satisfaction.

"I knew you'd look at it right," he said with great enthusiasm, "when it was all explained to you. And it's what I've been tellin' Collins all along. 'Jim'll kick,' says he, 'against bein' stretched along of a Dago. He won't have it.' 'No such thing,' says I. 'It'll be a matter of local pride with Jim to see that Oxide don't get the worst of it on this opposition from Gold Hill. Jim'll

Digitized by Google

go a long ways to do his friends a good turn, and he'll stay with us this time and not fluke.' And I'm mighty pleased that you see it right, Jim, and that you're goin' to stand up to the racket like a man. If ever a person had a decent hangin', and one that he might be proud of, it'll be you. Why, Gold Hill can't touch us. We've got half rates from the railroads, and the hotels are full a'ready. We'll draw more people from Gold County itself than Gold Hill will. And I've got a bet down to McQuiety's that two thirds of the people of the opposition town'll sneak away from their miserable lonesome little hangin' and come to ours. It only rests with you to make it a success, Jim."

The prisoner thrust a strong arm between the bars, and the sheriff cordially grasped the outstretched palm.

"I'll not fail you," he said soberly.

"I knew you wouldn't," exulted the sheriff. "Well, good night, Jim. Nothin' I can do?"

"You might wake me early," suggested the other grimly.

The sound of the sheriff's footsteps was flung back from the iron floor as he carefully made his way down the corridor. In the hall, the death watch paced slowly before Jim's cell and the one adjoining. When the sheriff had reached the outer door he called back cheerfully:

"Pleasant dreams, Jim!"

The prisoner smiled and cast his big body on the bunk. For a time he watched only the strange shadows in the corners where the light from the candle did not fully fall, and listened to the monotonously irritating tread of the guard. Then, tossing about restlessly, his eyes caught the reflected beams from another candle, and he turned with some interest in the direction of the next cell. There was a long door between, cross barred and rusty; and the prisoner, rising, went up to it and looked through.

Yesterday this cell had been unoccupied, but now, crouched in one corner, with the light on a rough stool before him, was the figure of a man. He was studying what seemed to be a piece of cardboard, and in his attitude there was something suggestively pathetic. Once, as if conscious that eyes were upon him, he looked up and encountered the speculative gaze of the other prisoner. In his glance there was a pitiful, mute begging for recognition. Just then the guard came to Jim's door, and the little man in the second cell started apprehensively and turned again to his cardboard.

"Who's next door?" asked Jim gruffly.

"The Dago," was the reply. "We had ter change his cell." Then, solicitously, "Does he worrit ye, Jim?"

"Aw, no," was the nonchalant answer. "Let 'im alone."

He went back to his bunk again, but the look of appeal was still strong upon him. The eyes were as warm and soft as a woman's, and something in the wan, white face had stirred him. Perhaps——

He got up abruptly and returned to the door. This time the extreme youth of the other prisoner was impressed upon him, and he began to speculate on his age, eventually deciding that it did not exceed four and twenty.

"Poor little devil," he muttered.

The Italian looked up.

"How you feelin', pardner?" asked Jim graciously.

At his words the other came forward, with an apprehensive glance at the cell door opening into the corridor.

"Aw, that's all right; they'll let us talk," explained Jim.

There was a curious embarrassment in the glance with which the Italian favored him, while Jim regarded his new discovery with an entirely self possessed but minute interest. Each would have liked to look down into the other's soul and note what was transpiring there. The ordeal of the morrow—how was "the other fellow" intending to undergo it?

"What'd you kill the railroad contractor for?" asked Jim suddenly.

"No—I did-a not," replied the Italian simply.

Jim laughed coarsely.

"Aw, now, that was all right when you was up for trial. You've got to swing tomorrow. No use in stickin' to such a story, then."

"*Non mentisco*," murmured the Italian pathetically, but as if it were useless to argue the point.

"What's that?" asked Jim. "Talk English."

"*Non posso*—very much," struggled the Italian, with a strange and ludicrous combination of the tongues. "Nobody understand."

"Well, if you didn't do it, how'd you come here, and where's the man that did?"

The little Italian clutched nervously at the bars. Then his eyes opened to their fullest, and Jim detected a streak of anger in them. Suddenly he poured forth a torrent of words, interrupted by soft maledictions, despairing calls for pity, and protestations of innocence. Although but half

Digitized by Google

understanding the purport of the wild outburst, Jim became greatly interested. The Italian carried a certain air of conviction. It seemed as if he had been long repressed and had at last burst forth like an irresistible torrent. After he had expended himself in much shrugging of shoulders, raising of arms, and rolling of eyeballs, Jim soothed him into a pacific state and requested him to go over the whole tale again, "leavin' out the gestures." The Italian was both amazed and grateful, and despite his evident exhaustion, resumed his tale with his accustomed lingual rapidity. With a gesture of dissent, Jim again made him pause, and then, after much difficulty, many misunderstandings, and interruptions innumerable, the white faced prisoner made his story clear.

Nor was it a new story for that hurrying, nervous period in the West. Somebody had been killed, and somebody, said civilian justice, must hang for it. And in its haste, civilian justice had made a mistake—trifling, it is true, and important only to a single individual, but yet a mistake. The person killed was a railroad contractor. The slayer was known to be an Italian hireling. There were exactly twenty Italian hirelings in the camp, and the sheriff, with commendable celerity, seized upon the first one he came across. This one threw aside his pick and followed the sheriff cheerfully enough, under the mistaken impression that he was going to be paid or fed. On court day the nineteen companionable Italians in the camp, including the short, evil looking Italian who had actually despatched the railroad contractor, unanimously asserted that they hadn't seen the man killed, but if he had been killed, the deed must have been done by the fellow arrested; and so each Italian hireling received a witness fee of $1.75 in return for the assertion, and went happily on his way.

The twentieth Italian had been rather dazed through it all. He had seen the murder, but had had no part in it, save as a horrified and discreet spectator. And when the murderer was placed in the great chair before a room filled with people, Giuseppe supposed he was telling the court just what the circumstances were, inasmuch as he had been the interpreter at the camp. But as a matter of fact, the interpreter was telling an entirely different story.

So Giuseppe went back to jail, and on another day they brought him into the court room again, and the strange looking man on the high seat told him that he had decided to hang him—perhaps within a week. Somehow, this greatly pleased everybody but Giuseppe. The crowd clapped its hands, and the lawyers beamed on the judge. It was a joyous day in Oxide, for wasn't Jim Cunuso to be hanged within the week also? Giuseppe was greatly muddled over the situation until one of his companions from the camp called at the jail later, and brought him a picture that had come from Italy. The visitor proved to be the interpreter. He made the situation clear, whereat Giuseppe wept. Then, with a curiosity that was perhaps pardonable, he wanted to know why he was to be choked for something the interpreter did. At this simple innocence the interpreter smiled, and remarked that, inasmuch as somebody was sure to hang, he had decided on Giuseppe for the place of distinction on the scaffold. The other nineteen would all be there to look on. For himself, the interpreter couldn't entertain the thought of being choked. A man of his accomplishments? That was impossible to consider.

Then the interpreter went away and left Giuseppe alone with his picture. And Giuseppe looked at the picture and wept again, for it was the portrait of a young woman with eyes as soft as his own. Some day, when he had worked on the railroad grade for perhaps a year, he had intended to send for the young woman. And now they were intending to choke him! Giuseppe rebelled, but the prison guards laughed when he expostulated with them. The sheriff, being sent for in haste, admitted that he didn't know what Giuseppe was driving at, and that it made precious little difference, any way. But now, the kind signor with the great mustaches, who had been the first to listen to his story—what would he suggest?

The kind signor gave a long, expressive whistle. Then he swore. He swore violently, and Giuseppe crossed himself on hearing the blasphemy. He knew what that meant. The railroad contractor had often used similar words.

"It's a mean shame," remarked Jim, when he grew calmer. "A downright mean shame." He paced the cell excitedly. "Trouble is," he argued, "there ain't a man in Oxide'll believe it. You're only a measly Dago, anyhow. That's the trouble."

The guard stopped before the cell.

"Goin' to sleep tonight, Jim?" he said solicitously. "'Most three o'clock." Jim grunted.

"Sleep 'f I wanter," he retorted dis-

Digitized by Google

courteously. "Guess my time's my own, what's left of it." The guard moved on.

"Well," said Jim, returning to the bars, "I guess you're gone, and that's about all there is to it. It'll be a case of hurry up tomorrow, any way, and there won't be any time to explain things. Sorry, pardner."

Giuseppe sighed, and turned toward his bunk, taking a final look at his picture.

By daylight Jim Cumso looked like a man who was in no fit condition even to be hanged. He had been thinking all night, and being unaccustomed to such violent mental exercise, his nerves were shattered. A friend, who conducted a liquor store near the jail, sent two refreshing cocktails by the relief guard, however, and these proved to be of substantial benefit. Bill Williams arrived early with the breakfast, two more cocktails, and a troop of Jim's acquaintances. Thereafter there was a long line of visitors, and the busy morning had advanced beyond the hour set for the execution before poor little Giuseppe and his story came again into Jim's mind. As his cell opened for him for the last time, there was a corresponding rumble from the adjoining door, and the Italian was pushed into the corridor. Giuseppe looked up hopelessly, and Jim stared back sympathetically. Then he turned quickly to the sheriff:

"See here, Bill Williams, I make that speech or there'll be a scene you won't be proud of."

The sheriff patted him encouragingly on the back.

"Of course you make the speech, Jim," he replied. "Did I ever go back on my word?"

Jim moved on, the sheriff and a guard on either side and Giuseppe in the rear, formidably surrounded by all the deputies in the county. For to the minds of the officials, Giuseppe was a low, despicable, and desperate criminal, and while it was possible to trust to Jim Cumso's "honor as a gentleman," the Italian, it was argued, was not a gentleman and was probably wholly without honor.

Cumso had "killed his man"—wrongfully, and without provocation in the eye of law. He had philosophically accepted the verdict of his countrymen, and was prepared for the penalty; he had no thought of shirking it so long as what he termed his "standing" was respected. The deference shown him as he was escorted to the death wagon—in this instance the sheriff's own carriage—was in striking contrast to the manner in which Giuseppe was unceremoniously hustled into a rear seat. There was a small crowd around the jail door as the carriage moved away, and many waved their hands in the air and shouted a lusty farewell.

Near the place of execution, on an evergreen dotted hillside, the crowd was dense. Over the heads of the multitude, and clearly outlined against the sky, stood the platform of death, with its three stout beams and two dangling ropes. Only once, as the carriage moved up the winding hill road, passing the long lines of the curious, did Jim speak. He had turned to look at Giuseppe, manacled and huddled between the stout deputies. Behind was a carriage containing the surplus deputies, and behind that yet another containing the district judge.

"Take the handcuffs off'n that Dago," he commanded surlily. "I ain't got handcuffs on."

The sheriff started to expostulate, but he was cut off short.

"Take 'em off," repeated Jim, and the command was forthcoming.

A few minutes later the crowd surged toward the platform, and a murmur of satisfaction ran up and down the hillside. The principals in the drama had taken their places. In the great sudden hush that followed the short preparations, Bill Williams found occasion to lighten the prevailing suspense by remarking audibly to Jim:

"We've got 'em sure. Gold Hill had to postpone its hangin', and Jake Morley was the first man to light out for Oxide." He shook hands with the prisoner in hearty congratulation, while the sheriff of Gold County looked on in disgust. "And now, Jim," he concluded, "time's gettin' short. I wanter have this over with by noon. Make your talk."

Even the pines seemed to cease their monotonous sighing as Jim Cumso stepped forward to face the crowd. All the glory of summer and all the joy of life lay before him. The sun was gilding the valley, and the green of the hills restfully brightened the landscape. For an instant Jim drank in the picture, and then he lowered his eyes to the crowd. Neither hesitation nor fear was evident in his tone as he began his simple speech.

"Friends," said Jim, "there's been some wrong done here. It ain't Bill Williams' fault, and it ain't the district judge's. It ain't nobody's, in particular, but one man. Now, friends, I ain't speakin' for myself—you all know about me and how I stand, and I ain't no reason to complain. I've been done right by, and I've got what I deserve.

Digitized by Google

If the truth was told, I oughter been here long ago."

He turned to the form crouching in the chair beside him, and one strong hand fell protectingly on the young Italian's quivering shoulder.

"It's here," he resumed. "This man is innocent as a baby; why, he don't even know what you're hangin' him for."

The pushing and jostling crowd expressed its amazement, pressed closer, and finally laughed. The sheriff took a step forward. With a gesture of resolution Jim waved him back, while the determined lines of his face quickly stilled the levity of the onlookers.

"He's been treated mean," Jim went on steadily. "Friends, there was a man killed down to the tie camp, and in the excitement of yankin' in the party responsible they lighted on this poor, unoffendin' Dago; prob'ly because most Dagoes look so much alike that there ain't much use in tryin' the identification process just to find one. And not knowin' how to talk natchral like most of us, he don't put in no holler till 'twas too late for anythin' to be done. Back in Italy this feller's got a girl waitin' for him, and last night he had her picture in his cell down at Bill Williams' jail. He was cryin' over it, and I asks him what's the row; and then I learns his story, and how the man who did the killin' had imposed on him. Friends, I ask you all to believe this story that I'm tellin' you, and give this man a fair shake——"

At this moment there was a quick movement in the portion of the crowd that had taken up its position directly in front of the scaffold. A man was frantically trying to elbow his way through the great mass of humanity and away from the platform. Jim looked at Giuseppe. The latter was staring at the fleeing figure, and dumbly pointing in its direction with a trembling finger. Cumso turned again to the crowd.

"Stop that man," he cried, "or you'll be short a hangin' in Oxide that'll be really worth comin' to see!"

Two deputies in the crowd had acted even before Jim spoke, and the interpreter was now struggling with them on the outer edge of the gathering. It was a brief and unequal struggle, ending as might have been expected.

"When you've stretched that individual," Jim resumed with great good humor, "and let loose my friend Giuseppe here, you'll be doin' more for justice than was ever done before in Oxide in one day." Jim turned to the district judge, who was close by: "You'll give him a fair show *this* time," he entreated.

The judge had been very much surprised. He had said, "God bless me," quite three times, and had decided that the turn of events was not exactly regular in law. But Jim's story was a convincing one. Beside, there was the other prisoner. The district judge nodded.

"He shall have justice," he replied grimly.

"That's all I ask," responded Jim simply. He turned to the sheriff. "I am ready," he remarked.

Bill Williams' hands trembled as he brought forward the cords for Jim's strong, bone protruding limbs, and when he tied them it was with the tenderness of a woman. An old man, standing in the crowd in front of the scaffold, was weeping without stint, and there was a mist in the eyes of his companions. Jim Cumso looked down at them and smiled; and then he looked at Giuseppe, who had been restrained, by a court bailiff, from rushing forward and falling on his knees before his preserver. There was a great, peaceful stillness over all nature and man. In Jim Cumso's smile there was a world of joy and love, even when his eyes had closed on the green hills and the light had forever gone from them.

L. H. Bickford.

Digitized by Google

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

OPERA IN LONDON AND NEW YORK.

After all that has been said of the new school of Italian composers, of which Leoncavallo and Mascagni are such shining lights, it is interesting to see that in the last London opera season they had only four evenings out of sixty seven. One critic talks of Leoncavallo's "criminal and degenerate opera, 'I Pagliacci.'" We will not follow so far. As we saw it at the Metropolitan, with that wholesome young woman Lola Beeth in the chief rôle, "I Pagliacci" was not criminal or degenerate; but it says a great deal for London that twenty nine of the operas presented there were by good German composers, and twenty one by Wagner. After an audience of culture has heard enough of "the master's" music to get an understanding of it, everything else appears thin at the best. Its wonderful orchestration stirs the blood. Wagner makes his listeners feel, because he sets the nerves aquiver by his powerful vibrations, just as they quiver in reality under the emotions he depicts. He makes them feel by reflex action, as it were.

As Maurice Grau has succeeded to the management of Covent Garden, we may expect that what is found successful there will be brought to New York. All of the great singers want to essay Wagnerian rôles, with the sole exception of Mme. Calvé. She will not try her voice with the heavy music, having laurels enough; but Melba is going to play *Brunnhilde*, and as for the de Reszkes, they will doubtless be talking French with a German accent before the end of the season.

Without any doubt, one of the hits of the coming season will be Calvé as *Donna Anna* in Mozart's "Don Juan." This opera is generally arranged, in a great measure, by the stage manager of the house where it happens to be played. Not many months ago, a model performance of it was given in Munich, and a finale was chosen which will doubtless be repeated in America. *Don Juan* sinks down amid flames. Presently the principal characters reappear, and *Leporello* tells of his master's fate.

Victor Maurel will not be with us this winter, and the company will miss a grumbler, rather than the public a singer. M. Maurel was a very high priced artist, whose managers were accustomed to pay him his salary and then ask each other why. He attracted no particular following; but that, he declared, was all on account of the other artists in the company, who insisted upon singing all the best rôles themselves without giving him any sort of a chance. When he did sing they "used their influence against him."

Maurel sang *Escamillo* in "Carmen," but it was a distinct failure from the public's point of view. He did much better in the concerts at Chickering Hall. His voice was really a fine one, but he is too fussy for a dramatic artist. This season he will take part of the round that Emma Eames made last year. At Monte Carlo he will sing in Lara's "Moyna" and in Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," and in Paris he will be *Don Juan*. It is said that he predicts that Calvé can never get through *Donna Anna* at the Metropolitan without his assistance in the masculine rôle.

Marie Brema will sing at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels during the winter, and in the spring will be back here for a series of concerts. Miss Engle will be in America for the season, and will appear in Chicago and San Francisco as well as New York. That delightful old opera about which so many memories cling, "Martha," will be revived for her. She will also sing *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni," *Cherubino* in "Nozze di Figaro," *Zerlina* in "Fra Diavolo," and several other characters.

The death of Katharina Klafsky is a loss both to the Metropolitan and to Mr. Damrosch. The latter had engaged her for a season of forty nights, beginning in January. In December she was to have sung for Abbey & Grau, taking the rôles of *Brunnhilde*, *Isolde*, and other Wagnerian heroines. Her place will not be easy to fill, for with her the rapidly diminishing list of good Wagnerian singers in Germany loses one of its foremost names. "Wagner, always Wagner," Frau Klafsky said when she was in New York last year. "The problems of his heroines are so much greater, and their characters inspire a singer. I don't know that there is any particular one that I prefer to the others. Sometimes I think it is *Brunnhilde*, then again it is *Isolde;* but I love them all."

WAGNER THEN AND NOW.

Time, after all, is the great comedian. He brings together the things that were farthest apart, he makes commonplace that which was once impossible. But unfortunately most of us die while the process is going on, or if we live we forget. Twenty years ago, if any one had prophesied that Italy would ever be given over to a worship of Wagnerian music, he would have been called a lunatic; but even a lunatic could not have imagined the spectacle of a flock of Wagnerites going from Milan to Bayreuth on bicycles. Such a thing never occurred to the boldest burlesquer. He left it to that arch humorist, Time.

The Bayreuth festival was a financial success this year, as it has always been with the exception of the first performance. That first performance of the Trilogy would never have been given but for the liberality of the half mad Ludwig of Bavaria. Even the German press called the attempt a bare faced swindle, and

Digitized by Google

laughed at Wagner with all the delicate persiflage of which the Teuton is capable. Sensitive as the master was, only the realization of his own genius, which they stigmatized as personal vanity, could have induced him to go on. As it was, the venture cost nearly forty thousand dollars above the receipts, and most of this deficit Wagner paid out of the sale of his operas.

The same performance will be given next year, with "Parsifal" added, but it is to be devoutly hoped that Frau Wagner will get some respectable singers. Lehmann is Lehmann, but some of the people who are home from their summer over seas, and who heard her in the Wagner temple, are grumbling a little even at her. As for the conducting, it was excellent, as it usually is, but no better than Seidl's.

New Yorkers do not have to wait for the opera season to hear Seidl at his very best. He is never much below that level at any time. All last summer he played classical and finished programs at Brighton Beach, and September saw him at Madison Square Garden, delighting the real music lovers.

WAGNER AND ENGLISH ROYALTY.

The Princess of Wales was a visitor at the Bayreuth festival this year. She went incognito, but she is one of the most enthusiastic of the Wagnerites. Queen Victoria has always been among the master's admirers. When he was laughed out of London, forty years ago, she did much to palliate his mortification, going to his concerts and receiving him afterward.

The genuine enthusiasm for Wagner that reigns in London today is a marvel. It might be almost supposed that the operas were first heard last year.

A London critic calls attention to the fact that four of the great Wagner conductors are Hungarians—Seidl, Richter, Sucher, and Nikisch. Among his American admirers, Anton Seidl is generally supposed to be a German, but this is not the fact. He is a Magyar, born and brought up at Buda-Pesth, although his later training was received in Wagner's own house.

ANOTHER WAGNER CONDUCTOR.

Felix Mottl is a German conductor whose name is not widely known in America, but who is becoming prominent in the musical world of Europe. In September he gave a series of performances at Carlsruhe, the Grand Duke of Baden's capital, which attracted a great deal of attention. It consisted of a historical cycle of operas, beginning with the early productions of Gluck and Paisiello, and including works of Cherubini's, Dalayrac's, and others that have long been forgotten by the general public. It ended with several of Wagner's music dramas, which Mottl regards as the climax of modern musical history. It is as a Wagnerian that he has won his reputation, for to be a capable interpreter of "the master's" work means everything in Europe today.

Orchestral concerts are the musical fad of the hour in London. Mottl is to give three there during the coming season.

IN DRESDEN.

It is said that a new American tenor has set all the European critics to talking. His name is Friedrich Carlen, and he has recently been engaged at the court theater in Dresden. Although an American he was educated in Germany, and, as his name would indicate, is of German parentage. His voice is said to be more lyric than dramatic, and to be full of remarkable possibilities, which one by one are being realized.

The royal opera in Dresden is always good. There is a romantic story that the chief prima donna there has had princely offers to come to America, but she has a lover's grave in the Saxon capital which no fortune will tempt her to leave undecorated even for one day. Dresden music lovers do not care for the verdict of outsiders upon their singers. They consider their own court final. Not long ago they passed a very favorable verdict upon a band of singers whom we may hear here before many months. They were Wends, belonging to an old Slavonic tribe in the district of Lusatia, on the border of Saxony and Prussia. These people are as remarkable for their musical talents as are the dwellers of some of the Tyrolese valleys. Their songs are like those of some parts of Russia. They have a national air of a stirring character, and at least three composers whose works are becoming known all over Europe. One of them, named Krawec, has had great success with a song called "On the Banks of the Lobosta."

SOME RECENT GERMAN MUSIC.

It is predicted that Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth" will be one of the most popular operas in Europe this winter. More than sixty different operas were produced in Vienna during the past season. The most popular were this of Goldmark's, Kienzl's "Evangelimann," and Massenet's "Navarraise"—that gloomy, powerful one act piece which is far more of a play than an opera, and which Mme. Calvé used, when she was here last winter, to give Americans yet another phase of her histrionic powers.

Most of Goldmark's operas have not been very successful. They appear to lack the qualities that make his orchestral works favorably known. "The Queen of Sheba" and "Merlin" were promising, but did not last. The public craves new operas, and the "new musicians" do not fill the want, although the composers were never so prolific. In Germany, last year, over ten thousand new compositions were published. Of course the majority of these were the veriest trash, and the pity of it is that it is the trash that seems to have the greatest popularity, even among the music loving Tentons.

Germany does not always know her own great ones. There is Robert Franz, for instance. Every musician of note for fifty years has

Digitized by Google

called attention to his songs, and yet today they are popularly unknown.

MUSICAL TREASURE TROVE.

The discovery of a song by an old favorite means a great deal more to the average musician than the same thing written today. Association does much for it, and then it has all the romance of the long neglected.

Three songs by Schubert, hitherto unpublished, have lately been found in an old album that belonged to the poet Meyerhofer, who was the Viennese composer's dear friend, and who furnished the words to many of his songs. Schubert was very careless in regard to his work; he was accustomed to scatter it right and left, and it is supposed that many unknown compositions are hidden away by possessors who are ignorant of the value of what they hold, or by those whose pride in so valuable a relic of a great man makes them selfish. These three songs were discovered by the granddaughter of Meyerhofer as she went through some papers and books which had been hidden since her grandfather's death.

SOME CONCERT PERFORMERS.

The concert season becomes more and more important every year, everywhere. In Paris, all the concert rooms are already engaged for every night during the coming season.

We are to have some excellent people in America. Joseffy will take a prominent part in this year's concert season. He has been spending his summer at his home in Hungary, but returned early in the autumn. His friend and close companion, Moritz Rosenthal, will arrive during November, coming from Scotland, where it was long ago arranged that he should play at Balmoral Castle during the visit of the Czar. Rosenthal composed a hymn for the occasion, in which the Russian and English national airs are intermingled.

Rosenthal has had very little of the advertising which is the general accompaniment of the artist. Almost the whole of his concert tour has been arranged, but there has been no effort to bring him prominently before the public. He will make his New York début about the middle of November.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR AMERICAN SINGERS.

We are to have two series of morning concerts at one of the fashionable New York hotels, where one was considered sufficient heretofore. Mr. Bagby, who has succeeded in making his mornings there of fashionable interest, and who has been able up to this time to pick and choose from the Metropolitan opera singers for his attractions, has been told that he can do this no longer, but that another man, an "agent," has the exclusive right to the services of these singers. Both series should be successful. Mr. Bagby's concerts have assumed the character of social functions, and a great many women will regret his decision to hold them in the afternoons instead of in the mornings. It is hardly likely that his patronesses will leave him entirely even if they attend the other set of concerts.

There is a good opportunity for Mr. Bagby to show what American singers can do. We have some delightful voices here, voices which have charmed other countries. Two of these belong to Marguerite Hall and Heinrich Meyn. Miss Hall is a daughter of Mme. Edna Hall, the Boston teacher, and a sister of Gertrude Hall, who is known in the literary world. She finished her musical education with Henschel in London. She was heard there in the great houses, as well as in innumerable concerts, and brought back to America a reputation among the fashionable people who visit in London which has kept her busy singing in houses here. Heinrich Meyn, who belongs to a good family in Germany, began his studies with Paul Ehrke in Hamburg. He has a thoroughly educated baritone voice, and with his great technical ability he combines a dramatic quality that makes him a powerful singer. He has been with Seidl and Damrosch, has sung a great deal at Newport, and has been a member of a quartet in a New York church.

These are only two of the American singers who have had to play second fiddle to the foreigners. And yet, singing in English, living in America, feeling the spirit of our modernity, they should please our audiences more than the lesser lights of the opera.

VIOLINS AND VIOLINISTS.

Chicago is showing a great deal of pride in her young violinist, Earl Drake, who has been studying for the past two years with Joachim, under unusually happy circumstances. The veteran German master made the American youth accompanist to his school during the last summer.

Mr. Drake's father early recognized the talent of his son, but had no desire to see him a musician. He thought of his talent only as the passing accomplishment of a clever boy. When the young amateur announced his intention of entering the professional ranks, it was a great disappointment to his friends, who had expected him to become a Chicago business man; but his success has made his choice appear a wise one.

Mr. Drake owns one of the best of the old Cremona instruments. This season is rich in famous violins, as well as in violinists. The German emperor has given Carl Halir permission to make a short tour of the United States, and while here he will play on the "Red Strad," which was given to Joachim by the city of London, as a souvenir of his jubilee year. Joachim has loaned it for this occasion. Halir will arrive in November.

Major Pond will bring out a new violinist in the person of Jan Van Oordt, a young Dutchman born in India, but educated in Holland. He is a pupil of Cesar Thomson.

A YOUNG AMERICAN COMPOSER.

A young New Yorker, Herbert Talbot, has written a comic opera called "Monte Carlo,"

Digitized by Google

which has been produced in London with decided success. His style suggests that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, but by no means unpleasantly. While you are entertained, you feel that the new man is in no sense a copyist, though he has chosen a clever master of style.

Mr. Talbot has many family friends here in New York. He was born in Yonkers, but when he was four years of age his father, who was a New York business man for thirty years, went to London in the interest of a great American life insurance company. The son was educated at King's College, and then entered the Royal College of Music, where he studied composition under Sir Hubert Parry. During all his years of study he was constantly writing songs, some of which were sung by famous people. He wrote a clever cantata for a living chess tournament, and an opera called "Wapping Old Stairs," but "Monte Carlo" is his best production. Mr. Talbot's work is refined, and full of a gentle humor. It appears to be successful with the public for whom it was written.

LOCAL EFFORT IN MUSIC.

Few people who are not distinctly musical realize how many choral societies are educating this country in good music. The festival at Worcester, Massachusetts, which has been held annually for thirty nine years, is one of the best examples of the growth that comes to small beginnings. This year the Worcester people had Carl Zerrahn for a conductor and Lillian Nordica for the prima donna, and they gave the "Messiah," Massenet's "Eve," "The Golden Legend," and Dvorak's "New World Symphony."

But all over the country devoted souls are organizing choral societies, and climbing year by year into the place of the serious workers, doing inestimable good to their communities. In Parkersburg, West Virginia, a young man, whom a business life prevented from making a name as a conductor, has drilled a chorus, and each year gives one or two recitals about which the singers who go there to assist are beginning to talk. Mr. Charles Bukey is a bank cashier who gives all of his leisure time and money to his beloved work. The town is small, having only about ten thousand inhabitants, but he has created a chorus which it would be hard to excel, upon a short notice, in any American city. Most of his singers have had no training excepting his own, but they are regarded with respect by every one who has heard them.

THE FOUNDER OF A WELL KNOWN ORCHESTRA.

The existence of one of the foremost of American orchestras, the Boston Symphony, is due to the disinterested generosity of a Boston banker, who spent $200,000 to set it upon its feet. Owing to the modesty of this gentleman—Mr. Henry L. Higginson—some confusion has arisen in the public mind. "Mr. Higginson of Boston" is identified by most people as Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the well known author. The latter lives in Cambridge, not in Boston, and he is a cousin of the founder of the orchestra. The literary Mr. Higginson is kept very busy at times trying to establish his relative's identity for the benefit of correspondents who write to him for information upon musical subjects.

Henry L. Higginson keeps his own personality in the background, and during the years when the Symphony orchestra depended upon his financial backing his name was seldom mentioned in connection with it. The money he spent will never return to him, but the orchestra is now self supporting.

"BLIND TOM."

It is generally supposed that "Blind Tom" is dead, but he is not. He is not an old man yet, and it is a matter of wonder that he has not been on the road coining money for his guardians. One of his old managers said, not long ago, that the boy's musical brain appeared to be entirely separate and distinct from the poor little wit he possessed in ordinary. He told of an hour that he spent in the wings, one night, at Tom's elbow. The colored boy was performing one of his most marvelous feats, that of playing an elaborate composition which he had never heard until that evening, when a local musician went through it once. In these feats of memory Tom always played what he had heard exactly, to the least shading of a note; and yet while he did this, he talked to himself all the time upon some perfectly irrelevant subject.

Indeed, this negro boy was almost an idiot, and yet his musical power was so marvelous that he could have reproduced one of Paderewski's afternoons with more exactitude than the Pole could do it himself. He was one of the sensations of his day. He played all over the civilized world, and to everybody of prominence. He was a marvelous imitator with his voice as well as in music, and could repeat a speech made in his presence and never leave out an inflection.

"NEGRO" MELODIES.

Theresa Carreño, who has been much talked about as a composer lately, is busily denying that she had any intention of writing "variations" upon the "American negro melodies" for the piano. The "negro melodies" she was said to have chosen were "I Want Yer, Ma Honey," "The New Bully," "Honey, Meet Me, Do," and the like. It was a subject worthy of indignation. The negroes never composed anything so bad as any one of those songs. There is a certain quaintness of melody, and a strain of sentimentality, even in the lowest strata of the colored people, which keeps down real unadulterated vulgarity.

Any man who writes a simple air that can be played on a banjo, and sets to it some doggerel lines, seems to consider that he has written a negro song. The musical negro has a fine ear, and after almost every musical form had been created, he added his quota of originality in what he calls "rag" on his banjo.

Digitized by Google

STORIETTES

ONE NEW WOMAN.

"No," said Miss Stansfield, giving the whip lash a gentle whirl towards the leader's flanks, "that sort of thing is quite medieval!"

"But people still marry," persisted the young man in the fawn colored Newmarket.

"If it were not for the old fogies it would scarcely be worth while being modern."

"You will bring the world to a standstill."

"Impossible! You men have done that long ago. Besides, there are not so many of us really new women as to affect the imbecility of the majority."

"What beastly rot!" The young man did not make this remark aloud; but he thought it with great emphasis. To think that this once so charming girl should have allowed a ridiculous notion of this sort to supplant her common sense! To think that his happiness was at the mercy of a fad!

"May I light a cigar?" he asked presently.

"Of course. Never ask me that! Perfect equality is our theory of intercourse."

"Thank you."

"Not at all. And would you mind lighting me a cigarette? You'll find the case in my left hand pocket. Just reach in—thanks! This wheeler is misbehaving so that I can't take a hand off the lines."

"Here you are!"

She opened the red lips so as to show the twin rows of white and even teeth for a moment—enough to let him deftly slip the lighted cigarette between.

"And so," he resumed, "your idea is perfect equality? Won't you explain?"

"What is there to explain? You never explain how you and the other men at your club get on, do you?"

"'M—no, it never occurred to me."

"Well, that's just it; we're to be on the same basis; it's all to be a matter of course."

Mr. Wendell Whitburn smoked in silence for a while, a pensive expression resting in his eyes. They went bowling along over the crisp brown leaves that strewed the highway, the hoofs of the horses and the wheels of the dogcart rousing the ruddy sea into little eddies.

Phillips, the tiger, who was guilty of twisting his neck a little to discover, if possible by ocular observation, the reason of the silence on the front seat, saw a sudden smile flash along Mr. Whitburn's lips.

"Queer card, 'e is!" thought the tiger to himself, being only a curiosity the more.

Mr. Whitburn broke the silence. "Here," he said, holding out a small leathern *etui*, "Have one of mine. That's a beastly weed you have!"

Miss Stansfield took her large, gray eyes from observation of the highway, as it glimpsed between the leader's ears, and fixed them upon her companion in a stare of astonishment.

"I beg your pardon?" she remarked with haughtiness noticeable in her tone.

"Don't mention it. I fancy I can stand that smoke if you can. But you really ought to complain at your club. Nobody but newsboys and chorus girls ever smoke that brand. By the way—see that blonde filly of Senator Markham's at the club dance last night? Showy, don't you think?"

"Sir?" Miss Stansfield could feel that she was blushing. Something seemed to be making her nervous; the horses grew restless under her hands.

"I never could see, you know," he went on, "why Miss Markham doesn't get married. Although they tell me she's been too swift a runner to go well in harness. Better have the tiger to go to his head, hadn't you?"

The leader, prancing and pirouetting, had got his hind feet on the wrong side of the traces and was at right angles to the shafts. There was a deal of trouble before the journey could be resumed.

"You're not in very good form today," Whitburn went on calmly; "better let me take the ribbons."

There were tears of rage in her gray eyes, but she said, "No, thank you," with only the least possible emotion noticeable.

"Oh, all right, but it's beastly obstinacy on your part. Your wrists are shaky as aspens, and I think your muscles must be rather flabby. Not been lushing lately, have you?"

She turned to him with her eyes flashing in spite of their veils of wet.

"I think you're a brute," she said. Then she burst into tears, and Whitburn found himself with his arm around her.

"Phillips," he said, in a tone of authority, "go and hold their heads!"

"Yes," he went on softly, to the tear wet eyes against his coat, "I'm a brute. Most men are. And you're a woman, dear; the woman I love; and I love you far too much to treat you as an equal. I want to treat you much better than that. Will you let me?"

She dried her eyes, and pushing him away from her, looked at him with a smile that was wavering between the joy of surprise and the sadness of defeat. "But I was to be one of the New Women!"

"Yes, dear; and you always will be—to me. I shall always find new charms in you. But—do you think you'd like to be treated just as a man?"

She shuddered, in remembrance.

"No? Well, then, I'll treat you as a woman."

He kissed her. Curiously enough, she found herself wishing that her lips had been void of the cigarette taint.

Digitized by Google

"Isn't that better?" he laughed.

She smiled at him, and readjusted her veil.

Phillips climbed back to his seat; the horses broke into a sharp trot, and in the smoky haze of the coming evening the club house roof dipped into sight.

Presently she said, "But do you really talk like that to one another?"

He laughed. "'M, no. Only the New Men do that!"

"Then you deceived me; you trapped me."

"No. I sketched the truth, dear; but I didn't etch it in. Would not you rather have had it so?"

"Well—yes," she sighed. "After all, I'm only a woman."

"No, sweetheart, it is I—I that am only a man. But I had to give you back the pedestal you had thrown away."

"Phillips," he said, over his shoulder, "if you know the value of silence, I'll be glad to keep—the Lady and the Tiger."

Percival Pollard.

DEAD AND LIVING SORROWS.

BOTH of them were young, as years count; but the hair of the older woman was white, and her face was as cold as the marble statue behind her. The other's face was flushed and tear stained. Her great blue eyes were heavy, and her mouth had a pathetic droop.

As the twilight deepened, the younger woman bent over the glowing logs with a shudder, and spread her hands before them, as if she sought to warm from their bright flames the chilliness of her heart. When she could stand the silence of the room no longer, she turned and faced the woman who sat so quietly beside her.

"Oh!" she cried, "why do you not speak? Can you not see that my heart is breaking—*breaking?* Why has God been so cruel? Why did he take my baby? He was my life, my all! He was my joy, not only now, but for all the years to come. No, do not talk to me of faith. How can one have faith when at a blow all hope, all trust, is slain? You—you cannot understand—you who are so cold, so haughty—you have never suffered! You do not know!"

Then the older woman bent down, and, though her eyes were full of pity and of unshed tears, her hands were steady and did not tremble as she drew the other to her.

"Listen," she said; "I will tell you a story—the story of a woman I once knew; a woman whose life, like yours, was all love and light and happiness. All her years had been free from sorrow and care. But one day the clouds began to gather.

"Her baby was ill. They told her he would die. She was young, even younger than you. She was ignorant; she did not know. She could not give her baby up! She could not put that innocent, pure life forever out of sight! And so she prayed to God; and God, she thought, was good, for her baby lived. Before many years a sturdy, fun loving boy took the baby's place, and each day the mother on her knees thanked God for her boy's life.

"Then there came a day when it seemed as if Satan and all the furies were let loose—a day when the sun went behind the clouds never to shine again. The boy, her darling boy, had to leave his home and flee away; and the mother's heart was broken. Her faith was gone; her life was but a ruined useless thing. And before very long, the boy came back—back to where his mother was, but not to his home; for a great crowd of people were glad at his coming, and took him, and put a new garment on him—a robe of stripes. And they put a chain around him, and——"

But her listener interrupted her.

"Hush," she sobbed, "you must not finish. I did not know."

And she raised herself, and reached out to the great white mass of lilies which lay glistening on the table; and she drew the flowers to her, and buried her face in them, as her quivering lips said a prayer of thanks.

A tiny flame stole from out the dying embers of the fire, and touched the lilies with gold, and threw a halo around the head of the woman who, from her buried sorrow, had drawn a new birth of hope and love and trust. But the other woman sat there, still in the shadow, silent, gazing out into the night.

Katherine Black.

THE RICHEST ONE OF THREE.

SHE sat beside her husband in the parquet. It was almost the event of the season for them, for, you know, when two theater seats cost three dollars, a bookkeeper cannot afford them often. She looked modest and pretty in the becoming street costume that had cost her so much thought and contriving, and he was proud of her brightness and stylishness.

The first act went along like a dream to her. Then, to her husband's mystification, she seemed to grow listless and unhappy, and the stage no longer claimed her attention.

Before the curtain rose on the second act, a couple entered one of the boxes—a pretty, rather fretful looking young woman, in exaggerated evening dress, and a florid faced man, with flashing diamonds and an arrogantly prosperous air.

The woman in the parquet recognized the gorgeously dressed creature in the box. A few years ago, in their prairie home, they had been school mates, with equal wit, and, seemingly, equally narrow opportunities. Both had married men from the city, one to live in limited circumstances, the other to have unlimited wealth. It wasn't just or right, the bookkeeper's wife thought. Her cloth dress seemed shabby and poor beside the brocade creation in the box. One might as well live in a tenement, and sit in the gallery, and be done with it. She was sorry she had come out.

* * * *

She sat in a box with her husband beside her. Her gown was in the latest style, her

Digitized by Google

coiffure perfect, her jewels dazzling. The fur lined opera cloak across her chair threw into relief her well corseted waist. Her carriage waited below. The necklace of pearls that she wore was a recent gift from her husband. She valued all this, yet she was considering her troubles as she sat there. The location of their box was wrong. Why had he not thought to ask her choice before engaging it? Mrs. Van Holdover, a power in their little society, had met her in the lobby, and passed her without recognition. The Stubblefields, another family of social importance, were entertaining that evening, and she had been ignored, just when she was beginning to feel that she was gaining a foothold.

The play? Really, she did not notice it. Something from Shakspere, she thought.

* * * *

She sat in the second gallery with her husband. From box to parquet is a great distance, but from parquet to gallery is much greater. They were among "low people," who ate peanuts, and stamped their feet in applause. They had come from their farm to visit this pretentious Western metropolis, and it was a great event in their lives. He had shipped his first car load of cattle to the city, and, by virtue of an acquaintance with the engineer, had gained permission for her to ride on the cattle train. Her hat dated back several years, her sleeves were smaller by fully two yards than those of the woman in the parquet. She held her husband's hand, and ate peanuts like the rest. She was not so blasé as the gallery gods about her, for she wept or rejoiced audibly over the sorrow or joy in the play.

She had never seen so grand a sight as the brilliant and crowded house presented. Leaning far over the gallery railing, scrutinizing the audience, she singled out the bookkeeper and his wife in the house below. Yes, and she recognized the woman in the box opposite. She forgot the scene, she did not hear the scrapings of the violins, as her memory went back.

A few years ago all three were country girls, going to school together over the Kansas hills, to the little brown schoolhouse. They had sworn life long friendship, as girls will. Then one married the young school teacher, who became a bookkeeper and went to the city to live. The years had evidently agreed with her, for she had grown prettier than ever. When they sold their next car of cattle, the farmer's wife hoped she could have a brown dress with big sleeves, just like that, and a brown bonnet with yellow autumn leaves, too.

Then she scrutinized the woman in the box. She recalled the flashily dressed young man who had come to their neighborhood to buy cattle for the city markets, and had married the pretty little girl and taken her to the city. Word had come back to her friends of the handsome house they had, of the money he had made—no one knew how. There she sat, dressed like the pictures in the fashion plates. But—somehow, her face was changed. She was still pretty, but—well, she was not to be envied, any way.

The man by her side nudged her. The violins had stopped, and the curtain was going up. She turned and looked at him for a moment. He was roughly dressed, and had a shaggy beard, but his eyes smiled on her. She thought of their dull little home, of her hard work, of the babies to care for, and she felt a thrill of love for him, and for her homely duties. Her hand tightened on his.

Tomorrow the bumping cattle train would carry them home, and she was glad, nor envied either of her school mates. Then she turned her thoughts on the stage, the poorest, yet, in her contentment, the richest of the three.

May Belleville Brown.

A SILHOUETTE OF THE SEVENTIES.

THE roofs of the busy cattle town lay scorching in the rays of the hot July sun. The prairies, parched and bare, stretched away in every direction as far as the eye could reach. To the south lay the river—the Arkansas—now but a line of quicksands with an occasional pool bordered by a fringe of undergrowth, which drooped motionless in the heat. Far beyond, near the sand hills on the horizon, groups of dark moving objects could be descried—bunches of cattle driven up from Texas for shipment eastward.

Midway between the town and the river there whirls along a little cloud of dust, which on nearer view discloses a sturdy little mustang, coming onward at a slow lope, with its head down. Its rider, a cowboy, stretches out his foot and looks at his worn leather leggins derisively, then touches his belt, where lies money enough to buy new ones—and more, much more. If luck favors him tonight—he thinks of Dawson's ranch, now for sale at a bargain. If he could but raise the price!

He rides musingly into the town that stretches its single business street along the line of the railroad, and ties his pony to a post in front of a building that bears the sign "General Merchandise"—in contrast to its neighbors, where the overflowing glass clearly indicates their stock in trade. Presently he emerges from the store in gala attire. The wide sombrero with its band of glistening tinsel, the gray shirt with its scarlet lacing, further enhanced by a yellow handkerchief knotted under the wide collar, the leggins with their leathern fringes, the boots with yellow soles and jangling spurs—everything, not excepting the polished handle of the six shooter protruding from the right hip pocket, contributes to the splendor of the effect.

Absorbed in the contemplation of his newly acquired possessions, he stumbles over a bit of humanity clad in a single garment, with a head of yellow curls and a pair of wide blue eyes, which last have been regarding him admiringly from the doorway. He picks the child up

Digitized by Google

awkwardly, expecting a tempest of tears, but instead receives a smile and a pat on his bronzed cheek.

"Oo is bootiful," coos the small thing in its baby voice. "Oo dot a pitty hat, and dot a pitty tie and everysing."

In all his life no one has ever called Long Jim beautiful before, and this open admiration pleases him greatly. He presses a dollar into the fat little hand.

"Buy yerself somethin'," he suggests.

A soft mouth is uplifted to his.

"Kiss baby," it demands.

The soft pressure of baby lips gives the man a curious sensation, and he looks after the child wistfully as it patters down the store.

"Why, howdy, Jim? Makin' up with Nixon's kid? Ain't he a cute little un?" exclaims a voice at his elbow, and he turns to face another of his kind, dressed like himself in full cowboy panoply.

"Howdy, Bill? Whose kid did yer say? Nixon's? Jest fell over it here. What'll yer take? I'm dry."

* * * *

The calm, star lit night has succeeded the glare of the day—calm and star lit?—yes, on the far stretching prairies. But here from the long, low buildings come the click of the billiard balls, the clinking of glasses, the rough laughter of the crowds within, while the sound of the piano and violin, with now and then the notes of a well known song, echoes down the street. There is a big game on tonight at the "Long Branch," and here the crowd is thickest and the noise loudest. Around the big table the players are sitting—winning or losing as the case may be; leaving when "cleaned out," as many are early in the evening; those who are left drinking more heavily and betting more recklessly as time goes on.

Long Jim has had phenomenal luck from the start. The cards he has needed have come to his hand, and the pile of chips in front of him has grown higher and higher till all the room is talking of "Jim's luck." There are but four in the game now. If Jim wins this time—visions of Dawson's ranch flit through his brain as he puts another handful of chips into the "pot." One man drops out. The second follows him at the next raise, leaving Jim and one antagonist opposite each other, each grimly intent on the cards in his hand and the growing pile of spoils between them.

The betting goes on—calmly on Jim's side, nervously on the part of the other, who drums noiselessly on the table with his right hand. To Jim it means Dawson's ranch; to the other—feverishly he sees himself restored, with this money, to the world he has lost. He lost it through his own fault, yet he yearns for it as only those can who have fallen. His throat is parched, and he nods to the bartender, who brings him another glass, which he tosses down at one swallow. It gives him courage, and he raises again, recklessly. At last he lays down, with his last chips, his watch and his revolver. A diamond flashes from the case of the watch and the gold mountings of the revolver gleam as they catch the light. They are the last relics of the old days; but surely they will be his again in a moment, he thinks, as he lays down his hand at Jim's call.

The crowd is motionless and breathless for an instant, till it sees that Jim has won. The loser turns suddenly toward a mirror in the wall a few feet behind him.

"You saw my hand!" he cries fiercely.

"You lie!" answers Jim as passionately.

"Liar and swindler!" cries the other, catching up his revolver from the table.

Two shots ring out. A bullet sinks harmlessly into the wall behind Jim, but the other man falls heavily from his chair, a line of scarlet trickling down his shirt front.

"He drawed his gun first," says some one, and the crowd repeats it.

"Nixon always was a bad one," says another.

"Nixon?" Jim's hand pauses in mid air over the money on the table. "Nixon!" He sees a little curly head with two wide blue eyes, and feels the pressure of a pair of soft red lips. He pauses but a moment. Then from his neck he unties the bright yellow handkerchief. Into it he sweeps the heap upon the table. He ties it firmly and lays the revolver on the top. Then he goes over to the bar and pushes the bundle across to the man behind it, the crowd watching him.

"It's fur the kid," he says gruffly, "Nixon's kid."

Midway between the town and the river, there whirls along a little cloud of dust, which on nearer view discloses a sturdy little mustang going outward at a slow lope, with its head down, and its rider—a cowboy.

Frances Weston.

THE BOY WHO SAID "G'WAN!"

He leaned upon the rail of the boat as she swung away from her pier and headed clumsily for the distant, hazy shores of Staten Island. His bare feet gripped the lower rail, his blacking box was swung across his shoulder. The box was studded with brass nails in a rude pattern, for according to his lights its owner had an artistic eye. It had been a busy day for him, and he jingled its profits with one hand and reflected upon the extravagance of allowing himself to spend twenty cents in a sail down the harbor and back. With the fine superiority of a moneyed man, too, he surveyed his fellow craftsmen who plied their brushes on the boat. For once he was above them, a passenger of equal rights with the trim college man, smoking a cigarette a few feet away, and he was conscious of a regret that he had not worn his shoes, so that he might have had them blacked and tasted the delights of paying for service instead of being paid.

Beyond present enjoyment lurked the inevitable return to Hester Street, and the beating that would follow his confession. For he had dim conceptions of honesty, and would ac-

Digitized by Google

knowledge his stolen holiday and receive full value for the squandered twenty cents from the low browed, sullen father who presided over his destinies with a stick. Retribution hung red handed above him, but he resolutely put away the thought of it. For the time being there were the breeze and the blue water and the sound of music from a passing excursion steamer. He threw back his head, drew in the salty air, and sent it forth again in the form of a popular melody, shrilly whistled. The college man turned to his companion and laughingly indicated the boy. "Profuse strains of unpremeditated art," he said.

This was beyond the boy, but he detected a slur. He regarded his critics resentfully, pondering which of his stock of expletives would best meet the emergency. Finally he compromised on "Ah, g'wan," and turned his eyes once more to the harbor's shifting panorama.

Then for the first time he saw the girl. She was bending over the rail of the upper deck, and—could it be?—yes, she was watching him and listening to his whistling; a wonderful vision of blue eyes and long golden curls and pink and white muslin. The boy shifted his position uneasily, and once more wished he had worn his shoes. But never for a moment did he check his music. He changed the tune to "Only One Girl," and employed in its execution all the runs and trills of which he was master, directing covert glances upwards to see if she was still listening.

Being out of breath for the moment, he paused at the end of an extraordinary trill, and ejaculated "Crackey, she's a fairy," quite audibly. This seemed to amuse the college man. He drew near and inquired "Who's a fairy?" with suave civility.

"Oh, g'wan," said the boy. The interruption disconcerted him, and he stepped back from the rail. "Oh, g'wan and lemme 'lone, will yer?" he reiterated.

And then, all in a moment, there was a flash of pink and a splash, the tramp of hurrying feet on the upper deck, and a woman's cry: "Marion!"

"Jove!" said the college man, "some one's overboard," and he stripped off his coat. But the boy was quicker. His box rapped smartly on the deck, and he was over the rail and swept from view in the backward swirl of the water.

"Jove!" said the college man again, "the bootblack's overboard too!"

Coming to the surface with a gasp, the boy thought of the words of his friend, the attendant at the public baths: "Keep your chin up and your mouth shut, and breathe deep." Before him, twenty yards away, was a terror stricken face framed in gold hair, pitifully wet. It sank again as soon as he forced his way towards it, and through the singing in his ears the voice of his friend rang again:

"Drowndin' folks comes up three times."

"That was two," thought the boy. "Oh, Gawd!"

And this was a prayer, though he knew it not. A moment later and his hand grasped her arm. He swung himself upon his back, holding her hard against his breast

"I'm drowning," cried the child. "We'll both be killed!"

Even in the face of this very possible result the boy felt embarrassed at speaking to a lady, albeit so small and helpless a one.

"Oh, g'wan," he answered. "Just lie easy. I'll save yer."

Then his eyes fell upon the ferry boat. She was coming back! Rows of eager faces lined her rails, and he heard a cheer and wondered vaguely what they were "hollering" about. The little girl was terribly heavy, and the weight of his clothes was dragging him down. Once or twice the water washed over his face, and he roused himself to fresh endeavor and thrust out frantically with his legs. Hours seemed to elapse before a louder shout directed his attention once more to the boat. He heard the swinging swish of a rope by his ear, and, grasping it, knotted it securely about the child and himself. It was all over. They were saved. But as the rope tightened something seemed to crack sharply in his head, the boat swelled to giant size and floated away into the air, and he was sinking—sinking.

He came to himself slowly, wondering if he was dead. There was a hum of voices all about him, and a hand had been thrust within his shirt and pressed close over his heart. He decided not to open his eyes until he could collect his thoughts. What a beating he would get for this! Once more he murmured "Oh, Gawd!" and this time it was not a prayer.

A man was speaking somewhere near him:

"I tell you if that boy lives he'll never go barefoot again. No, sir! He's mine from this minute on. He's saved my Marion, and I'll make his fortune for it. Yes, sir!"

And another voice was replying, "Oh, he'll live all right, bully little chap!"

Curiosity overcoming fear, the boy opened his eyes. He was lying upon the deck, and it was the college man whose hand was at his heart. His companion, holding a flask, knelt at the other side. There was a circle of anxious faces all about, and facing him stood an elderly man, fumbling his watch chain and repeating emphatically, "I'll make his fortune. Yes, sir!" There were tears in his eyes and rolling down his cheeks, and the boy immediately conceived a contempt for him.

"Cryin' like a kid 'bout nawthin'," he reflected.

"Look at that!" exclaimed the college man. "He's all right. You're all right, old fellow. Brace up, now!"

The elderly gentleman relinquished his watch chain and knelt beside him.

"My boy," he cried, "you've saved my Marion's life, and I'll make your fortune for it. Yes, sir! Do you know what you are? You're a hero, that's what you are. Yes, sir!"

A hero! Like those in the newspapers! The boy looked straight into the speaker's eyes.

"Ah, g'wan," he said.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

Digitized by Google

LATEST FADS

TALISMANS.

All the newspapers have mentioned the rabbit's foot carried by one of the Presidential candidates of the present year, with the result that certain jewelers' windows have been filled with tiny furry paws set in gold and silver, and announced by printed placards as warranted to have belonged to a rabbit caught in the dark of the moon in a graveyard, by a cross eyed and otherwise gifted colored son of a seventh son. A few people bought these—"to give away as a joke," they carefully explained; but the subject being in the air, about nine out of every ten men and women confessed to owning a "mascot." Sometimes it was a bit of stone, or a scrap of wood, a foolish little ring, a scarf pin; some tangible thing of which its owner could spin yarns telling how luck fluctuated by its presence or absence.

For years the young girls of New Orleans have carried tiny tin images of St. Joseph, in queer leaden cases about as large as a peanut. What St. Joseph can do is known to all Catholic girls, and a great many Protestants were told in that charming little book called "La Neuvaine de Collette." Within the past year, New York girls, those bright unsentimental faddists, have been carrying the little saints about in their pocketbooks with matinée tickets and samples.

There is another talisman which is said to work the same spell. It must be yellow, and odd, not one of a pair. It must be the gift of a bride, and it is generally her present to each of the bevy of maidens that escort her to the altar. It generally has a jeweled buckle and a monogram of the bride's initials. Sometimes it bears also the old motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

A girl to whom one was given the other day, flung it aside. "That's my tenth," she said, "and two are enough, as I am not a centipede. Besides, I don't want any more just proposals. I want something that will bring me one I can accept."

TWO OF A KIND.

We are inclined to believe that a woman had something to do with the coining of the immortal phrase "Necessity is the mother of invention." The fair sex, long deprived by fashion of that most necessary of all accessories, a pocket, has finally risen in revolt and turned its keen wits to devising a substitute. Beauty shall be combined with utility, it decrees, and it has betaken itself to a part of the feminine attire where a pocket was surely never meant to be. The belt, once regarded as the only available place for my lady's Point de Venise or Irish lace, is no longer the proper receptacle, and she tucks her dainty little cobweb under her sleeve at the wrist, where it falls out, partially covering the hand. The innovation will commend itself to the fashionable by the splendid opportunities it offers for exhibiting the fine old family lace; it will please the unfashionable but sensible portion of womankind by its convenience. Doubtless every fair reader remembers moments of agony spent in hunting for her purse, while the waiting conductor stood scowling and impatient, the old man smiled indulgently, and the charitable woman in the next seat attempted to distract attention by beginning a voluble conversation, which failed to drown the small boy's audible giggle.

Far less sensible—and therefore, perhaps, more likely to be popular with the faddish—is the caprice of utilizing the "choker," or soft ribbon collar, as a receptacle for the watch. This last should be the miniature watch, mentioned in another paragraph. Why it should be carried in the collar, rather than in the brim of the hat, it is difficult to say. We can only fall back upon the well known fact that woman's mind is so deep, so intricate, so unfathomable that it passeth the feeble understanding of man.

THREE PARISIAN NOVELTIES.

When some new thing makes its appearance it is invariably misunderstood. The rule applies to the trivialities of life as well as to the prophets and martyrs; and the other day it almost accomplished the destruction of the owner of a Parisian novelty which promises to become a widely popular fad—the animated scarfpin. This is a newcomer in America, and the faddish youth who first affected it in a New York public conveyance imagines that it might have been better if it had not come at all. His particular pin represented a ballet dancer, who, with the assistance of a bulb in the owner's pocket, pirouetted in a most lifelike and hilarious manner. The tragedy developed when an old lady of humane mind and imperfect vision fiercely attacked the youth with her umbrella, on the ground that he deserved chastisement for impaling a live beetle on a pin and using the agonized and struggling creature for personal adornment.

But little accidents of this description may happen in the best regulated communities without doing any lasting damage. The animated scarfpin is not necessarily banned because one old lady disapproved of it. In fact, if we are to judge from the vogue it has obtained in the French capital, its success in a novelty loving city is assured. It is an ingenious innovation, and admits of all sorts of variations. The movements of the little figure which forms the pin, be it fish, flesh, or fowl,

Digitized by Google

are governed by a puff of air sent through a long tube from the compressible bulb in the wearer's pocket. In some cases the air passes through a small whistle, and then, the pin being in the form of a canary, the effect is startling indeed. It is more than probable that before the winter is over strange antics will be performed by strange little creatures on the scarfs of our faddish countrymen.

The miniature opera glass which can be slipped into the waistcoat pocket has crossed the ocean also, and is to be seen (held very conspicuously) in the hands of theater goers far and near. The miniature watch is also coming into favor. A watch of the size of a ten cent piece, worn in the button hole, and keeping correct time, is verily a triumph of the horologist's art.

And, best of all, according to the American point of view, all three of these Parisian novelties are sufficiently expensive to make them a guarantee of wordly competence!

MY LADY'S TONGUE.

When Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, of sainted memory, said that no subject should be taboo in the best society, it is difficult to believe that he had in mind a society made up of young men and maidens; but the society in question evidently believes that he did, and elects to take him as an authority.

Nobody knows quite where it began. Some conservative folks date it back to the day when fashionable young people began to go slumming and witness the seamy side of life. Others lay it upon that facile burden bearer, the bicycle. Others point sorrowfully to the problem play and novel.

Long ago, when we were all younger, Mr. Howells made some comments upon a Canadian widow who talked about her "backbone," and alluded to colonial freedom of speech as contrasted with that of the United States. But the young American girl of today who would object to the mention of her own or anybody else's backbone would be hard to find. It is indeed true that the bicycle has taught even the "missiest" of maids that the whole wide world knows that her feet are not pinned to her skirts, as she was early taught to suppose that people thought.

Of course it is a beautiful thing to be "sensible." A young girl who can let a young man understand that she knows the wickedness of the world, and can detect symptoms of it in his manners just as readily as the taint of alcohol when he has looked too freely upon the convivial glass, is likely to keep herself free from unfortunate entanglements. Unluckily, she usually keeps free from all sorts, fortunate as well as otherwise.

The charm of the girlhood of other days has been prettily shown in "Rosemary." We cannot imagine little *Miss Cruickshank* discussing the problems of the day with *Sir Jasper*. Our modern girl is a splendid, rosy, hearty creature, but sometimes it appears to a conservative soul that she knows too much, or tells too much of what she does know. It can hardly be called edifying to the average man of the world to be seriously asked by a pretty girl whether he thinks he has "risen on his dead self to higher things," and whether it is better to have eaten of the tree of knowledge, or to have remained in milk and water innocence. However big a man's crop of wild oats may have been, he doesn't care to discuss its market price with a young girl. That style of conversation should be relegated to the *passée* woman and the callow youth who is cutting his eye teeth.

"GRANGERIZING."

The art of Grangerizing, as the reader probably knows, is to take a small and usually an insignificant book, and illustrate it until it develops into a library of volumes at an enormous cost of time and money. The insignificant book is chosen in the hope that everybody else may have overlooked it, and that it may possibly be out of print. The less it contains the more credit is there in developing it to mammoth proportions. One enthusiast has enlarged a small history of Philadelphia into nearly a hundred volumes at a cost of seventy two thousand dollars, and is the admiration and despair of every one of his fellow workers. No man whose name is mentioned in that history has escaped having his portrait and some of his personal correspondence incorporated into the book.

In these days a portrait of Savonarola is valuable as an addition to the letters of some forgotten court dame of Florence who wrote a letter or two which have found their way into print. The original draft of the Constitution of the United States would be cut down and pasted into the life of some man who never did anything but sign the Declaration of Independence, if the man who was Grangerizing that life could get possession of it. Letters from famous men have been bought for exorbitant prices to illustrate the most puerile gossip of the most frivolous woman.

In this connection we are reminded of some recent books which have been illustrated by the publishers in a way that seems to reach the limit of absurdity. The most notable example is probably a life of Abraham Lincoln, which made a bid for a large circulation by inserting a picture of every man, woman, or child whose ancestors had ever known the great Illinoisan. Backwoods farmers beheld their names, their photographs, and their garrulous yarns in print, with the result that throughout a wide section of the West the volume rests on the parlor tables with the "Mother, Home, and Heaven" books and Dr. Talmage's sermons. The greater introducer of "Unknowns" was beaten at his own game. The publisher of the Lincoln biography printed a book which ought to have been called "Unknown Men who Knew Abraham Lincoln," and reaped his harvest from human vanity. He showed, incidentally, that ingenious modifications can be made of the Grangerizing idea. But he worked

Digitized by Google

on exactly the opposite lines from the amateur faddist. While the publisher hung Lincoln about with trivialities, as one would set up a noble white statue to be used as an autograph field for the idle and vain, the Grangerizer seizes the noble and the great and makes them accessories to the stupid and unknown. Either is an inartistic perversion.

MORE BUTTONS.

We have already had occasion to refer to the button craze, but each day—nay, each hour—seems to bring forth new and startling developments of the fad. "Button, button, who hasn't got the button?" is the question of the hour. The craze has spread with the rapidity of a "scorcher" and the death dealing persistency of a book agent Like some other startling innovations, it hails from the West, where uncounted millions of these small round circles are manufactured and shipped all over the country. They are in constant demand in the larger stores, and are forming the street vendor's chief stock in trade.

For the political button there may possibly be some justification. We can understand the enthusiast who proudly displays the classic features of Major McKinley, or delights to exhibit a miniature Bryan simpering at an alleged portrait of Sewall. But what possible excuse is there for the inane devices that have blossomed out upon the garments of myriads of irresponsible young persons of both sexes? They are execrable and absolutely unfit for existence. "Golly, but it's hot," "You ain't my girl," "I'm dry," and "Don't you mind," are among the most widely favored of these. Exactly what you must not mind, or why it is necessary to label yourself as possessing a champagne thirst, is not clear to the mortal of average intelligence. Possibly we have not yet been educated up to the sublime height of comprehension which the button fiend has already attained.

Upon the coat of a small boy who recently paraded Fifth Avenue, and about whom there was an unmistakable swagger of swelldom, was a celluloid circle from which irradiated like a beacon light the words "You don't know who I am!"

What a misfortune that the passer by was unable to exhibit a similar circle on which was engraved "No, and by Jove I don't care!"

MIRROR GLOVES.

Ever since humorists existed, they have derived infinite profit from more or less apt observations upon the proneness of the eternal feminine to seek the mirror at every available moment. There has been a basis of truth underlying these quips, say certain ungallant critics who have closely watched the movements of the average woman. She is, it appears, entirely unable to resist the temptation to glance, albeit but for an instant, into every looking glass she happens to pass. She even utilizes shop windows and pieces of silverware, we are told, to discover whether or not her hat is at the proper angle; at all of which the masculine observer is not a little scornful.

As we all know, the eleventh commandment—the one which is nowadays most rigorously observed—is, "Thou shalt not be found out." To facilitate obedience to this doctrine some mammoth mind has invented the mirror glove, and now woman may behold her reflection and prink and plume herself to her heart's content, and—which is the main object—escape detection in her little vanities. The mirror is skilfully inserted in the palm of the left hand glove, and therein may furtive glances be cast from time to time with absolute safety from discovery. Alas! if the mirror glove is widely adopted, and women cease to look for their faces in more public glasses, what will become of the humorist?

But here are certain heretical persons who contend that the human male is as vain as his wife. If this be so, perhaps we shall have mirror gloves for men, and all the world will be going about with its hand before its eyes and a smile of gratifying vanity upon its lips. Truly this is a progressive age!

A REPORTED FRENCH ATROCITY.

Yon work, in twenty volumes, once
Belonged to twenty friends!

When Laman Blanchard wrote these lines he was referring to the library of a book borrower, but if we are to believe in the existence of a new Parisian fad, reported by a London contemporary, they take on a different and a gruesome color. Politically or otherwise, there is no telling what next to expect from the French capital; but in this instance we sincerely trust that some young Briton has been giving rein to his imagination, and that the item in question is rather a fling at Gallic folly than a statement of fact. And yet in France "all things are possible and most probable," and when a reputable journal tells us that "books bound in the skins of departed friends" are popular just now in the gay capital, it will not do to be too sceptical. The inventor of such a fad must be the possessor of an abnormal intellect. It is difficult to imagine a modern Damon finding consolation for the loss of Pythias in a volume bound in the cuticle of the late lamented latter, and we are unable to conceive of a friendship so ardent and enduring as not to be satisfied with remembering its object unaided by so realistic a reminder.

But the fad, if it exists at all, does so quite independent of personal association. The authority already quoted proceeds to inform us that it extends to cigarette cases, pocketbooks and prayer books made of the skins of notorious criminals. Of all things—prayer books! We can understand a deceased bishop being thus utilized, but wherein lies the propriety of converting the epidermis of a notorious criminal to such a purpose it is utterly beyond us to conjecture. Also there is something not altogether inviting in the proximity of portions of a departed murderer to

Digitized by Google

one's smoking material. According as he may have hailed from Syria or Northern Africa, his being so used might furnish an opening for pleasant jests anent "levant" and "morocco," but after all, the humor that can be extracted from such a subject is of a gruesome variety. On the whole we prefer to believe that the English journalist has been indulging in a flight of fancy. Or if the alleged fad actually exists in France, we trust it will never cross the Atlantic.

BUCCOMANCY.

The question of character reading, whether by handwriting, the lines of the palm, or the irregularities of the head, is a somewhat dubious one at all times. There are implicit believers in the infallibility of this sort of "science," but like earth frequenting angels, they are few and far between. The majority of mankind views phrenology and its kindred theories with a tolerant scepticism. In spite of all discouragements, however, a new fad of this variety develops every six months or so, and there is always a little clique ready to adopt it joyously and form a "cult." The latest is "buccomancy," the determining of character by the formation of the mouth. It is not a new craze but a revived one, having been originally evolved in 1850. Of late years it has languished, but just now it seems to be struggling to regain a foothold among the fads of the day.

What chiefly impresses the seeker after knowledge in buccomancy is the expansive character of the mouth as here defined. The term seems to include most of the human countenance, one's eyes, nose, and chin being regarded as something resembling facial suburbs. When an apostle of the new science tells you he is going to read a woman's character by her mouth, and begins by saying that she is haughty because she has veiled eyes and arched eyebrows, you naturally wonder why her mouth is mentioned any more than her thumb or her back hair. All things are possible, however, in buccomancy.

Life will be distinctly less bearable if these readers of character multiply to any great extent. Already there are imps and demons in human guise who, ten minutes after you have been introduced to them, seize your hand, and, eagerly surveying it, exclaim with exultation, "Ah, you will be unhappily married and lose all your money. Your life line is very short, too—looks like suicide. Dear, dear!"

What will it be when your new acquaintance says, "Open your mouth. Oh, your tongue shows hereditary insanity!"

And the moral is—let us crush buccomancy while yet it is a young and feeble cult.

SOME NEW COLLECTIBLE THINGS.

As soon as the human animal has learned to eat, to talk, and to do half a dozen other necessary things, the chances are that he will begin to collect something. The small boy commences a stamp collection almost before he knows what a stamp is for, and from this hobby progresses through various crazes imitated from his companions—coins, postmarks, theater programs, autographs, posters, *et alia*—until he has passed the initiative stage and upon him dawns the idea over which society has gone mad—to collect something which no one ever thought of collecting before. Faddishness can no farther go.

Hence it comes about that no matter how bizarre and unreasonable a collection may be, some one will shortly begin gathering an assortment yet more curious. The man who hoards sheets of postage stamps is the logical outcome of the man who collects single specimens, and the girl who affects souvenir spoons is the equally natural forerunner of the girl who will only be content with spoons filched from her neighbors' dinner services. Go your fellow faddists one better, or fall behind the procession—such is the primary rule of the world of hobbies.

The possibilities of posters, which were the craze last spring, being pretty well exhausted, a new list of collection fads is coming to the front with the opening of the present season. Take your choice, ye hobby horsemen! What will you collect during the winter of 1896-97? Is it to be—

Poker Chips?
Pens of Famous Writers?
Champagne Corks?
Burnt Matches?
Fans?
Pipes?
Old Hats?

Perhaps, since some of your fellow faddists are already collecting these, you will prefer, after all, to devise something for yourselves—say carving knives or cab wheels.

The world of fads is a world of contradictions. In the above record fans and pens of famous authors are masculine crazes, and all the rest are feminine. What a list! Poker chips, champagne corks, burnt matches, pipes, and old hats!

Oh, woman, in your hours of ease,
How came you to be hoarding these?
Counters of red and white and blue,
Each guaranteed to have been through
Some fevered strife of moneyed play
That lasted till the dawn of day;
The corks that pent the blithe champagne
At feasts that ne'er shall come again;
Burnt matches, lest your mind forget
Who lit with these his cigarette;
Poor little allegories they
Of past romances, fled away,
Extinguished sparks and vanished flames—
You scarce can recollect their names!
Pipes, too, that serve in kindred ways
To conjure up some bygone days;
Hats! Ah, 'tis sad that this is true—
The hats through which they talked to you,
Who now are but the shadow of
A half forgotten summer love!
Oh, woman, in your hours of ease,
'Tis plain why you are hoarding these!

Yes, girls are wonderful things. What *will* they be collecting next?

Digitized by Google

ETCHINGS

LOOKING FORWARD.

(A Thanksgiving Lament.)

THE pumpkin yellows on the vine,
The grape grows purple for the wine,
And nearer draws the festal day;
Ye feathered fowl, ye gobblers gay,
Your time is short!

The faggot crackles crisp and dry,
The oven hums, the steam rolls high,
So cackle, cackle, gobble, crow!
Take up the dirge! Cry woe, cry woe!
Your time is short!

Catharine Young Glen.

BALLADE OF AN OLD DIARY.

THIS worn and dusty journal has
A record, written carelessly,
Of one sweet boyhood year; and as
I read it all comes back to me.
Each page is as a magic key
To worlds of dreams and days divine;
A year, lost in eternity—
And nothing but the dreams are mine.

It brings dim visions of a lass
Fair as the dawn light on the sea,
Pure as the dewdrops on the grass,
Sweet as spring's first buds on the tree,
Blue eyed and sunny haired was she,
A little saint from some white shrine—
Oh, years bring changes, pleasures flee,
And nothing but the dreams are mine.

As in a panorama pass
The fleeting ghosts of scenes where we
(Two life long parted souls, alas!)
Once lived in youth's blithe Arcady.
Ah, why should sorrows ever be,
Or clouds obscure the sweet sunshine?
For death hath taken her from me,
And nothing but the dreams are mine.

Go, book, I have no need of thee;
Thou bear'st regret in every line,
For she I loved is lost to me,
And nothing but the dreams are mine.

Maurice Baldwin.

TO THE VANQUISHED.

HERE'S to the men who lose!
What though their work be e'er so nobly planned,
And watched with zealous care,
No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand,
Contempt is failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose!
If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet
Courage is easy then;
The king is he who after fierce defeat
Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plaudits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victors' ears;
The vanquished's banners never are unfurled,
For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true worth is not success;
There is a higher test—
Though fate may darkly frown, onward to press
And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose!
It is the vanquished's praises that I sing,
And this the toast I choose:
"A hard fought failure is a noble thing.
Here's luck to them who lose!"

George H. Broadhurst.

ROMAUNT OF A ROSE.

YOUNG Cupid once, so runs the legend old,
Kissed a red rose and in its heart put love.
Alas! There lurked within its fragrant fold
A bee that stung him as he bent above
The crimson flower. Quick to still his cries
The mother came, and strung his bow with bees;
Then, one by one—oh, woman wondrous wise!—
Plucked out their pointed stings, and, taking these,
Close set them on the stalk for punishment.
And every slender stem that rose adorns
Since then has bourgeoned with her sly intent;
So love and roses are beset with thorns.

George W. Shipman.

SOME OTHER NIGHT.

SOME other night, you say, shall find
Your heart, your hand, your lips more kind,
Shall see your eyes deep pools of splendor
Afire with lights more warm and tender;
Your voice and ear to love inclined;

And hence you bid me, "Be resigned,
Keep courage in your heart enshrined,
And wait—or prove a vain pretender,
Some other night."

Ah, yes, my love has long been blind;
It wakes tonight—no more maligned!—
It wakes and bids my feet surrender
To other feet upon this fender—
Alas, 'tis plain you have in mind
Some other knight!

Edwin T. Reed.

A SECOND MEETING.

As from her boudoir she came down
To meet this man again,
The shimmer of her silken gown
Was like the sun kissed rain.

Digitized by Google

About her waist a ribbon ran
That, streaming out behind,
Seemed like a rainbow to the man,
That floated in the wind.

And crowning like the sunlight fair
A gem was caught above
The cloudy edge of her dark hair
That was alight with love.

He took her hand in his; a word
Caught somewhere in her throat
At first, and then as from a bird
It came—one happy note!

And when they both were still, their eyes
Fed on each other's faces
Like happy hearted butterflies
In blossom covered places.

Frederic F. Sherman.

AURI SACRA FAMES.

THROUGH years of patient toil and sacrifice
He climbed fame's ladder round by round,
Nor rested till his hand had grasped the prize
for which he toiled.
Self made, self crowned,
He stands among his lofty dreams and weighs
Their worth together with the price he paid.
A millionaire! He bartered love for this—
Love binds the wings of him who would arise;
He rose unfettered, and now, with famished eyes,
He gazes on another's paradise,
While memory haunts him with a shy, sweet kiss,
A frightened, fluttering thing—the first, the last.
No childish voices echo through his past.
He wears his laurels, but he paid the price.

Will Paul Conger.

IN MEMORIAM—JAMES LEWIS.

LEWIS is dead! The play is played at last,
And the Great Prompter turns the final page;
The name we loved is missing from the cast,
And thou hast quit the stage.

No more, dear *Bottom*, with that swaggering stride,
Through dim Athenian woods thy footsteps go;
The place is vacant by *Titania's* side—
Dear friend, we loved thee so!

And nevermore in Arden's leafy dells
Shall gibing *Touchstone* flout the gaping swain;
Thy bauble rests beside the cap and bells
That none can wear again.

Thy bauble! Thou hast borne it undefiled;
Blameless through life thy buskined feet have trod;
And he who wins the pure laugh of a child
Must win the smile of God.

Thy cap and bells! Who strives must strive in vain
To wag those symbols on a mocking head.
Shakspere can never make me laugh again:
Lewis is dead!

William Samuel Johnson.

A LOST CHILD.

LITTLE Miss Prim in her furbelows,
Like a Dresden china piece is she;
And see, how fast the little one grows,
A woman just out of her infancy,
With the ways of a duchess, the languid air
As of one aweary of all the show;
What scorn on the lip! What a haughty stare!
And she but a baby a day ago.

A thing for dolls and the skipping rope,
For blindman's buff, and the tree high swing,
Turned into a creature to strut or mope,
With her pride of feather and peacock wing;
With the mincing step that we see at a play,
And the proper lisp and the courtesy prim—
God gave to these parents a child, and they
Molded a woman, and cheated Him!

Joseph Dana Miller.

MY DAY.

NOT in rich sunset hues harmoniously blending,
Has my day faded softly into night,
By a transition gentle, gradual, sending
First twilight tones to dim the luster bright,
Next, deepening darkness spreading near and far,
Then the mild radiance of the evening star;
I would that so
My day had lost its glow.

The morning hours were fair; the sunlight quivering, gleaming
Through the young leaves, the breezes blowing sweet,
The song birds trilling gaily, each note seeming
Instinct with joy the glorious day to greet;
In the bright sky a fleecy cloud or two,
So white they made the azure seem more blue—
I would that so
My day had kept its glow.

But one small cloud with motion swift ascending,
Grew large and threatening, while the sunlight fled;
Then the storm burst—the tree tops swaying, bending,
Shivered and broke, and all the birds were dead.
Where has the brightness of the morning flown?
The wind is sighing "Where?" with startled moan,
I would not so
My day had lost its glow.

Grace H. Boutelle.

Digitized by Google

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

AN EMPHATIC DISCLAIMER.

THE New York *Sun* recently published a letter from an anonymous correspondent in Atlanta, expressing the writer's disgust at a discovery which he alleged he had made—that "a well known magazine published in New York," which he had been "buying every month," and which had been "making a specialty of pictures of Southern beauties," charged the women whose portraits it printed fifteen dollars apiece—"think of it, fifteen dollars!"

Now this allegation may not have been aimed at MUNSEY'S; but we are pretty sure that MUNSEY'S is the only well known New York monthly which has recently been publishing pictures of the fair women of the South, and probably nine people out of ten who saw the letter printed in the *Sun* concluded that this was the magazine against which the accusation was brought. Several of our readers called our attention to it. The anonymous writer declared that he had "indubitable evidence," and some may have been hasty enough to believe him. A card was therefore sent to the *Sun* stating that if the allegation was intended for MUNSEY'S it was an utter and unqualified falsehood. We might have added that we were somewhat surprised to see a paper of such high standing as the *Sun* giving currency to an anonymous communication which, though it mentioned no names, conveyed a slander upon the journalistic craft in general.

This elicited a second letter from the Atlanta gentleman, telling a story entirely different from his first statement. Instead of having "indubitable evidence" against "a certain well known magazine" which he had been "buying every month," and whose identity, therefore, he presumably knew, he had merely been "told" that a woman who was a contributor, or claimed to be a contributor, to some New York magazine—he did not know which magazine—"had told a well known beauty she could have her picture in the periodical for the small sum of fifteen dollars." In this revised form, his statement manifestly neither demanded nor merited any reply from us.

Human nature is prone to suspicion, and it is a fact that there are minor periodicals willing to print, for a consideration, the portraits of notoriety seekers; but it ought to be, and probably is, unnecessary to state that MUNSEY'S is not of this class. It accepts no payment, direct or indirect, for anything, reading matter or illustration, that appears in its pages—excepting, of course, in those avowedly devoted to business advertising. Any one who would pay for the publication of his or her portrait would not be regarded as a desirable subject. If any pretended agent should attempt to secure such payment we should be glad to learn the facts, in order to take legal steps to punish the fraud.

CYCLISTS AND CRUSADERS.

So far as we have observed, the so called "crusade" against cycling, of which the newspapers had much to say a few weeks ago, has been absolutely without result. A Washington lady, the president of a "rescue" society, came to New York with the announced intention of waging war upon the bicycle as an invention that is working grievous harm to her sex. She told us that "it lures young girls into paths that lead directly to sin." Apparently she has succeeded in rescuing few from their perilous position, for the merry procession of wheelmen and wheelwomen shows no sign of thinning ranks.

This is not surprising, for it is difficult to make a cyclist believe that the use of the wheel involves or threatens moral degradation. Why, he will ask, is it more dangerous and sinful to ride a bicycle than to drive horses or walk afoot? Thousands of our best citizens—sons and daughters, fathers and mothers, and even grandfathers and grandmothers—find health and pleasure in the pastime. It is recommended and participated in by a host of clergymen and physicians. How can it be an invention of the evil one?

The spirit of opposition is strong in humanity, and every established institution, from vaccination to the department stores, has its foes; but of all the "anti" faddists, the anti cyclist is one of the least rational. Let the Washington crusader purchase a wheel and try it for herself. It is quite probable that her "crusade" would suddenly terminate, with a net result of one convert—herself.

A DUEL OF GREAT NATIONS.

THE "high politics" of Europe has resolved itself, according to the newspaper correspondents, into a diplomatic duel between England and Russia, with France friendly to the latter, the Triple Alliance an interested spectator, and Constantinople the point about which the game revolves.

It is well to take the statements of these clever journalists with an occasional grain of salt. Some of them are bright young men who handle such large terms as "England" and "Russia" in an offhand way that bespeaks a fluent imagination rather than an authoritative grasp of information. How do they get their precise knowledge of what Lord Dufferin said to the Sultan years ago, and of what Lord Salisbury is cogitating in the seclusion of Hatfield House? But no doubt they are right in saying that the political history of Europe is at a dramatic point—a point

Digitized by Google

where the Briton and the Muscovite stand face to face, with the "sick man" of the Bosphorus lying between them, and the other powers grouped around, every one with his hand upon his sword hilt, yet sincerely reluctant to draw.

International hostilities, with all the evils they have caused, are commonly based upon prejudice and ignorance; and the present case is no exception. The mutual opposition of England and Russia has helped to make modern history. It caused the Crimean war; it alone has perpetuated the Sultan's rule in Constantinople; and it has guided the policy of both nations with regard to their vast interests in Asia. There is a general feeling among Englishmen that Russia desires and is actually plotting the destruction of their empire; there is a general feeling among Russians that England is their determined and crafty foe. On both sides, the root of the feeling is nothing but prejudice. There is no reason in the nature of things why the British lion and the Muscovite bear should not forswear their mutual distrust and live happily ever afterwards.

But there is no present prospect that these two great powers—in many respects the two greatest powers in the world—will agree to take their hands off their sword hilts and clasp them in friendly greeting. The gospel of international hatred still finds its ready listeners, and the days of war and rumors of war are not ended yet.

MASONRY AND ANTI MASONRY.

THE news that an important "anti masonic congress" has been held in Austria sounds to Americans like a bit out of the history of a bygone generation. Freemasonry is a new thing in the dominions of Franz Josef, and, like other new things, it seems to have aroused the hostility of many influential conservatives. In Hungary, its first lodge was instituted in 1865, and of late years it has spread with some rapidity, now numbering fifty lodges. In Austria it has but nine, and its development is restricted by laws which we should regard as encroachments upon personal liberty. Meetings may be held but once a week; no regalia may be worn, and the police have a right to enter at any moment. When a Vienna lodge initiates a brother, the members journey to Presburg, the nearest town across the Hungarian frontier.

Americans have almost forgotten that two generations ago there was an "anti masonic" movement in the United States, which made itself felt in politics, and even nominated its own candidate for the Presidency. The same solemn warnings were issued in those days as were given forth at the Austrian congress, anent the "unmeasurableness of the moral and material evil which the church and society have suffered through freemasonry." Indeed, the alarm cry was heard here again as late as 1875, when a little group that called itself a political party revived the principles of the Anti Masons of 1830; but it attracted no attention. The harmlessness of masonry has long been generally understood. The well meaning people who are contributing money "for daily masses for the repentance of freemasons" in Austria would probably understand it if they knew more of the organization they are denouncing.

ARBITRATION TREATIES.

IN discussing arbitration as a substitute for war, it has been usual to speak of arbitration treaties—that is, treaties agreeing to refer all differences between the contracting parties to arbitration—as purely theoretical matters, unknown in the actual practice of the diplomatic world. This is not the fact, for several such agreements are in existence. All of them have been concluded within the last fifty years, and most of them within the last ten. True, they are not between the most important nations, nor between those most likely to go to war. No two of the great powers have made such a renunciation of mutual hostility. But it is significant that France and Switzerland, two neighboring European republics, should have done so without reservation, and that Belgium, Denmark, and other minor states should have entered into mutual arbitration treaties. It shows that the idea is not merely a thing of theory; that it has taken actual shape, and that it is by no means impossible to conceive of its ultimate extension to the leading nations.

It should not be forgotten that we ourselves, in the Guadaloupe Hidalgo treaty of 1848 with Mexico, formulated a clause referring to arbitration all questions arising out of that instrument. The proposition was accepted, and we may fairly claim the honor of originating these pacific agreements which are undoubtedly destined to be of world wide beneficence.

GOLF AND JERSEY JUSTICE.

A NEW JERSEY justice was recently called upon to decide the case of certain residents of that celebrated State who had been arrested upon the charge of playing golf on Sunday. There was no allegation of riotous behavior, or of annoyance by neighbors, but the prosecution contended that participation in the seductive game on the first day of the week was in itself a misdemeanor under an old statute against "vice and immorality." The judge dismissed the complaint upon the higher principle of common sense and regard to the general welfare. If all the obsolete laws upon the statute books were rigidly enforced, he declared, the State would be a place from which most of its inhabitants would escape at the earliest opportunity.

Without passing upon the question whether golf playing on Sunday is morally commendable or not, we congratulate the suburban Solon upon his stand in defense of personal liberty. "Jersey justice" scores another triumph—and so does the noble game of tees and bunkers.

Digitized by Google

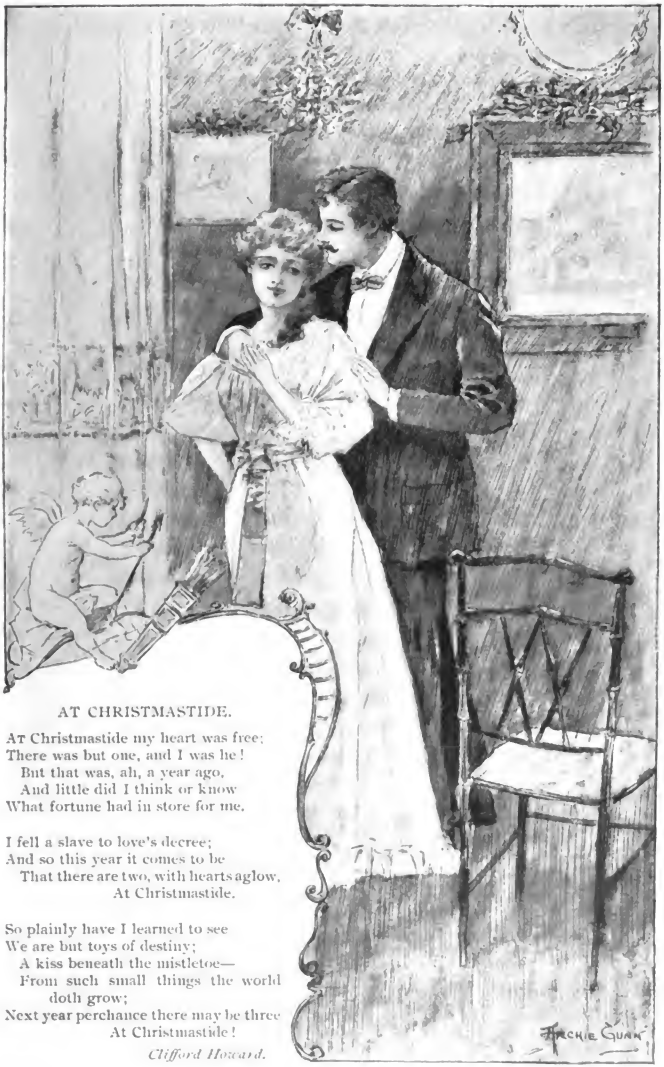
THE CHRISTMAS TRYST.

LOVE'S starry light above is bright,
  The noisy north is whist,
And blithely have I come tonight
  To keep the Christmas tryst.
I' faith, my masters, naught care I
  If blasts to blow begin!
The god of storms would I defy,
  For love is warm within.

At length I catch the lifted latch
  And soon I see betrayed,
Where lies the snow, a spotless thatch,
  A sweetly snooded maid.
Imprudence, do I hear you say?
  Now, marry, sirs, not so!
'Tis *Prudence* trips her merry way
  Across the crinkly snow.

Clinton Scollard

Digitized by Google



AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

At Christmastide my heart was free;
There was but one, and I was he!
But that was, ah, a year ago,
And little did I think or know
What fortune had in store for me.

I fell a slave to love's decree;
And so this year it comes to be
That there are two, with hearts aglow,
At Christmastide.

So plainly have I learned to see
We are but toys of destiny;
A kiss beneath the mistletoe—
From such small things the world doth grow;
Next year perchance there may be three
At Christmastide!

Clifford Howard.

Digitized by Google

MISTLETOE.

A YEAR ago! But mark you this—
  Changes occur in one brief year.
This spray looked down upon our kiss
A year ago. But mark you this—
Withered each leaf and berry is.
  Oh, love, this tear drop was not here
A year ago, but mark you this—
  Changes occur in one brief year.

Ah, when the mistletoe was young
  I little thought that it could die,
Such rapture round its legend clung.
Ah, when the mistletoe was young,
Then love came laughing from your tongue
  And laughing lay within your eye—
Ah, when the mistletoe was young,
  I little thought that it could die!

Alone tonight I dream of you,
  And bend above the mistletoe—
What else is there for me to do?
Alone tonight I dream of you
And all the halcyon hours I knew.
  Too soon shall I awake—and so
Alone tonight I dream of you,
  And bend above the mistletoe.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

Digitized by Google

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI. DECEMBER, 1896. No. 3.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

NOTES FROM THE WORLD OF ART IN AMERICA AND EUROPE, WITH A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS OF REPRESENTATIVE PAINTINGS.

A REJECTED BACCHANTE.

The managers of the Boston Public Library have been somewhat sharply criticised for declining the figure of a Bacchante, by Macmonnies, offered them for the center piece of the fountain in the inner court of their splendid building. While recognizing the statue's "remarkable technical merits," they reported that they considered it unsuitable for its proposed location.

We do not think they deserve censure for such a view of the Bacchante, of which New Yorkers may have seen a small copy exhibited in a Fifth Avenue shop window. It is an exceedingly clever piece of work, but the subject is scarcely a pleasant and certainly not an edifying one. It represents a woman in an advanced state of exhilaration, and innocent of clothes. In one hand she waves aloft a bunch of grapes, while on

"At Low Tide."

From the painting by H. W. Mesday

Digitized by Google

"Pleasant Tnoughts."

From the painting by P. E. Meylan.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1896 BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"The Fisherman's Return."

From the painting by Smith Hald—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Soft Persuasion."

From the painting by Arthur Elsley—by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

the other arm an infant is precariously balanced. We do not believe in prudish views upon the vexed question of the nude in art, but we do not regard a realistic study of inebriety—for such the Bacchante is—as an appropriate ornament for the fountain of an institution whose primary purpose is educational.

Word comes from Paris that Puvis de Chavannes has finished the last of his decorations for the Boston Library. French critics pronounce the new paintings to be

Digitized by Google

"The Infancy of Christ."

From the painting by Meurisse.

Digitized by Google

"He Loves You!"

From the painting by Edouard Bisson.

his masterpiece. In America, there may be dissenting opinions, as there have been with regard to the veteran's earlier work.

AMERICAN ARTISTIC PRODUCTS.

The familiar saying that the prophet finds most honor abroad is suggested by the report that the South Kensington Museum has acquired a collection of the glass work made by Charles L. Tiffany, of New York. This is the fourth, at least, that has gone to Europe, previous purchasers being the Luxembourg, the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and the Industrial Art Museum in Berlin; but in this country we believe that only one institution, the National Museum at Washington, possesses specimens.

The Tiffany glass and the Rookwood pottery are the two most original and characteristic of American artistic products. The fact that both of them are profitable business enterprises need not rob them of the atten-

Digitized by Google

"The Start from the Castle."

From the painting by O. Bedmann.

Digitized by Google

"Nymphs in Arcady."

From a photograph by Block after the painting by D. Sauve.

tion they deserve from the standpoint of art. They are eminently *fin de siècle* in that they represent the application of the highest technical aims and methods to purposes of practical utility. In this age of industrial competition, artistic intelligence is a force only second to that of mechanical invention, and no less deserving of recognition. In inventiveness Americans admittedly excel; of the artistic quality we claim less—perhaps too little. We are too much given to waiting for foreign approval of American products and ideas.

SCRATCHED PAINTINGS.

Two pictures—one of them a Lely—in the National Portrait Gallery in London were badly scratched, the other day, by

Digitized by Google

"Idle Hours"

From the painting by Jacqueline Comerre-Paton.

Digitized by Google

"Regrets."

From the painting by Beaury-Saurel.

some vulgar vandal. An individual of alleged civilization could scarcely indulge in any more offensive piece of purposeless folly than such an act of destructive mischief. And yet many pictures, in many places, have been similarly defaced. One was Alma Tadema's well known "Reading from Homer," which was scratched while on exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1885. The canvas was, of course, repaired by the artist, and now belongs to Mr. Henry G. Marquand, of New York, who exhibited it for some time at the Metropolitan Museum.

Pictures have been injured from other motives than that of mere mischief. Three

Digitized by Google

"The Awakening of the Day"

From the painting by M. Lari.

Digitized by Google

"A Maid of France."

From the painting by L. Barran.

years ago, at a European exhibition, a figure was cut bodily out of a painting by Sinibaldi, and carried off by some covetous admirer. The thief might almost as well have gone a little further, and taken the entire canvas, as did the larcenous connoisseur who cut the lost "Duchess of Devonshire" out of its frame in a London gallery twenty years ago. Another instance occurred at the Salon of 1892, when Vibert's "Malade Imaginaire" was slashed, supposably by a doctor who resented the picture's fancied insult to his profession. Political rancor was no doubt responsible for an attack upon a portrait of Mr. Gladstone exhibited some years ago in London. We do not recall any similar piece of vandalism in this country.

Digitized by Google

THE LITTLE PRINCES AND PRINCESSES OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE—BOYS AND GIRLS OF TODAY IN WHOSE HANDS MAY LIE THE MAKING OF THE HISTORY OF TOMORROW.

THE child being father to the man, the wise student of our life and times cannot afford to neglect a thorough understanding of the influences that are creating the minds of the future men and women who will sit on the thrones of Europe, or stand close beside them.

The Emperor Wilhelm of Germany, who is so potent a factor in making the history of the day, is just the man that a student of his childhood would have expected to see him become. The historian is fond of prophesying, but he can do so to advantage only when he thoroughly knows his premises. The Kaiser's eldest son will, in the natural course of events, be the ruler of a more powerful and more highly developed people than that which saw his father crowned, and the present indications are that he will be more ready to meet latter day conditions than that erratic monarch has shown himself.

The Kaiser has six sons and one daughter. Oddly, the sixth son is the favorite of the Berlin people, because he happened to be born in the capital, while all his brothers first saw the light at Potsdam. They call him *das Berliner Kind*. When he was christened, his parents made a great event of the occasion, distributing

Princess Victoria Alice of Battenberg.
From a photograph by Brandseph, Darmstadt.

Digitized by Google

The Kaiser and His Six Sons.

From a photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.

gifts to thousands of the children of the city who are destined to grow up and become his subjects. Field Marshal Von Moltke, who was the only personage not of royal blood who stood about the font, was godfather to the infant prince, and held him as the great Duke of Wellington held the Duke of Connaught on his christening day.

Friedrich Wilhelm, the young crown prince, is now fourteen, and carries himself with all the manners of a young man. He has the appearance and some of the ways of the Hohenzollerns, but he inherits less from his impetuous father than from his silent, thoughtful grandfather. They tell innumerable stories of him in Berlin. He was quite a little fellow when his father and Prince Bismarck had their historic falling out. It was supposed to be a subject which people would hesitate to discuss, but it was in the air, and the little crown prince had an inkling of it. The emperor and empress are in the habit of dining with their children when they have no state function on hand. On the night after the great chancellor's resignation, Fritz electrified the family by remarking:

"They say you have run off Prince Bismarck and can have your own way now, father. I know you will like that!"

The Kaiser believes in a nation of soldiers, and his sons are being brought up to be "men of iron."

People who know the crown prince say that his father is fostering a spirit that will eventually, by its power and calmness, conquer the emperor's erratic spirit. The boy is slow of development, but day by day he gains in intelligence.

It was a striking scene when the little

Digitized by Google

prince was made lieutenant on his tenth birthday. It was no child's play to the emperor, to whom the divine right of kings is a creed. He had called out every male representative of the imperial family, and all the prominent officers of the government, German army. As the review marched past the empress, it was a comical sight, and to some people a pathetic one, to see the eager little fellow running along to keep up with the step of the giant grenadiers. The prince was presented to the

The Emperor of Germany and His Daughter, Princess Victoria Louise.
From a photograph by Schauerauchter, Berlin.

to witness the installation. The regiment was drawn up in a hollow square in the Lustgarten. Suddenly the Kaiser and his son appeared, surrounded by all the princes. The Kaiser made a speech in which he said that he wished his son to have the discipline of the army, and recalled the day when he, under the eyes of his father and grandfather, had made his appearance there. The young prince then advanced and with drawn sword presented himself to the captain of the company, Von Plnskow, who happened to be the tallest man in the whole other officers as to a comrade, and that night he made his first appearance at a state dinner.

Some of the boy's characteristics have been much commented upon by German newspapers. He is the drillmaster of his younger brothers, and has shown himself somewhat of a martinet. Last summer the boys went traveling, with a tutor, but it was Fritz who made the rules, even to the amount of wine that should be drunk. A few years ago, when the young princes returned from their drive one afternoon at a

Digitized by Google

very rapid pace, the palace guard had to turn out in a great hurry. One private ran to his place without his rifle. Fritz immediately reported him to the officer in charge, with the result that the soldier was punished with four days' imprisonment, and extra fatigue duty. The loyal newspapers lauded the prince's military spirit, but some of his future subjects grew thoughtful.

The little daughter of the Hohenzollerns bids fair to be the most spoiled child in Europe, and her future will be watched closely. As the only daughter of a powerful emperor, her marriage will have political significance. The present indications are that she is her father's own child, with all his traits of character. She will probably choose for herself, and make the court she rules over aware of her presence. Until quite lately an American lady, the Countess Waldersee, who was Miss Mary Lea, was the empress' closest friend and adviser in the management of her children. This relationship has—temporarily, most people believe—been interrupted by the Empress Frederick. It would be curious if William's daughter should be brought up upon the American plan.

One of the most precocious youths in Europe is the young king of Spain. He is now ten years old, and we hear of him, one day, as addressing the army, telling them how he regretted his inability to lead his forces in person to victory over the Cuban rebels, and on the next as having a violent quarrel with his mother because she refused to let him visit Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who was staying in the neighborhood.

The early pictures of the young king showed him as a thin, large headed child, who looked too delicate and sharp to make much promise of healthy manhood. But all this has passed away. The past summer was spent at the seashore, where the king bathed in full sight of his people every day. He has grown sturdy and wholesome, and shows

The Czarina and Her Daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga.

From a photograph by Pasetti, St. Petersburgh.

Digitized by Google

himself an adept in out of door sports. The boy's ancestry is decidedly erratic. Everybody knows the ways of old Queen Isabella, but not everybody knows that with her curious idea of the conventionalities of life she combines the sweetest of tempers and the keenest wit. These qualities the little king appears to have inherited, along with the common sense of his Austrian mother. A Spanish king comes of age at fifteen, so Queen Christina's regency will last only a little more than four years longer. From present indications, there will be a very poor inheritance for the youthful monarch. But he is likely to make the best of it, if Don Carlos does not take advantage of the present straits of the Madrid government and wrest the boy's crown away from him.

The stories of the king are endless. When he was little more than a baby his governess reproved him for his table manners.

"Kings do not eat with their fingers," she told him.

"This king does," was the serene reply.

His sense of humor was often too much for his dignity, and he could not restrain a reply even though he knew it would get him into trouble. One day, driving out with his governess, he began to call to some children on the street. Finally she said:

"If you behave like this I will not ride with you."

Instantly the king called to the coachman to stop.

"The lady wishes to alight," he said.

There was nothing else for her to do, and she hurried to the palace. The naughty little boy was punished by his mother, but he had had his minute's fun.

The Spaniards feared at first that the young king inherited his mother's dislike of the bull fight, which would have been a national calamity. The queen, who is a gentle, humane woman, put off taking the boy to the ring as long as possible. It seemed a cruel sight for baby eyes. But the popular

The Children of Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia.
From a photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburgh.

Digitized by Google

clamor was too much at last, and he was sent to the arena. He screamed with fright, but his cries were stifled, and he was taken again and again until he has learned to like the sport.

The king's two sisters are still children in our eyes, but they have reached what their countrymen consider a marriageable age. Mercedes, the elder, who was Queen of Spain for six months after her father's death, and is now heir to the throne, was destined in her babyhood to marry her cousin, the son of Don Carlos, and stop forever the quarrel between the two families; but when the king was born, the match was scornfully refused. Mercedes is not so pretty as her younger sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa, but already she has had two offers of marriage—one from young Alexander of Servia, and one from the eldest son of the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia.

When the Czar was married to Alix of Hesse, it was necessary for the new empress to change her faith. Few people knew that this was the result of a ukase of Alexander III, issued to debar his brother Vladimir from all chance of succession to the throne of the Romanoffs. The Grand Duchess Vladimir is a princess of the German house of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and has always retained her Lutheran faith. She is very ambitious, ruling with absolute sway over her weak and good natured husband, and the late Czar bitterly disliked her. Alexander always feared that his brother was trying to influence Russia in a German direction—a policy to which he was strongly opposed. Moreover, the Czarina and her sister in law had frequent quarrels over the latter's craze for gambling. The Grand Duchess Vladimir not only keeps a roulette table in her own house, but has induced several of her friends to do the same. She is one of the intimates of Chris-

The Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, Daughter of Grand Duke Vladimir.
From a photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburgh.

Digitized by Google

tina of Spain, and it is probable that the marriage between their children will be arranged.

The Czar's young sister, who is now fourteen, is another princess who must soon be matrimonially placed. Like the rest of the family, she is rather plain, but she is said to be the brightest of the late emperor's children. She frankly dislikes her new sister in law, and it was reported about the St. Petersburgh court, not long ago, that she took her to task for her "impertinence" in making a rule against cigarette smoking by the court ladies, when it was well known that the Dowager Czarina is an inveterate smoker.

The Czar's little daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, was one of the most admired, and some people said one of the most influential members of the Russian imperial party when it made its grand tour a little while ago. She is as plump and pretty as a baby can be, and won the hearts of rulers and people. In Paris she made an entry at the Gare Montparnasse, in a carriage alone with her nurse. She sat quite dignified and erect, surrounded by the magnificent body guard of cuirassiers which is usually reserved for President Faure. She was in white, with her golden curls coming from under her white cap, and the excitable Frenchmen shouted until they wept at the sight of her. At heart France loves the pomp of kings, and a baby princess touches her quick sympathies.

The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, Sister of the Czar.
From a photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburgh.

It is said that Queen Victoria wears a bracelet with a place for a photograph, and that it is always adorned by the picture of her latest descendant. Great grandchildren follow each other rapidly in that family, while there are still several children in the third generation.

Digitized by Google

The King of Spain and His Sisters.

From a photograph by Valentin, Madrid.

The son and daughter of the unfortunate Duke of Albany, who married Princess Helena of Waldeck, the sister of Dowager Queen Emma of Holland, are among the pleasantest of the English royal children. Their mother is a clever and very popular woman, who has so practical a mind that she has more than once taken out patents upon useful devices. She and her sister were the daughters of one of the poorest of the German princes, and both married because they were obliged to. Both have been happier as widows than as wives. The Duke of Albany was an epileptic, and had not the proper amount of epidermis, so that his life was in constant danger. His children, fortunately, have the physique of their German mother.

The Duke of Albany died when he had been married only two years, and before the birth of his son. Queen Victoria published a letter expressing the gratitude she and her daughter in law felt for the sympathy the public had expressed, and on the day of its appearance she and her youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, were at Darmstadt, attending the wedding of the Princess Alice's eldest daughter to Prince Louis of Battenberg. This marriage, as well as that of Princess Beatrice to Henry of Battenberg, gave great offense to the queen's foreign relatives. The Battenbergs are the offspring of the morganatic marriage of a Hessian prince, who took to wife a pretty lady in waiting, the granddaughter of a hotel waiter. In courts less democratic than that

Digitized by Google

of England they are regarded as inadmissible to the sacred circles of royalty. Personally, all four brothers—two of them are dead now—were fine fellows, much nearer the ideal of a soldier and a gentleman than

The Princess Beatrice and her children do not seem to recover from the death of the husband and father. These little orphans appear to be brighter than the children of any other of the English royal households.

The Duke of Albany, with His Mother and Sister.

From a photograph by Heath, Plymouth.

are most kings. Few royal wives, probably, are so happy as Princess Louis of Battenberg. It is not likely that she would change places with her sisters, the Czarina, the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, and Princess Henry of Prussia. She has few official duties, and she makes informal instead of state visits. Her little daughter and namesake, Victoria Alice, is a very pretty child, and a favorite wherever she goes.

It may be that the democratic blood which came in by way of that hotel waiter has sharpened their wits. One of them is the goddaughter of the Empress Engénie, and it is said that that bereaved lady has made the little girl her heiress, to the dismay of some members of the Montijo family. But after Eugénie had been an empress, and had been called "cousin" by the Queen of England, all other relationships became of

Digitized by Google

importance. She has given some of ious jewels to the child already, and own about her some of the charm of n ways. The imitative little Batten- iscinated more by the stories she has

The Archduchess Marie Valerie of Austria and Her Children.

From a photograph by Krziwanek, Vienna.

f Eugénie's court, and of the gay and al woman who was the empress of the , has taken her imaginary godmother odel, rather than the staid, sad old o is the Eugénie of today, and who s in the child's naïve resurrection of d self.

Battenbergs have been brought up aturally than any of the other royal children, because their royalty has not been too much insisted upon. Because a family happens to be made up of kings and queens, princesses and princes, there is no reason in these days, when enlightenment comes to the highest as well as the lowest, for their lacking a sense of humor. The way in which the Duchess of Edinburgh brought up her children has always been a joke among the English royalties. This princess was the sister of the late Czar of Russia, and she never for one instant lost sight of the fact, or allowed any one else to do so. She considered the Princess of Wales as a

Digitized by Google

The Emperor of Austria and His Grandchildren.
From a photograph by Kreisamek, Vienna.

person of no particular consequence, and entirely disapproved of her ways in her household. The Prince of Wales told a story of the duchess' son coming to his uncle with his fists in his eyes, crying that a sentry had failed to salute him—he was six years old—and he wanted the man put in the guard house at once. The Princess of Wales taught her children to speak courteously to every servant and soldier about the place, and her daughter in law, the Duchess of York, is bringing up the baby heir to the throne in the same fashion. This unfailing courtesy has made the Prince of Wales so popular that there is a saying in England that were that country to become a republic, Albert Edward would be unanimously elected as its first president.

The face of Queen Victoria's third son, the Duke of Connaught, is often to be seen in some of the Canadian cities, a reminder of his visit to Rideau Hall at the time when his sister, Princess Louise of Lorne, was there as the wife of the governor general. The duke's title was taken from an Irish province, those of his brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, representing the other divisions of Queen Victoria's kingdom. The same idea was followed in christening his children—Margaret, Arthur Patrick, and Victoria Patricia; but the names sit comically enough on these stolid, thoroughly Teutonic young people. Their mother was a daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, and they talk English with a decided German accent.

German blood is to be found in almost all the European courts. In Greece, the Duke of Sparta, who is himself the grandson of that German lieutenant who became King of Denmark, has married Sophie, the Kaiser's sister. If their son, the heir presumptive to the Hellenic crown, is as clever and strong and handsome as his father and uncles, he will make a worthy successor of the ancients of his land.

We heard a great deal of the Crown Prince

Digitized by Google

of Austria during his lifetime, but the world appears to have forgotten that Franz Josef has two daughters. The eldest, Gisela, has not been specially blessed by the fates. Her father and mother were separated during her childhood, and since her marriage she has been a princess of the mad Bavarian court. Her husband is the son of the regent, but not the heir, and her sister in law has made her anything but comfortable. Her only solace has been in the education of her children.

The emperor of Austria's youngest child, Marie Valerie, is her mother's favorite, inheriting all of her love of sport and outdoor life. Her marriage to the Archduke Francis Salvator of Tuscany excited interest everywhere. The christening of her first born, in February, 1892, was made a gala event, although the baby made her entrance into the world just as three members of her family left it. The empress pushed mourning aside, and said that the little Elizabeth should know only bright colors and sunshine. The child's mother seems to be the one happy individual of the unlucky house of Hapsburg.

The Empress Frederick of Germany and Her Grandson, Prince George of Sparta.
From a photograph by Voigt, Homburg.

And now it begins to appear possible that one of her children may rule in Austria and Hungary. It has been known for a long time that the emperor had this project in mind. There is a document called the "Pragmatic Sanction" which regulates the succession to the Austrian throne. A change in this would necessitate the consent of the powers of Europe and the parliaments of

Digitized by Google

both Austria and Hungary, but there would be no difficulty about this. The Pragmatic Sanction is the pact by which the Emperor Charles VI, in 1723, settled the crown on his daughter Maria Theresa and her heirs. There might be opposition in Hungary, where those who desire to separate the Magyar kingdom from the Austrian crown might seize the occasion for a move toward independence.

The Crown Prince of Portugal.
From a photograph by Camacho, Lisbon.

By the people of Vienna the subject of the succession of the Archduchess Valerie is often spoken of, and always with favor. It is well known that the pleasant faced young princess represents more to her father and mother, and to Austria, than most royal offsprings. While Francis Joseph married his wife for love, he has at times been notoriously untrue to her. It was years before the empress would believe this, but at last she was compelled to take notice of the vagaries of her lord. She re-

The Duke of Connaught's Children
From a photograph by Hughes & Mullins, Rock

Digitized by Google

fused to see him or speak to him, except on the most formal occasions, and had she not been a Catholic she would have sought a divorce. The whole machinery of the Austrian court seemed to come to a standstill. The empress had always had enemies, and these formed cabals against her. It was not a matter of weeks and months, but of years. Then one of the great nobles of Austria, a close friend of both, by infinite patience and tact brought about a reconciliation. The breach had been so great that the royal couple were rejoiced over by their entourage like a prince and his bride, and when the Archduchess Valerie was born she was taken into a place in the hearts of the people which she has never lost. Her marriage and the birth of her children have been national joys, and there is scarcely an Austrian who would not feel a thrill of gratification to see a son of hers on the throne. The old emperor spends all the time he can with her and her children, and his most popular photograph shows him with them.

No child in Europe has had so bitter a struggle waged over his cradle as Boris of Bulgaria, now a sturdy little two year old.

Prince Edward of York.

From his latest photograph by Downey, London.

His father, Prince Ferdinand, is the son of the Princess Clementine of France; and if she had not been determined that her son should wear a crown he might have been a very happy man, as she has an income of six hundred thousand dollars a year. In her insatiable ambition she spends most of this upon the Bulgarians, and makes her son truckle here and there in a way that by no means suits his temper. After endless nagging by Russia, and despite the strenuous resistance of his mother, who was backed by papal influence, the baby prince, whose parents are Catholics, was baptized

Digitized by Google

Prince Boris of Bulgaria.
From a photograph by Pietzner, Vienna.

into the Greek church. Most people doubt whether the little prince, orthodox or not, will ever sit on the throne which his father has been obliged to rivet together in so unsightly a fashion.

The little Crown Prince of Portugal, the son of Dom Carlos, that stout, fair haired young man whose mother used to rule him until he married a wife, was born into a court with one of the most dramatic histories in all Europe. Under the wise direction of Queen Amalie, a daughter of the late Comte de Paris, an era of peace seems to be established at Lisbon. She is more masculine than feminine, and has steered the ship of state with a strong hand. The birth of her son helped her plans materially. Up to that time, the queen dowager, Maria Pia, who hated her son's wife because the younger woman took the reins of government from her hands, had often been mentioned as the organizer of a *coup d' état* in favor of overthrowing Dom Carlos and seating his brother on the throne. But the baby prince conquered his grandmother.

It is the Queen of England, after all, who is the royal grandmother *par excellence.* She will have descendants on the three greatest thrones of Europe—Britain, Russia, and Germany, as well as those of Greece, Roumania, and several of the minor German states. Her grandmotherly influence is carefully conserved. She will not allow even the babies to escape it. Little Edward of York, her heir of the fourth generation, is constantly with her, and doubtless he will grow up with a thousand impressions stamped upon his baby mind by this powerful old lady. If she could call together, at this Christmas time, all the children who call her "Grandmother England," could set them to singing "Peace on Earth" as they clasped hands about the yule tree, and could imprint that heavenly message upon their hearts, the swords of armed Europe might be turned into pruning hooks.

George Holme

Digitized by Google

THE CHRISTIAN

By Hall Caine,

Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I—V.

THE central figures of the story are John Storm and Glory Quayle, both Manx by birth. John Storm is the son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Earl of Erin, prime minister of England. Both his father and his uncle loved the woman who married the former and became John's mother, and jealousy has estranged the brothers. Lord Storm brings up his son for a career in public life, and is bitterly disappointed when the young man decides to enter the church, and seeks a curacy in London.

Near Lord Storm's place at Knockaloe, in the Isle of Man, is Glenfaba, the house of Parson Quayle, the bishop's chaplain. Mr. Quayle's only son marries the bishop's wife's maid, a French girl, the daughter of an actress. Both of these young people die, leaving a little girl, Glory, to the care of her grandfather at Glenfaba. Glory has known John Storm since he was a boy and she a baby. At twenty she determines to become a hospital nurse, and when young Storm goes to London, to his curacy at All Saints', Belgravia, she travels with him to begin her work at Martha's Vineyard.

Storm is to live in the house of his vicar, Canon Wealthy, to whom he has been commended by his uncle, the premier. He finds the canon somewhat different from his ideal of what a follower of Christ should be.

VI.

ON Sunday morning John Storm's fellow curate came to his room to accompany him to church. The Rev. Joshua Golightly was a little man with a hook nose, small, keen eyes, scanty hair, and a voice that was something between a whisper and a whistle. He bowed subserviently, and made little meek speeches.

"I do trust you will not be disappointed with our church and service. We do all we can to make them worthy of our people."

As they walked down the streets he talked first of the church officers—there were honorary wardens and paid wardens, gentlemen sidesmen, and lady superintendents of the

Copyright, 1898, by Hall Caine.—This story began in the November number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Digitized by Google

floral decorations; then of the choir—which consisted of organist and choir master, professional members, voluntary members, and choir secretary. The anthem was sung by a professional singer—generally the tenor from the opera—the canon could always get such people, he was a great favorite with "the profession." Of course the singers were paid, and the difficulty this week had been due to the illness of the organist, and the exorbitant fee demanded in his absence by the Italian baritone from Covent Garden.

Disappointment and disenchantment were falling on John Storm at every step.

All Saints' was a plain, dark structure with a courtyard in front. The bells were ringing, and a line of carriages was drawing up at the portico as at the entrance to a theater, discharging their occupants and passing on. Two vergers in yellow and buff, with knee breeches, silk stockings, and powdered wigs, were receiving the congregation at the doors.

"Let us go in by the west door—I should like you to see the screen to advantage," said Mr. Golightly.

The inside of the church was gorgeous. As far up as the clerestory every wall was frescoed, and every timber of the roof was gilded. At the chancel end there was a wrought iron screen of exquisite delicacy, and the altar was laden with gold candlesticks. Above the altar and at either side of it there were stained glass windows. The morning sun was shining through them and filling the chancel with warm red gules of light. Some of the pews were upholstered like stalls. Ladies in beautiful spring dresses were following the vergers up the aisles.

"This way," the little curate whispered, and John Storm entered the sacristy by a low doorway like the auditorium entrance to a stage. There he met some six others of his fellow curates. They nodded to him, and went on fixing their surplices. The choir were gathering in their own quarters, where the violins were tuning up and the choir boys were laughing and behaving badly.

The bell slackened and stopped, and the organ began to play. When all were ready they stepped into a long corridor and formed in line, with their faces to the chancel and their backs to a little door at which a verger in blue stood guard.

"The canon's room," whispered Mr. Golightly.

A prayer was said by some one, the choir sang the response, and then they walked in procession to their places in the chancel, the choir boys first, the canon last. Seen through the tracery of the screen the congregation appeared to fill every sitting in the church with a blaze of light and color, and the atmosphere was now laden with delicate perfume.

The service was choral. An anthem was sung at the close of the sermon, the offertory being taken during the hymn before it. The professional singer looked like any other chorister in his surplice, save for his swarthy face and heavy mustache.

It was the canon himself who preached. He wore his Oxford hood of scarlet cloth with black silk lining. His sermon was eloquent and literary, and it was delivered with elocutionary power. There were many references to great writers, great painters, and great musicians, including a panegyric on Michelangelo and a quotation from Browning. The sermon concluded with a passage from Dante in the original Italian.

John Storm was dazed and perplexed. When the service was over he came out alone, returning down the aisle of the nave, which was now empty but still fragrant. Among other notices pasted on a board in the portico he found this one: "The vicar and wardens, having learnt with regret that purses have been lost on leaving the church, recommend the congregation to bring only such money as they may need for the offertory and general expenses."

Had he been to the house of God? No matter! God ruled the world in righteousness, and wrought out everything to His own glory.

Next morning he began duty as chaplain at the hospital, and when he had finished the reading of his first prayers he could see that he had lived down some of the derision due to his adventure with the old woman. That poor old bag of bones was sinking, and could not last much longer.

Going out by way of the dispensary he saw Glory again, and heard that she had been to church the day before. It was lovely. All those hundreds of nice looking people in gay colors, with the rustle of silk and the hum of voices—it was beautiful—it reminded her of the sea in summer. He asked what she thought of the sermon, and she said, "Well, it wasn't religion exactly—not what I call religion—not a 'reg'lar ronsing rampage for sowls,' as old Chalse used to say, but——"

"Glory," he said impetuously, "I'm to preach my first sermon on Wednesday."

He did not ask her to come, but inquired if she was on night duty. She answered "No," and then somebody called her.

Digitized by Google

"She'll be there," he told himself, and he walked home with uplifted head. He would look for her; he would catch her eye; she would see that it was not necessary to be ashamed of him again.

And then close behind, very close, came recollections of her appearance. He could reconstruct her new dress by memory—her face was easy to remember. "After all, beauty is a kind of virtue," he thought. "It lifts your heart up and gives you strength to bear the mockeries and insult which are included in the ensigns of Christ. And all natural friendship is good for the progress of souls if it is built upon the love of God."

He wrote nothing and learned nothing by heart. The only preparation he made for his sermon was thought and prayer. When the Wednesday night came he was very nervous. But the church was nearly empty, and the vergers, who were in their every day clothes, had only partially lit up the nave. The canon had done him the honor to be present; his fellow curates read the lessons and prayers.

As he ascended the pulpit he thought he saw the white bonnets of a group of nurses in the dim distance of one of the aisles, but he did not see Glory, and he dare not look again. His text was, "We are not of this world but of an everlasting kingdom." He gave it out twice and his voice sounded strange to him—so weak and thin in that hollow place.

When he began to speak, his sentences seemed awkward and difficult. The things of the world were temporal, and the nations of the world were out of harmony with God. Men were biting and devouring each other who ought to live as brothers. "Cheat and be cheated," was the rule of life, as a modern philosopher had said. On the one side were the many dying of want, on the other side the few occupied with poetry and art, writing addresses to flowers, and peddling in the portraiture of the moods and methods of love, living lives of gaiety and frivolity, taking pleasure in mere riches and the lusts of the eye, while thousands of wretched mortals were groveling in the mire. Nations must be on the decline where such things could occur, and even men and women without the moral virtues, however brilliant or beautiful they might be, were overtaken by the judgment of God. Then where was our refuge? The church was the refuge of God's people, and from Christ came the answer—the answer—the——

His words would not flow. He fought hard, threw out another passage, then stammered, began again, staggered again, felt hot, made a fresh effort, flagged, rattled out some words he had fixed in his mind, perspired, lost his voice, and finally stopped in the middle of a sentence and said, "And now to God the Father—" and came down from the pulpit.

His sermon had been a failure, and he knew it. On going back to the sacristy the Reverend Golightly congratulated him with a simper and a vapid smile. The canon was more honest but more vain. He mingled lofty advice with gentle reproof. Mr. Storm had taken his task too lightly. Better if he had written his sermon and read it. Whatever might serve for the country, congregations in London—at All Saints' especially—expected culture and preparation.

"For my own part I confess—nay, I am proud to declare—my watchword is Rehearse! Rehearse! Rehearse!"

As for the doctrine of the sermon, it was not above question. It was necessary to live in the *nineteenth* century, and it was impossible to apply to its conditions the rules of life that had been proper to the first.

John Storm made no resistance. He was humiliated in his own eyes. Surely he must have mistaken his vocation. And what a price he had paid for that bitter knowledge!

He slept badly that night. As often as he dozed off he dreamed that he was trying to do something he could not do, and when he awoke he became hot as with the memory of a disgrace. And always back of his shame was the thought of Glory.

Next morning he was alone in his room and fumbling the toast of his breakfast when the door opened and a cheery voice cried, "May I no come in, laddie?"

An elderly lady entered. She was tall and slight, and had a long fine face with shrewd but kindly eyes, and nearly snow white hair.

"I'm Jane Callender," she said; "and I couldna wait for an introduction or see bother, but must just come and see ye. Ey, laddie, it was a bonnie sermon yon! I've no heard the match of it since I came frae Peebles and sat under the good Dr. Guthrie. Now *he* was nae slavish reader neither—none of your paper preachers was Thomas. My word, but you gave us the right doctrine, too! They're given over to the worship of Beelzebub—half these church going folks. Oh, these Pharisees! They are enough to sour milk. I wish they had one neck and somebody would just squeeze it. Now

Digitized by Google

where did you hear that, Jane? But no matter! And the lasses are worse than the men, with their fashions and foldololls. They love Jesus, but they like Him best in heaven, not bothering down in Belgravia. But I must be going my ways. I left James on the street, and there's nae living with the man if you keep his horses waiting. Good morning til ye! . . . But ey, laddie, I'm afraid for ye! I'm thinking—I'm thinking—but come and see me at Victoria Square. Good morning!"

She had rattled this off at a breath, and had hardly given time for a reply when her black silk was rustling down the stairs.

John Storm remembered that the canon had spoken of her. She was the good woman who kept the maternity home for unfortunate girls at Soho; one of those true Christians, whose heart, the soul of charity, lived in the sunshine of a bright, sensible, racy faith.

"The good creature only came to comfort me," he thought, and that was all the attention he gave to her visit.

Glory! What was Glory thinking? That morning after prayers at the hospital he went in search of her in the out patient department, but she pretended to be overwhelmed with work, and only nodded and smiled and excused herself.

"I haven't got a moment this morning either for the king or his dog. I'm up to my eyes in bandages, and have fourteen plasters on my conscience, and now I must run away to my little boy whose leg was amputated on Saturday."

He understood her, but he came back in the evening and was resolved to face it out.

"What did you think of last night, Glory?" Then she put on a look of blank amazement.

"Why, what happened? Oh, of course—the sermon! How stupid of me! Do you know I forgot all about it?"

"You were not there, then?"

"Don't ask me. Really, I'm ashamed. After my promise to grandfather, too! But Wednesday doesn't count any way, does it? You'll preach on Sunday now and then!"

His first feeling of relief was followed by a sense of still deeper humiliation. Glory had not even troubled herself to remember. Evidently he was nothing to her—nothing; while she——

He walked home through St. James' Park, and under the tall trees the peaceful silence of the night came down on him. The sharp clack of the streets was deadened to a low hum as of the sea afar off. Across the gardens he could see the clock in the tower of Westminster, and hear the great bell strike the quarters. London! How little and selfish all personal thoughts were in the contemplation of the mighty city. The vast place slept full of its dead—millions on millions of them of all generations. What a sight the resurrection of London would be!

He had been thinking only of himself and his own little doings. It was all so small and pitiful.

"Did my shame at my failure in the pulpit proceed solely from fear of losing the service of God, or did it proceed from wounded ambition, from pride, from thoughts of Glory——"

But the peaceful stars were over him. It was a majestic night.

VII.

"DEAR AUNTIE RACHEL,—Tell grandpa, to begin with, that John Storm preached his first sermon on Wednesday last, and according to program I was there to hear it. Oh, God bless me, what a time I had of it! He broke down in the middle, taking stage fright or pulpit fright or some such devilry, though there was nothing to be afraid of except a bandboxful of chattering girls who didn't listen, and a few old fogies with ear trumpets. I was sitting in the darkness at the back, effectually concealed from the preacher by the broad shoulders of Ward Sister Allworthy, who is an example of 'delicate femalism' just verging on old maidenism. They tell me the 'discoorse' was a short one, but I never got so many prayers into the time in all my born days, and my breath was coming and going so fast that the sister must have thought they had set up a pumping engine in the pew behind her. Our poor, heavy laden Mr. Storm has been here since then with his sad and eager face, but I hadn't the stuff in me to tell him the truth about the sermon, so I told him I had forgotten to go and hear it, and may the Lord have mercy on my soul!

"You want to know how I employ my time? Well, lest you should think I give up my days to dreams and my nights to idleness, I hasten to tell that I rise at 6, breakfast at 6.30, begin duty at 7, sup at 9.30 P. M., gossip till 10, and then go into my room and put myself to bed; and there I am at the end of it. Being only a probationer I am chiefly in the out patient department, where my duties are to collect the things wanted at the dispensary, make the patients ready to see the surgeon and

Digitized by Google

pass them on to the dressers in the dressing room. My patients at present are the children, and I love them, and shall break my heart when I have to leave them. They are not always too well looked after by the surgeon, but that doesn't matter in the least, because, you see, they are constantly watched by the best and most learned doctor in the world—that's me.

"Last Saturday I had my first experience of the operating theater. Gracious goodness! I thought I shouldn't survive it. Fortunately I had the bandages and sponges to look after, so I just stiffened my back with a sort of imaginary six foot steel bar, and went on 'like blazes.' But some of these ward nurses are just 'ter'ble'; they take a professional pleasure in descending to that inferno, and wouldn't miss a 'theater' for worlds. On Saturday it was a little boy of five who had his leg amputated, and now when you ask the white faced darling where he's going to he says he's going to the angels, and he'll get lots of gristly pork up there. He *is*, too.

"The personnel of our vineyard is abundant, but there are various sour grapes growing about. We have a medical school (containing lots of nice boys, only a girl may not speak to them even in the corridors), and a full staff of honorary and visiting physicians and surgeons. But the only doctor we really have much to do with is the house doctor, a young fellow who has just finished his student's course. His name is Abery, and since Saturday he has so much respect for Glory that she might even swear in his presence (in Manx), but Sister Allworthy takes care that she doesn't, having designs on his celibacy herself. He must have sung his 'Te Deum' after the operation, for he got gloriously drunk and wanted to inject morphia in a patient recovering from trouble of the kidney. It was an old hippopotamus of a German musician named Koenig, and he was in frantic terror. So I whispered to him to pretend to go to sleep, and then I told the doctor I had lost my syringe. But—'Gough bless me sowl!'—what a dressing the sister gave me!

"Yesterday was visiting day, and when the friends of the patients come even a hospital can have its humors. They try to sneak in little dainties which may be delicious in themselves, but are deadly poison to the people they are intended for. Then we have to search under the bed clothes of the patients and even feel the pockets of their visitors. The mother of my little boy came yesterday, and I noticed such a large protuberance at her bosom under her ulster that I began to foresee another operation. It was only a brick of current cake, paved with lemon peel. I hauled it out and moved round like a cloud of thunder and lightning. But she began to cry and to say she had made it herself for Johnnie, and then—well, didn't I just get a wigging from the sister, though!

"But I don't mind what happens here, for I am in London, and to be in London is to live, and to live is to be in London. I've not seen much of it yet, having only two hours off duty every day, from ten to twelve, and then all I can do is to make little dips into the park and the district round about like a new pigeon with its wings clipped. But I watch the great new world from my big box up here, and see the carriages in the park and the people riding on horseback. They have a new handshake in London. You lift your hand to the level of your shoulder, and then waggle horizontally as if you had put your elbow out; and when you begin to speak you say 'I—er—' as if you had got the mumps. But it is beautiful! The sound of the traffic is like music, and I feel like a war horse that wants to be marching to it. How delightful it is to be young in a world so full of loveliness! And if you are not very ugly it's none the worse.

"All hospital nurses are just now basking in the sunshine of a forthcoming ball. It is to be held at Bartimæus' Hospital, where they have a large theater, and the dancing there is for once to be to a happier tune. All the earth is to be there—all the hospital earth—and if I could afford to array myself in the necessary splendor I should show this benighted London what an absolute angel Glory is! But then my first full holiday is to be on the 24th, when I expect to be out from 10 A. M. until 10 P. M. I am nearly crazy whenever I think of it, and when the time comes to make my first plunge into London I know I shall hold my breath exactly as if I were taking a header off Creg Malin rocks.

"GLORY."

VIII.

ON the morning of the 24th Glory rose at five that she might get through her work and have the entire day for her holiday. At that hour she came upon a rough haired nurse wearing her cap a little on one side and washing a floor with disinfectants. Being in great spirits Glory addressed her cheerfully.

Digitized by Google

"Are you off today too?" she said.

The nurse gave her a contemptuous glance and answered, "I'm not one of your paying probationers, miss—playing probationers *I* call them. We nurses are hard working women whose life spells duty, and we've got no time for sight seeing and holiday making."

"No, but you are one of those who ruin the profession altogether," said a younger woman who had just come up. "They will expect everybody to do the same. This is my day off, but I have to do the grate and sweep the ward, and wash the patients, and make my own bed, and tidy the nurses' room—and it's all through people like you. Small thanks you get for it, either, for a girl may not even wear her hair in a fringe, and she is always expecting to hear the matron's 'You're not fit for nursing, miss.'"

Glory looked at her. She was an exquisitely pretty girl, with dark hair, pink and ivory cheeks, and light gray eyes, but her hands were coarse and her finger nails flat and square, and when you looked again there was a certain blemished appearance about her beauty as of a Parian vase that is cracked somewhere.

"Do you say you are off today?" said Glory.

"Yes, I am; are you?"

"Yes, but I'm strange to London. Could you take me with you—if you are going nowhere in particular?"

"Certainly, dear. I've noticed you before and wanted to speak to you. You're the girl with the splendid name—Glory, isn't it?"

"Yes, what is yours?"

"Polly Love."

At ten o'clock that morning the two girls set out for their long day's jaunt.

"Now where shall we go?" said Polly.

"Let us go where we can see a great many people," said Glory.

"That's easy enough, for this is the queen's birthday, and——"

Glory thought of Aunt Rachel and made a cry of delight.

"And now I think of it," said Polly, "I've got tickets for the trooping of the colors—the queen's colors, you know."

"Shall we see her?" said Glory.

"What a question! Why, no, but we'll see the soldiers and the generals and perhaps the prince. It's at ten thirty, and only across the park."

"Come along," said Glory, and she began to drag at her companion and to run.

"My gracious, what a girl you are, to be sure!"

But they were both running in another minute and laughing and chattering like children escaped from school. In a quarter of an hour they were at the entrance to the Horse Guards. There was a crowd at the gates and a policeman was taking tickets. Polly dived into her pocket.

"Where are mine? Oh, here they are. A great friend gave me them," she whispered. "He has a chum in one of those offices."

"A gentleman?" said Glory with studied politeness; but they were crushing through the gate by that time, and thereafter she had eyes and ears for nothing but the pageant before her.

It was a beautiful morning, and the spring foliage of the park was very green and fresh. Three sides of the great square were lined with redcoats; the square itself was thronged with people, and every window and balcony looking over it was filled. There were soldiers, sentries, policemen, the generals in cocked hats and the prince himself in a busby, riding by with the jingle of spurs and curb chain. Then the ta-ra-ta-ta-ra of the bugle, the explosive voice crying "Escort for the color," the orderly carrying it, the white gloves of the staff fluttering up the salute, the flash of bayonets, the march round, and the band playing "The British Grenadiers." It was like a dream to Glory. She felt her bosom heaving, and was afraid she was going to cry.

Polly was laughing and prattling merrily. "Ha, ha, ha! see that soldier chasing a sunshade? My! He has caught it with his sword."

"I suppose these are all great people," whispered Glory.

"I should think so," said Polly. "Do you see that gentleman in the window opposite?—that's the Foreign Office."

"Which?" said Glory, but her eyes were wandering.

"The one in the frock coat and the glossy silk hat talking to the lady in the green lawn and the black lace fichu and the spring bonnet."

"You mean beside that plain girl wearing the jungle of rhododendrons?"

"Yes; that's the gentleman who gave my friend the tickets."

Glory looked at him for a moment and something very remote seemed to stir in her memory, but the band was playing once more and she was wafted away again. It was "God Save the Queen" this time, and when it ended and everybody cried "All over," she took a long, deep breath and said, "*Well!*"

Digitized by Google

Polly was laughing at her, and Glory had to laugh also. They set each other off laughing, and people began to look at them, and then they had to laugh again and run away.

"This Glory is the funniest girl," said Polly; "she is surprised at the simplest thing."

They went to look at the shops, passing up Regent Street, across the Circus, and down Oxford Street towards the City, laughing and talking nonsense all the time. Once when they made a little purchase at a shop, the shopwoman looked astonished at the freedom with which they carried themselves, and after that they felt inclined to go into every shop in the street and behave absurdly everywhere. In the course of two hours they had accomplished all the innocent follies possible to the intoxication of youth, and were perfectly happy.

By this time they had reached the Bank and were feeling the prickings of hunger, so they looked out a restaurant in Cheapside and went in for some dinner. The place was full of men, and several of them rose at once when the two girls entered. They were in the outdoor hospital costume, but there was something flaming about Polly's toilet, and the men kept looking their way and smiling. Glory looked back boldly and said in an audible voice, "What fun it must be to be a barmaid, and to have the gentlemen wink at you, and be laughing back at them!" But Polly nudged her and told her to be quiet. She looked down herself, but nevertheless contrived to use her eyes as a kind of furtive electric battery in the midst of the most innocent conversation. It was clear that Polly had flown farthest in the ways of the world, and when you looked at her again you could see that the balance of her life had been deranged by some one.

After dinner the girls got into an omnibus and went still farther east, sitting at opposite sides of the car and laughing and talking loudly to each other amid the astonishment of the other occupants. But when they came to mean and ugly streets with greengrocers' barrows by the curbstone, and weird and dreary cemeteries in the midst of gaunt green sticks that were trying to look like trees, Glory thought they had better return.

They went back by the Thames ferry boat from some landing stage among the docks. The steamer picked up passengers at every station on the river, and at London Bridge a band came aboard. As they sailed under St. Paul's the boat was crowded with people going west to see the celebrations in honor of the birthday, and the band was playing "Her golden hair was hanging down her back."

At one moment Glory was wild with delight and at the next her gaiety seemed to be suddenly extinguished. The sun was setting behind the towers of Westminster in a magnificent lake of fire, and it seemed like the sun going down at Peel, except that the lights beneath, which glistened and flashed, were windows, not waves, and the deep hum was not the noise of the mighty sea, but the noise of mighty millions.

They landed at Westminster Bridge and went to a tea room for tea. When they came out it was quite dark, and they got on to the top of an omnibus. But the town was now ablaze with torches and with electric lights that were flinging out the initials of the queen, and Whitehall was dense with carriages going to the Treasury offices. Glory wanted to be in the midst of so much life, so the girls got down and walked arm in arm.

As they passed through Piccadilly Circus they were laughing again, for the oppression of the crowds made them happy. The throng was greatest at that point, and they had to push their way through. Among others there were many gaily dressed women who seemed to be waiting for omnibuses. Glory noticed that two of these women, who were grimacing and lisping, had spoken to a man who was also lounging about. She tugged at Polly's arm.

"That's strange! Did you see that?" she said.

"That! Oh, that's nothing. It's done every day," said Polly.

"What does it mean?" said Glory.

"Why, you don't mean to say—well, this Glory—really your friends ought to take care of you, my dear, you are so ignorant of the world."

And then suddenly, as by a flash of lightning, Glory had her first glimpse of the tragic issues of life.

"Merciful heavens! Come along," she whispered, and dragged Polly after her.

They were panting past the end of St. James' Street when a man with an eyeglass and a great shield of shirt front collided with them and saluted them. Glory was for forging ahead, but Polly had drawn up.

"It's only my friend," said Polly in another voice. "This is a new nurse. Her name is Glory."

The man said something about a glorious name and a glorious pleasure to be nursed by such a nurse, and then both the girls

Digitized by Google

laughed. He was glad they had found his tickets useful, but sorry he could not see them back to the hospital, being dragged away to the bally Treasury reception in honor of the old lady's birthday.

"But I'm coming to the ball, you know, and," with a glance at Glory, "I've half a mind to bring my chum along with me."

"Oh, do," said Polly, partly covering the pupils of her eyes with her eyelids.

The man lowered his voice and said something about Glory which Glory did not catch, then waved his white kid glove, saying "Ta-ta," and was gone.

"Is he married?" said Glory.

"Married! Good gracious, no; what ridiculous ideas you've got!"

It was only ten minutes after ten as the girls turned in at a sharp trot at the door of the hospital, still prattling and chattering and bringing some of the gaiety and nonsense of their holiday into the quiet atmosphere of the house of pain. The porter shook his finger at them with mock severity, but a ward sister going through the porch in her white silence stopped to say that a patient had been crying out for one of them.

"It's me—I know it's me," said Polly. "I've got a brother here out of a monastery, and he can't do with anybody else about him. It makes me tired of my life."

But it was Glory who was wanted. The woman whom John Storm had picked up out of the streets was dying. Glory had nursed her, and the poor old thing had kept herself alive that she might deliver to Glory her last charge and message. She could see nobody, so Glory leaned over the bed and spoke to her.

"I'm here, mammie; what is it?" she said, and the flushed young face was close above the withered and white one.

"He spoke to me friendly and squeedged my 'and, he did. Sowelp me never, it's true. Gimme a black cloth on my corfin, my dear, and mind yer tell him to foller."

"Yes, mammie, yes; I will—be sure I—I—— Oh!"

It was Glory's first death.

IX.

JOHN STORM had been through his first morning call that afternoon. For this ordeal he had presented himself in a flannel shirt in the hall, where the canon was waiting for him in patent leather boots and kid gloves, and his daughter Felicity in cream silk and white feathers. After they had seated themselves in the carriage, the canon said, "You don't quite do yourself justice, Mr. Storm. Believe me, to be well dressed is a great thing to a young man making his way in London."

The carriage stopped at a house that seemed to be only round the corner.

"This is Mrs. Mackray's," the canon whispered. "An American lady—widow of a millionaire. Her daughter—you will see her presently—is to marry into one of our best English families."

They were walking up the wide staircase behind the footman in blue—a gorgeous person suffering from what Glory would have called a bad attack of the mumps. There was a buzz of voices coming from a room above.

"Canon—er—Wealthy, Miss Wealthy, and—er—the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Storm!"

The buzz of voices abated, and a bright faced little woman, showily dressed, came forward and welcomed them with a marked accent. There were several other ladies in the room, but only one gentleman. This person, who was standing, with tea cup and saucer in hand, at the farther side, screwed an eyeglass in his eye, looked across at John Storm, and then said something to the lady in the chair beside him. The lady tittered a little. John Storm looked back at the man, as if by an instinctive certainty that he must know him when he saw him again. He wore a stiff collar like a linen handcuff about the neck, and was rather ugly; tall, slender, a little past thirty; fair, with soft, sleepy eyes, and no life in his expression, but agreeable; fit for good society, with the stamp of good breeding, and capable of saying little humorous things in a thin "roofy" voice.

"I was real sorry I didn't hear Mr. Storm Wednesday evening," Mrs. Mackray was saying with a mincing smile. "My daughter told me it was just too lovely. Mercy, this is your great preacher. Persuade him to come to my 'at home' on Tuesday."

A tall, dark girl, with gentle manners and a beautiful face, came slowly forward, put her hand into John's, and looked steadily into his eyes without speaking.

"Ah, you ladies, you're incorrigible," said the canon, with a short wooden laugh. "Don't listen to them, my dear Storm. But I promise you, dear Mrs. Mackray, Mr. Storm shall preach on Sunday before long, and then—then you'll all desert *me*, I know you will."

Everybody laughed except John; and the gentleman with the eyeglass (who had followed Miss Mackray with his eye) said

Digitized by Google

suavely, "Have you been long in London, Mr. Storm?"

"Two weeks," answered John shortly, and half turned his head.

"How—er—interesting!" with a prolonged drawl and a little cold titter.

The man was no fool, but evidently he was allowed to play the spoilt child in this company. John felt his hands and feet grow cold.

"Oh, Lord Robert Ure—the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Storm," said the hostess.

"Mr. Storm has done me the honor to become one of my assistant clergy, Lord Robert," said the canon, "but he is not likely to be a curate long."

"That is charming," said Lord Robert. "It is always a relief to hear that I am likely to have one candidate the less for my poor perpetual curacy in Westminster. They're at me like flies around a honey pot, don't you know. I thought I had made the acquaintance of all the perpetual curates in Christendom. And what a sweet team they are, to be sure! The last of them came yesterday, I was out, and my friend Drake—Drake, of the Home Office, you know—couldn't give the man the living, so he gave him sixpence instead, and the creature went away quite satisfied."

Everybody seemed to laugh except John (who only stared into the air), and the loudest laughter came from the canon. But suddenly an incisive voice said:

"But why sharpen your teeth on the poor curates? Is there not a canon or a bishop handy that's better worth a bite?"

It was Mrs. Callender.

"I tell ye a story, too, only *mine* shall be a true one."

"Jane! Jane!" said the hostess, shaking her fan as a weapon; and Lord Robert stretched his neck over his collar and made an amiable smile.

"A girl of eighteen came to me this morning at Soho. Her father was a wicked rector, who died last year leaving thirty one thousand pounds; and the mother of this unfortunate girl is now in the workhouse."

It was the first sincere word that had been spoken, where every tone had been wrong, every gesture false, and it fell on the company like a thunderclap. John Storm drew his breath hard, looked up at Lord Robert, by some swift impulse, and felt himself avenged.

"What a beautiful day it has been," said somebody.

Everybody looked up at the maker of this surprising remark. It was a lady, and she blushed until her cheeks burned again.

A painful silence followed, and then the hostess turned to Lord Robert and said:

"You spoke of your friend Drake, didn't you? Everybody is talking of him, and as for the girls they seem to be crazy about the man. So handsome, they say, so natural, and then such a splendid talker. But then, girls are so quick to take fancies to people. You really must take care of yourself, my dear." (This to Felicity.) "Who is he? Lord Robert will tell you—an official of some kind, and son of Sir something Drake of one of the north counties. He knows the secret of getting on in the world, though—he doesn't go about too much. But I've determined not to live any longer without making the acquaintance of this wonderful being, so Lord Robert must bring him Tuesday evening or else——"

John Storm escaped at last, without promising to come to the "at home." He went direct to the hospital and learned that Glory was out for the day. Where she could have gone, and what she could be doing, puzzled him grievously. That she had not put herself under his counsel and direction on her first excursion abroad hurt his pride and wounded his sense of responsibility. As the night fell in his anxiety increased. Though he knew she would not return until ten o'clock he set out at nine to meet her.

At a venture he took the eastward course, and passed slowly down Piccadilly. The façade of nearly every club facing the park was flaming with electric light. Young men in evening dress were standing on the steps, smoking, and taking the air after dinner, and pretty girls in showy costumes were promenading leisurely in front of them. Sometimes as a girl passed she looked sharply up and the corner of her mouth would be raised a little, and when she had gone by there would be a general burst of voluptuous laughter.

John's blood boiled, and then his heart sank; he felt so helpless, his pity and indignation were so useless and unnecessary.

All at once he saw what he had been looking for. As he went by the corner of St. James' Street, he almost collided with Glory and another nurse in the costume of their hospital. They did not observe him, they were talking to a man; it was the man he had met in the afternoon, Lord Robert Ure.

John heard the man say, "Your Glory is such a glorious——" and then he lowered his voice, and appeared to say something that was very amusing, for the other girl laughed a great deal.

Digitized by Google

John's soul was now fairly in revolt, and he wanted to stop, to order the man off and to take charge of the two nurses as his duty seemed to require him to do. But he passed them, then looked back and saw them separate, and as the man went by he watched the girls going westward. There was a glimpse of them under the gas lamp, as they crossed the street, and again a glimpse as they passed into the darkness under the trees of the park.

He could not trust himself to return to the hospital that night, and his indignation was no less in the morning. But there was a letter from Glory saying that his poor old bag of bones was dead, and she had begged that he would bury her. He dressed himself in his best ("We can't take liberties with the poor," he thought) and walked across to the hospital at once. There he asked for Glory, and they went down stairs together to that chill chamber underground which has always its silent occupant. It is only a short tenancy that anybody can have there, so the old woman had to be buried the same morning. The parish was to bury her, and the van was at the door.

He was standing with Glory in the hall, and his heart had softened to her.

"Glory," he said, "you shouldn't have gone out yesterday without telling me—the dangers of London are so great."

"What dangers?" she asked.

"Well, to a young, a beautiful girl——"

Glory peered up under her long eyelashes.

"I mean the dangers from—I'm ashamed in my soul to say it—the dangers from men."

She shot up a quick glance into his face and said in a moment, "You saw us, didn't you?"

"Yes, I saw you, and I didn't like your choice of company."

She dropped her head demurely, and said, "The man?"

John hesitated. "I was speaking of the girl. I don't like the freedom with which she carries herself in this house."

Glory's lower lip began to show its inner side. "She's bright and lively—that's all I care."

"But it's not all *I* care, Glory, and if such men as that are her friends outside——"

Glory's head went up. "What is it to me who are her friends outside?"

"Everything, if you allow yourself to meet them again."

"Well," doggedly, "I *am* going to meet them again. I'm going to the nurses' ball on Tuesday."

John answered with deliberation, "Not in that girl's company."

"Why not?"

"I say *not* in that girl's company."

There was a short pause, and then Glory said with a quivering mouth, "You are vexing me, and you will end by making me cry. Don't you see you are degrading me? I am not used to being degraded. You see me with a little weak silly creature who hasn't an idea in her head and can do nothing but giggle and laugh and make eyes at men, and you think I am going to be led away by her. Do you suppose a girl can't take care of herself?"

"As you will, then," said John, with a fling of his hand, going off down the steps.

"Mr. Storm—Mr. Storm—Jo—Joh——"

But he was out on the pavement and getting into the workhouse van.

"Ah!" said a mincing voice beside her, "how jolly it is when anybody is suffering for your sake! It makes you so happy."

It was Polly Love, and again her eyelids were half covering her eyes.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," said Glory; her own eyes were swimming in big tear drops.

"Don't you? What a funny girl you are! But your education has been neglected, my dear."

It was a combination van and hearse with the coffin under the driver's box, and John Storm (as the only discoverable mourner) with the undertaker on the seat inside.

"Will ye be willin' ter tike the service at the cimitery, sir?" said the undertaker, and John answered that he would.

The grave was on the paupers' side of Kensal Green, and when the undertaker, with his man, had lowered the coffin to its place, he said, "They've gimme abart three more funerals this morning, so I'll leave ye now, sir, to finish 'er off."

At the next moment John Storm in his surplice was alone with the dead, and had opened his book to read the burial service which no human ear was to hear.

He read "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and then the bitter loneliness of the pauper's doom came down on his soul and silenced him.

But his imprisoned passion had to find a vent, and that night he wrote to the prime minister: "I begin to understand what you meant when you said I was in the wrong place. Oh, this London, with its society, its worldly clergy, its art, its literature, its luxury, its idle life, all built on the toil of the country and the sweat of the nameless poor! Oh, this Circe of cities,

Digitized by Google

drawing people to it, decoying them, seducing them, and then turning them into swine! It seems impossible to live in the world and to be spiritually minded. When I try to do so I am torn in two."

X.

On the following Tuesday evening two young men were dining in their chambers in St. James' Street. One of them was Lord Robert Ure; the other was his friend and house mate, Horatio Drake. Drake was younger than Lord Robert by some seven or eight years, and also beyond comparison more attractive. His face was manly and handsome, its expression was open and breezy; he was broad shouldered and splendidly built, and he had the fair hair and blue eyes of a boy.

Their room was a large one, and it was full of beautiful and valuable things, but the furniture was huddled about in disorder. A large chamber organ, a grand piano, a mandolin and two violins, pictures on the floor as well as on the walls, many photographs (chiefly girls) scattered about everywhere, and the mirror over the mantelpiece framed with invitation cards, which were stuck between the glass and the frame.

Their man had removed the dishes and brought in the coffee and cigarettes. Lord Robert was speaking in his weary drawl, which had always the worn out tone of a man who had made a long journey and was very sleepy.

"Come, dear boy, make up your mind, and let us be off."

"But I'm tired to death of these fashionable routs," said Drake.

"So am I," said Lord Robert.

"They're so unnatural—so unnecessary," said Drake.

"My dear fellow," said Lord Robert, "of course they're unnatural—of course they're unnecessary; but what would you have?"

"Anything human and natural," said Drake—"a game of quoits, a game of dominoes, a game of hop-skip-and-a-jump on the pavement outside—anything in the heavens above or on the earth beneath, instead of these wretched attempts at gaiety, where everything is hollow and empty; these meaningless crushes, where your only duty is to talk as fast as an express train and yet make no progress, to bow and scrape and smirk, to grimace agreeably, to yawn decorously, and to go through all the ordeals of being bored. I don't care a ha'p'orth about the morality of these things—not I—but I am dead sick of their stupidity."

Lord Robert made languid puffs of his cigarette, and said, in a tearful drawl, "My dear Drake, of course it is exactly as you say. Who doesn't know it's so? It has always been so, and always will be. These things are the unavoidable circumstances of life, and it is really only your provincialism—yes, dear boy, your provincialism—which makes you imagine that there's anything extraordinary about them. In the depths of your soul you believe everybody ought *to work*. You do, don't you know, you really do. But what refuge is there for rich people but these diversions which you despise? And as for the poor leisured classes—well, they manage to make their play their business sometimes, don't you know. Confess that they do sometimes, now, eh?"

Lord Robert was laughing with an awkward constraint; but Drake looked frankly into his face and said,

"How's that matter going on, Robert?"

"Fairly, I think, though the girl is not very hot on it," said Lord Robert. "The thing came off last week, and when it was over I felt as if I had proposed to the girl and been accepted by the mother, don't you know. I believe this rout tonight is expressly in honor of the event, so it is impossible that I can be away from it. The little woman has bought me, I suppose—my name, my high sounding title, or whatever it is—and I mustn't run away from my bargain now."

He lay back, sent funnels of smoke to the ceiling, and then said with a laugh like a gurgle, "I'm not likely to, though. That eternal dun, Roosevelt, was here again today. I had to tell him that the marriage would come off in a year certain. That was the only understanding on which he would agree to wait for his money. Bad? Of course it's bad; but what would you have, dear boy?"

The men smoked in silence for a moment, and then Lord Robert said again, "Come, old fellow, for friendship's sake, if nothing else. She's a decent little woman, and dead bent on having you at her house tonight. And if you're badly bored we'll not stay long. We'll come away early and—listen!—we'll slip across to the nurses' ball at Bartimæus' Hospital—there'll be fun enough there, at all events."

"I'll go," said Drake.

"Benson," shouted Lord Robert to their man, who was in the bed room, "lay out the clothes at once, my lad!"

Half an hour later the two young men were driving up to the door of Mrs. Mack-

Digitized by Google

ray's house in Belgrave Square. There was a line of carriages in front of it, and they had to wait their turn to approach the gate. Footmen in gorgeous livery were ready to open the cab door, to help the guests across the red baize that lay on the pavement, to usher them into the hall, to lead them to the little marble chamber where they entered their names in a list intended for the next *Court Circular* and to-morrow's *Morning Post*, and finally to direct them to the great staircase where the general crush moved slowly up to the saloon above.

In the well of the stairs, half hidden behind a little forest of palms and ferns, a band in yellow and blue uniform sat playing the people in. On the landing the hostess stood waiting to receive, and the guests moved past her in a rapid and babbling stream. She welcomed Lord Robert effusively, and motioned to him to stand by her side. Then she introduced her daughter to Drake and sent them adrift through the rooms.

The chambers were large ones with parquet flooring from which all furniture had been removed, except the palms and ferns by the walls and the heavy chandeliers overhead. It was not yet ten o'clock; but already the house was crowded, and every moment there were floods of fresh arrivals. The night was close and the atmosphere was hot and oppressive. At the farther end of the suite there was a refreshment room with its lantern lights pulled open; but there the crush was densest and the commotion greatest. The click clack of many voices cut the thick air as with a thousand knives, and over the multitudinous clatter there was always the unintelligible boom of the band down stairs.

Most of the guests looked tired. The men made some effort to be cheerful, but the women were frankly jaded and fagged. Bedizened with diamonds, coated with paint and powder, laden with rustling silks, they looked weary and worn out. When spoken to they would struggle to smile, but the smiles would break down after a moment into dismal looks of misery and oppression.

"Had enough?" whispered Lord Robert to Drake.

Drake was satisfied, and Lord Robert began to make their excuses.

"Going already!" said Mrs. Mackray. "An official engagement, you say? Mr. Drake, is it? Oh, don't tell me! I know—*I* know! Well, you'll be married and settled one of these days—and then!"

They were in a hansom cab driving across London in the direction of Bartimæus' Hospital. Drake was bareheaded and fanning himself with his crush hat. Lord Robert was lighting a cigarette.

"Pshaw! What a stifling den! Did you ever hear such a clitter clatter? A perfect Tower of Babel building company! What in the name of common sense do those people suppose they're doing by penning themselves up like that on a night like this? What are they thinking about?"

"Thinking about, dear boy? You're unreasonable! Nobody wants to think about anything in such scenes of charming folly."

"But the women! Did you *ever* see such faded, jaded, worn out dummies for the display of diamonds? Poor little women in their splendid misery! I was sorry for your *fiancée*, Robert. She was the only woman in the house without that hateful stamp of worldliness and affectation."

"My dear Drake, you've learned many things, but there's one thing you have not yet learned—you haven't learned how to take serious things as trifles and trifles as serious things. Learn it, my boy, or you'll embitter existence. You are not going to alter the conditions of civilization by any change in your own particular life; so just look out the prettiest, wittiest, wealthiest little woman who is a dummy for a display of diamonds."

"Me? Not if I know it, old fellow! Give me a little nature and simplicity if it hasn't got a second gown to its back."

"All right—as you like," said Lord Robert, flinging out the end of his cigarette. "You've got the pull of some of us—you can please yourself. And here we are at old Bartimæus', and this is a very different pair of shoes!"

They were driving out of one of London's crowded thoroughfares, through a low groined archway, into one of London's ancient buildings with its quiet quadrangle where trees grow and birds sing. Every window of the square was lighted up, the leaves were pattering, and there was a low murmur of music being played within.

"Listen," said Lord Robert. "I am here ostensibly as the guest of the visiting physician, don't you know, but really in the interests of the little friend I told you of."

"The one I got the tickets for last week?"

"Precisely."

At the next moment they were in the ball room. It was the operating theater of the hospital—a great circular hall with a gallery running round its walls, which were

Digitized by Google

now festooned with flags, and roofed with a glass dome from which colored lamps were hanging. Some four hundred girls and as many men were gathered there; the pit was their dancing ring and the gallery was their withdrawing room. The men were nearly all students of the medical schools, the girls were nearly all nurses, and they wore their nurses' uniform. There was not one jaded face among them—not one weary look or tired expression. They were in the fullness of youth and the height of vigor. The girls laughed with the ring of joy, their eyes sparkled with the light of happiness, their cheeks glowed with the freshness of health.

The two men stood a moment and looked on.

"Well, what do you think of it?" said Lord Robert.

Drake's wide eyes were ablaze and his voice came in gusts.

"Think of it!" he said. "It's wonderful! It's glorious!"

Lord Robert's glass had dropped from his eye, and he was laughing in his drawling way.

"What are you laughing at? Women like these are at least natural, and nature cannot be put on."

The mazurka had just finished, and the dancers were breaking into groups.

"Robert, tell me, who is that girl over there—the one looking this way? Is it your friend?"

Lord Robert readjusted his glass.

"The pretty dark girl with the pink and white cheeks like a doll?"

"Yes, and the taller one beside her—the girl all hair and eyes and bosom. She's looking across now. I've seen that girl before somewhere. Now, where have I seen her? Look at her—what fire and life and movement! The dance is over, but she can't keep her feet still."

"I see—I see. But let me introduce you to the matron and doctors first, and then——"

"I know now—I know where I've seen her! Be quick, Robert—be quick!"

Lord Robert laughed again in his tired drawl. He was finding it very amusing.

XI.

When Glory learned that all nurses eligible to attend the ball were by order to wear hospital uniform, being on day duty she decided to go to it. But then came John Storm's protest against the company of Polly Love, and she felt half inclined to give it up. As often as she remembered his remonstrance she was disturbed, and once or twice when alone she shed tears of anger and vexation.

Meantime Polly was full of arrangement and prediction, and Glory found herself day by day carried along in the stream of preparation. When the night came the girls dressed in the same cubicle, and Polly was prattling like a parrot; but Glory was silent, and almost sad.

It was a grief to both of them that a nurse's costume concealed a girl's neck, and also that dearest of a girl's charms—the sweet roundness of her dimpled arm. But it was some satisfaction that a nurse's sleeve concealed also the marks of the vaccination which hospital regulations had imposed upon probationers.

Being so far curtailed in the resources of fascination, the whole battery of coquetry had to be brought to bear upon the head. By help of the curling tongs and a candle, Polly did up her dark hair into little knowing curls that went in and out on her temples and played hide and seek around the pretty shells of her pink and white ears. Glory was slashing the comb through her golden red hair by way of preliminary plowing, when Polly cried, "Stop! Don't touch it any more for goodness sake! It's perfect! Look at yourself now."

Glory stood off from the looking glass and looked. "Am I really so nice?" she thought; and then she remembered John Storm again, and had half a mind to tear down her glorious curls and go straight away to bed.

She went to the ball instead, and being there she forgot all about her misgivings. The light, the color, the brilliance, the perfume transported her to an enchanted world which she had never entered before. She could not control her delight in it. Everything surprised her, everything delighted her, everything amused her—she was the very soul of girlish joy. The dark brown spot on her eye shone out with a coquettish light never seen in it until now, and the warble in her voice was like the music of a happy bird. Her high spirits were infectious—her light hearted gaiety communicated itself to everybody. The men who might not dance with her were smiling at the mere sight of the sunshine in her face, and it was even whispered about that the president of the College of Surgeons, who opened the ball, had said that her proper place was not there—a girl like that young Irish nurse would do honor to a higher assembly.

In that enchanted world of music and light and bright young faces Glory lost all sense

Digitized by Google

of time; but two hours had passed when Polly Love, whose eyes had turned again and again to the door, tugged at her sleeve and whispered, "They've come at last! There they are—there—directly opposite to us. Keep your next dance, dear. They'll come across presently."

Glory had looked where Polly had directed, and, seeing again the face she had seen in the window at the Horse Guards, something remote and elusive had once more stirred in her memory. But it was gone in a moment, and she was back in that world of wonders when a voice which she knew and yet did not know, like a voice that called to her as she was awakening out of a sleep, said—

"Glory, don't you remember me? Have you forgotten me, Glory?"

It was her friend of the catechism class—her companion of the adventure in the boat. Their hands met in a long handclasp with the gallop of feeling that is too swift for thought.

"Ah, I thought you would recognize me! How delightful!" said Drake.

"And you knew me again?" said Glory.

"Instantly—at first sight almost."

"Really! It's strange, though. Such a long, long time—ten years at least! I must have changed since then."

"You have," said Drake—"you've changed very much."

"Indeed now! Am I really so much changed for all? I've grown older, of course."

"Oh, terribly older!" said Drake.

"How wrong of me! But you have changed a good deal, too. You were only a boy in jackets then."

"And you were only a girl in short frocks."

They both laughed, and then Drake said, "I'm so glad we've changed together!"

"Are you?" said Glory.

"Why, yes," said Drake; "for if you had changed and I hadn't——"

"But what nonsense we're talking!" said Glory; and they both laughed again.

Then they told each other what had happened in that infinite cycle of time which had spun round since they parted. Glory had not much to narrate: her life had been empty. She had been in the Isle of Man all along, had come to London only recently, and was now a probationer nurse at Martha's Vineyard. Drake had been to Harrow and thence to Oxford, and, being a man of artistic leanings, had wished to take up music, but his father had seen no career in it; so he had submitted—he had gone into the subterranean catacombs of public life, and was secretary to one of the ministers. All this he talked of lightly, as became a young man of the world, to whom great things were of small account.

"Glory," said Polly, at her elbow, "the waltz is going to begin."

The band was preluding. Drake claimed the dance, and Glory was astonished to find she had it free (she had kept it expressly).

When the waltz was over he gave her his arm and led her into the circular corridor to talk and to cool. His manners were perfect, and his voice, so soft and yet so manly, increased the charm. In passing out of the hot dancing room she threw her handkerchief over her head, and, with the hand that was at liberty, held its ends under her chin. She wished him to look at her and see what change this had made; so she said quite innocently—

"And now let me look at you again, sir!"

He recognized the dark brown spot on her eye, and he could feel her bare arm through her thin pink dress.

"You've told me a good deal," he said, "but you haven't said a syllable about the most important thing of all."

"And pray what is that?" said she.

"How many times have you fallen in love since I saw you last?"

"Good gracious, what a question!" said Glory.

His audacity was delightful. There was something so gracious and yet so masterful about him.

"Do you remember the day you carried me off—eloped with me, you know?" said Drake.

"I? How charming of me! But when was that, I wonder?" said Glory.

"Never mind; say, do you remember?"

"Well, if I do? What a pair of little geese we must have been in those days!"

"I'm not so sure of that—*now*," said he.

"You didn't seem very keen about me *then*, as far as I can remember," said she.

"Didn't I?" said he. "What a silly young fool I must have been!"

They laughed again. She could not keep her arm still, and he could almost feel its dimpled elbow.

"And do *you* remember the gentleman who rescued us?" she said.

"You mean the tall dark young man who kept hugging and kissing you in the yacht?"

"Did he?"

"Do you forget that kind of thing, then?"

"It was very sweet of him. But he's in

Digitized by Google

the church now, and the chaplain of our hospital——"

"What a funny little romantic world it is, to be sure!" said Drake.

"Yes; it's like poetry, isn't it?" she answered.

Lord Robert came up to introduce Drake to Polly (who was not looking her sweetest), and he claimed Glory for the next dance.

"So you knew my friend Drake before?" said Lord Robert.

"I knew him when he was a boy," said Glory.

And then he began to sing his friend's praises—how he had taken a brilliant degree at Oxford, and was now private secretary to the Home Secretary, and would go into public life before long—how he could paint and act, and might have made a reputation as a musician—how he went into the best houses, and was a first rate official—how, in short, he had the promised land before him, and was just on the eve of entering it.

"Then I suppose you know he is rich—enormously rich?" said Lord Robert.

"Is he?" said Glory, and something great and grand seemed to shimmer a long way off.

"Enormously," said Lord Robert; "and yet a man of the most democratic opinions."

"Really?" said Glory.

"Yes," said Lord Robert; "and all the way down in the hansom he has been trying to show me how impossible it is to him to marry a lady."

"Now why did you tell me that, I wonder?" said Glory, and Lord Robert began to fidget with his eyeglass.

Drake returned with Polly. He proposed that they should take the air in the quadrangle, and they went off for that purpose, the girls arm in arm some paces ahead.

"There's a dash of Satan himself in that red headed girl," said Lord Robert. "She understands a man before he understands himself."

"She's as natural as nature," said Drake. "And what lips—what a mouth!"

"Irish, isn't she? Oh, Manx! What's Manx, I wonder?"

The night was very warm and close, and there was hardly more air in the courtyard. The sound of the band came to them there, and Glory, who had danced with nearly everybody within, must needs dance by herself without, because the music was more sweet and subdued out there, and dancing in the darkness was like a dream.

"Come and sit down on the seat, Glory," said Polly, fretfully; "you are getting on my nerves, dear."

"Glory," said Drake, "how do the Londoners strike you?"

"Much like other mortals," said Glory—"no better, no worse—only funnier."

The men laughed at that description; and Glory proceeded to give imitations of London manners—the high handshake, the "ha-ha" of the mumps, the mouthing of the canon, and the mincing of Mr. Golightly.

Drake bellowed with delight; Lord Robert drawled out a long owlish laugh; Polly Love said spitefully, "You might give us your friend the new curate next, dearest;" and then Glory went down like a shot.

"Really," began Drake, "it's not hospital nursing, you know——"

But there were low murmurings of thunder and some large splashes of rain, and they returned to the ball room. The great doctors and the matrons were gone by this time; only the nurses and the students remained, and the fun was becoming furious. One young fellow was pulling down a girl's hair, and another was waltzing with his partner carried bodily in his arms. Somebody lowered the lights and they danced in a shadow land; somebody began to sing, and they all sang in chorus; then somebody began to fling about paper bags full of tiny white wafers, and the bags burst in the air like shells, and their contents fell like stars from a falling rocket, and everybody was covered as with flakes of snow.

Meantime the storm had broken, and, above the clash and clang of the instruments of the band and the rhythmic shuffle of the feet of the dancers and the clear and joyous notes of their happy singing, there was the roar of the thunder that rolled over London, and the rattle of the rain on the glass dome overhead.

Glory was in ecstasies; it was like a mist on Peel Bay at night with the moon shining through it and the waves dancing to a northwest breeze. It was like a black and stormy sea outside contrary with the gale coming down from the mountains. And yet it was a world of wonder and enchantment and beauty and gay young faces.

It was three in the morning when the ball broke up, and then the rain had abated, though the thunder was still rumbling. The men were to see the girls back to the hospital, and Glory and Drake sat in a hansom cab together.

"So you always forget that kind of thing, do you?" he said.

"What kind of thing?" she asked

"Never mind—*you* know!"

She had put up the hood of her outdoor

Digitized by Google

cape, but he could still see the gleam of her golden hair.

"Give me that rose," he said—"the white one that you put in your bonnet."

"It's nothing," she answered.

"Then give it to me. I'll keep it for ever and ever!"

She put up her hand to her head.

"Ah, how sweet of you! And what a lovely little hand! But no, let me take it for myself."

He reached one arm around her shoulder, put his hand under her chin, tipped up her face, and kissed her on the lips.

"Darling!" he whispered.

Then in a moment she awoke from her world of wonder and enchantment, and the intoxication of the evening left her. She did not speak; her head dropped; she felt her cheeks burn red and she hid her face in her hands. There was a momentary sense of dishonor, almost of outrage. Drake treated her lightly, and she was herself to blame.

"Forgive me, Glory!" he was saying, in a voice tremulous and intense. "It shall never happen again—never, so help me God!"

The day was dawning and the last rain drops were splashing on the wet and empty pavement. The great city lay asleep, and the distant thunder was rolling away from it.

XII.

THE chaplain of Martha's Vineyard had not been to the hospital ball. Before it came off he had thought of it a good deal, and as often as he remembered that he had protested to Glory against the company of Polly Love he felt hot and ashamed. Polly was shallow and frivolous, and had a little crab apple of a heart, but he knew no harm of her. It was hardly manly to make a dead set at the little thing because she was vain and foolish and fond of dress, and given to looking in the glass, and because she knew something of a man who displeased John Storm.

Then she was Glory's only companion, and to protest against Glory going in her company was to protest against Glory going at all. That seemed a selfish thing to do. Why should he deny her the delights of the ball? He could not go to it himself, and he would not if he could; but girls liked such things—they love to dance, and to be looked at and admired, and have men about them paying them court and talking nonsense.

There was a sting in that thought, too; but he struggled to be magnanimous. He was above all mean and unmanly feelings, and would withdraw his objection.

He did not withdraw it. Some evil spirit whispered in his heart that Glory was drifting away from him, and he told himself that this was the time to see for certain whether she had passed out of the range of his influence. If she respected his authority she would not go. If she went, he had lost his hold of her and their old relations were at an end.

On the night of the ball he walked over to the hospital and asked for her. She had gone, and it seemed as if the earth itself had given way beneath his feet.

He could not help feeling bitterly about Polly Love, and that caused him to remember a patient to whom her selfish little heart had shown no kindness. It was her brother. He was some nine or ten years older, and very different in character. His face was pale and thin, almost ascetic, and he had the fiery and watery eyes of the devotee. He was threatened with consumption, but his case was not considered dangerous.

When Polly was about, his eyes would follow her around the ward with something of the humble entreaty of a dog. It was clear that he loved his sister and was constantly thinking of her. But she hardly ever looked in his direction, and when she spoke to him it was in a cold or fretful voice.

John Storm had observed this. It had brought him close to the young man, and the starved and silent heart had opened out to him. He was a lay brother in an Anglican brotherhood that was settled in Bishopsgate Street. His monastic name was Brother Paul. He had asked to be sent to that hospital because his sister was a nurse there. She was his only remaining relative. One other sister he had once had, but she was gone—she was dead—she died; but that was a sad and terrible story, and he did not like to talk of it.

To this broken and bankrupt creature John Storm found his footsteps turning on that night of the hospital ball when his own heart lay waste. But on entering the ward he saw that Brother Paul had a visitor already. It was an elderly man in a strange habit—a black cassock which buttoned close at the neck and fell below the knees, and was girded about the waist by a black rope that had three great knots at its suspended ends. And the habit was not so different from the habit of the world as the face of the wearer was unlike the worldly face. It was the face of a saint, a face full of spirituality, a face that seemed to invest every-

Digitized by Google

thing it looked upon with a holy peace—a beautiful face, without guile or craft or passion, yet not without the signs of internal strife at the temples and under the eyes; but the battles with self had all been fought and won.

As John Storm stepped up the old man rose from his chair by the patient's bed.

"This is the father superior, sir," said Brother Paul.

"I've just been hearing of you," said the father in a gentle voice. "You have been good to my poor brother."

John Storm answered with some commonplace—it had been a pleasure, a happiness; the brother would soon leave them; they would all miss him, perhaps himself especially.

The father resumed his chair and listened with an earnest smile. "I understand you, dear friend," he said. "It is so much more blessed to give than to receive. Ah, if the poor blind world only knew! How it fights for its pleasures that perish and its pride of life that passes away! Yet to succor a weaker brother or protect a fallen woman or feed a little child will bring a greater joy than to conquer all the kingdoms of the earth."

John Storm sat down on the end of the bed. Something had gone out to him in a moment and he was held as by a spell. The father talked of the love of the world—how strange it was, how difficult to understand, how tragic, how pitiful. The lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye—how mean, how delusive, how treacherous. To think of the people of that mighty city day by day and night by night making themselves miserable in order that they might make themselves merry; to think of the children of men scouring the globe for its paltry possessions, that could not add one inch to the stature of the soul, while all the while the empire of peace and joy and happiness lay here at hand, here within ourselves, here in the little narrow compass of the human heart! To give, not to get, that was the great blessedness, and to give of yourself, of your heart's love, was the greatest blessedness of all.

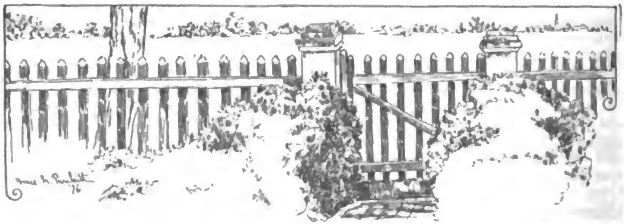
John Storm was deeply stirred. "The church, sir," he said—"the church itself has to learn that lesson."

And then he in his turn spoke also, and he spoke well. He spoke of the hopes with which he had come up to London, and how they had been broken down and destroyed; of his dreams of the church and its mission, and how they were dying or dead already.

"What liars we are, sir! How we color things to justify ourselves! Look at our sacraments—are they a lie or are they a sacrilege? Look at our charities—are we Pharisees or are we hypocrites? And our clergy, sir—look at these followers of the lowly Jesus taking the name of the Nazarene, but living sumptuously every day, praying in the pulpit, 'Take no thought for the morrow,' but saying in their souls, 'Soul, thou hast much good laid up for the morrow, eat, drink, and be merry.' Surely some tremendous upheaval will shake to its foundations the church wherein such things are possible—a church that is more worldly than the world! Oh, how I am wounded, sir, by these sword fish, these Pharisees, these publicans, every day and every hour! And then the woman life of the church, see how it is thrown away. That sweetest and tenderest and holiest power, how it goes to waste under the eye and with the sanction of the church in the frivolities of fashion—in drawing rooms, in gardens, in theaters, in balls——"

He stopped. His last word had arrested him. Had he been thinking only of himself and of Glory? Good God! Had he himself been one of the liars he was denouncing? His head fell and he covered his face with his hands.

(*To be continued.*)



Digitized by Google

It is said that Englishwomen are impatient of the admiration that Englishmen have manifested for American women, and that they sometimes make very derogatory remarks concerning the sprightly and vivacious Yankee maidens. That smart contemporary, London *Truth*, not long ago printed some very sarcastic letters from English mothers, telling of methods they had suggested to their daughters for keeping at home the wandering affections of the British peerage. Their letters reminded us of the young wife who turned her parlor into a beer garden, and waited on her husband in a cap and apron.

But if the Englishwoman is scarcely fair to her American cousin, the latter repays good for evil. The Princess of Wales, for example, is an ideal to thousands of young American women who know her only by reputation, and through her sweet face seen on a pasteboard card. This princess, who has several grandchildren, appears to grow younger every year, and in a theater box, sitting beside the pale and delicate Duchess of Fife, she has the distinction of looking

Miss Aimée Lawrence.

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, New York.

Digitized by Google

younger than her own daughter. Some people have been unkind enough to say that it was because the lovely princess does no thinking that the lines keep away from her face, but those who know her in the intimacy which is possible to a member of her household attribute her happy, youthful expression to her sweetness of disposition.

This princess is the daughter of the most democratic of kings. At one time, Christian of Schleswig Holstein was only a lieutenant in the German army, with no thought of coming to a throne, and he became King of Denmark through a series of unforeseen events. People speak of his daughter's exquisite taste in dress, and some hark back to the days when the Danish princesses made their own gowns, taught by the morganatic wife of their father's predecessor, Frederick VII. This lady was French, and had once been forewoman in a Paris dressmaking establishment.

The princess is a very accomplished musician. She plays on the piano and the zither, and of late has taken up the philomele, an oddly shaped instrument with strings. There have been people, even in this country, who have pitied her for what they considered her unhappy married life. She does not need their commiseration. It has been said that there is not in England a couple married thirty five years who are closer friends today than the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Princess of Wales.

From her latest photograph by Torrey, London.

Digitized by Google

The Countess of Warwick, who is often spoken of as a close friend of the prince, has been called the handsomest woman in England. It is an undoubted fact that she is one of the cleverest. Her husband is a rather lazy man, devoted to his wife, and both as Lord Brooke and later as the Earl of Warwick, he followed her social lead. As a consequence, she made Warwick Castle one of the gayest and smartest houses in England. There the prince has often found relaxation from the stiffness of the etiquette that surrounds royalty. The prettiest women, the most companionable men, are always to be found at the Warwick entertainments and house parties, although their names may not be among the roll call of statesmen.

The best way to judge of the beautiful countess is through the affection in which she is held by her husband, her children, her friends, and tenants. This London great lady probably works harder, and gives more time and thought to the welfare of others, than a dozen of the women who see in her only a butterfly of fashion. It is unfortunate that in the last few years her husband's estate, which consists mainly of farming land, has greatly depreciated in value, to an extent that is said to have almost crippled him financially.

The Countess of Warwick.
From a miniature by Amalia Kusner.

Miss Muriel Wilson.
From a miniature by Amalia Kusner.

Miss Muriel Wilson, the daughter of the millionaire ship owner, Mr. Wilson of Tranby Croft, whose house came into such disagreeable prominence through the baccarat scandal which disgraced Sir William Gordon Cumming, has not suffered at all through the prejudice which the culprit's friends tried to throw upon the Wilson family. The Princess of Wales showed her own good will toward the young girl and her mother, with the result that they have been received into the most exclusive cliques. Instead of being censured, the Wilsons should have been lauded for exposing a man who had long been unfavorably known, and who had such a habit

Digitized by Google

Lady Colebrooke.
From a miniature by Amalia Küssner.

of boasting of his gallantries that he was known in London society as "William Tell." Miss Wilson is a beautiful girl and an heiress. She is a favorite guest at country house parties, where she is always certain to keep the air stirred in her vicinity.

Several of the portraits presented in these pages are engraved from miniatures by Miss Amalia Küssner, who went to London from New York not long ago. That of Mrs. Arthur Paget, printed last month, was her first commission in England. It introduced the artist to the inner circle of Britain's best society, and her dainty work was so much admired that she was hailed as a new Angelica Kauffmann. She has had among her sitters the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Helen Vincent, and many other titled beauties. Two more, whose faces appear here, are the Dowager Countess of Dudley and Lady Colebrooke. Georgina of Dudley, wife of the late earl, was a daughter of a Scottish baronet, Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, and for many years after her marriage in 1865 she was a reigning belle in London. She is one of eight beautiful sisters, five of whom married men of title. Louisa Moncreiffe, the eldest, is the present Duchess of Atholl; Helen, the second, is Lady Forbes; Harriet married Sir Charles Mordaunt, and was the defendant in a divorce case in which the Prince of Wales was involved, and which caused no small sensation at the time; and yet another Miss Moncreiffe became Lady Muir-Mackenzie. Lady Colebrooke belongs to the numerous Paget family, being one of the fourteen children of General Lord Alfred Paget, son of Wellington's famous cavalry leader. Two of her brothers are married to Americans—Arthur, whose wife was the daughter of Mrs. Paran Stevens, and Almeric, married not long ago to Miss Pauline Whitney. Lady Colebrooke's husband is a young baronet, Sir Edward Colebrooke.

Lady Colebrooke is connected with the Vanderbilts through her brother's marriage to Miss Whit-

Georgina, Countess of Dudley
From a miniature by Amalia Küssner.

Digitized by Google

The Princess Albert Radziwill and Mrs. Eugene Kelly, Jr.

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, New York.

Digitized by Google

Miss Edith Van Buren.
From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

ney, and that of Harry Payne Whitney to Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, of whom a portrait, engraved from a miniature, appears on page 312. Like her cousin, the Duchess of Marlborough, Miss Vanderbilt was married so young that New York society has had small opportunity of knowing her. She has led that happy life which has no history. We know that she was a child with a delightful fancy. When she was quite a little girl, she read a fairy story in which the heroine lived behind a pair of tall iron gates. These gates made such an impression upon her imagination that she never forgot them, and when her father built his new palace on Fifth Avenue, he had her fairy tale gates made real. She and her young husband delighted their parents by marrying. It was an ideal match. They had been playmates from childhood, are almost equal in birth and fortune, and are handsome, healthy, and happy. Before her marriage, the bride made an important conquest of her young husband's bachelor uncle, Colonel Oliver Payne, the oil millionaire, and he sent her for a wedding gift a pearl necklace ten feet long. It surpassed the famous one collected by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, which has astonished London on the neck of the Duchess of Marlborough.

Mrs. Burke-Roche is one of the few New York women whose photographs have been sold in the London shops with the English

Digitized by Google

royalties and beauties. She is the daughter of Mr. Frank Work, and was married in 1880 to the Hon. James Burke-Roche, the brother of Lord Fermoy. She is noted not only for her beauty but for her sparkling cleverness, which stamps itself upon everything she undertakes. She inherits much of her father's love of horses. Her husband is one of the Irish representatives at Westminster, a member of the Anti Parnellite faction, but for several years past Mrs. Burke-Roche has lived on this side of the Atlantic.

Mrs. Eugene Kelly, Jr., and her sister, the Princess Albert Radziwill, are well known in three countries as beauties and accomplished women of the larger world which takes in the best of everything. They are natives of the City of Mexico, and were Señorita Sarita and Señorita Pndenciana Milmo. Since her residence in New York, Mrs. Kelly has been known not only as a society woman, but as a patron of the arts. Every first night of an important theatrical production, and almost every night of grand opera, find in Mr. and Mrs Kelly enthusiastic listeners. The wide house on Washington Square where they have made their home has one of the most beautiful interiors in New York. It is filled with priceless old engravings, Spanish laces and embroideries, and hundreds of beautiful articles which show the cultivation and wealth of the owners. Mr. Kelly is the son of the late Eugene Kelly, the banker, and his mother was the niece of Archbishop Hughes.

Mrs. Burke-Roche.

From a photograph by Alman, New York.

A New York girl with a strong strain of foreign and artistic blood is Miss Aimée Lawrence, daughter of the late John Lawrence. Her mother was Emily La Farge, sister of John La Farge, the famous artist. The French family of La Farge has intermarried with many of the old New York families of English and Dutch origin, so that this young girl has an unusual heritage.

Digitized by Google

She has the artistic ability of the La Farges, and the beauty of the Lawrences, with that assurance of being upon her own soil which makes her a typical Manhattan girl.

A young girl who has carried the fame of American beauty, daring, and spirit even into the interior of China and Japan, is Miss Edith Van Buren, daughter of the late General Thomas Van Buren, formerly American Minister at Tokio. Her mother was the daughter of Joseph Sheffield, who founded Sheffield Hall, the scientific school at Yale; and she is a niece of Mrs. William Walter Phelps. But it is by no means through her ancestry alone that Miss Van Buren is known. She is a great traveler, and wherever she goes her beauty makes her conspicuous. At Nice, last year, she took the first prize in the "Battle of Flowers," for the most beautifully decorated carriage. Her victoria was covered with white narcissus and lilacs, while she herself wore dark green velvet, with her coachman in a livery of the time of Louis XVI.

It is natural that an American should consider his own women the most beautiful in the world. After all, our thoughts and ideas are but the reflex of our own selves, and we admire the types that we can understand. The miracle of man's creation from the soil of the earth is repeated every day. The sturdy, handsome, pink and white Englishman grows upon a rich soil long subdued to the use of man, and under a mild and even sky. He is stolid as well as solid, and little given to impulse. It is this race that was transplanted to America, into a clear, bright, exhilarating atmosphere, into extremes of heat and cold, and sharp geological changes in the soil and water. As a result, we have the thinner, quicker, more impulsive and vivacious American, mingled, as years go by, with a strong infusion of Celtic and Teutonic blood, and with traces of that of many other races.

Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney

From a miniature.

We can imagine that an Englishman may think our women too slender, too mobile and mercurial; they may startle him, perhaps; but after all they have more of the characteristics of a cosmopolite than any other women in the world. The Englishman need not regard them as aliens, as something to be coldly regarded, but as a development of his own womenkind under novel and interesting conditions.

Digitized by Google

Mount Vernon.

PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES.

VIII.—THE WASHINGTONS.

THE FAMILY THAT GAVE TO OUR REPUBLIC ITS FOUNDER AND MOST FAMOUS CITIZEN—THE ENGLISH ORIGIN OF THE WASHINGTONS, THEIR EARLY PROMINENCE IN VIRGINIA, AND THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MAKING OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

ALTHOUGH Washington is perhaps the most familiar name in the United States comparatively little is known of the early history of the family. It is, however, certain that before emigrating to this country the Washingtons were for many generations gentlemen of good standing in Lancashire and Northamptonshire. They were a quiet race, stanch churchmen, mostly engaged in agricultural pursuits, though many of them left their broad acres to become soldiers or divines. One of them, Colonel James Washington, was a gallant officer in the army of Charles I, and was slain during the siege of Pontefract. A few years later—in 1657, after the total defeat of the royalist cause—two of the colonel's kinsmen left England for Virginia.

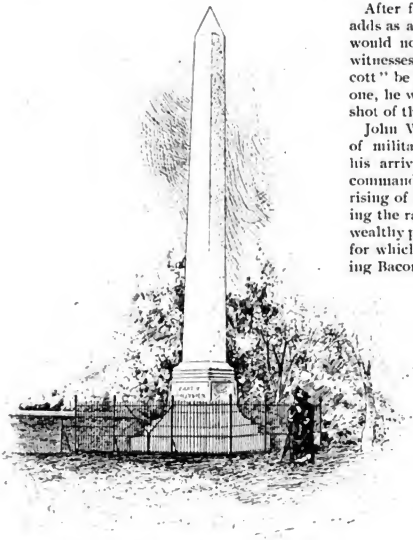
The result of recent researches into the genealogy of George Washington's English ancestors was given in an article published in this magazine last February. The First President himself was much interested in the early annals of his family, and in 1799 wrote to Baron Von Washington of Munich:

There can be but little doubt, sir, of our descending from the same stock, as the branches of it proceeded from the same country; at what time your ancestors left England is not mentioned; mine came to America nearly 150 years ago.

The first American Washingtons were two brothers, John and Lawrence, sons of the Rev. Lawrence Washington, a fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, and rector of Purleigh, in Essex. The names of John and Lawrence have appeared in almost every generation of the family. The two

George Washington's Book Plate

Digitized by Google



Mary Washington's Monument at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

After furnishing this weighty reason he adds as a secondary consideration that he would not have time to get together his witnesses, but promises if "ye s'd Prescott" be bound over to the next court but one, he will appear against him. The upshot of this little matter is not known.

John Washington had some knowledge of military matters. Several years after his arrival in Virginia he was placed in command of an expedition to quell an uprising of the Susquehanna Indians, receiving the rank of colonel. Like most of the wealthy planters he was an ardent royalist, for which cause his house was sacked during Bacon's Rebellion. He was a leading justice of the Northern Neck, and at various times member of the House of Burgesses and the Virginia Assembly. In memory of his distinguished services to the colony, the parish in which he lived was named after him, and is called Washington Parish to this day. He was married three times. Anne, his second wife, had also indulged in a previous matrimonial venture, and it was as the fair widow Broadhurst that she bestowed her hand upon Colonel Washington. Upon her death he

emigrants settled near the Potomac River, in Westmoreland County, between Pope's and Bridges' Creeks. The provincial records of Maryland for 1659 contain a complaint made by John Washington against Edward Prescott, merchant, "accusing ye s'd Prescott of ffelony unto ye Gouvernor of this Province, alleging how that hee ye s'd Prescott hanged a witch on his ship as hee was outward bound from England within the last yeare, upon which complaynt of ye s'd Washington the Gouvernor caused ye s'd Edward Prescott to bee arrested, taking bond for his appearance at this Provincial Court of 4000 pounds tobacco." Washington was summoned to appear and make good his charge, to which he sent the following reply:

Hon'ble Sr., yrs of the 29th instant this day I received. I am sorry y't my extraordinary occasions will not permit me to bee at ye next provincial court to be held at Maryland ye fourth of this next Month. Because then God willing I intend to gett my young sonne baptized. All of ye companie of Gossips being already invited.

Mary Washington.

Digitized by Google

Mary Washington's House at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

From a photograph.

Digitized by Google

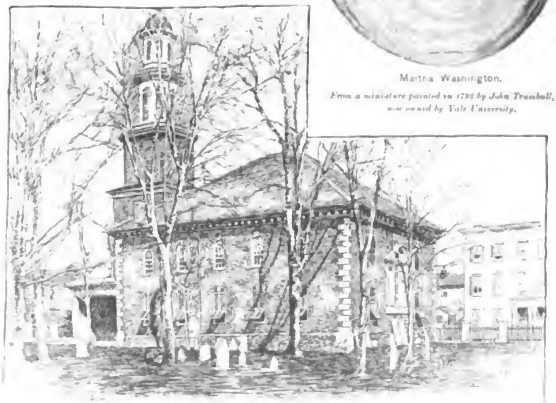
Eleanor Parke Custis, Adopted Daughter of George Washington.

married another widow—Frances, daughter of Colonel Valentine Peyton. By neglecting to change his will, which had been made before his third marriage, he caused no little confusion. His will and that of his brother Lawrence were made the same year, 1675, and were proven in 1677, only four days apart. Thus the two brothers who together had come to a strange and distant land must have started forth together on the last long journey too.

By John Washington's marriage with Anne Broadhurst he had two sons, John and Lawrence, and a daughter, Anne, who married Francis Wright. Lawrence, the second son, married Mildred, daughter of Colonel Augustine Warner, of Gloucester County, and took up his abode in that county on the Piaukatank River, where he remained until his death in 1698. Like his father, he left two sons and one daughter, Mildred, who was twice married, first to Roger Gregory and afterwards to Colonel Henry Willis. It is said that this gallant colonel—who was the founder of Fredericksburg—married three widows, each of whom he had vainly courted in girlhood. Strangely enough, two of them were Mildred Wash-

Martha Washington.

From a miniature painted in 1792 by John Trumbull, and now owned by Yale University.



Christ Church, Alexandria (Built 1773), of which George Washington was a Vestryman.

Digitized by Google

George Washington as Commander in Chief of the Continental Army.
From the painting by John Ward.

ingtons—one the godmother, the other the grand aunt, of George Washington.

After Lawrence Washington's death his widow went to England with her children. In those days the bereaved quickly consoled themselves, and a few months afterwards we find Mildred espousing one George Gale, of Whitehaven, in Cumberland.

Augustine, the second son of Lawrence Washington, was the father of George Washington. He is described as a tall man, of noble bearing, with fair complexion and fine gray eyes. After remaining some time in England, he returned to Virginia, and by 1715 had married Jane Butler, and settled down as a planter in Westmoreland County. In 1728 his helpmate died, leaving four children, of whom only two—Lawrence

Digitized by Google

The Houdon Statue of George Washington in the State House at Richmond—The Only Authentic Portrait Sculpture of Washington.

and Augustine—grew to maturity. Two years later, true to the custom of his family, the widower married again. His second bride was Mary Ball of Lancaster County. She was the daughter of Colonel Joseph Ball, and was descended from respectable English colonists, who had settled on the banks of the Potomac.

Mary Ball's early life was quietly passed at Epping Forest, her father's plantation, where she was bred in the domestic virtues which characterized the matrons of her day. She was little versed in book lore, but was of such commanding character as to inspire respect and obedience in all surrounding her, even in those who loved her most. We are told that her sons, though "proper tall fellows," were wont to sit "as mute as mice" in her presence. Only one thing could subdue her dauntless spirit, and that was the fear of lightning. In her youth a friend had been killed by lightning in her presence, and always after, at the approach of a thunder storm, Mrs. Washington would retire to her room, where she would shrink and tremble like the weakest of her sisters.

For several years after their marriage she lived at Wakefield, her husband's home on the Potomac, and there in 1732 George Washington, her eldest son, was born. A few years later the family removed to a house in Stafford County, near Fredericksburg, where Augustine Washington died in April, 1743. Besides her two stepsons, the young widow was left with five children of her own—George, Elizabeth, Samuel, John Augustine, and Charles. To them she devoted her life, and George Washington always declared that his successful career was the result of his mother's teachings.

Mrs. Washington continued to live at her Stafford County home until the Revolution, when her son caused her to be moved into Fredericksburg, for greater safety. The unpretentious frame house in which she resided is still standing. In her will—dated May 20, 1789—she makes many bequests, characteristic of her day and generation. To her daughter in law, Hannah Washington, there was left "my purple cloath cloak lined with shag"; to her grandson, Fielding Lewis, "the blue and white tea china," also, "half my kitchen furniture and half my pewter." Further on we see: "I devise all my wearing apparel to be equally divided between my granddaughters, Betty Carter, Fanny Ball, and Milly Washington; but should my daughter, Betty Lewis, fancy any one or two or three articles thereof she is to have them before any division thereof." We wonder if the worthy Mistress Betty embraced this golden opportunity!

Augustine Washington's only daughter, Elizabeth, or Betty, had married Colonel Fielding Lewis, of Fredericksburg. In speaking of her in his memoirs of Washington, George Washington Parke Custis

Digitized by Google

The Bed Room in which George Washington Died.

says: "She was a most majestic looking woman, and so strikingly like her brother that it was a matter of frolic to throw a cape around her, and placing a military hat on her head, such was the amazing resemblance that on her appearance battalions would have presented arms and senates risen to do homage to the chief."

Colonel Fielding Lewis was an ardent patriot, but was prevented by ill health from taking part in the Revolutionary war. When too weak to mount his horse, he drove in his chariot to the neighboring court house, where he made a valiant speech calling for volunteers, which induced many to come forward. Mrs. Lewis used to tell that upon hearing of the stand taken by the people of Boston in regard to the tea tax, her husband confiscated all the tea on his estate and locked it in a strong closet.

George Washington's Tomb at Mount Vernon.

From a photograph.

Digitized by Google

Colonel Samuel Washington, Brother of George Washington.

From a portrait at Harewood, Jefferson County, West Virginia—Published by the courtesy of his great granddaughter, Miss Eugenia Washington.

acres on the Potomac, on which he built a house containing four rooms. This he named Mount Vernon, in honor of his old commander, to whom he was devotedly attached. Over one of the mantels there still hangs a picture which was sent to Lawrence Washington by Admiral Vernon.

Lawrence and Augustine Washington assisted in organizing the Ohio Company, which contributed to the development of the Western country by exploring and founding settlements. The elder brother was only thirty three when his health gave way. With his half brother George he went to the island of Barbados to recuperate, but returned to die in the following year. He left Mount Vernon to Sarah, his only surviving child; and at her death, which occurred within twelve months, the estate passed into the hands of George Washington. But it was not until several years later, after his marriage to the widow Custis in January, 1759, that the latter took up his permanent abode at the famous old house. He resided there until the outbreak of the Revolution, and returned thither in 1783, when he resigned his commission as commander

Time passed, and luxuries vanished. Finally, after being denied her favorite beverage for many a day, Mrs. Lewis' patriotism waned. During the colonel's absence she procured access to the proscribed article, and with a friend was enjoying a cup of tea and a dish of gossip, when the untimely arrival of her husband changed their merriment into mortification.

Major Lawrence Washington was the only child of Augustine Washington's first marriage who survived his father. Fifteen years older than his half brother George, he was the latter's wise counselor and loyal friend. Early in life he entered the army, and served gallantly with Admiral Vernon's unsuccessful expedition against the Spanish stronghold of Cartagena, in South America. He married Anne Fairfax, daughter of William Fairfax of Belvoir. The bride was famed far and near for her beauty; and as the dashing bridegroom himself possessed no small share of good looks, they formed so comely a couple as to be the boast of all the country round. At his father's death Lawrence inherited a tract of twenty five hundred

Colonel Fielding Lewis

From a portrait at Marmion, Kingsmore County, Virginia.

Digitized by Google

in chief of the victorious American armies. Its comparatively small dimensions were now doubled by the addition of wings, for which General Washington himself drew the plans. He remained at Mount Vernon until his inauguration as First President of the United States, on the 16th of April, 1789. To this beloved home he always returned in the intervals of his public duties, and here, on the 14th of December, 1799, he died.

The following eulogy was found at Mount Vernon, written by an unknown visitor, supposed to be an English traveler, on the back of a small portrait of Washington:

Magnanimous in youth,
Glorious through life,
Great in death,
His highest ambition the happiness of mankind,
His noblest victory the conquest of himself—
Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame,
And building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen.

John Augustine Washington, Brother of George Washington.

When the vault in which Washington lay was to be closed, his widow requested that it should not be sealed, as the custom was, but that a door be made, for "it would have to be opened soon." Her presentiment proved true, as she survived him little more than two years. The career of "Lady Washington," as she was generally styled, had been a notable one. As Martha Dandridge, she had held sway as a foremost belle in the gay society of Williamsburg, presided over by the royal governors. At the age of seventeen she married Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, of New Kent County, and upon his death was left one of the youngest and wealthiest widows in the colony.

Mrs. Fielding Lewis, George Washington's Only Sister.

From a portrait at Marmion, King George County, Virginia.

Upon the death of John Parke Custis, his wife's son by her first husband, Washington adopted the young man's two children, George Washington Parke Custis and Eleanor Parke Custis. The latter inherited her grandmother's beauty and charm, and was a great favorite with the general. On February 22, 1799—the last birthday that Washington spent on earth—she was married to his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, in the drawing room at Mount Vernon. The wedding has been described by William H. Snowden:

The mansion was decked with flowers and evergreens, and all the gentlefolks of the surrounding country were invited. The ceremony was performed in the great drawing room, lighted by many waxen tapers, which brought out in strong relief the silent portraits on the walls, in curious contrast with the merry throng below them. The stately minuet was danced, and the spirited Virginia

Digitized by Google

William Augustine Washington, Nephew of George Washington.

From a portrait by St. Memin—Published by the courtesy of his descendant, Mrs. Fanny W. Finch.

reel. It was a brilliant scene. The picturesque costumes of colonial days were still in vogue — rich fabrics and richer colors, stomachers and short clothes, with jeweled buckles and broaches, powder and ruffles everywhere. Mount Vernon never witnessed such a scene again. Ten months later, in the same long drawing room, so lately the scene of these bridal festivities, the body of the great chief lay on its sable bier.

Samuel Washington, the eldest full brother of George, was a man of influence and some prominence. He served as colonial justice of the peace and high sheriff, and during the Revolutionary war rose to the rank of colonel. Both he and his brother Charles were signers of the Westmoreland Declaration, the famous document drawn up by the patriots of the Northern Neck in protest against the Stamp Act. Samuel Washington built the homestead of Harewood, in Jefferson County, West Virginia, which is said to have been modeled after an old Washington mansion in England. It is still in possession of his descendants. Samuel evidently believed that it is not good for man to live alone, for when he died, at the age of forty seven, he had been married five times, thus outdoing even the family record. His various wives were Jane Champe, Mildred Thornton, Lucy Chapman, Annie Steptoe, and Susannah Perrine.

George Steptoe Washington, son of the fourth Mrs. Samuel Washington, was an officer in the United States army. He married the beautiful Lucy Payne, of Philadelphia, who vied in wit and sprightliness with her famous sister, Dolly Madison. He was one of the five nephews whom George Washington named as his executors, and to whom he left his swords with the injunction, now so well known, "not to unsheathe them for the purpose of shedding blood except it be for self defense or in the defense of their country or

Colonel John Augustine Washington, Jr., the Last Owner of Mount Vernon.

Published by the courtesy of his son, Mr. George Washington.

Digitized by Google

its rights; and in the latter case to keep them unsheathed, and to prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof."

Another of the executors, Bushrod Washington, was the son of John Augustine Washington and Hannah Bushrod, of Westmoreland County. He was educated at William and Mary College, and later served in the Continental army under Lafayette. When only thirty six, President John Adams appointed him to a place upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mount Vernon was left to him by his uncle, and after the death of Martha Washington he resided there, dispensing a liberal hospitality. He in turn, leaving no children, willed the property to his nephew John Augustine Washington, from whom it passed into the hands of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, and was dedicated to the people of the United States.

Bushrod Washington, Justice of the Supreme Court

Published by the courtesy of Mr. Bushrod Washington, of Charlestown, West Virginia.

The only American woman to whom a public monument has been erected is the mother of George Washington. Mary Washington's grave is near her home in Fredericksburg, on the spot where she is said to have spent a part of each day in prayer and meditation during the dark hours of the Revolution. In 1833 a New York merchant, Silas Burrows, proposed to mark it with a fine marble obelisk, the cornerstone of which was laid by President Andrew Jackson. But Mr. Burrows failed, and only the pedestal was built. For sixty years the monument remained unfinished and neglected, and during the civil war it was damaged by shot and shell from both armies. In 1890, on Washington's Birthday, the Daughters of the American Revolution issued a call for funds to complete it, and the necessary amount was raised.

George Steptoe Washington, Son of Samuel Washington.

From a portrait owned by Mrs. L. Montgomery Bond of Elizabeth, New Jersey.

A few years before Mary Washington's death, Lafayette, who was about to return to France, journeyed to Fredericksburg for the special purpose of meeting her. He was guided to her modest dwelling by one of her grandsons. Though she was nearly eighty years old, they found her busily at work in her garden, clad in a home spun gown.

"Ah, marquis," she said, "you see an old woman. But come in, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling without the parade of changing my dress."

The gallant Frenchman, charmed with her unaffected greeting, remained talking with her for some time, and upon leaving bent his head to crave her blessing.

Though her eldest and greatest son died without issue, Mary Washington

Digitized by Google

has living descendants through several lines. Of those who bear the name of Washington, one of the most prominent is William d' Hertburne Washington, formerly American consul at London, Canada, who traces his descent to two brothers and a sister of George Washington. Another living member of the family is Colonel Joseph E. Washington, of Tennessee, who has served several terms in Congress.

The Washingtons, past and present, have always been characterized by love of justice, accurate reasoning powers, solid rather than brilliant minds, and excellent judgment—qualities justly prized by the nation whose most illustrious son was a Washington.

Mary Lyons Mayo.
Louise Allan Mayo.

In Mid Winter.

The whirling snowflakes blur the moon,
And choke the singing weir;
Yet 'tis not hard to dream of June,
When you, my Rose, are here!

Clinton Scollard.

Digitized by Google

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A FAMOUS "REFORM MAYOR."

Hazen S. Pingree of Detroit has become a national character because all things are possible to an honorable ambition in this republic. As a boy, the son of a poor farmer in Maine, he put his fingers into the straps of his boots; and for forty years he has pulled steadily, lifting himself to fortune and a unique political fame.

Eight years ago Mr. Pingree was just starting upon a business trip, when he was called into a Republican caucus in Detroit, and requested to run for the mayoralty. His party had long been in the minority and its nomination was usually given to any one willing to make a campaign contribution in return for the empty compliment. But Mr. Pingree took it in earnest. He made a personal canvass. He went among the laboring men and the poorer householders and promised to give them a fair share of the benefits of city government. His carriage was to be seen almost every day in some narrow street that never felt the paver's pick nor heard the rumble of the garbage cart, surrounded by a crowd of Poles or Bohemians. He preached reform early and late, and the politicians who had nominated him chuckled to see the energy with which he scattered what they regarded simply as election bait

Hazen S. Pingree, Mayor of Detroit

From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit.

Digitized by Google

George Fred Williams.
From a photograph by Marshall, Boston.

for votes. They were surprised when he was elected, and still more astonished when he took the earliest opportunity of proving that he had meant all he said.

Believing that he could benefit the greatest number of people by securing cheaper transit, Mayor Pingree demanded three cent fares on the street cars. The corporations ridiculed his suggestion, and the attack upon a "vested interest" made all their adherents his enemies. The mayor thereupon boarded a car, offered three cents to the conductor, was put off, and brought suit against the company. For two years the question was fought in the courts, but the fight ended in victory for Mr. Pingree.

His next move was to gain for the city control over its public lighting, and to secure cheaper gas for private consumers. It took a year to accomplish this, and another set of men became his enemies. Then he insisted that paving should be done directly by the board of public works, and as a result Detroit now proudly boasts that it is the cleanest city in America.

It was the "potato patch" movement that turned all eyes to Mayor Pingree, though his other reforms have been of more real importance. It began with ridicule, but it has proved to be successful and beneficent. One morning Mr. Pingree announced that he had six hundred acres of land ready for cultivation by the industrious poor; that those ignorant of agricultural methods would be supplied with a book of instructions; and that every applicant must agree to abide by certain specified rules. The mayor constantly drove among his new landholders, who numbered nearly two thousand heads of families; and his critics said it was all for political ends. He replied by pointing to the police records, which showed a remarkable diminution of crime in localities that had been among the worst in Detroit. He declared that it was the best and cheapest means of making good citizens that a city had ever tried.

When Mr. Pingree began life by cutting leather soles for four dollars a week, he used to work ten hours a day. At the Detroit city hall his office hours are from seven in the morning until midnight.

A SILVER CHAMPION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Almost if not quite the most talked of man in New England during the last few

Digitized by Google

months has been George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts. To the politicians of the Bay State he has been a firebrand such as General Butler never was. He helped to rend asunder the Republicans, and now he has split the Democrats into three factions. He has been a fighter ever since the memorable campaign of 1884, when he bolted Blaine's nomination, and became one of the original mugwumps. Then the Democrats elected him to the Legislature and later to Congress, where he became known as an enemy of tariffs and an active opponent of the movement for the unlimited coinage of silver. Last April he was elected a delegate to the Chicago convention on a gold platform; but a week before the meeting of that now historic gathering he surprised both friends and foes by announcing that he had experienced a change of heart, and had resolved to speak and work for silver.

When his new allies triumphed at Chicago, Mr. Williams would probably have been named for the vice presidency but for the action of his fellow delegates from Massachusetts. From that point he has waged a sharp warfare against nearly all the former leaders of his party in the State. On the night before the convention that was to nominate a candidate for the governorship, he addresed a gathering in the convention hall. He declared that his opponents intended to pack the next day's meeting against him, and appealed to his supporters to prevent it by remaining in their seats all night. This was done, and amid much excitement and some disorder Mr. Williams' friends succeeded in holding the fort and nominating him. The result of the election is not known as we go to press, but it is expected that Governor Wolcott will be reëlected by an emphatic majority.

Felix Adler.
From a photograph by Park, New York.

Mr. Williams is a blue eyed, light complexioned, well dressed bachelor of forty four, who looks younger than he is. He is of German stock; his father came to America as George Weinigman and changed his name to Williams. The son was born at Dedham, where he resides. He is a lawyer, and a graduate of Dartmouth, where he was

Digitized by Google

a classmate of Frank S. Black, who is likely to have been elected governor of New York when this appears.

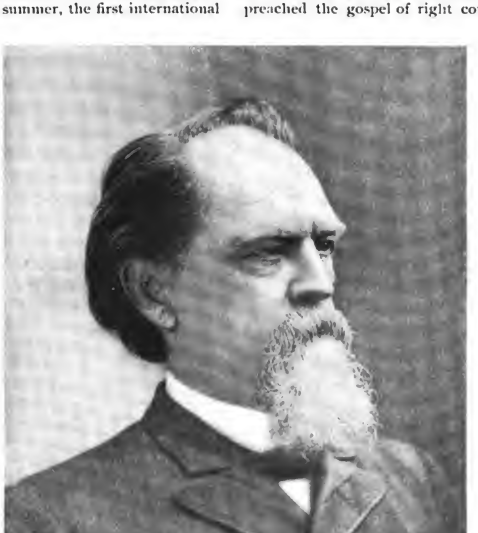
THE APOSTLE OF A CREEDLESS CHURCH.

There was held at Zurich, Switzerland, during the past summer, the first international convention of the societies of the ethical culture movement, which was organized in New York just twenty years ago by Felix Adler. Exactly what this movement is, and in what respects it differs from Christianity on the one hand and atheism on the other, many people do not know, although its founder's name may be familiar to them.

Professor Adler's father was rabbi of the Temple Emanu-El, a leading New York synagogue, and the son was educated to succeed him. But the young man's first address to his father's congregation created a sensation. Full of philosophic thought, and breathing the loftiest ethical principles, it contained no mention of the name of God. Friends came to him and asked whether he expected to become a rabbi.

"No," he told them frankly, "my idea is to found a church wherein may be preached the gospel of right conduct and pure living, but which shall have no creed to be a stumbling block to those who would join hands with us. In short, I wish to supply a sanctuary for the unchurched."

A little band gathered around him, and a new sect was launched. Meetings are held on Sunday morning, with singing by a chorus and a lecture by Professor Adler. Then there are a Sunday school and various forms of benevolent work. The dead are buried with an appropriate service, and marriages are solemnized, a special act of the Legislature having given Professor Adler authority to do this.



General John B. Gordon, United States Senator from Georgia

From a photograph by Mose, Atlanta.

Digitized by Google

Lord Tennyson.

From a photograph by Bassano, London.

The professor himself is a firm believer in immortality, and belongs to the transcendental school. From his followers he asks for no beliefs, only works. His one aim is to band men and women together with a high moral purpose in life. No missionaries are sent out, no overt effort is made to secure converts from other sects. The movement exists for the benefit of those who wish to avail themselves of it, and from New York it has spread to Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large cities of this country, and has also many followers in Europe.

GENERAL GORDON OF GEORGIA.

Thirty one years after the close of the civil war no general officer of either army is left alive, and of the next grade, that of lieutenant general, there remain only five or six Southern veterans, the most prominent ones being Generals Longstreet, Buckner, Wade Hampton, and John B. Gordon.

General Gordon has won a wide reputation as a speaker; but never, probably, has he risen to such power and pathos as when, on the day of Lee's surrender, he gathered about him the remnant of his shattered regiments and exhorted his heart broken men to go home in peace, to obey the Federal authorities, and to set to work to rebuild a united country. Gordon had entered the Confederate service as a private, and had won his way to the command of a division of the Army of Northern Virginia. After

Digitized by Google

Appomattox, he was one of the first to follow his own instructions. Never losing the high place he had held in the hearts of the Southern people, he became as prominent in peace as he had been in war. He has twice been elected Governor of Georgia, and thrice to the United States Senate. He has announced that his present term at Washington will be his last, as he proposes to devote himself to lecturing and literature.

Henry M. Stanley, M. P.

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

A GREAT POET'S SON.

The life of Tennyson which is soon to be published by his son will be an interesting and important volume. It may prove, moreover, to be a good piece of literary work, for the present Lord Tennyson is a man of culture and ability, although he inherited none of the poetic genius that created the "Idyls of the King." He has always been devoted to his father's works, and was the great poet's closest friend and companion, though in many respects their personalities were very dissimilar. During the later years of Tennyson's life all his business arrangements were made by his son, to whose good management the very considerable fortune left by the laureate was largely due.

The present Lord Tennyson's life at Aldworth, the place his father built in the Surrey hills, is that of an old fashioned English country gentleman. He is the poet's only living child, his younger brother, Lionel Tennyson, who married the daughter of Frederick Locker, having died at sea while on his way home from India.

STANLEY AFRICANUS.

A German scientist has started a report that Henry M. Stanley's skin is turning black. The statement may be only another

Digitized by Google

evidence of the ill feeling between the nations who are racing for supremacy in Africa; or it may be, as its author claims, an interesting discovery in medicine. It seems that years ago, during Stanley's journeys in the Dark Continent, the explorer learned that a foreigner can secure immunity from the dreaded fevers of the tropical coast regions by a transfusion of blood from the veins of a native. He submitted to the operation five times, and found it an effectual protection; but now it is said that the pigment that makes the African native black has been gradually deposited in his skin, until his complexion has become that of a dark mulatto.

The great achievements that will make Stanley live in history seem to be over. At fifty five or thereabouts—for he does not know his own age exactly—he has settled down as a sedate Londoner, a member of the "finest club in England" as the Unionist representative of North Lambeth. We heard a good deal, about a year ago, of his maiden speech in Parliament. It was a spirited defense of the British "imperialistic" policy in Africa, which Sir Charles Dilke has attacked as unwise and unprofitable. Stanley, a perfect master of his theme, made a striking rehearsal of the value of the vast empire which a few daring pioneers have staked off for colonization and development under the flag of England.

"Africa may never be, as some seem to hope, another North America," said Stanley when he was in New York last winter. "But we must remember that to the first European explorers and settlers America appeared to be as poor a place to live in as Africa appears now. Railroads are what the Dark Continent most needs, and they may do for it almost as much as they have done for America."

CAVE!

DAN CUPID with a bow upon four strings
Begins a wondrous witching little air.
Ah, when such soft, illusive music wings,
Good sirs, beware!

But when the fair
Dorinda! with four beaux upon a string!
Assumes a wondrous witching little air—
This is a yet more heart ensnaring thing!
Good sirs, take care!

Millicent Catell

Digitized by Google

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THE MAPLESON COMPANY.

Colonel Mapleson is to be thanked for giving the public an opportunity of hearing Miss Susan Strong. After her triumphs in Europe, Miss Strong comes back to the people who knew her as a child, and as a young society girl with musical tastes, made over into a prima donna in so short a time that it seems only yesterday that she went away. She returned to America early in the season, long before the opening of the opera, and has held levees of admiring friends ever since.

Colonel Mapleson claims the creation of thirty two successful American prima donnas and the introduction of more than a hundred famous foreign singers to the American public. Miss Strong scarcely needs the introduction, for her professional reputation is already established, and she

Emma Juch.

From her latest photograph by Dupont, New York.

Digitized by Google

Emma Eames.

From her latest photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Digitized by Google

Marie Donavin.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

has hosts of personal friends here who know her as the daughter of a former mayor of Brooklyn.

Colonel Mapleson further declares that he has compassed the feat of getting together a cast in which all the sopranos are worthy to be prima donnas, and most of them have been. Mme. Meysenheym was the first singer in Amsterdam, and the same thing is true of Mme. Du Bedat. His chorus, he promises, shall be as good as his cast; and it is to be hoped that he will keep his word.

AN AMERICAN CONCERT SINGER.

Apropos of Mapleson, he has always been a most discriminating impresario, willing to trust his own judgment of a prima donna, without waiting for years and some chance opportunity to bring her to the front. It was in 1881 that a music teacher in New York asked him to come to a recital by his

Digitized by Google

pupils, and hear a young New York girl sing. She had scenes from two operas, the first act in "La Traviata," and the garden scene in "Faust." The result was that Colonel Mapleson was so delighted with young Miss Emma Juch that he engaged her to sing *Mignon* at the Academy of Music, where she made a great success. Then she was engaged by Theodore Thomas as a soloist, and sang all over the country with his orchestra, becoming in a very short time a reigning favorite among American concert singers.

Miss Juch's voice is still one of the most beautiful ever heard here, but since her marriage to Mr. Wellman, the New York lawyer, two years ago, she has been very little before the public.

NORDICA'S ABSENCE.

There is a great deal of speculation as to the singer who will fill Klafsky's place. American audiences want something better and better every year, and will tolerate no retrogression. Klafsky made a place for herself last year, and there is universal sorrow over her death. It was generally supposed that Lillian Nordica would take her parts, but the Metropolitan management has distinctly and finally announced that Mme. Nordica will not sing there this year. It is as generally conceded

Sigrid Arnoldson

From her latest photograph by Nadar, Paris.

Digitized by Google

Susan Strong as "Brunnhilde"

From her latest photograph by Van der Weyde, London.

Digitized by Google

that Mr. Damrosch will not allow Lili Lehmann to leave his company and fill the vacant place. He speaks of Frau Mohor-Ravenstein, who hails from the Mannheim opera house, as Klafsky's successor. We hope, rather than expect, that she will verify his prediction.

Allow us to say that the Metropolitan management is not keeping faith with the public. No singer who comes to New York is more generally popular than Mme. Nordica. She is American in every sense. We are protesters against exorbitant salaries, but if they are to be paid, why should they be given to one singer and not to another? The opera managers let Mme. Eames stay away last year, and Mme. Calvé the year before, and glad enough they were to get them both back again. The public does not call in a body at the office of the Abbey firm and protest, when it hears that its favorites are not returning. Its dissatisfaction is shown later, in a negative way. Both Eames and Calvé came back dictating terms. It might be just as well to let Nordica have her way now, before the audiences begin to resent the loss of her beautiful voice and charming personality, and before her demands grow larger. She is one of the most popular singers, and when we are paying for the best in grand opera we have a right to it.

EAMES' RETURN.

The return of Mme. Eames is in the nature of a triumph. She is undoubtedly the most beautiful woman on the operatic stage today, and the pictures of other years fail to give us any thing lovelier. She is still so young that her voice is scarcely in its prime. When the teachers wish to point out an example of what an American girl can do, they show their pupils Emma Eames and Lillian Nordica.

Mme. Eames is a Boston girl. Her first lessons in singing were taken in the New England city under Miss Munger, who advised her talented young pupil to go to Charles B. Adams, and try what she could do in opera. The young girl's first appearance was made in a scene from "Faust." Mr. Adams went to her after the recital was over, and told her that Paris was her next step. In Paris she went to Mme. Marchesi, who has taught Gerster, Melba, Calvé, Sanderson and many others, and in 1889 she made a triumphant début as *Juliet* in Gounod's opera.

In 1891, when Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau secured the Metropolitan, Mme. Eames—or Miss Eames, as she was then—was the principal soprano of their organization. But a few years changed that. The greatest singers in the world were anxious to come to America, and the managers thought that the American girl might be overlooked. Last year they did not engage her, with the result that she had an opportunity to sing before the most critical audiences in the world, the audiences that had made the success of the foreign singers. They pronounced her a marvel, and this year she comes back to us in triumph.

It is said to have been a great disappointment to Miss Eames' friends when she married Julian Story, the son of William Wetmore Story, the poet artist; but the young painter is coming rapidly before the world, and may yet win as much fame as his brilliant wife.

We shall hear Mme. Eames in a number of new rôles this winter.

ANOTHER PUPIL OF MUNGER.

Miss Clara Munger, of Boston, will presently find herself the Marchesi of America if her pupils continue to go away from her to distinguish themselves. Miss Marie Donavin, of Ohio, is her latest success. Like Emma Eames and several others, she went from Munger to Marchesi. Her American début was made in Brooklyn last season, at Sousa's Easter festival. She has a fine high soprano voice, full of color.

We need concert singers with beauty of voice and the personality that attracts. We want the *vox humana* in the voice, that magnetic quality without which no actress or singer can have real success. In possessing this quality, Nordica and Calvé have a charm which would make them famous on the stage if they spoke instead of singing.

A SCANDINAVIAN SINGER.

Sigrid Arnoldson seems to be the best representative, in these days, of the land which produced Nilsson and Jenny Lind. She is not only a charming singer and a beautiful woman, but she is so magnetic that she attracts the best the world has to give. Her collection of souvenirs of famous people is already wonderful, and by the time she is ready to retire it will probably be one of the most remarkable ever brought together. She is particularly devoted to her autographs.

Her husband, Herr Fischhof, is a nephew of Maurice Strakosch, who was Adelina Patti's maestro as well as Mme. Arnoldson's. He had many friends, and the two are delightful additions to any collection of talented people. Gounod gave Mme. Ar-

Digitized by Google

noldson his portrait, with "To the charming *Baucis*, Sigrid Arnoldson Fischhof, who never needs to renew her youth—Ch. Gounod," written across it. The great French composer also gave her some original bars of music. Josef Israels, the veteran Dutch painter, has given her a little study of the head of a fisherman. Sarah Bernhardt, M. de Blowitz, Hendrik Ibsen, Zola, Irving, Mascagni, Dumas, Massenet, all the world of music and art have paid some compliment to the pretty young singer, in written words or by some characteristic gift. She and her husband have a castle near Vienna, which is filled with a rare collection of pictures and souvenirs.

MANCINELLI'S NEW OPERA.

The people who study operas even when they cannot hear them will be interested to know that Signor Luigi Mancinelli's "Hero and Leander" is soon to be published. The libretto has been revised from an earlier book written by Arrigo Boito. Boito, who has produced many librettos and one great opera, set his work to music, but destroyed the score some time ago. The style of the new opera is a queer mixture of Italian and Wagnerian methods. It is in three acts. *Hero* is the soprano, *Leander* the tenor, and *Hero's* father a baritone. In some places there is a faint suggestion of "Aïda." The ballet is brought in during the second act, and makes part of the ceremonies which introduce *Hero* as a priestess of Aphrodite. The third act shows her looking across the Hellespont, and *Leander* drowning in the storm. *Hero* also jumps into the water to end her own life. Mme. Albani and Edward Lloyd were long ago announced to sing the leading parts at the Norwich festival, in England.

We need in New York a circulating musical library. Operas and oratorios are expensive, and there are many people who would be enormously benefited if they could have the advantage of seeing all the new music for a small annual sum.

SONGS FROM THE NORTH.

There has recently been issued a book of Scandinavian songs which has been received with delight by those who want new and appropriate chamber music. It is called "Songs From the North."

Among these Scandinavian songs are samples of the work of such men as Grieg, Kjernif, Svendsen, and Gade. The collection also includes familiar compositions of Ole Bull, Johan Selmer, Ole Olsen, Paul Heise, and others whom we have long known. All are full of the tender melancholy that is the dominating characteristic of the artistic expression of the Norse mind. The book is of additional value to students because it gives sketches of the musicians represented.

Alexander Bull, a son of Ole Bull, who first taught us to love Norwegian music, arrived in America not long ago on his way to the Northwest, where he will give a series of concerts. A statue of Ole Bull by the late sculptor Fjelde will be unveiled in Minneapolis within a few months, and Mr. Bull will play some of his father's favorite compositions at the ceremony. He lives in Bergen, in Norway, at the homestead which has been in the family for a century.

HALIR AND CARRENO.

The Philharmonic and Symphony Societies will produce several new people this year, some of whom are of great interest to the people who live through the rest of the year in order to be alive when the air of Boston and New York begins to throb to the vibrations of the musical instruments. The Symphony Society has six concerts this season. The first, on November 7, was to be in memory of Tschaikowsky, the Russian musician who died November 6, 1893, and whose compositions have lately become a fad among musical people. On December 5 we are to hear Carl Halir, who will play some of the favorites by Spohr, and the Brahms-Joachim Hungarian dances. Moritz Rosenthal will play at the third concert on January 2, and Theresa Carreno on the 30th of the same month.

Halir received his education in Prague, where he studied under Bernewitz. In 1874 he went to Joachim in Berlin, and was first heard in a church. We know how he came from Joachim with all that the master had to teach. The German papers say that he has a polished technique, a large, healthy tone, and "a transporting cantilena."

Theresa Carreno writes that she will finish her tour of twenty five concerts in Russia on December 22. On the 26th she will sail for New York, and play first at the Philharmonic Society, on January 8. She is a Venezuelan, the daughter of a prominent politician. Like most pianists, she was a musical prodigy, and studied as a child under Louis Gottschalk, and with Matthias, who was a pupil of Chopin. She played in both North and South America, and finally went to Europe, where some of the critics have declared her the greatest living woman pianist, as Paderewski is first among men.

Digitized by Google

IN THE REIGN OF BORIS.*

By Robert McDonald,

Author of "A Princess and a Woman."

XXIII.

BEVERLY did not leave the room by the window, as the young officer had suggested. He had forgotten all about suggestions from anybody. He was divided in his mind, and the sudden whirl of events had given him a sort of numbness of intellect. He wanted to get into some quiet corner and put the problems before him into words, just as he might have set down a row of figures on paper as an assistance to his memory.

He felt friendless. He had risked everything for Boris, he had gone through perils for him. They should have been "brothers in blood," the bond sealed by their perils. But Beverly was not of the sentimental cast that sits and whines at fate. There were still deeds before him. Nor was he of such a small mind and imagination that he was incapable of seeing that Boris was not all a bad man. It is easy to be conventionally good as long as there is a public opinion to be our conscience, and we are whipped into the narrow path by the thorns of the social wilderness that borders it. It is altogether different to be absolute lord of your own conduct under the stress of enormous temptation. While Beverly's own love strengthened his arm and steeled his heart, it made him understand in some dim fashion that he was not particularly abused; that had fate changed their places, he might have been as little generous as this Muscovite had shown himself.

As Beverly came out into the great room, he saw that it was filled with officers of the king's suite. They were rather raffish young men, mostly, with narrow heads. The one who had sent him to the king was not there.

The Carpathian officers turned from the piano, and from the tables where they stood fingering the glittering trinkets which Elinor Marr had scattered here and there, giving a bizarre effect to the grim old room, and looked at him curiously. He had just come from the royal presence, and probably the breach—the slight breach between the king and his foreign favorite which they had felt in some vague way—was already healed. They had known favorites who hung about the court of Carpathia in other years, with fluctuating fortunes. In an instant Beverly felt this attitude, and his expression met it. He was fighting with the weapons of strategy now. He put on the complacent expression of one who might have countless favors to bestow, and walked with his head in the air through the group, speaking carelessly to one here and there.

He was determined not to leave the castle without having said one word to John Marr. Linda had said that the prisoner was in the tower, and it was probable that he was still there. Beverly knew, from his efforts to reach the castle the day after the death of Lubona, that if he went to Linda to ask her how he could reach Elinor's father, it would be impossible to return. He would be like a cook with the recipe for preparing a hare, and no hare.

In the doorway he came up against the officer who had let him in. A wide smile went over the good natured face. This officer was something of an adventurer himself, one of those who always took the broom by the handle. He had belonged to the court in the days of Johann, Boris' predecessor, and was cheerfully ready to change his allegiance again if it were worth his while. In the mean time he was ready to be on good terms with the powers that be.

Beverly put his hand familiarly on the Carpathian's arm and turned him around.

"I know when I may trust a man," he said confidentially.

"So you didn't need to climb out of the window?"

"The king has more politeness than to require gymnastics for his amusement." the

* *This story began in the July number of* MUNSEY'S.

Digitized by Google

American returned lightly. Then he went on with a graver face. He had pushed his arm through that of the Carpathian, and had drawn him to that old carved chest before the tapestry covered door. "When a man has a mission, he has a right to use such means as he sees fit. Is not that one of the laws of diplomacy?"

"I am no diplomat," the other disclaimed, though he smiled happily; "but it is the law of common sense, than which there is none higher."

"I have a secret mission." Beverly's voice went low. "I am to see and make a proposition to the prisoner who is held here. As he is my countryman, it will be easier for me than for another. It is best that I should reach him in such a way that he will have no inkling that I come from the king. I must appear to every one, even if I am discovered, to have been acting upon my own responsibility. I give you my confidence because, but for you, I should not be going upon this mission, and I know I can trust you."

The Carpathian looked hard into Beverly's eyes. He was not unduly suspicious, but he was a Carpathian. It appeared the most natural thing in the world that Boris should want his prisoner put into the position of betraying himself. That again was an old Carpathian trick. He mused for a moment, his lids drawn almost together, while the heart of the American beat fast and he kept an eye on the doorway. Once there was a disturbance inside, and it seemed to Beverly that his heart would never slip down out of his throat again. Boris might appear at any moment.

"There is a way of access to the tower. It appears to have been a sort of lumber room. Doors have been sealed up which led to it from other parts of the house. There is only one entrance, and that is guarded."

"But the windows?" Beverly spoke impatiently, as if he had already been told so much.

"A coping about eight inches wide runs around the tower. You have noticed it."

"Eight inches! It is a roadway. Suppose you show me the way, arousing no suspicions."

"You Americans are venturesome," the Carpathian said. "Come with me, and I will pretend to show you out of the front door."

They arose and walked together down the hall. Two men stood there idly, but Beverly knew them to be guards. They saluted the young officer profoundly, and one of them held open the door.

The Carpathian took the door in his hand, and began to talk, as if continuing a conversation with Beverly.

"I hope I shall see you in Paris next year. I want to get a leave then. By the way, Olaf"—to one of the men—"go up to the room above and bring a package you will see on the dressing table."

The guard went, while the two young men talked on.

"I will walk with you," the Carpathian said, "as far as the bridge;" and then he turned to the other man. "Get my cape. It is in the hall."

"I will walk on," Beverly called out, and passed through the door; but as the servant's back was turned he followed the Carpathian's gesture and ran swiftly up the stairs. The shrubs were heavy here. The young officer took his cape and the package, and walked out. Ten minutes later he passed in through the stables and joined Beverly where he stood behind a stack of arms in the upper hallway.

"Come this way," he whispered, and led him to a door in the wall and up a short stairway. In another minute they came to a casement which led out upon a tiled roof. The Carpathian stopped. "Out here," he said, "you will find your way along the roof until you come to the place where you can climb the side of the tower. There is ivy. Quick!"

Some one was coming along the hallway. As Beverly stepped out upon the shelving tiles, he heard the officer speak in answer to the voice of Boris.

The sun had set, and the twilight was settling down. Lights began to shine out from the windows below. The night was cold, but Beverly took off his shoes. He must reach John Marr before the moon arose in its brilliancy. He pulled himself up by the ivy, and by crevices in the stones, until he stood upon the narrow ledge, fully fifteen feet above the lower roof. Then he realized that he did not know which of the tower windows led into Marr's room. As he clung to the ledge he seemed all at once to see the almost ludicrous difficulties of his position.

It was not a pretty fall to the stones below, but the slightest push from one of those windows would send him there. And how was he going to get in if he reached the right window? It was hardly likely that a strong, agile man like John Marr would sit beside an open window and pine for freedom with a ledge eight inches wide running underneath. But as the darkness grew Beverly put his hands in the ivy and

Digitized by Google

slipped cautiously along, the stones cold against his stockinged feet.

The first window was dark, and there seemed to be neither shutters uor bars to it. He stood still and listened. It seemed to him that he could have heard a breath, but there was only dead silence. To pass further, he must climb the sill. The next window was around the corner, and as Beverly turned he saw it was lighted. He heard voices, too—deep, earnest voices; and involuntarily he shrank back into the ivy and listened.

There was no doubt about John Marr being here. His strident, sarcastic voice was seemingly as strong as ever, aud it was pitched high with temper.

"Release me from this place, and let me meet you on fair terms, and I will answer you. Do you expect to discuss any matter while I am in this condition?"

"I cannot forget," Boris said with some degree of patience, "that you were free, and that you tried to lure me into a camp of insurgents."

"Lure? You asked to go. Do you fear I might succeed a second time? How could I know that you were lying to me?" Evidently the fear of kings did not rest in the soul of John Marr. "It might be better for you that Russia should own Carpathia. You have no real ties here. You are tired of the whole affair. If you aren't, you are fonder of the desert than I imagine."

"Suppose I give up my throne. Suppose I join with you, and let your plans go through. What then?"

"You will have done a very sensible thing," said Marr, with great coolness.

"Will you give me your daughter?"

"That I will not!" the old man almost yelled. "Do you suppose I have spent my life earning money for you to waste? You! You aren't even a legitimate child. You have no right to any title. I will make no such poor bargain as this."

"My regard for your daughter makes me patient with you."

"You need not disturb yourself concerning me. I will not stay here long. I left orders with my agents in Paris. They will look for me. I am an American citizen."

"I have known occasions when American citizens were not particularly well looked after by their government."

"They did not happen to be citizens who had contributed very liberally to the campaign fund of the administration," Mr. Marr said with great suavity.

"I can keep you here in this castle until you rot," Boris declared. "I have proof that you tried to overthrow my government, that you had designs upon my life. Oh, I know the Russians would have let you kill me, and have felt relieved when it was over. I do not intend to give up this throne, and I do intend to marry your daughter with or without your consent. She is anxious to see you. I want to restore you to her, as I want to give her everything else in this world that she desires. It rests with you."

There was silence for a moment, broken by a laugh from Marr which was not a pleasant one.

"You must love my daughter indeed. Your kindness to her father proves it."

"It is the political prisoner who is kept here. When you have given your consent to my marriage to your daughter, when you will promise to use your influence to make your daughter my wife, you cease to be dangerous."

"And so you need influence? I thought as much. Suppose I promise you all this, what certainty have you that I will keep my promise?"

"I shall ask you, in the first place, to write your daughter a letter telling her that you are kept away by business, and committing her to my care. You will tell her in another letter, a little later, that I have your sanction in offering her my hand."

"But she knows that I am sane. *You!* A fortune hunter, an adventurer with a paper crown! Faugh! Why don't you strike me, to prove to me what a good husband you would make my daughter?"

"For fear I might be tempted to strike you were you free, I will leave you bound," Boris said, and Beverly could hear that the words came through gritted teeth.

A moment later the door clanged, and Marr was alone. A second later, Beverly heard the sound of one hard, dry sob. He waited for a moment, for the sound chilled him. Then he came close to the window sill, and, taking a firm hold, peered in. Marr was sitting in a wooden chair, beside a table on which were the dishes of what had evidently been a luxurious dinner. He was not starving on bread and water, and he had no scruples about accepting the hospitality forced upon him.

Beverly saw that the prisoner was secured by an ingenious arrangement which, he reflected, had doubtless been planned for the king himself by Lubona. It would have been a brilliant idea to confine the Carpathian monarch in the house of an American citizen, and to have fed him from the latter's table while he was watched over by the faithful servants of the Lubona family.

Digitized by Google

It was more than clever to choose the house of a man who also had reasons for desiring a change of government. Everybody would believe that it was Marr, and not Lubona, who had been responsible for the king's incarceration. It was too good a plan to have gone so far astray.

The room was well furnished. There were chairs, and tables, and books, and on the hearth a smoldering fire. But from each of Marr's ankles ran a slender steel chain, attached to a staple in the wall. They were so arranged that while he could almost reach the wall and the window, he could not quite do so. Where one chain was lax, the other held him tight. There was no possible chance of his getting near enough to the staples to work at them, or near enough to the window to attract attention. The fire, too, was just out of reach.

Beverly waited until the place was absolutely still, and the old man sat with his head in his hands. Then he carefully lifted one leg over the window sill, and jumped to the floor. He had expected to see some signs of relief on Marr's face, but if there was any change it grew grimmer.

"What do *you* want?" the prisoner asked harshly.

"I came to tell you that your daughter is well——"

"A piece of information already received from your master."

"It is my wish to restore you to her. I am here without the knowledge of the king, and tell you that there may be a way of escape, and to plan with you. Boris has ordered me to leave the kingdom. I have made every effort to see you here." Beverly's words sounded stiff and meaningless to himself.

"A very pretty story indeed. You forget that I last saw you with the king. Your entrance is admirably planned. I may be supposed to be ready to listen to you after the interview I have just had with the young adventurer who calls himself the king of this country." Marr laughed again. "Doubtless he would like to get me out of here without coming down from his lofty perch. You may tell him for me that I am not going."

"But your daughter?"

"She is an American girl, and if she can't take care of herself, this is an excellent opportunity for her to learn;" but Beverly could see that this was bravado, pure and simple.

"Your daughter does not know that you are imprisoned. She does not know that Boris is the king. The best thing that you can do is to tell me where your men are, and let me bring them here to get you out of this place."

"Oh, that's the information you are fishing for! An admirable plan indeed!"

Beverly's patience gave out. He went to the fireplace, picked up a heavy iron rod which lay there, and went toward one of the staples. Under his strong pressure it was the work of only a few minutes to prize it out. In a short time Marr was free, except that he held the chains in his hands, still attached to his ankles.

"Put those in your pockets. You are a strong, agile man; come with me. We can slip along this wall, drop to the ground by holding to the ivy, and get away." Beverly spoke with strong excitement.

But Marr hesitated.

"Why are you so anxious to help me, if it is not a plot to put me again into the hands of that fellow Boris—to let him kill me, perhaps?"

"Because I, too, love your daughter."

"You! And you expect me to give her to you for helping me out of this place? Understand that I will do nothing of that sort. Rather than have her marry you, I would give her to that adventurer. After all, he is a prince, and most girls are pleased with a title. He would give up everything for her. My schemes would all go through. I should get all of my concessions. If it is a choice between you two, I shall choose him."

"I ask for nothing," Beverly said. "I want nothing but to relieve your daughter's mind, to take you back to her. There is only the slenderest chance that I shall be allowed to come near her again. I am ordered out of the country. I cannot go with the knowledge that you have left your daughter alone at the mercy of——" Beverly broke off because there was a lump in his throat. He was helpless indeed.

"You can have no interest in me or my daughter. I should have known from the beginning that you were here only to work disaster for me."

"I may have come to Carpathia for that purpose," Beverly said, "but I swear to you that I gave it up long ago. If the story is ever told it will be told by some other pen."

Marr looked at him curiously.

"You *were* here, then, to work disaster for me. You are your father's own son. And you think that it can all be wiped out in a moment by taking me out of this place."

"I do not see what my father has to do with it."

Digitized by Google

"Your father ruined the work of my life. He drove me from America."

A light suddenly fell upon Beverly.

"Oh!" he cried, "you think I am Hardin. My name is Beverly. I was sent here by the New York *Herald* to see what you were up to. I happened to be wearing Hardin's cap. I see how you made the mistake."

He had not finished his words before Marr was on his feet, and Beverly had another example of the singular combination of qualities that went to make up this financier.

"Why didn't you tell me this some time ago? Young man, you have a great deal to learn in practical journalism. I thought you were the son of that old devil Hardin, and I spent considerable valuable time trying to put you into such a tight box that you would be a disgrace to his name. As I haven't had my revenge on him, I'm very glad you escaped it."

He looked at Beverly with new and familiar eyes. Old John Marr belonged to the class whose interviews are what the slang of the reporters calls "fat." He felt a comradeship with the men of the pen which they by no means reciprocated. With great power, he had great vanity, and he loved to see himself as a figure in that daily writing down of events which eventually becomes history. If he were to lose all that he expected to gain, there could be no salve for his hurt quite so soothing as the knowledge that the story of his revolution was to be told, and told under his own eyes, his own hand guiding the pen.

"It is nonsense to say that you will never tell the story," he said. "There is no pen so well calculated to tell it. Ah!" His eyes narrowed, and a smile took the corners of his old mouth. "I am not sure that between us we cannot bring the king to terms at last. We ought to. We can make a pretty story of his persecution of American citizens. We can ask for enough money to put us on our feet for life." He spoke as if he too were a poor man.

"I want none of his money. He hasn't any. And let me tell you that I saw Boris take your letter from Lubona's dead body. He has proof against you. You must know it."

"Forged. Lubona is dead, and of course they will put everything on Lubona's shoulders. My dear young man, it can be made very hot indeed for the King of Carpathia. Don't you see that he will never dare to insinuate that Russia was behind me?"

"Behind you in case you won," Beverly said dryly.

"Nobody is behind anybody in case they lose;" and with this piece of philosophy, Marr went toward the window and looked out. "What on earth could be sillier than for a man like me, an American citizen, to start out to fight the King of Carpathia? What would I do it for? What would I get for it? I had a few miners. Boris wanted my daughter, and he imprisoned me to get rid of me; a young newspaper man discovered the plot, released me, and"—he waved his hands expressively—"it is a lovely story."

"It is a good enough story if it has any sort of an ending," Beverly added. How he hated this old man with his thin, Jewish face and dry old figure! It made him sick to think that this was *her* father. How could so lovely and pure and beautiful a flower have come from such a wicked, vulgar old stalk as this? "We are not out yet," he went on. "There are no facilities for telling a newspaper story to the world from this tower, and unless we get away before the moon comes up we shall probably be picked off and buried like Lubona, with honors, and the world will hear nothing whatever of our side of the story."

Marr was looking at the ledge, and at the ground below. Then he shuddered and drew back.

"I cannot do it," he said. "I am no coward, but the sight of that ledge and the fall below turns me sick and dizzy. I cannot go."

"Tell me where your men are. I will get away and bring them here."

Marr looked at him again with suspicion.

"I have no men. My miners are scattered. I know of no armed body."

"This is no time to trifle," Beverly said roughly. "Do you want to stay here in this hole? I can do nothing alone. I tell you again that you are letting your imagination get the better of you, if you think you can intimidate Boris. He is a determined man. He can wear you out. Every hour you stay here makes him more and more able to win your daughter. They are friends. She likes him. She is, after all, only a young girl. She can be influenced."

Beverly groaned as he realized his own meanness. He feared more than anything else in the world, more than the danger that encompassed her father—which he believed to be in reality slight—that Boris would find time to win the woman he himself loved. At heart, he knew that this fear, and this alone, was the driving power of his own actions. He wanted to restore Marr to his daughter and have him tell her a story

Digitized by Google

that would make her despise the king, make her fear him, when he knew she had almost come to love him. Beverly had imagination enough to see that a woman cannot take a helpless man, handsome, young, dependent upon her, and care for him for twenty four hours, and then put him out of her heart again into the outer world in which she keeps strangers. It is not a hard matter for him to open the doors into her heart's sanctuaries after that. He has left the reception room of acquaintanceship far behind.

"I cannot go this way," Marr said. "I would surely fall."

Beverly went over and tried the door. The lock was massive, but he could see that the key was in it on the outside.

"Wait here," he said. "Stay by the door."

He went back to the window, pulled himself out to the ledge by the ivy branches, and moved swiftly along until he came to that dark window just around the corner. Then he vaulted in. Standing quite still, he struck a match and looked around. It was, as he had supposed, a lumber room. Here were piled all the trash that an ancient family can accumulate in centuries—old moth eaten garments, wormy furniture, and dust, dust, dust. Beverly looked for the door and went to it. It was unlocked. Softly, softly, he opened it an inch or two and looked out.

Facing him was the door behind which he knew Marr must be standing. The light was dim, but he could see that the key was in the lock, and at the other end of the passage he could see the guards playing cards around an oil lamp. If he moved they would be likely to hear him on the creaking old floor and turn. He went back into the room and struck another match, and then he hastily gathered together all the inflammable material in sight, feeling for it, striking match after match, and carefully building a fire.

In five minutes he had a crackling, roaring flame. He opened the door, and the red fire darted after him, swept by the draft from the window. He lifted his voice in a mighty yell, whose meaning any nation can interpret: "Fire! Fire!"

With one bound he turned the key of the room where John Marr stood, and pulled him into the passage. Together they rushed upon the guards, who had started up in a panic. Before they knew what had happened, the two fugitives were on the stairs, past the turn, and in the lighted part of the building. Beverly opened the first door he came to and pushed Marr in, as the whole household rushed up the tower stairs, looking for the fire. He saw Boris fly by, consternation in his face, and then, although there were a dozen men in the passageway, he opened the door and stepped boldly out.

The two Americans went quickly down the steps into the hall below. Beverly reasoned that Marr's face was not known to more than two or three of the men, and they would never dare stop him, when he was accompanied by the king's friend, without the king's orders.

The main hall was empty, and Beverly made an instant decision. If they fled on foot, morning would be certain to discover them. They must get to Carpeth, and to the English legation. The American legation was situated over a tobacconist's shop, and practically went out of existence when the representative was enjoying himself in Paris, as at present. Quick as a flash Beverly had the chest back from the tapestry door, had pulled Marr through it, and was running toward the stables, praying that there might be horses there.

The older man was as active as the younger, and followed him without a word or a sound. The door into the stable was easily opened. Beverly gave an exclamation which came from his heart as he looked within. Standing in the stalls were two horses, and only two, saddled and bridled. Evidently the king intended to ride away within a short time. The call of fire had drawn off the stable men, and as fast as he could move Beverly opened the door into the alley way, and he and Marr, mounting, rode out into the night.

XXIV.

BEVERLY turned in his saddle and looked back, feeling like a criminal, for the ancestral castle of the Lubonas was wrapped in flames. The old wooden lining of the stone walls was being licked up like wax in the hot fire.

He wondered what Boris would do to them for stealing his horses. Would he make the man he had fought with, and the father of the woman he wanted to marry, stand trial in the Carpathian courts for horse stealing? It seemed almost a humorous idea.

The fugitives were on a well traveled road after they had gone half a mile, and Beverly had settled down to the steady trot which he intended to keep up through the long miles to Carpeth. Already his mind was

Digitized by Google

full of visions of possibilities which, like all air castles in the mind of a young lover, would not come down, however much he bombarded them with reason. He was going to restore her to her father, and they must all leave the country. She would hate Boris when she knew the truth, and he —well, he had shared dangers with her, and she trusted him. There were possibilities. He could not but know that there were possibilities.

They had crossed the bridge, finding it quite unguarded, and were going along the road that led under the mountains where they had played at hide and seek with Lubona. Up there, not so very far as the crow flies, she had sat on that ruined wall where he had held her in his arms. A sharp little thrill went through Beverly's heart as he wondered whether she, too, remembered.

He was brought back to earth by a jerk. Marr was leaving the road and going up one of these ravines. Beverly drew in his own horse and rode after him.

"Where are you going?"

"I have business in this direction."

"If you want to go to your daughter, this is not the way. It is the next turning."

Marr stopped suddenly, and half turned his horse until he faced Beverly.

"I am going to the men who were to strike the first blow for the downfall of Boris' throne. You are exactly the fellow I want to come with me. You can do more for me than a thousand men. You can put the sympathies of the world with us. Boris will follow us, but he has only a small guard, and he will take the straight road to Carpeth. He can be overpowered. This country is always ripe for revolution. It is in a state of yeast now. Come with me."

"No."

"You told me back there that you loved my daughter, and yet you refuse to give yourself the opportunity——" Marr broke off suddenly.

Beverly's head went down on his chest, and then was lifted again.

"Where are your men? They have long left the ravine where you expected to find them. I myself saw them go."

"They are all about. I can gather them when I will. Some of them are in Boris' own forces. I want to select a spot, and send out a message. I am frank with you, for I believe you will not betray me to the king."

"I swear to you that I will never betray you to the king!" At the vehemence with which he said it, a nicer ear than Marr's might have hesitated. Men like Beverly are not in the habit of taking oaths unnecessarily. "But there is but one safe thing for you to do—go to Carpeth, and from there out of the country."

"That I will not do."

Beverly was learning to think quickly. He remembered the French diplomat who concealed an important letter by ostentatiously displaying it on his mantelpiece. Boris would never think of looking for them in the hut. He might go to Leo Lubona's house, but the hut was too obvious. Boris knew them both. He would think them too level headed for a piece of stupidity like hiding in the hut.

"I know exactly the place you want." Beverly was making no promises, but evidently Marr concluded that his last argument had been decisive. "There is a herder's hut on the hillside where the son of the woman who keeps the farm below, whom your men know, generally sleeps. We will go there. The boy can be sent away on a message."

"I intended to go to this woman's house."

"Boris has seen your men there."

"Come on, then."

Beverly had not expected to find the boy there, but the lad lay in the bunk in the corner, sleeping as calmly as if a king, and a man who had hoped to be a king, had not occupied it since he had been routed out of it a few days earlier. He was a stolid soul, much like one of his own pigs. Marr sat down by the fireplace, and, taking a piece of paper from his pocket, wrote a line on it, and bade the lad carry it to his mother.

"You have carried food before," he said sternly. "See that you tell no one."

"Let me tell him to hasten," Beverly said, and he followed the boy out of the hut. He had awakened grumblingly, and was muttering over the fools who would not let a man sleep, when Beverly put something into his hand which made his palm itch. It was a large gold piece. In all his life the lad had only seen one before.

"Give me that note," Beverly whispered, "and go at once to the house of Father Leo, carrying him this, instead. Let no one see you, and you shall have another of these."

Beverly did not finish this sentence, but reeled under a powerful blow, and turned to grapple with John Marr.

"You traitor, you scoundrel!" the old man fairly hissed. "Would you betray me? I will kill you!"

He had the steel chain in his hand, and

Digitized by Google

was dealing Beverly powerful strokes about the head. But the journalist was the younger and stronger. He wrenched the chain from Marr's hand, and made a motion which Marr evaded; but Beverly did not intend to strike him. He gave the chain a powerful throw over the old man's shoulder, and it wrapped itself, lasso like, around the one solid thing in the room—the iron crane in the fireplace, put there to support the pig scalding kettles of the farmer. Then Beverly sprang back a step, and before Marr knew that he was caught, the tightening chain tripped him and brought him to the floor.

Beverly held Marr's arms while he took the other chain and gave it a turn about his vanquished antagonist's legs. "I beg your pardon," the young man said, "but there is nothing else to do. I cannot and I will not let you ruin yourself. Your men are scattered. You know yourself that if you are caught you must make terms with Boris. You defied him, but had you not been protected by your daughter, and by his love for her, you would never be embarking upon this reckless project now. I have sent for Miss Marr. She shall decide whether she will be the morganatic wife of a third rate king, in order to further schemes which you cannot carry through by any other means."

But as he looked at the bound man, Beverly's heart was heavy. It was not likely that any girl would look at one who had treated her father in such an ignominious fashion as this. The old man lay on the floor, his hair disheveled, cursing himself for a fool in trusting a liar.

"I told you no lies. I promised not to betray you to the king. I have betrayed you to nobody. Your daughter has every right to see you, to plead with you, to take you away. I give you into her hands. She, and she alone, can save you. The king, seeing you with her, will give her all she asks—all she wants to ask. It rests with her. She shall have the choice. In any case, Boris owes her too much to make her unhappy." And then, as a rare indulgence, Beverly allowed himself a bit of cynicism. "At least, as long as she knows that he is making her unhappy."

It was a long and lonely vigil, and the late waning moon was lighting the rocks as on that other night, when at last Beverly heard voices, and the scramble of horses' feet. He wanted to say a word to Elinor before she saw her father. He must make some sort of an explanation, and he would do it as delicately as he could. There was no water in the hut, and his brandy flask was empty, so that the blood and the marks of the blows of the chains were still on his face, but he had forgotten that. His heart was in his throat and his hands trembled. He could have cried like a nervous woman, as he went out to Elinor Marr. Fighting, work, life, never daunted Beverly. But now that he must perhaps seem contemptible in the eyes of the woman he loved, must make his labored explanations, which presently her father would distort, it was too much for him. And yet he hungered and longed to see her.

The moonlight struck him full as he came out of the door, and he saw a picture before him which printed itself on his brain. He never forgot the slightest detail of it, for it seemed to kill all hope. Elinor Marr was slipping down from her horse, with Boris, King of Carpathia, holding out his arms to help her to the ground.

But in another minute she had seen Beverly, and with a bound her hands were on his arms, her face looking up to his, her beautiful eyes full of unshed tears, her lips drawn down with anxiety.

"Oh, you are not killed, but you are hurt, you are hurt!"

She gave way to the emotion which up to that moment he had felt; but at the sight of her face, at the blessed knowledge of what he saw there, he was the strong man again. He saw in her eyes the love that would make her put away father and mother. With a heave the world turned over, and he was right with it again.

Beverly put his arms around her shoulders, and spoke to her gently. There was no need to say anything now of their relations to each other. He had said it that night on the old wall, and tonight she had answered him.

"Elinor," he said at last, "you must be calm. Be yourself for a moment." He put his hand under her chin and kissed her solemnly on the lips. "Think with me," he said. "Are you alone? How came Boris here?"

"Do you mean Count Festin? Where is he?" She looked around.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes. When your note came, Father Leo had gone away. He saw that the old castle was on fire, and he and Linda both ran. I did not read the note, but the boy said that a man was here killing you. I got a revolver and a horse and came."

"Through that wood alone?"

"Yes. I would have come through fire! Had you not done more for me? On the

Digitized by Google

way I met Count Festin and some men. I told him. He turned, as I knew he would, and rode back with me. His men are coming behind. Where is the man who hurt you?"

"Elinor," Beverly began, and then he stopped. How could he explain it all quickly enough? He knew now that she would believe everything he said implicitly. How could he ask her to plead with Boris?

"Why do you hesitate? What is it?" she asked anxiously.

"Miss Marr, he is trying to tell you that your father is inside, waiting to see you. He brought him here to see you. He finds it hard to tell all of his deeds of heroism at once," Boris' cool voice said behind them.

"My father!" she said. "I knew you would find him!"

She gave Beverly another grateful look and rushed away. Beverly caught at her, and would have spoken, but she was gone. He turned and faced Boris' cynical, smiling face with hate enough in his heart to have killed the man where he stood.

"If you had a thousand devils of fathers in there, you could not take her away from me now. She will believe me!"

Boris' face grew grave, and he looked away over the waving tree tops.

"I found that out tonight when she thought you were killed, or hurt, and called upon me to revenge you, to save you. I find you have always been the hero, and I have been the poor silly boy who got you into scrapes, according to her version." He smiled whimsically. "It began to sound true as she pictured it. She is the sweetest woman that ever lived, but she cares only for you."

Suddenly Boris put out his hand.

"I have behaved like a cad—like these barbarians. I have been in the wilderness too long. I have lost my manners."

But Beverly did not take the proffered hand.

"And you have sent the sweetest woman in the world in there without an explanation, to have her feelings hurt, to be humiliated?"

Boris let his hand drop, and Beverly never had another opportunity to take that of a king.

"I have just made the explanation to her father. I took the liberty of relieving him of his chains. I had the key to those anklets of his in my pocket. I set him on his feet, and we came to terms. He is to hold his tongue concerning his grievances, and I will hold mine. You may be trusted not to print your side of the story. You may not even have the compensation of writing up Lubona's rebellion. I fear you will entirely lose your reputation with your newspaper."

"I have no thanks to offer you. You owe all this and more to Miss Marr."

"I owe her more than I can ever repay."

There was a constraint between the young men which they could never overcome. Beverly was sore, feeling that he had been taken advantage of, even in his revenge, conscious that Boris knew that he would never tell the truth of his late actions and state of mind to Elinor, because he could not hurt her gentle heart. So far as it lay with him to undeceive her, Count Festin would always be to her a pleasant memory, a vanished friend. Beverly knew that this must be one of the conditions he had made with Marr. He did not know for weeks, not until he was long out of the country, that Boris had granted certain mining concessions to Marr, on condition that a part of the stock was transferred to Beverly. He wished to pay his debt to the young American in some fashion, and this was the only way.

On the other side, in Boris' heart was his dislike of a man who had done much for him, and to whom the king himself, naturally a generous nature, had behaved badly. His sudden passion for Elinor, the possibility of having her for his own, had gone to his head. Almost an absolute monarch, he had harked back to the ways of his ancestors, who stole their wives. Born of lawlessness, his own public opinion, perhaps nothing would have saved Boris except the trust and sweetness of the woman he loved. When he found her, that night, sobbing aloud as she rode alone through the wood on her way to the man she loved, and when she threw herself upon his care, a newer and a better manhood was born in the hot headed boy. A crazy passion which destroys every obstacle, which is a blight, was not the feeling that he could hold for a woman like this. She was worthy of better things. The demon in Boris died under her tears for another man, the fires were drowned. She might love another, but he too could be worthy of her trust.

"I ask one additional service of you," Boris said. "I ask you to let Miss Marr continue to think me Count Festin. She will perhaps have no unkind feeling toward me then. I fear she has already imbibed some prejudice against the King of Carpathia. Her father will take her away."

Boris had drawn on his riding gloves, and was preparing to go, when Elinor came out. He smiled at her.

Digitized by Google

"Are you going?" she said.

"Yes. My men will be here in a moment. I hear them now. I must go on. I will leave two or three to escort you to Carpeth." He hesitated again. "I hope you will be happy."

Elinor held his hand in both of hers. She looked at him fondly. To her, he was like a sweet, big brother.

"But we shall see you again tomorrow."

"Not tomorrow. I must go far up into the country, perhaps even to Russia."

"But we are going so soon."

Boris took his hand away, and drew a great ruby from his finger.

"Won't you take this—as a wedding gift? Your father has told me that he can deny nothing to you."

Her face flushed crimson, but she let him put the ring on her finger.

"I am sorry you must go, but I suppose it is on the king's business."

"Yes," he said, "on the king's business."

They watched him ride on to meet the coming men, give orders to some to stay, and then disappear in the dark wood. Elinor put her arm in Beverly's, and smiled at him. The going of a dynasty of kings could not have dampened her happiness.

"Let us go and see father. He wants to talk to you about going home."

Half way to the door, as they were walking together like two children, he stopped.

"Oh," he said, "you never call me by my right name. It isn't Hardin, it is Beverly. I am the newspaper man whom Count Lubona——"

"Don't speak of that man. What do I care what your profession is? I don't care whether you have any name or not. I know *you!*"

And there was only one answer to that; but he thanked her father for having told her. And with no more battles to fight, no more explanations to make, they went inside the hut.

THE END.

THE WIND.

BROTHER, I hear your hand
  Tap at the window pane;
I haste to admit you, and
  Lo, you are gone again!
Brother, I hear your song,
  Wonderful, wild, and free;
Though it be not for long,
  Sing it awhile to me.
Stirring the lattice vines,
  Often you come at the gloaming,
Pungent with hints of the northern pines,
  A rover restlessly roaming;
Now in the depths of the night,
  Shouting a mad refrain;
Ah, then the foam is white!
  Eager the arms of the main!
Now in the heat of the day,
  Soft as a lover's sigh;
Ah, then the scents of the hay
  And the hedgerow blooms blow by!
Brother, I pray you tarry;
  Fain would I have you spare
A passing word of the songs you heard
  In the land from which you fare.
Wind of the north, of the south,
  Wind of the east, of the west,
Kissing the Creole's mouth,
  Chilling the Eskimo's breast;
Brother, I hear your song,
  Wonderful, wild, and free,
Though it be not for long,
  Tarry, and sing to me!

Philip Rodney Paulding.

Digitized by Google

SHAUK.

UNCLE JOHN had bought me a ranch in New Mexico, and informed me that I was to go and manage it—I, who knew about as much about cattle and "the range" as the average cowboy knows about a charity ball, and who disliked the Western country as much as I cared for my club and my amusements in the city!

But there was no crossing Uncle John's will. If I did, then Cousin Bert would get the fortune that I had always understood was to be mine, so I began at once to make preparations for my departure. I could have endured giving up my club and the society of the boys, but when I thought of Elinor, I groaned. Wild thoughts of asking her to go with me flashed through my brain, only to be dismissed as absurd. We had known each other but three short months, and although she seemed to show a decided preference for my company, still I had no reason to believe that the beautiful and cultured Miss Curtis would leave her luxurious home in the city for a ranch house, thirty miles from a town, and live there amid rough cowboys, with only a few squat ranchers' wives for associates, merely that she might have the pleasure of being near me. It was not to be thought of; and it was with a heavy heart that I boarded the train for Santa Fe, vainly trying to dismiss from my thoughts the reproachful look she had given me the evening before, when I informed her that I was going away. Yet I had a vague feeling of happiness at having been able to elicit that look.

In due time I arrived at the ranch, which was not such a desolate place as I had pictured it. There was a comfortable house, and the clustering barns and sheds behind it gave it a picturesque appearance which even the long, lonely stretches of prairie on three sides of it could not entirely destroy. I went to work at once, and before a week had passed was able to find some little pleasure in riding about the range. To a certain extent, I forgot the terrible stillness of the plains by keeping my mind occupied with learning the particulars of ranch life. I soon made the acquaintance of my cowboys, and found most of them to be sober and industrious men, who seemed to be working earnestly for the interest of the ranch. I began to think that ranch life, while it possessed little of romance, might have its pleasures after all; and if only Elinor—— but I was not to think of that.

One morning, after I had been at the ranch about a fortnight, my overseer, Lease, informed me that it would be necessary to have an extra man until branding time.

"There's an Indian stayin' down at Rambo's store that's a mighty good hand," he said. "I 'spect ye could git him 'thout somebody else's hired him. His name's Shauk."

"I'll go down after dinner and see if I can get him," said I.

That afternoon I rode to the little settlement. As I drew up before the small general store there was but one person in sight. He was an Indian, who sat on the store platform, and paid not the slightest attention to me as I dismounted and walked past him into the building. The storekeeper was asleep behind the rough counter, and it took me some time to awaken him. I inquired for Shauk.

"That's him out there," said the merchant, rubbing his eyes with one hand and pointing with the other to the Indian in front of the store. "You ain't an officer, be ye?" he then asked, suddenly becoming wide awake.

"No, I am the new owner of the K. & K. ranch."

"Oh, I thought Shauk's time warn't up yet," he replied, resuming his sleepy attitude. "Well, that's him out there."

Without inquiring what he meant by Shauk's "time"—for a tenderfoot should not be too inquisitive—I passed outside and informed the Indian of my desire to hire him.

"Will work till August twentieth," he said.

"But we want a man until branding time."

"No work after August twentieth."

"Why?" I ventured to ask.

He turned his little black eyes upon me.

"Be hung then," he said laconically.

I gave a disgusted exclamation. The Indian was surely drunk. But Lease had said he was a good ranch hand, so I told him that I would hire him till then, and that I

Digitized by Google

wished him to go at once with me to the ranch. He consented, and saying he would be ready in a few moments, walked away to a little board stable a short distance from the store. He soon reappeared, leading a lean mustang, on which was girted an old Spanish saddle.

The saddle, which was of exquisite workmanship and gaily decorated with plaits of colored leather, looked strangely out of place on the raw boned pony and in the possession of the rough Indian. I afterwards learned that it was the one pride of Shauk's life, and that he refused to attempt any unusual feats of horsemanship when not seated in its capacious depths. When he had vaulted easily into it, without the aid of its huge stirrups, it seemed as if saddle and man became one piece.

As we rode homeward, I tried to engage him in conversation; but as I got only grunts in reply to my efforts, I gave it up, and amused myself by noting his apparel. His leather breeches were blackened and greasy, and his flannel shirt, which he wore open at the throat, was grimy with dirt. On his head was a comparatively clean sombrero, from beneath which his long black hair fell down to his broad shoulders. He wore a pair of old cowboy boots, upon which were buckled the inevitable spurs, clanking and jingling in time to his mustang's quick little steps. He rode along as though indifferent to all surroundings, and before we reached home I found myself wondering what pleasure there could be in life for such a man. What were his hopes, his ambitions—or had he either?

At supper that evening I told Lease of Shauk's extraordinary statement, and asked if he was in the habit of drinking. To my surprise Lease said,

"He was not drunk; it's so that he is to be hung then. He killed another Indian over at Long's Ranch in December. The man he killed warn't worth the powder it took to shoot him, but they convicted Shauk of murder in the first degree. There ain't no jail in Gordon County, so they let him go free till then."

I remembered the storekeeper's question whether I was an officer, and knew that what Lease told me was true.

"But will he stay—will he be here then?" I stammered.

"Never knowed but one to skip out yet, and he was a hoss thief," said Lease, going on with his supper.

From that time I felt a lively if not altogether pleasant interest in Shauk. He was the best ranch hand I have ever seen. There was no work about the place that he did not thoroughly understand, and as a horseman he was unexcelled. The other cowboys treated him with the respect his skill commanded, and none of them seemed to regard the fact that he was to be hanged for murder as anything to his discredit. One becomes used to strange things on the plains, and learns to judge men by what they can do and not by what they are.

"I guess we'd better put that Indian on the north range," said Lease. "That's the worst herd on the place up there. They come near gettin' away from the boys twicet already."

"All right," said I. I confess that I did not like the idea of having a condemned murderer about the home range. It made me shudder every time I saw him.

The months passed away, and I ceased to think of the horrible fate in store for Shauk. I had other more pleasant things of which to think. Elinor—my Elinor—had answered one of my rash letters with delightful frankness, saying that she would be most happy to come and live with me at the ranch—or anywhere else, for that matter—and that life without me was not worth having. She would not allow me to come East for her, she said. As I had been so ungallant as not to ask her to accompany me on my first trip, she would come to me, and we would be married at Santa Fe.

When I first received that letter, I was simply dazed. Then, as I realized its full import, I threw up my hat and shouted until the cowboys thought I was crazy. And I must have been, too, or I should never have allowed her to come; but how could I help it when she wrote as she did? So it happened that on the 1st of August I drove to Santa Fe and there met Elinor at the depot. We were married at once in the parlor of an up town hotel, and the next day we started in a carriage for the ranch.

The memory of that two days' drive will never leave me. The first was one of those rare cloudy days that do sometimes come in the middle of summer, even in the New Mexico plains, and we drove joyously along till we reached Juniper Creek. Here we spent the night, and Elinor seemed to enjoy her rough, strange surroundings. On the second day the sun beat down upon us unmercifully, but neither of us noticed it. As we rode along I tried to persuade Elinor to look out upon the desolate prairies and to accustom herself to their monotony before she reached her new home. I pictured the ranch house as the most wretched of habitations, so that its small claim to comfort

Digitized by Google

might surprise her. I made disparaging remarks about the country in general, and beneath all my jesting seriousness was a lurking feeling of having done wrong to allow this delicate woman to come to such a desert.

But Elinor refused to be made miserable by my discouraging talk. The prairies, she said, gave her a feeling of freedom which she had never before felt. The heat waves rising from the sun scorched grass made it look like a great yellow sea, of which she could never tire. She turned from it, and with her great blue eyes looking into mine, said she did not care where she was so long as I was beside her. Then of course my conscience deserted me as I clasped her in my arms for the twentieth time that day.

After this we drove listlessly on until we crossed the northern boundary of the ranch. Then I shook her playfully.

"You are now queen of all you survey. Awake, and behold a portion of your dominion."

She sat up with mock dignity and said, "It is beautiful. I am well pleased."

"How little satisfies the contented soul!" said I, laughing.

"Little!" she exclaimed. "I have everything." She gave me another look that made my head swim.

"What is that rumbling sound?" Elinor asked dreamily, after we had gone a little farther.

I halted the team to listen. As I did so I felt my strength leave me. Only once had I heard that sound, but I knew it now.

"What is it?" repeated Elinor, seeing my blanched face.

"The north herd has stampeded. Perhaps they may take up the gulch—oh, my God!"

As I spoke there came over the knoll, and directly toward us, the rushing, bellowing, irresistible mass of maddened cattle. To attempt flight was useless. We could not move far enough over the rough ground. We could not escape unless the cattle could be diverted from the course they were taking.

I reached quickly over the dashboard, and cut the traces that fastened the horses to the carriage. The poor beasts stood still, trembling. They knew their danger. I lashed them desperately with the whip, and they sprang away, terror stricken, over the plains. The leaders in the center of the herd, seeing the fleeing horses, swerved aside to follow them, and the whole mass began to swing, as though on a pivot, toward the right. I gave a gasp of relief; but in another instant I saw that the herd was too large to make so short a turn. The left edge of the great circle reached far beyond us, and was bearing down on us with awful speed. In a moment or two it would pass over us. There was no hope.

Mechanically I drew Elinor to me, and she, scarcely realizing the danger, nestled her head against my shoulder. I knew now what that odd, haunting misgiving had meant. It was a foreboding, a warning. I had disregarded it, and lured my darling to a terrible death. A few moments more, and the cowboys following the herd would pick up her mutilated body and carry it to the home she had never seen, and in which we had hoped to be so happy. It was a grain of consolation to think that I should die with her. I closed my eyes, straining Elinor to my breast, while I awaited the shock.

It seemed that we had sat thus for hours—it could have been but a few seconds in reality—when I heard a cry which, but for the desperate determination that vibrated through it, could have scarcely sounded human. I opened my eyes in time to see a man, whom I recognized as the Indian Shauk, force his mustang against the left edge of the advancing herd. A steer on the outer ring swerved a little to the right, and thrust his long horns into the flank of one of his neighbors. The injured animal fell upon his knees, and those immediately following crowded into the main herd to avoid him.

Again and again, with almost incredible rapidity, was the little mustang forced against that moving mass as it raced down the slope, and each time the left portion of the herd swung a few feet to the right. Shauk was only following the cowboys' custom of making the cattle run in a circle, but I knew from the desperate energy with which he labored that he was now doing it to save our lives. And I could only sit and watch him as foot by foot he crowded the galloping beasts from the course that would bring them thundering over the carriage.

One final charge of the mustang when the herd was but a few feet from us, and then the brutes went flying past. Half a dozen steers shot out around our left, but none collided with the carriage, and we were unharmed. I sat and watched the cattle disappear down the gulch, and saw Shauk stop his reeking pony beside the carriage. Then I knew no more.

When I became conscious I was in my room at the ranch house, and Elinor was bending over me.

"Oh, Frank," she cried, "I am so glad

Digitized by Google

you are yourself once more!" She kissed me again and again and rested her cheek against mine as if she could never leave me. Finally, however, she drew suddenly away, and said, "The man who saved our lives is outside the door. I wouldn't let him go away."

She led in Shauk, who received my fervent thanks in his usual stolid manner and refused to say anything. Neither would he accept any of the little presents that Elinor, who knew nothing of his history, tried to press upon him. What did a man who was to be hanged in a few days want with trinkets? We were at a loss to find any suitable expression for our gratitude, until, with the tact that always distinguished her, Elinor discovered his pride in his saddle, and praised it till the poor fellow actually allowed his face to relax into a smile.

As soon as I was able, I made another trip to Santa Fe. I was determined that Shauk should not be hanged if I could prevent it. I pleaded business to Elinor, and would not allow her to accompany me, for I did not wish her to know the character of our rescuer. When I came away from the city three days later, I felt that I had done all that could be done. I had pleaded that he had saved two lives to atone for the one worthless one he had taken; had consulted lawyers, and had tried to raise a petition for his pardon. Finally I begged for a reprieve, and was told that one might be granted.

On the morning of the 18th of August, Shauk and I started for the county seat. Just before leaving, he begged Elinor to accept the present of his saddle.

"But have you another one?" she asked in surprise.

"Not need one any more," he said indifferently.

"It's all right, Elinor," said I huskily; "he can use one of mine." And she, still looking puzzled, stood holding one of the huge stirrups in her hand as she waved us farewell.

We arrived at our destination about four o'clock on the next day, and my heart sank as I saw the rude scaffold which had been erected near the one street that the town possessed. Still there was time for a reprieve to reach us, and I did not entirely lose hope. The Indian, however, who knew nothing of my efforts in his behalf, rode unconcernedly to the little hotel, where the sheriff met us, and where we passed the night.

At six o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th no reprieve had been received, and Shauk mounted the scaffold. It was surrounded by a crowd of curious people, who had thronged about the town all day, and were impatient at the delay.

Shauk showed not the slightest sign of emotion. He merely waved me a farewell from the platform, and then the black cap was adjusted. I turned away, choking with sobs. The next instant I heard a sickening jolt, and knew that the man who had saved Elinor and myself to a life of happiness had swung into eternity.

Will T. Whitlock.

MERZA.

MERZA, my Merza, the child of the palm land,
  Born under cloudless skies
Where the slim rushes stand ever aquiver,
Mirrored below in the slumbering river—
All the still peace of a far and a calm land
  Lies in your starlit eyes.

Merza, my Merza, ambition and duty
  Die at a word from your mouth;
All of my life and my soul rushes out to you,
All the wild songs of my deep heart shout to you,
Ever I dream of your mystical beauty,
  Queen of the languorous south!

Merza, my Merza, in infinite splendor
  Burn the great stars of the west;
Through the blue night I would woo you to flee to me,
Merza, my Merza, oh, come to me, be to me
All that is gentle and loving and tender,
  Come to my arms and rest!

Burke Devenish.

Digitized by Google

The Marchioness of Granby and Her Children.

From a photograph.

LADY GRANBY AND HER PENCIL DRAWINGS.

THE ENGLISH MARCHIONESS WHO IS THE AMATEUR PORTRAITIST OF LONDON SOCIETY—SOME WELL KNOWN FACES AS SKETCHED BY HER CLEVER PENCIL.

FOR several years those who have visited the New Gallery, in London, have seen among its exhibits occasional pencil portraits of exquisite finish and delicacy, and beneath them the name of "Violet Granby." They are always greatly admired, and as the portraits are almost invariably those of well known people, the likenesses are at once recognized as being really marvelous. Each one has its individuality and character, expressed in a few strong pencil strokes in the simplest style imaginable.

But if these drawings are interesting, the artist herself is still more so, for the Marchioness of Granby is a woman of striking personality, and a famous beauty as well. She is, moreover, a future duchess, though her present title is only a "courtesy" one. Her husband is called the Marquis of Granby as the heir of the present Duke of Rutland—more famous as the Lord John Manners who was a cabinet minister under Lord Derby, Mr. Disraeli, and Lord Salisbury. The marquis, who represents the Melton division of Leicestershire in the House of Commons, first made his mark in public life as private secretary to the present premier; and being a gentleman of most courtly deportment, the wits of society

Digitized by Google

Frontispiece of "A Violet Crown."
From a pencil drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.

dubbed him "Lord Salisbury's Manners."

Lady Granby is an Englishwoman pure and simple. Before her marriage she was Miss Violet Lindsay, her father being a colonel in the army. From the first she was a member of society's innermost circles, counting several royal personages among her intimates. Princess Louise of Lorne was one of her early friends, artistic pursuits of many kinds creating a happy bond of union between them. Belonging as she does to the Society of Souls, her friendships have always been eclectic as well as distinguished. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, the actress, was a companion of her girlhood, and is to this day one of her favorite associates. The Duchess of Portland, who was Miss Dallas Yorke, owes her brilliant and happy marriage to Lady Granby's affectionate interest. The marchioness' children, Lady Victoria Manners and Lord Haddon—a beautiful boy who has since died—were among the bridesmaids and pages at the wedding of her girl friend.

Lady Granby is classed in that little coterie of lovely women among whom the Countess of Warwick is a leader. She has been the inspiration of sculptors, painters, and poets. Rennell Rodd dedicated to her a book of verses which he called "A Violet Crown," and for which she drew the frontispiece published here. Her beauty is of the most refined and spiritual order, her greatest charm being her graceful picturesqueness, and the fact that she is entirely unlike any other woman. She is tall and slender, with a face of wonderful expressiveness, but without any of the color of most English women, the skin being a pure ivory white that is almost startling in contrast with the red gold of her hair and the deep sea green of her lovely eyes. It is a face full of thought, full of soul, and with her dreamy sweetness of expression she represents a type of beauty most poetic and ethereal, and one rarely found in this *fin de siècle* world.

She is an artist not only with her pencil but in matters of dress as well. She designs her own gowns—which are made by Worth—and she is noted as being one of

Viscount Peel, Late Speaker of the House of Commons.
From a pencil drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.

Digitized by Google

the best dressed women in London. Her combinations of color are remarkably daring, yet generally successful. She never favored the large sleeves, and often copies her gowns and hats from old pictures.

Although a leader in society, and an industrious artist, the marchioness still finds time to spend in the nursery with her young children, who have the same fine, beautiful faces as their mother. When in town, they all ride in the Row with their grooms, the youngest with a leading rein to his pony. The marchioness rides with them, and her willowy figure is a striking one on horseback, for she sits her saddle with great skill and is an accomplished rider to hounds.

Belvoir Castle, in Rutlandshire, the home of the Duke of Rutland, over which the Marchioness of Granby will some day be chatelaine, is one of the most beautiful of the great English country places. It is filled with priceless works of art, among them a famous gold dinner service second only to the crown plate. The Belvoir hounds, of which the duke is master, are one of the finest packs in the chief hunting district of England. Their meets are grand occasions, generally attended by royalty. This is not the only evidence of the friendship between the royal family and the house of Manners. Years ago, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort used to visit Belvoir Castle each season. Lady Granby's eldest daughter, Lady Victoria Manners, was named by the queen, and is a great favorite with her majesty.

The Marquis of Salisbury.
From a pencil drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.

The Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour.
From a pencil drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.

Lady Granby is fond of Americans. Richard Harding Davis and Charles Dana Gibson are among those who have enjoyed her hospitality. She made a very successful pencil sketch of Mr. Davis while he was her guest, which was exhibited at the New Gallery.

The most remarkable thing about Lady Granby's work is that she has never had an

Digitized by Google

hour's instruction, her natural talent never having been affected by a teacher's style. She makes a portrait in ten or fifteen minutes, and seldom fails to catch the likeness. One room in her town house, in Bruton Street, is given over entirely to her drawings, and the faces of nearly all the prominent people in London gaze at one from out their narrow black frames. Actors and actresses are caught in some life-like pose, such as no photograph could convey, for her ladyship dashes off a hasty sketch at the theater, during the play. Ellen Terry appears again and again among the collection, in all her marvelous grace. Prettiest of all are the portraits of the artist's children drawn during sleep, when dimpled childhood is so beautiful, with long lashes on soft, curved cheeks, tumbled baby hair, and little fists tucked under sweet chins. The marchioness possesses dozens of such priceless treasures, to be gazed at in the years to come.

Violet, Marchioness of Granby.
From a pencil drawing by herself.

The accompanying sketches of three famous English public men—Lord Salisbury, the present premier, Mr. Balfour, the leader of the House of Commons, and Viscount Peel, late speaker of the House—were made in the most hurried manner, during visits to the Marquis of Granby, and yet any one who has seen photographs of the originals can recognize the perfection of the likenesses. That of Mr. Balfour is especially good. The refined, scholarly, and somewhat cynical face of the Conservative chieftain has seldom been so happily portrayed. Almost every day the marchioness gives sittings to friends who wish her to sketch them, and the drawings are highly prized. One of the most beautiful of her portraits was that of the twin daughters of the Duchess of Manchester, formerly Miss Yznaga of New York. Some years ago, on the first night of Irving's revival of "King Lear," Lady Granby made a series of sketches which were afterwards published in the *Pall Mall Budget*. Drawn in the dim light from the stage during the play, they were a really wonderful instance of the graphic power of her quick and clever pencil.

Mabel Percy Haskell.

Lady Victoria Manners.
From a pencil drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.

Digitized by Google

THE STAGE

A PLAYER OF MANY PARTS.

The career of a star in the theatrical firmament is always likely to be a more or less variable one. For the past few years, however, instead of an erratic uncertainty, there has been a pretty general tendency downward. The collapse of "The Caliph," after five weeks of precarious existence, is the most noteworthy of recent examples; but there are others galore. Marie Jansen, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Henry E. Dixey, Camille d'Arville, Gladys Wallis, Sadie Martinot—these are but a few of the well known people who have ventured afield on their own pinions only to "come croppers" and be glad to exchange big type on play bills and fences for certainty of weekly visits from "the ghost." Like Miss Wallis, Sadie Martinot found a happy opening with Charles Frohman, and became a lively feature of "The Gay Parisians."

Miss Martinot made her astral flight in "The Passport" in company with her husband, Max Figman. Her early days on the stage were spent at an erstwhile dime museum in Boston, which boasted a stock company for variety business and rejoiced in the name of the Boylston Museum. She was very young then, and her chief stock in trade was the ability to imitate actresses who were as much in the public eye as she was out of it. After an experience on the road with a burlesque company, she returned to Boston, and again joined a stock company in a museum, but this time it was *the* Museum, where "Pinafore" and "Patience" afforded her a new field for her talents. It will be interesting to recall that Jack Mason and Joseph Haworth were both on the Museum's roster with her. Later she was seen at the Casino in New York, where, in 1885, she created the name part in "Nanon," having for associates Pauline Hall, William T. Carleton, and Francis Wilson. Of these three the first two belong in the foregoing list, having exchanged the dizzy heights of stardom for the lowly shelter of the vaudeville fold.

Miss Martinot is included in the company

Sadie Martinot.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

Digitized by Google

Lillian Russell.

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Aime Dupont, New York.

Charles Frohman contemplates sending to Australia to present "The Gay Parisians" (now running in London under the name "A Night Out") and "Too Much Johnson."

"AN AMERICAN BEAUTY."

Something like two years ago, one of the New York papers gave currency to the rumor that Abbey, Schoeffel & Gran had arranged with Lillian Russell that, in case the new opera DeKoven and Smith had written for her should not make a hit, their contract would cease. It was further stated that, in this event, Miss Russell would go to Europe for a year's rest. The opera in question was "The Tzigane," and it did not make a hit. Nevertheless Miss Russell's agreement with her managers did not come to an end, nor did she go abroad for a rest. A new season was tried, with "The Goddess of Truth" for the trump card, and then came the crash—for the managers.

"Ruined by the Lillian Russell venture!" was the cry, and the singer was forced to bear the full brunt of the odium attached to the failure. But what has the sequel proved? That the operas, and not the star who sang in them, were at the bottom of the trouble.

Miss Russell is surely no younger than she was last year, and it is not to be supposed that her voice has gained anything in sweetness or

Digitized by Google

Violet Lloyd

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

Digitized by Google

Marie Tempest in "The Geisha"

From her latest photograph by Ellis, London.

Digitized by Google

power, and yet in "An American Beauty" she has just achieved what promises to be one of the greatest triumphs of her career. New managers, new librettist and composer, new ideas, have demonstrated that the real American beauty is still far from the "sere and yellow leaf" period to which one of her critics not long since assigned her.

Marie Studholme as "Daisy Vane" in "An Artist's Model."

From a photograph by Downey, London.

The new opera was produced at Scranton, Pennsylvania, on the 14th of September. It will play its Chicago engagement at Palmer's new Great Northern Theater, and is due at the Casino in New York during February. Gustave Kerker, the well known orchestra leader, wrote the music, and the book is by "Hugh Morton," the *nom de guerre* of C. M. S. McClellan, a clever journalist. Miss Russell enacts the part of a famous beauty who is engaged by a circus manager to ride an elephant (a property one, by the way), and the story tells what happened when the show became stranded.

SINGERS IN "THE GEISHA" ON TWO SIDES OF THE SEA.

Ever since last spring, "The Geisha," as produced by the George Edwardes company at

Digitized by Google

Nellie Thorne

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

Daly's Leicester Square Theater, has been London's most potent theatrical attraction. Just a year ago we told in these pages how intensely Marie Tempest disliked the part she was then playing in "An Artist's Model." *O Mimosa San*, her rôle in "The Geisha"—presented here by Dorothy Morton—is as congenial to her as *Daisy Vane* was distasteful.

The Japanese atmosphere appears to possess a peculiar attraction for Miss Tempest. Her dressing room is decorated with Japanese fans, dolls, scarfs, masks, and storks, to say nothing of a funny Japanese monkey. This partiality for reminders of the land of the Mikado has also found free vent in her new home, Durham House, St. John's Wood. A beautiful garden is a feature of the place, and here during the summer Miss Tempest was wont to spend her afternoons, either playing croquet with friends or resting quietly with a book, storing up energy to carry her through the long run of "The Geisha," to which an end has not yet been set.

Marie Tempest is a great favorite in America. She refused tempting offers to come here this season with "The Geisha," but has promised that we shall see her some time next year in a new opera and with a company of her own.

Violet Lloyd, the vivacious English girl in praise of whom the papers had so much to say on the morning after the American production of "The Geisha," is only seventeen, and began to act when she was twelve. Few remembered that she was here last winter, touring with "The Shop Girl." Her first engagement was with the Kendals in "A White Lie," and ever since she has been under contract with George Edwardes. She was *Daisy Vane* in

Digitized by Google

"An Artist's Model" (the rôle in which Marie Studholme was introduced to us), and last summer, while Letty Lind was away on her vacation, she played *Molly Seamore* in "The Geisha." Mr. Daly saw her performance, and at once engaged her to create the part in New York. Her success therein is not the least conspicuous feature of the autumn's record.

Amy Busby.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

HARE AND HIS OLD SCHOOLFELLOW.

During the coming engagement of John Hare at the Garrick, he will appear in a series of Robertson's comedies, in which he has made his greatest successes in England, and which he did not include in his repertoire during his first visit. Apropos of one of them, "Society," a story is told which may be quoted as an instance of a conversational rarity—a compliment whose sincerity was beyond question.

During the London run of the piece, Hare, whose real name is Fairs, ran across an old schoolfellow whom he had not seen for a long time, and who did not know that he had gone on the stage. In the course of the conversation, the friend asked him if he had seen "Society" at the Prince of Wales' Theater, adding, "You should go at once. It's a capital play and a devilish clever old man acts in it, a fellow named Hare."

Adrienne Dairolles, who was here with "The Fatal Card," has been telling English readers that "really fine comedy, such as that of John Hare, is beyond the American understanding."

We present a portrait of a member of the Hare company, Nellie Thorne, who last winter played the ingenue rôle in "A Pair of Spectacles," creating an impression that was pleasant rather than forceful.

"SECRET SERVICE" AND ITS HEROINE.

After "The Prisoner of Zenda," "An Enemy to the King"; after "The Heart of Maryland," "Secret Service." Who shall say, in view of these successes, that public taste in plays is a fickle jade, who cannot be trusted to remain of the same mind for half a season?

Digitized by Google

Mr. Gillette's play was originally written some years ago, and finally reached performance last spring in Philadelphia, where it ran a week and is said to have called forth many suggestions from the critics. However this may be, its New York production at the Garrick in October evoked an almost unanimous chorus of praise from those men of Gotham's daily press who will not be too modest to tell you that they make or mar the fortunes of the players.

A chief merit of "Secret Service" is its conciseness. The best short story is that in which the doings of the characters are rapidly consecutive; it is the same with a play, and this one could not be improved in that respect, as the acting all takes place within the limits of a single evening. Amy Busby has the leading feminine rôle, and it is the most difficult one in the whole piece. As *Edith Varney*, the Southern girl in love with a Northern spy, she must make the public understand one thing—without a single makeshift aside in which to tell them of it—and show to the characters around her quite another. In spite of this handicap, she succeeds in capturing her audience at the very beginning and in holding them to the end.

Miss Busby was first brought prominently before metropolitan audiences two years ago as *Margaret Marrable* in "The Fatal Card." The part contains a strong emotional scene which its interpreter, mere girl though she was, handled with a cleverness that at once stamped her promotion as a worthy one. She has no skyward aspirations—or, in other words, no desire to soar as a star. Her ambition is to be the leading lady of a stock company which will give her the opportunity to broaden her mind by creating a variety

Gladys Wallis.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

Digitized by Google

Bertha Westbrook

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

Digitized by Google

of parts, and not circumscribe her abilities by a monotonous repetition of a single character from September to June. She is still very young—scarcely past twenty, having begun to act when she was only fifteen—and as she has an exceedingly winning personality, it does not seem a rash prophecy to predict a speedy realization of her hopes.

Although *Edith Varney* is perhaps her favorite part among all she has played, she is very partial to *Louka* in "Arms and the Man."

Ernest Leicester as "Don José" in "Carmen."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

A DIMINUTIVE FAVORITE.

It is reasonably safe to assert that nine out of ten persons who saw John Drew in "The Squire of Dames" last spring made mention afterwards of the effective work of Gladys Wallis as the child *Elsie*. The New York *Sun* honored this clever little actress by special mention of her work in the rôle, some time after the original review of the piece had been given. "The excellence of the performance," said the *Sun*, "is in the fact that the actress keeps herself continuously and uninterruptedly in character. Her face has the right expression, and her gestures and gait have the right action, even when she is virtually doing nothing. The personation contains a radical ingredient of artistic success in its completeness of detail."

When one recalls Miss Wallis' diminutive size, it is rather surprising to read that her début—at the age of fourteen—was made as *Juliet*. She first became known to playgoers at large through her connection with Crane's company, with which she remained three

Digitized by Google

Valaurez Juniori.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

Digitized by Google

Anna Held

From her latest photograph. Copyright, 1906, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

Digitized by Google

years. Then she starred for a time, and later was *Dolly* in "The Little Tycoon." Her accession to the Charles Frohman forces assures her of being well fitted with a part, owing to the large number of companies under his control.

To an interviewer in Philadelphia she confessed that she would give anything to be tall, because then she would not be expected to have kittenish ways. Her home is in Danbury, Connecticut, where, she says, she won't wear a big hat for fear the natives might take her for an actress. Her real name is Gladys Bird, and she went on the stage strongly against the wishes of her family.

NOT "JUST LIKE FOLKS."

A Chicago newspaper woman has been collecting stories to show how acting may be so true to life that some of its auditors may fail to appreciate its art. One of them relates how a North Side lady who was visited by an agricultural relative from Vermont, took him, as a great treat, to see Herne in "Shore Acres." On being asked how he liked the acting, he exclaimed:

"Acting! They didn't do no acting! They were just like folks. Why, down in my part of the country people do that sort of thing every night!"

This critic would be highly delighted with "Human Hearts," a melodrama by Hal Reid, which H. C. Miner has been sending about the country for more than a year. We defy anybody to discover a locality where people do the sort of thing that is done within the boundaries of these four acts; and certainly *Tom Logan* and his associates in this "tale of the Arkansas hills" are sufficiently unlike "folks" to satisfy the most exacting spectator from the rural districts. Our portrait of Bertha Belle Westbrook shows the leading woman of the company, who is also the wife of Mr. Reid. This gentleman, by the way, is an unusually lucky man. He not only acts the leading part in all the pieces presented, but his manager is under contract to have the organization produce no other plays than those from his pen. Go to, you Bronson Howards and W. D. Howellses! Learn of this unassuming purveyor of melodrama how to insure public attention for every child of your fertile fancy!

THAT KISS.

It is not likely that we shall ever see it again. It did not "go" in London; in fact, all the English critics were as hard on Olga Nethersole's *Carmen* as some of them were on Mrs. Patrick Campbell's *Magda*. And what does not please London, even though we may have accorded it the compliment of crowded houses here on a first visit, is very likely to find the cold shoulder turned to it when it appears a second time.

Miss Nethersole told a Chicago interviewer, last spring, that people criticised *Carmen* because she was honest, and did not pretend to be other than she was.

"Dress a woman of her class in satins and laces," she declared, "and the world looks, admires, and cries, 'Well, she is a splendid creature!' Dress her in rags, and the public draws aside and will not touch her."

In other words, to borrow a phrase from James L. Ford's amusing little book, "The Literary Shop," Miss Nethersole evidently thinks that the public "is down on low life"—a proposition which might be disputed.

We give a portrait of Ernest Leicester, Miss Nethersole's English leading man of last season, and the recipient of the renowned kisses. He is reported too ill to come out for the present tour—a fact which weak jesters may set down as a result of the osculatory ordeal of last season. This year's metropolitan engagement will probably be played at the Knickerbocker, with Joseph Hatton's "When Greek Meets Greek" as a leading feature.

VARIOUS BALLAD SINGERS FROM FRANCE.

And the end is not yet. Last winter it was Guilbert (who is booked at Koster & Bial's this month); then, in the early autumn, there was Anna Held; and now, soon after the holidays, Juniori is to burst upon us at the Olympia. All three hail from France, all sing in the typical music hall style, and each costs her manager a fabulous sum to "bring her over"—as the manager puts it. Juniori was here years ago at Tony Pastor's. She was very young then, and presumably as pretty as she is today, but nobody thought of "booming" her, and she made no particular sensation. Now she returns to us amid the flourish of press agents' trumpets, which blazon abroad the fact that she is one of the two Frenchwomen whom the London Empire condescends to engage each year—Guilbert being the other.

But we note a welcome variation in the strains that sing the newcomer's praises. Stress is laid on the fact that her repertoire is a refined one, and that she is a great favorite with women. Here is indeed a novelty in music hall singers from France. If the announcement be a veracious one, let all who wish the theater well hope that she may prove a drawing card. Should the reverse be the case, to what desperate depths of the *risqué* will not the next Gallic importation think it necessary to descend!

As to Anna Held, she is deserving of the gratitude of all theater goers for introducing the big hat episode into her performance. After her first number, the stage is darkened for a moment. When the lights are turned on again, Mlle. Held is discovered—or no, she is not discovered, because she is entirely concealed by an enormous property hat, from behind which she sings and dances, permitting the audience now and then a tantalizing glimpse of an arm or ankle. The moral is obvious to every woman present, and it is to be hoped that this frolicsome little Frenchwoman may accomplish great "missionary" work this winter in the good cause of hat banishment.

Digitized by Google

We are told that Anna Held has a younger sister, talented in the same line, who does not mean to let the name be forgotten by a fickle public.

FOOTLIGHT CHAT.

The present season in New York has been distinguished for extremes. Plays have either proved very profitable, or so worthless that there was no forcing them, and several dark houses were the result. During October the American, the Broadway, the Bijou, and the Casino were all closed for a longer or shorter period, owing to this cause. The record of successes shows "The Geisha," "Secret Service," "My Friend from India," and "Brian Boru" to offset last year's "Heart of Maryland," "Christopher, Jr.," and "The Gay Parisians." Adding these to the tally printed in the preceding issue, we find the total to date as follows: 1895 hits, six; 1896 hits, ten.

* * * *

A success may cause a manager as much trouble and worriment of mind as a failure. As an example take "Secret Service." Richard Mansfield was booked at the Garrick for November 23, but Mr. Gillette's play made such a phenomenal hit that Charles Frohman resolved to leave no stone unturned to keep it in the house, for a transfer is always risky business. At first Mr. Mansfield was obdurate, even though by sending "Secret Service" out of his own theater he was cutting down his personal income. Here was a case, however, where pride of achievement struggled with the dollars and sense aspect. The latter conquered in the end, and Mr. Mansfield goes to the Garden Theater.

The latter, by the way, appears to be playing a general utility rôle in the list of houses under the Frohman management. It has already opened its arms to Robert Hilliard, barred from the Bijou by the unexpected hit of "My Friend from India," and if some of the attractions at the Knickerbocker prove strong enough to run over the original bookings, the accommodating Garden will no doubt again receive a homeless company. Although not on Broadway, it is a handsome, cheery resort, and has seen many notable successes—among them being "La Cigale," "Robin Hood," "1492," "Little Christopher," "Trilby," and "Chimmie Fadden."

* * * *

"I've got fifty thousand dollars to lose on the play, and I'm willing to back it to that amount!"

So said the author of a so called "comedy frolic," put on the boards of a leading New York theater during the autumn, and promptly denounced by press and people as hopelessly vulgar and stupid. This speech sounded rakish, reckless, devil may care—quite in keeping with the tone of the piece itself. But there is found to be method in Mr. Gunter's apparent bravado. He had dramatized the play from one of his own novels, and the talk over the former has sold tons of the latter. Thus we have the anomalous condition of a papered house turning a stream of money into the author's till.

* * * *

If a young man or woman a day under sixteen takes a step on the stage other than walking, the law of New York State puts an instant veto on the act. But when the law of decency is openly violated by five young women in a music hall, and a play is performed night after night to an audience of men because no self respecting woman can bring herself to enter the theater, there is nothing done to save the public from the contamination, simply because all technical requirements of the statute books are complied with.

* * * *

When "Marty Malone" fell a good way short of meeting the second booking at the Bijou, a hasty quest was made for some sort of a stop gap. A filler was wanted, and a winner was found. Messrs. Smyth and Rice, whilom managers for Robert Hilliard and Mrs. Potter, respectively, were daring fate in the provinces with "My Friend from India," a farce comedy written some years since by H. A. Du Souchet, a telegraph operator on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, and duly rejected by every theater in the metropolis. The open weeks at the Bijou were offered to this "attraction," which not only filled them with standing room only audiences, but all of "The Mummy's" time into the bargain. In brief, "My Friend from India" sneaked into town in rubbers, but will go out in a coach and four.

What has done it? The originality of the devices that bring about old time situations. But why did not the managers to whom the piece was first submitted recognize its merits? In the unanswerable nature of this query you have the prime factor in making the theatrical business the precarious calling it is.

* * * *

"My Friend from India" is such a clever play that it is deserving of a much better cast than its managers, with their original modest expectations, were able to give it. Its essential weakness lies with the women; but the name part, too, is susceptible of more finished treatment than Mr. Perkins brings to it. For the rest, Frederic Bond, always energetic, does admirable work in the rôle of the father, and Edward S. Abeles, as the scapegrace son, is an artist. His impersonation is full of quality—of mind. It shows the fruit of a study that leaves no blurring trace of itself, and glows with a spontaneity of feeling that is rarely found in the leading juvenile field.

* * * *

It was unfortunate in a double sense that Jefferson De Angelis chanced to be playing in a piece by Smith and Englander when his starring tour came to an untimely finish. This fact makes it so easy for his enemies to lay all the blame on the star. "Look at Wilson," they may argue. "He has been fitted out by the same men, and nobody complains of the drawing powers of 'Half a King'!" But all

Digitized by Google

this is beside the main issue. De Angelis is an exceedingly clever comedian. He would have made a hit with material more worthy than "The Caliph." Rumor has it now that he is organizing a new company to go out with another opera, while his late manager is doing the same for "The Caliph." We hope it may be so; the question of the responsibility for the late collapse will then be settled beyond dispute.

* * * *

Apropos of the retirement of "The Caliph," heroic measures were all that saved "The Oolah" when Francis Wilson entered stardom. On the day after the first performance, the company assembled in solemn conclave on the stage. The comments of the press were heart-rending. Wilson was all right, but the opera—well, that was impossible. Then it was that an almost unprecedented display of unselfishness was manifested by the principal members of the supporting company. Marie Jansen, Laura Moore, and Hubert Wilkie came up to Wilson and said: "Now look here, something has got to be done. Everybody says that the piece wants more of you in it. Don't consider us for a moment; cut and slash out anything that keeps you in the background. The public want Wilson. Give them what they are asking for, and save the opera. It's the only way to do it."

And it was. Out came the scissors, in came Mr. Cheever Goodwin with fresh ideas, and in its improved shape "The Oolah" played to excellent business through Mr. Wilson's first season.

* * * *

One expects critics to disagree at times in their opinions of a play or a player, but when two reports of the conduct of an audience are utterly at variance with each other, the reader is set hunting through the wood pile for a dusky little fellow called Personal Prejudice. When a certain much advertised song and dance quintet made their appearance recently at a big music hall, one metropolitan daily reported: "They were cheered and applauded and recalled again and again. * * * They have every reason to be satisfied with their reception in this town." And this is what another paper had to say of the self same period in the evening's events: "Seven drunken youths in a lofty box clapped their hands when the would be naughty five ceased their painful gyrations. So did certain sober men in various parts of the house whose faces indicated stern devotion to duty. But the crowd? The crowd stood up and yawned and said to one another: 'Well, what did you expect?' and walked out looking bored."

* * * *

If music hall stars were as prudent as they are clever, they would refuse to play return engagements. Perhaps they won't have the chance, for after this season the managers will be the prudent ones. When one recalls the cheers with which Chevalier was rewarded during his first weeks at Koster & Bial's last spring, it is really pitiable to remember the empty or papered chairs to which he sang at the Garrick this autumn. Although Cissy Fitzgerald's wink may be just as roguish in Thirty Fourth Street as it was two years ago ten blocks farther down, the public are evidently tired of it. There is only one time to make hay with a genuine sensation, and that is in the blazing sunlight of its early days. The fact is being demonstrated very emphatically this season. Those who were obliged to stand on their tiptoes and stretch their necks to catch a glimpse of Guilbert during her first visit will probably find no trouble in avoiding the rush during the second.

* * * *

"Brian Boru" is a "Prisoner of Zenda," or an "Enemy to the King," set to music. No work of the sort since "Robin Hood" has so universally pleased. And the beauty of it is that, as presented by the Whitney company, one is conscious of the fact that the people have been chosen to fit the story instead of having the latter twisted, padded, pruned, and stretched to fit them. Another factor in securing the wide favor the Irish piece has won: there is not too much of any one thing. The "fat" is equally distributed throughout the cast—an exceedingly capable one—and yet so deftly has the theme been handled that there is no shadow of a suspicion that Mr. Stange forced situations to this end.

Stange, by the way, before he became a writer for the stage, was an actor on it, having played the villain in "The Henrietta" with the old Robson-Crane company.

History tells us that Brian Boru was a real personage, although Mr. Whitney has taken liberties with the orthography of the surname, in the interests of euphony.

* * * *

It is a pity that Georgia Cayvan did not begin her starring tour a year or two ago, as was the first intention. She would then have taken the public taste in emotional drama at its flood. At present the preference is for the romantic, the picturesque; we are inclined to smile at soul stirring episodes in domestic environment. They belong to a past order of things, to a day when women loved to weep at the play. But the Athletic Girl has impressed herself upon the period, and although all women may not be New, feminine partiality for the tearful is out of date.

Miss Cayvan is a convincing actress and a great favorite. Give her a play in touch with the times, and she will not lack for profitable houses. "Mary Pennington" was *fin de siècle* only in its incidents; the atmosphere was wholly of the eighties. One thing more; Frank Atherley, Miss Cayvan's leading man, imported from England, is sadly inferior to the leading juvenile, Orrin Johnson, formerly with Sol Smith Russell. Mr. Atherley lacks magnetism. C. J. Richman, an admirable actor, now of Daly's, was to have filled the post had the tour begun when originally planned.

Digitized by Google

LITERARY CHAT

MR. ALDRICH'S NEW POEM.

Excepting only Swinburne's "Tale of Balen," the most important addition to poetical literature which has made its appearance during the present year is "Judith and Holofernes," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. We have several times had occasion in this department to refer to Mr. Aldrich's work, and in so doing have not hesitated to express the opinion that it is far and away the most admirable verse of which any of our countrymen is capable today. The passing, within a comparatively short period, of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes left a gap in the world of American literature which may not be filled for another hundred years. We have but two poets living who are entirely worthy of the name—Stedman and Aldrich—and the first of these has of late years relapsed into silence. Mr. Stedman's unwillingness to venture into verse again, to "sing," as he says, "his unsung songs," leaves Mr. Aldrich practically without a rival, and for this reason, if for no other, the publication of "Judith and Holofernes" is a literary event.

The subject of the poem, as will be seen from the title, is a story from the Apocrypha, and regarding it Mr. Aldrich speaks as follows in his prefatory note:

"It is fable and not history, and in the following narrative the author has taken such liberties with the myth as suited his dramatic purpose. He has widely departed from precedent in his delineation of *Judith*, who moves through the Apocrypha a beautiful and cold blooded abstraction with scarcely any feminine attribute excepting her religious fervor. * * * *Judith's* character throughout the ancient legend lacks that note of tenderness with which the writer has here attempted to accent her heroism."

Those who recall the Apocryphal story of the murder of the Assyrian prince by the Hebrew woman will realize how dramatic is the theme which Mr. Aldrich has chosen. His introduction of pity for *Holofernes* in *Judith's* mind is a happy inspiration. Not only does it accent her heroism, but it gives an opportunity for the introduction of at least one extremely fine passage in the poem.

Mr. Aldrich's treatment of his subject is singularly straightforward and devoid of rhetorical intricacy, so much so, in fact, that it gives a first impression almost of bluntness and bald monotony. But one cannot but be impressed with the fitness of this simplicity. The time and the man demand heroic severity of diction, and Mr. Aldrich has contrived to be in a way Homeric. "Judith and Holofernes" has a beauty that is all its own, that is different from anything its author has done previously or anything he is likely to do in future. And it is welcome not only for its intrinsic merit, but as fresh proof that so long as Thomas Bailey Aldrich lives and writes America has a poet of whom she may well be proud.

MR. CANTON'S "W. V."

Mr. William Canton, author of "The Invisible Playmate," has lately published a delicious little study of child life with the title "W. V., Her Book"—which reminds us of Miss Mary Mears' "Emma Lou, Her Book." There is a quality in Mr. Canton's work that brings to mind the saying of a well known literary man who, upon reading a child's reply to a question, in one of the magazines, remarked: "That is too good to be untrue." So it is with "W. V." Her quaint conceits, as recorded in "Her Book," are entirely too good to be untrue. We are sure that somewhere she exists, grown to womanhood now, perhaps, and that Mr. Canton has or has had the key to her heart. He possesses to a remarkable degree the ability to write naturally of a child, but something more than this ability is necessary to the making of such a book as this. That something is the child herself. Ingenious as Mr. Canton is, we believe it to be beyond his power to invent what has so true a ring.

Of King Robert Bruce "W. V." inquires: "And if they had found him would they have sworded off his head? Really, father? Like Oliver Crumball did Charles King's?" And she considers the brook a miracle—"I *couldn't* stay here if I always was running away."

Mr. Canton's account of "W. V." is short, too short. It comprises three chapters and some verses, the rest of the book being taken up with twenty poems in a more serious vein and of peculiar charm. One of the child lyrics, which its author calls "Naturula Naturans," is worth quoting:

Beside the water and the crumbs
  She laid her little birds of clay,
For—"When some other sparrow comes
  Perhaps they'll fly away."

Ah, golden dream, to clothe with wings
  A heart of springing joy; to know
Two lives i' the happy sum of things
  To her their bliss will owe!

Day dawned; they had not taken flight,
  Tho' playmates called from bush and tree.
She sighed: "I hardly thought they might.
  Well—God's more clever'n me!"

In his "various verses" Mr. Canton proves beyond dispute that he has the poet's touch. There is a depth about these beyond mere melody, though of melody there is no lack. The longest and best of the poems—good enough but too lengthy for complete quotation here—is "Crying Abba, Father."

Digitized by Google

When she is forward, querulous or wild,
Thou knowest, Abba, how in each offense
I stint not patience lest I wrong the child,
Mistaking for revolt defect of sense,
For wilfulness mere spriteliness of mind;
Thou knowest how often, seeing, I am blind.

* * * *

And how, when twice, for something grievous done,
I could but smite, and though I lightly smote,
I felt my heart rise strangling in my throat;
And when she wept I kissed the poor red hands.
All these things, Father, a father understands;
And am I not thy son?

* * * *

Thou'st seen how closely, Abba, when at rest
My child's head nestles to my breast;
And how my arm her little form enfolds,
Lest in the darkness she should feel alone;
And how she holds
My hands, my hands, my two hands in her own?

A little easeful sighing
And restful turning round,
And I, too, on Thy love relying,
Shall slumber sound.

"SOME CORRESPONDENCE AND SIX CONVERSATIONS."

Mr. Clyde Fitch, the distinguished New Yorker who wrote the part of *Beau Brummel* for Mr. Mansfield, and who performs it daily for the edification of the rest of the world, has strayed for the nonce into the preserves of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. This particular trespass is entitled "The Impressionist and the Widowed Lady," and occupies half of a little book called "Some Correspondence and Six Conversations." Rechristen the Impressionist *Mr. Carter* and the Widowed Lady *Miss Foster*, and it would be extremely easy to mistake Mr. Fitch's conversations for a continuation of "The Dolly Dialogues." The style is identical.

A clock struck. I had no idea it was so late. I was obliged to go. It wasn't till I rose that I remembered I had bought a bunch of violets for her on the street, and thrust them into my coat tail pocket.

"How strange," she murmured innocently. "I smell violets."

"Thought transference," I said; "they are the ones I am going to bring you my next call."

"I have no engagement for three tomorrow."

"I have one, made at this moment," and I kissed her hand.

This passage and the rest might readily have been conceived in Mr. Hawkins' own sanctum. It is impossible not to draw comparisons, and at the same time it is hardly just to do so. Mr. Fitch is by no means a plagiarist. He has an ample stock of ideas and a considerable facility for arranging them. But then there is no need to apologize for placing any man's work beside Mr. Hawkins'. Any number of writers would be only too proud to deserve the compliment.

The part of "Some Correspondence" included under the head of "Two Letters and a Postal Card," is a keen piece of satire which becomes tragic when one realizes how true to life it is. The New York guest at a country house who writes to her sister to request a telegram demanding her return home, and the hostess, also writing to the sister, who says in all innocence, "Please don't believe one half the nice things she's saying of us"—these are characters not only possible but more than probable. Here is another specimen of Mr. Fitch's naïve humor. The Albany child writes to the New York child:

* * * You know my lovely white cat, Launcelot? Well, what do you think? He has had kittens! Five little pussies! I have not decided yet whether to give them girls' or boys' names. Which would you if you were me?

And the New York child replies:

If I were you I would give half girls' names and half boys', because you know you never can tell how children will turn out!

"Some Correspondence" is as dainty a volume as the season has produced. The binding is novel and delicate, and the letterpress perfect.

"ARTIE" AND SOME OTHERS.

It is as true that all kinds of books go to make up literature as that all kinds of men go to make up a world. We are duly impressed by the change which the past year or so has brought about in this respect. A type of book exists today which two years ago would have been impossible; a type which, begrudge it recognition though we will, is nevertheless a literary factor and a literary fact—the slang story.

"Chimmie Fadden," pioneer of this class, was the signal for the uprising of a school at which those of us who have high ideals are wont to sneer. But let us be fair. What we concede to Mr. Crockett's "Cleg Kelly" and to Mr. Nevinson's "Slum Stories" should also be conceded to studies of our own lower classes. We are shirking the question when we class coster speech and the idiom of an Edinburgh gamin as dialect, and condemn the work of Mr. Townsend and Mr. Crane as slang, accepting the former as literature and ostracizing the latter.

It is time, in view of the rapidly growing list of these books, to ask if after all slang has not some claim to a place on Parnassus. That zealous student of English, Mr. Brander Matthews, long since directed his attention to the subject, and has frequently voiced his conviction that a dictionary of American slang would be a valuable addition to our stock of works of reference. And with "Chimmie Fadden" and kindred books before us it is no longer possible to ignore the fact that slang has obtained a foothold in the literature of the day. But it is a jealous thing to touch. It requires a knowledge of people and places and above all a power of selection. Some slang is worth recording and some ought never to appear in print. Much of it is unpardonably coarse, and much too transient to deserve recording; while, on the other hand,

Digitized by Google

much of it is absorbed into and becomes part of the language of all classes.

The latest slang story is Mr. George Ade's "Artie: A Story of the Streets and Town." Its author has attempted the unfolding of no plot. The book is frankly a character study from start to finish, and, whether or not we are interested in slang, there is no denying that Mr. Ade's work is exceptional. *Artie* is considerably lower than the angels, but he is head and shoulders above Mr. Townsend's *Chimmie* or Mr. Crane's *Maggie*. Mr. Crane has never been known to hesitate at anything. His slum people curse freely and openly, and say things better left unsaid with sublime frankness. It is hard to forgive the author of "Maggie" for his ruthless dragging forth of the unpalatable, however strong and however true to life it may be. Even *Chimmie*, popular as he is, shows Mr. Townsend to be somewhat lacking in ability to select. He is amusing, of course, but even his humor cannot wholly conceal his vulgarity. *Artie's* conversation, on the contrary, fearful and wonderful as are its distortions of the English language, is never coarse, and if anything it is cleverer than *Chimmie's*. Mr. Ade will never be as well known as Mr. Townsend, because the latter has had the supreme advantage of being first in the field, but an impartial consideration of their respective books cannot but convince one that of the two "Artie" is more deserving of recognition.

Moreover, Mr. Ade has a style of his own that is good, aside from the sayings of his hero. It will be remembered that the author of "Checkers" (another Chicago slang story) failed utterly in this regard. So long as *Checkers* talked, the merit of the book was apparent; but when Mr. Blossom ceased to quote from life and launched out in his own style the story became entirely commonplace. As for Mr. Townsend, every one knows that when once he parts company with the Bowery boy and joins forces with *Major Max*, the light goes out.

When Mr. Matthews finally determines to compile his dictionary of slang he may receive able assistance from Messrs. Crane, Townsend, and Ade. Of the three Mr. Ade has undoubtedly the most extensive vocabulary. *Artie's* ability to express his thoughts without the use of words found in Webster is a latter day miracle. Imagine this book to be buried and unearthed a thousand years hence—what would be the astonishment of the student of ancient languages at passages such as this—*Artie's* method of expressing contempt?

I want to tell you somethin', Barney. You're nothin' but a two spot. You're the smallest thing in the deck. Say, I see barrel house boys goin' around for hand outs that was more on the level than you are. Now, I'll put you next to one thing: I want nothin' to do with you, because I'm on.

A FEMININE E. P. ROE.

We respectfully beg the pardon of Miss Maria Louise Pool when we say that she is coming to be in America what the late E. P. Roe was, what Edna Lyall is in England, and Georges Ohnet in France. Miss Pool has more art than any of these three novelists, but she has their element of popularity.

Most people who have read "Dally," and know it for a book of comparatively recent date, have little idea that Miss Pool is not a "new writer," but in fact her stories were appearing as far back as the days of the *Galaxy*. For years she wrote letters, when she felt like it, to some of the New York Sunday papers, the better class of them. The first series to attract attention was "A Vacation in a Buggy." A publisher asked to put them in book form, and a limited class of readers enjoyed them. A visit to the South and a study of the poor whites of North Carolina gave her inspiration for her first successful novel, and this has been followed by the long list of books that have made Miss Pool one of our most popular authors. It is said that she owns a large clientele among the business men in cities. Men who came from the country, and who have not had time to cultivate a literary taste in the hurry of a busy life, can enjoy Miss Pool's novels, and have done a great deal to enlarge her audience by their admiration.

TRAVEL IN SYRIA WELL TOLD.

It is a rare thing to find a book dealing with journeying in foreign lands which appeals to persons uninterested in its special subject. A vast majority of reading people view any printed record of travel with aversion—a natural result, perhaps, of the indescribable dryness which characterizes the narrative of the average explorer. A roving disposition and literary ability are seldom found to dwell together in unity, as they did with Stanley and Kennan, and as they do, to a considerable extent, with the author of "Syria from the Saddle," Mr. Albert Payson Terhune.

Mr. Terhune is a newcomer in literature, this being his first book. It is by no means an ultra ambitious effort, its author describing it as "an unscholarly story of a lazy two months' ride through the wilderness of Syria." This is a severer judgment than any fair minded critic will pronounce upon it. Whatever it may be, it is not unscholarly, and it has the saving grace of being interesting. There is a conspicuous absence from its pages of the "I know and you don't" tone familiar in such works, and it boasts an element of shrewd humor which is quite unexpected. We are not aware of many travelers who in their records have been able so far to forget their own importance as to let the reader imagine for a moment that there might be humorous situations in their experience; and the innovation is, to say the least, refreshing.

There is little in Mr. Terhune's book that we cannot find in other records of travel in the East, but there is much which we should never take the trouble to read if it were not told in exactly this amusing fashion. "Syria from the Saddle" will be finished by every one who

Digitized by Google

begins it. There is a large and exhausting supply of scholarly work before the public just at present, and it is a relief to turn from it now and then and absorb information in a sugar coated form. And Mr. Terhune's book is by no means lacking in information. In his two months' ride he obtained a very clear comprehension of Syrian manners and morals, and he has connected this with biblical history in a way that makes his story a literary guide to the country with which it deals. Best of all, this information is not administered in the painful statistical manner affected by writers of such books. Fact slips into the reader's mind leaning on the arm of anecdote. Altogether, considering its author's inexperience, and the fact that this is one of the dreaded books of travel which are so apt to bore unspeakably, "Syria from the Saddle" is an achievement.

AN AMERICAN ABSENTEE.

The changes in the fashion of books are as pronounced as the changes in gowns. A novelist who is feeling this fact, and has begun to show it, is Mr. Henry James. What American more than eighteen years old does not remember when "Howells and James" was a combination to conjure with? In those days, a new novel by either of the two men was a distinct literary event. No young woman was properly fitted for society unless she had read their books. They were the fashion. Nowadays, how many of the golf playing maidens, or even the members of interior village literary societies, know the titles of their latest stories?

Mr. Howells is turning out new work so rapidly that one is reminded of the little boy's explanation of the creation of kittens. "Of course they are not made one by one, as we are," he said, "but the Lord just says, 'Let there be kittens,' and there *are* kittens." Mr. Howell's later stories sound as though they had been produced in batches.

Quite a number of years ago Mr. James made up his mind to the opinion which the well known Irish editor of an American newspaper is said to have lately voiced, that there are not more than forty or fifty Americans worth associating with. He went to London, where he could find a larger audience. They took kindly to him over there. We had set him on a sort of pedestal here—we others who were not in the little class he could tolerate; but in England they treated him with the greatest ease. They hissed his play, and let him write for *The Yellow Book*. In return he produced stories that were patterns of style, about the angle at which noble lords wore their hats.

But within himself Mr. James longed for other things. He was like the golden princess who was plated, and now and then he would show through in spots. In his heart he always hankered after strong effects. For all his reserve, and the good manners of his people, he never could resist letting us know that somewhere off the stage his characters had given way to passions and temptations. If he had come from Chicago instead of Boston, Mr. James would have written novels which the careful mamma would have read with breathless interest and hidden from the young person. He always had it in him, and now he has come somewhere near letting it out. His new story, "The Other House," has for its theme all the material of the sensational or problem novel.

Right here we serve notice upon Mr. James that his title is not original. It was used by Miss Kate Jordan some years ago, and a very clever novel she wrote under it. It was also the name of the heroine's play in "The Daughter of Festus Hanks," by Robert McDonald, published in this magazine.

Mr. James' new story is just as literary in style as any of his other books, but in this case he has something to write about. It isn't a pleasant tale. It is made up of love, untruth, crime. People are going to say that Henry James has made a bid for popularity and money, but that will be unfair. The truth is that he always did like this sort of thing, but was kept from showing it through fear of the prudery of public opinion. It has taken a great deal of reassurance to make him understand that the public did not mind, but would let him write what he wished to. Besides, after a man has published in the *The Yellow Book*, he is hardened enough to defy even social Boston.

We are wondering if Miss Kate Jordan is going to allow Mr. James to keep the title of "The Other House," which is undoubtedly her property. Miss Jordan is an Irish girl, born in Dublin, but she has lived for a long time in New York. She says that had she never heard Moszkowski's serenade played, or seen E. S. Willard in "Judah," she never would have written "The Other House." The story was refused by publishers at first on account of its rather daring plot, but it found both print and success at last.

MRS. BURNETT IN A NEW RÔLE.

One of the disadvantages of being famous is the fact that one's inner life and actions are dragged forth unceremoniously to the glaring light of publicity. It is an unfortunate but necessary part of the existence of a genius, and the victim must bear it with fortitude and outward composure, however little he may enjoy the process.

Critics of many countries have pronounced Mrs. Burnett a success as a novelist. Few, however, would think of crediting this slight, wonderful eyed, light haired, impulsive little lady with any dramatic tendencies. And yet before her eldest boy, Lionel, had begun to think of the possibilities and joys of long trousers, the little chap, obedient to his mother's command, would climb upon a chair and enact *Romeo* to his mother's *Juliet*. If the performance could not be classed as "high art," it was at any rate given with a fervor and an energy worthy of the deepest attention from the favored few who were fortunate enough to

Digitized by Google

witness it. Lionel, in his velvet suit, deep lace collar and cuffs, and majestic height of four feet one, could hardly be said by the most prejudiced critic to look the part of the love sick Veronese. Neither could Mrs. Burnett (who was as likely as not to appear in a morning wrapper) be said to bear much resemblance to the ideal *Juliet*. Still, when the little fellow would lean forward, hot, tired, and anxious, throw out his arms, and pipe up in his small, trembling, childish treble :

"Shall I hear more, or shall I speak of this?" to his excited *Juliet's* impassioned appeal of "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" the small circle of admiring friends would clap ecstatically, and declare that he was the remarkable son of a remarkable parent.

Mrs. Burnett was an adoring if somewhat tyrannical mother. Indeed, it is doubtful if she herself knew the full amount of affection she really bore toward her sons, until one was taken from her. The blow prostrated her for many weeks. Her cry was "I can never write again ; I can never write again," but time has shown her that she could.

Although for some years past she has lived in London, Mrs. Burnett has not forgotten her American associations. "I was born in England," she once said ; "all my people are English, even to the third and fourth generation, but I have been the mother of two American sons. That seems to give a country a sort of claim upon a woman, and it seems, too, to give a woman a sort of claim upon a country—to have given it two men. So that perhaps it might be said that by my own birth I am an English woman, but by the birth of my boys I am an American."

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

To an innumerable host, loving him for himself and for his work, the news of George Du Maurier's death came as a personal calamity. We are told that the indispensable man does not exist, but it is certain that Du Maurier held a place in the world which no man living can fill. Had he been taken from us half a dozen years ago, his death would have aroused sorrow throughout the English speaking world ; but coming as it did in the full flush of his fame as a novelist, the loss was doubly severe. His death was like that of Stevenson, for he had done so much for literature, and gave promise of doing so much more, that he occupied a place in the hearts of book lovers all his own. "When half gods go, the gods arrive," but, losing Stevenson, Morris, and Du Maurier, it seems rather as if the gods had gone and as if there are only half gods to continue the work they began. Where are we to look for gods in the literary world today?

Speaking of Stevenson's death, Mr. Quiller-Couch has said, "What was our first thought, as soon as the immediate numbness of sorrow had past and the selfish instinct began to reassert itself (as it always does)? Was it not something like this—'Put away books and paper and pen. Stevenson is dead, and now there is nobody left to write for.'" Something of the same feeling came with the news of Du Maurier's death. His influence in art and literature can never, perhaps, be justly estimated. Thousands of artists will tell you that Du Maurier taught them half they know ; millions of readers are indebted to him for many happy hours. And now that he is dead, it is as if a great light had gone out.

The artistic sense was strong in Du Maurier from boyhood. It is said that as a child, before he first went to England, he used to study each number of the London periodical which his pen has since made famous. *Punch* was his idol, as it was afterwards his world. His early years in Paris gave him the vivid views of French life that have done so much to enhance the charm of his writings.

Personally Du Maurier was a singularly attractive man, a brilliant conversationalist, a thorough artist and a stanch friend. Those whose good fortune it was to meet him in his own home will never forget the experience. His house in the northern suburbs of London—which he left shortly before his death for a more ambitious residence in the West End—was a veritable little Eden, surrounded by trees and flowers and breathing always the spirit of hospitality.

"THE TRUTH TELLERS."

One of the cleverest and most amusing novels this present season has brought forth is John Strange Winter's "Truth Tellers." The book, which is of the lightest nature, is characteristic of Mrs. Stannard at her best.

A certain cynical writer has said that the secret of making one's way in the world nowadays is the knowledge of when and how much to lie. Distasteful as the thought may be, this story seems to prove the truth of the assertion. Mrs. Stannard has been the first to take up in a novel the prevarications common to fashionable life, and, even while satirizing them, she has proved them indispensable to a tolerable existence. No doubt we should all be better morally if, like the five children about whom her story revolves, we told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth ; but how miserable we should make our friends!

"The Truth Tellers" deals with the children of an eccentric Englishman, who have been brought up on one of the Shetland Islands. Their father possessed an iron determination to be truthful—absolutely, unconditionally so—and this principle he has inculcated in the minds of his sons and daughters. At his death they are left to the guardianship of a maiden aunt who transports them all to London. Thenceforward are demonstrated the awful results of clinging absolutely to the truth. It sends cold shivers down the spine of the reader to imagine himself in the position of that guardian aunt. *Ernestine*, the eldest girl, thus delivers herself shortly after her arrival :

"Auntie," she said, "I never saw anything

Digitized by Google

so curious as your hair in all my life! It is red at the top, but it is quite black underneath!"

The second daughter is equally frank. Being puzzled by a phrase in a ghost story, and shortly thereafter meeting a stately duchess, she observes pleasantly:

"*Now* I understand how teeth can rattle like castanets!"

Truth may be a pearl of great price, but pearls of great price are often most inconvenient things to have around.

Mrs. Stannard's book is not a great one, nor does it pretend to greatness. It is written to amuse, and serves its purpose admirably; and there are not by any means too many books of which one can say that—and be a truth teller.

A MASTER OF MYSTERY.

"The Carbuncle Clue," the latest achievement of Mr. Fergus Hume, of hansom cab fame, reminds us forcibly of a dime novel in a high state of cultivation. The "cultivation" has no connection with literary style, referring rather to the publishers being reputable and the cover of the book more pretentious than that of the average volume of the "Half Dime Horror" variety. Regarding Mr. Hume's style, there is not much to be said. One realizes how defective is the English language when one looks about for an adjective to describe the diction of his books.

Those familiar with Mr. Hume's work—and who is not?—will remember that it is his custom to begin with a mysterious murder and finish with the vindication of an innocent man. Familiar music is the sweetest, familiar scenery the most grateful to the eye. Mr. Hume's books enthrall and fascinate because the reader always knows exactly how they will turn out, and thus avoids the nervous strain which physicians tell us is so injurious to the heart. When the corpse and the astute detective, the villain and the circumstantial evidence, have all been marshaled in due array, together with the accused man who refuses to tell what he was doing at the time of the crime, and the beautiful damsel who trusts her lover sublimely, then Mr. Hume takes his pen in hand, dips it in blood red ink, and embellishes the first chapter with gore and mystery.

Once having planned out one's life work and the methods by which it is to be furthered, there is nothing like plowing the furrow to the end. Mr. Hume is not the kind of man who makes a resolve on January 1 and breaks it on January 2. In the dim past, before he solved "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," he determined that there was a right way to write a detective story and that there was a wrong way. He proceeded to choose the latter, and with admirable consistency has clung to it ever since. His literary puppet booth boasts half a score of marionettes who have new dresses for every new play, and who never for a moment overstep the line that divides a live man and one of wood. Wonderful mysteries does the showman concoct for them, and thrilling situations; yet they always preserve their stolidity, and are dolls and nothing more.

Small wonder, indeed, that we enjoy the naïveté with which Mr. Hume works out his attractively transparent plots, his presurmised complications, and his inevitable dénouements. Of course we all know that *Mr. Punch* is going to beat his wife and throw the baby down stairs and even get the best of the hangman. But we know, too, that in the end he is to go the way of the transgressor, and therefore we can tolerate any amount of mystery and crime in the sweet certainty of ultimate retribution.

HERR NORDAU'S FUTILE FICTION.

"The amiable, modest, polite, delicately humorous, and ever tolerant and considerate Professor Max Nordau," as George Du Maurier has, with fine irony, called him, is rapidly coming to resemble an idol from which most of the gilt has been rubbed. People have had time to think over the theories which, from their very novelty, took the world by storm and seemed unanswerable, and are beginning to question whether "Degeneration" is not, after all, a mere exhibition of spleen on the part of a disgruntled and by no means infallible litterateur. Answers are appearing to his propositions, answers quite as logical and deserving of consideration as the propositions themselves; and the fact that Herr Nordau will not tolerate contradiction or consider reasonably the other side of the argument, but prefers to rave and rant and indulge in personal abuse, does not tend to strengthen his position.

Meanwhile, Herr Nordau continues to write fiction, and the fact that such fiction as Herr Nordau writes is published or read seems to us proof positive that he is a man of whom something further is expected. The appearance in one brief year of "How Women Love" and "Soap Bubbles" would have set a seal forever upon the reputation of any other writer—a black seal, with a bit of crape attached thereto.

It is almost as hard to resent "Soap Bubbles" as it would be to wax enthusiastic over the book. It is such a harmless, inoffensive, futile little effort that it is incapable of arousing any positive emotion. One shrinks from criticising it rudely and unfeelingly, just as one would refrain from being unduly severe with the colorless little essays written by children in a preparatory school. "Soap Bubbles," in its distressingly ugly cover, and with its bald, uninteresting stories, is like a charity orphan among books, clad in a poor gingham frock, raising appealing eyes for recognition. Will any one, we wonder, read it through?

It seems to be a fact, proven beyond dispute, that Herr Nordau is not a success in the field of fiction. What remains to be seen is whether or not he will appreciate this and confine himself in future to his psychological speculations, which, if not infallible, are at least interesting and give us something to talk and think about. No one will ever talk or think much about "Soap Bubbles."

Digitized by Google

LATEST FADS

SOME SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.

"Christmas comes but once a year,"
But when it does all things are dear,
And man and maid alike grow pale,
Seeing their savings shrink and fail.
One thought alone our hearts can cheer—
"Christmas comes but once a year!"

Rest you, merry gentlemen! Deck your chandeliers with wreaths and ruin the gilt finish! Fetch forth the Yule log, and let us see if we cannot set our chimneys on fire! Garnish the tables with plum puddings and mince pies and bid the family physician hither to gloat! On with the dance. Let joy reign unconfined. Christmas has come!

If one would learn how Christmas should be celebrated, let him consult the faddists, for they alone know, and at least one idea evolved by them may become popular. A family of six, which has been accustomed in former years to spend much time and money in the search for gifts, has this year set a most sensible example. Each member gives to each of the other five a twenty dollar bill, with a card bearing these words: "Buy something with this to remember me by. Merry Christmas!" A brief mental calculation will demonstrate the pleasing result of this transaction. Each has done his duty by the rest of the family, and each emerges unharmed from the fray. It is free trade, protection, and reciprocity, all in one, as well as an exhibition of diplomacy hard to equal.

The mistletoe fad grows apace. To be sure, there is a lamentable laxity prevalent in regard to enforcing the privilege associated therewith, but the romantic parasite comes to New York by the ton and finds a ready market. For the nonce, our débutantes discard ribbons and flowers and wear mistletoe in their hair instead. This may be innocence or craft, according to the débutante, and according, also, to the observer's point of view. The fashion might be described as a perpetual opportunity.

The owner of a large country house near New York, who is addicted to faddish fancies, has planned for Christmas a return to the ways of a hundred years ago. The village choir boys are to make the midnight air ring to carols and be welcomed like the waits of old. In due course the Yule log is to be lighted, and the wassail is to flow. The celebration culminates in a "masque" and "Sir Roger de Coverley," and the guests will return to the commonplaces of town life saturated with Christmas sentiment. It remains to be seen whether any one present will know how to concoct wassail or trip "Sir Roger" correctly. Perhaps the difference between the wassail and a more familiar punch will not be apparent, and perhaps "Sir Roger" will degenerate into a Virginia reel; but these are minor considerations. It is not good form to be too particular about correctness in details

A FAD IN RHYME.

The very latest thing in pets is the mud turtle.
—*Daily Paper.*

The marmoset's palatial cage
Is empty, and the green canary,
That yesterday was all the rage,
Is victim to a new vagary;
The gold chameleon, trained to rove
In happy state about your kittle,
Is seen no more. You give your love
Unto a turtle!

Oh, fickle maid! This leathern leash
Chained first a pug and then a collie.
These passed. You bought a French *caniche*,
And now you have a newer folly.
You wept when these companions died,
And planted all their graves with myrtle;
But now, consoled, you dote with pride
Upon a turtle.

You love a damp, amphibious beast,
Constructed as but very few are,
Who has this kindred charm, at least,
That he is quite as cold as you are!
Your suitors bend their suppliant knees,
Around you protestations hurtle—
You have no smile for such as these;
You love a turtle!

So who would be a pampered pet,
When day and night such fears oppress one
Of being soon forgot?—and yet
A day or two her hands caress one!
Oh, fickle maid! I might agree
To die, and planted be with myrtle,
If while I lived fate made of me
My lady's turtle!

THE SKIRLING SCOT.

"When you have a party," Ernestine went on, "he will stand in the hall; and although you may not care to have him playing the pipes all the time, he looks well and everybody will speak to him."

It may be that the above, from Mrs. Stannard's "Truth Tellers," and the fact that the *Tammas* referred to actually did play at one of *Miss Mortimer's* receptions, served to suggest an innovation to London society. The news that bagpipes for swagger functions are coming into favor is forwarded from England, and we may yet have the pleasure of hearing them in New York drawing rooms. The "pleasure" is perhaps a mixed one. There is a time and place for all things, bagpipes not excepted, and we make free to suggest that to

Digitized by Google

ears untrained the piper's "skirling" will be somewhat trying when heard at close quarters. When the Black Watch sallies forth from Edinburgh Castle with its pipers in the van and the whole tolerant vault of sky above them to receive the shrillness of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," it is all well enough; but in a group of palms at an afternoon tea—aweel, lad, yon piper's a braw mon and skirls bonny airs enow, but we can e'en do wi'oot him noo and again!

If indeed we are to ostracize our Hungarian orchestras and joyously cleave to this new fad, some change will be necessary in Oliver Wendell Holmes' famous definition of a tea. We may very possibly gobble, and we shall very probably "git," but gabbling will be entirely out of the question. A bagpipe is, in a way, like a boiler explosion. It reduces side issues to insignificance, and commands the sole and undivided attention of every one in its immediate vicinity. The deservedly popular pastime of gently rending in twain the reputations of our kinsfolk and acquaintances, the delicious privilege of exchanging stolen words with *her* under society's unsuspecting nose, the inestimable pleasure of talking with tiresome people about something in which one has not the slightest interest—all these diversions, with which we have been wont to enliven that favored function, the afternoon tea, will be done away with utterly on the day when some faddish hostess shall set the pace for society by placing a piper in her hall. Of course "everybody will speak to him"—or of him—and the words will be fearful and wonderful to hear! But London has decreed that a piper is the thing, and New York, ever consistently Anglophile, will follow.

The silver lining to the cloud impending upon the winter season lies in the fact that when invited guests are aware of what is in store for them, and learn that the chatter of the belles of New York is to be drowned out by the strains of "The Blue Bells of Scotland," no one will come—at which, no doubt, the hostess will be immensely relieved! After all the bagpipes have their useful side.

THE SURPRISING POPULARITY OF THE GAMIN.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view" applies, in the minds of most persons, most fitly to the small street arab. He is exceedingly picturesque in photographs, and unnaturally clean and attractive in the paintings of Mr. J. G. Brown, but to see him at his best one should reverse the opera glasses. Illusions are destroyed by coming to close quarters with the gamin, who has been cleverly called "the little unwashed." And yet of late he has attained a social status and is becoming, in his way, a lion. It is not merely due to Mr. Woolf's emphasizing of his humorous qualities, or to Mr. Crane's elaborations of his profanity. As in Mr. Brown's paintings, he is here seen through a glass darkly. More than this, he seems to appeal irresistibly to the American girl whose fad is charity. He is sought out and tracked to his lair, placated with unheard of offerings, and received in the drawing rooms of the 400.

It was only the other day that a man walking with one of last winter's "buds" was surprised to see her bowing graciously to a deplorably forlorn little person selling papers on a corner. "That is Tommy Rafferty," she explained. "He's a great friend of mine. He lunched with me last week and kissed me when he left. He's awfully amusing." The man, who had never been invited to lunch at her house, though he would have given his head for the privilege, and who would as soon have thought of kissing her as of attempting to fly, was duly impressed with the advantages possessed by a street urchin over a mere ordinary mortal. It is discouraging to wash one's face conscientiously for twenty five years, and then to behold the triumph of Tommy Rafferty.

Another man has not forgotten an afternoon at a Massachusetts country house, when he was waiting for the mail in company with three remarkably pretty girls. It finally appeared, borne by a small boy who was unmistakably a stranger to shoes, soap, and society. Yet he was the recipient of sundry extravagant compliments, and was kissed, not by one, but by three!

Three of these arabs were discovered not long since in a state of terrific hilarity in the hall of a Fifth Avenue residence. They had feasted sumptuously, attended by their hostess, and were, as a variety, applying the science and art of tobogganing to the stair rail. "I have them here every month," said the girl with the gamin fad. "I give them ice cream and read to them, and afterwards they slide down the balusters. Just now I'm busy. Come in an hour and I'll give you some tea."

O tempora! O mores! Shall we despise the "little unwashed"? Nay, more, shall we pity him? Let us rather be envious, for his lines are cast in pleasant places!

THE BOUQUET LAMP.

If the inhabitants of the planet Mars own a large telescope and a sense of humor, they must find that a contemplation of what we of this planet are pleased to term civilization presents some moving spectacles. It must puzzle the Martians to guess why everybody should all at once begin to do a certain thing without any apparent reason, unless they also are the victims of human nature. Just at the present time they are doubtless wondering why the up to date young woman is carrying a tiny lantern in her bouquet. It cannot be that she needs something to shed a light upon her path—"a lamp unto her feet." She knows her way about even in the dark.

These little golden lanterns might be votive offerings from those who would worship, and we may soon see a girl's popularity measured, like that of a saint's, by the number of lamps before her.

A popular girl, when her table is loaded with flowers, has always found it an awkward thing

Digitized by Google

to decide which bouquet to carry. Nowadays she may gather a lamp from each, and go glittering to rout or ball. The footlight favorite may hang her lamps across the front of the stage, and let the records of her triumphs be read from season to season. It will make a display even more conspicuous than diamonds. The young woman who has personal reasons for refusing diamonds, and whose flowers fade, may keep her trophy lamps.

It has been suggested that some young society girls buy their lamps, but that is a matter of small importance, as in the present state of society it generally occurs that the young woman who can surround herself with the settings of a shrine gets the worship, and one lamp follows another. Human nature prays to the popular saint.

THE FINE ART OF SUBSCRIBING ONESELF.

Long, long ago she promised me
  Her love, her heart, her hand;
And why she jilted me anon
  'Twas hard to understand.
But harder yet to fathom is
  Why now her notes should be
Signed "Very truly *yours*" or, worse,
  "Yours very *faithfully!*"

There is food for reflection in this bit of doggerel. Of all the pleasing little prevarications that flesh is heir to, the subscriptions to our letters are the most flagrantly false. It is not enough for us to write abusively to some one, accuse him of mendacity, duplicity, and dishonorable motives; we add insult to injury by that final "Yours respectfully," which presents so beautifully ironic a finish to the letter. In nine cases out of ten—nay, ninety nine out of a hundred—when one's correspondent uses one or another of these set phrases he would be very properly shocked and chagrined to be taken at his word. If one doubts this, let him endeavor to make use of the man who writes "at your service" or "yours to command" so readily.

Those persons who make a fine art of letter writing nowadays have set their wits to work to avoid employing conventional subscriptions. In the light correspondence of society this is particularly apparent—in fact, it is perceptible here alone. Business men have no time for fads. The result of such an endeavor to eschew the commonplace produces curious and not unpleasing results. It is something to get away from conventionality and to meet with the unexpected in one's letters. When we turn the page and find instead of "faithfully" or "sincerely," the odd expression "in no wise otherwise than yours," we become conscious of a respect for the man who invented it. That it relieves monotony entitles it to consideration.

Of course all this is an affectation. It bears the marks of thought. It is artificial. But, mark you, it is new! And, after all, there can be no absolute spontaneity in writing; and so, since this is true, why not make one's letters picturesque? "In no wise otherwise than yours" is but one of a number of quaint phrases that have sprung up of late. "Yours to do with as you will," "Yours faithfully, as sincerely meant as written," are two others, and "Yours I am always, whether you will or no," a third.

A forcible illustration of this growing particularity in correspondence was furnished the other day by a New York girl who had invited two men to luncheon. Laying their replies side by side, she remarked, "The old style and the new." The notes were as follows:

I shall be most happy, I assure you, to accept your very kind invitation for next Friday. Believe me,

Sincerely yours.

"The truth" is I am always glad of such an invitation as yours, "the whole truth" is that I am glad *because* it is yours, and when I say that I shall think of it constantly until the day, you have the rest of the legal phrase and "nothing but the truth." And so I am yours in all sincerity and gratitude.

The choice is easy. Such forms as the latter may be affectations, but they show that one's correspondent has thought that what is worth saying at all is worth saying well.

THE TATTOOED MAN.

It is probable that Lombroso did not know that tattooing was fashionable, or he would not have been unkind enough to say such harsh things about it. We cannot believe that it is truly the mark of a degenerate mind and criminal tendencies, when we know the names of young men in the highest society who are thus decorated. The instances quoted by the criminologist are very incomplete, when compared with the gorgeous developments of the fad occasionally seen in the Turkish baths at the clubs.

A titled Englishman who used to belong to the Prince of Wales' set in London, and whose name is known as one of the greatest hunters of big game in the world, and also as one of the gentlemen who were guests at Tranby Croft upon a celebrated occasion, has one of the finest examples of tattooing known since the death of the Greek exile whose variegated epidermis was the delight of our youthful visits to Barnum's circus. He bears his very ancient coat of arms on his chest, and dragons twining around his arms; while around his ankles are delicately shaded presentments of flower pots, as if his feet had broken out the bottoms. Growing out of them are rose vines.

An English earl who married an American girl two or three years ago runs this gentleman a close second. Quite recently the great grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence had himself tattooed after a fashion in which his distinguished ancestor would certainly have delighted. On his broad back a lady in ballet costume waves the American flag, for whose honor many of his family have laid down their lives.

And yet Lombroso was cruel enough to say that tattooing was a sign of a degenerate mind!

Digitized by Google

ETCHINGS

A CHRISTMAS CAROL OF CROMWELL'S TIME.

CHRISTMAS Eve in Eldore village,
Two long centuries ago,
Found the streets deserted, empty,
Covered with untrodden snow.
Silence with the darkness deepened;
Not a sound, no light aglow;
Shutters barred hid frightened faces
Full of dread and woe.

Christmas Eve, but what a Christmas!
Fear for gladness, care for joy,
For the Puritans were coming
Christmas customs to destroy.
"Christmas is a heathen fast day,
All who keep it are defiled;"
So the Roundheads spoke; all trembled—
All save one, a child.

By some strange mischance a choir boy,
Sweetest singer of them all,
Had not heard the evil tidings,
Listened for the well known call;
Entered in the old cathedral,
Wondering none were with him there;
Thought to practise, while he waited,
Christmas caróls fair.

Now along the whitened roadway
Came the steady tramp of feet—
Stern, determined, gray garbed soldiers,
Marching to a muffled beat.
Soon the light from the cathedral
Streamed out full across their path,
And the regiment, long silent,
Stirred to sudden wrath.

"Slay these idol loving heathens!"
Called the leader, and the rest
Rushed toward the village houses,
Quick to follow his behest.
Hark! Above the growing tumult
Rose a child's voice, high and clear;
At the abbey door the captain
Paused, and stopped to hear.

Turning then, he gave a signal.
Each grim Puritan stood still,
While a boyish voice sang sweetly,
"Hallelujah! Peace! Good will!
To God be glory in the highest
Peace on earth, good will to men;
Unto us is born a Saviour—
Christ, the Lord! Amen."

When at last the anthem ended,
Strange the scene the stars looked o'er.
Lo, each man, with bared head, kneeling
Where in arms he stood before.
Rising then and shouldering matchlocks,
Silent from the town they filed;
No man saw them thence departing,
But the angels smiled.

Tired of waiting now, the choir boy
Passes out the abbey gate—
Wends alone his slow way homeward,
Wondering why "they were so late";
Wondering if "tonight the Christ child
Really would come down below,"
Wondering why there were so many
Footprints in the snow!

Mary H. Nevin.

TO MY CRITIC.

YOU know her not, to whose dear heart I sing
And in whose tender eyes is no disdain;
Therefore I heed not this, your caviling,
My critic, and to pity you am fain.

For while my verse you scornfully arraign,
While caustic sneers and bitter words you fling,
Beneath each phrase still lingers this refrain—
You know her not to whose dear heart I sing!

Stab if you will, and ply your harmless sting;
Naught shall avail, each subtle thrust is vain;
You know her not, whose smile is like the spring
And in whose tender eyes is no disdain.

Your will it is to censure and complain,
Hers to accept each lyric chime I ring;
For each some little word from her I gain,
Therefore I heed not this, your caviling.

Know this: the simple songs the robins bring
Are welcome to their mates as is the strain
Of Philomel to his. I brave your sting,
My critic, and to pity you am fain.

For me her fragile beauty shall remain,
For me her smile, while swift the gold days wing!
For you shall lonely seasons wake and wane;
Dark is your lot through this one little thing—
You know her not!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

TIRED.

I SEEK no gift from your fair hands,
This Christmas, sweetheart mine;
I've many a pair of slippers to spare,
And of mouchoir cases nine.

Of picture frames I have a lot,
And cigarette cases, too;
And my pipes galore lie round the floor
And clog the chimney flue.

The same cigars you sent last year
Are here, almost intact;
The friends who smoked have long since croaked
To pay for their rash act.

Digitized by Google

And so in solemn earnestness
I ask of you, my dear,
To spare your thrift and send no gift:
I need a rest this year.

Tom Masson.

THE RELIC VENDER.

AT Gettysburg, where brave men tried
Their strength upon the foe, and died,
I feel that my unworthy feet
Tread sacred soil—in village street,
In field and wood, on plain and hill;
And to my pulses comes a thrill,
Looking on scenes that met their gaze
On those three bloody July days.

Shell hole and bullet mark are plain
In dwellings where the fiery rain
Fell in its fury; even now,
Three decades afterward, the plow
Turns in the furrow rusted grape;
Trees that have managed to escape
The relic hunter's knife, show well
Where bullets thick as hailstones fell.

A mild, persuasive man, who said
It was his native place (he fled,
Being noncombatant, the day
The troops of Lee began the fray),
Showed me his relics—all for sale.
Of each he told a thrilling tale
And gave a perfect pedigree
Which greatly interested me.

Scenting my love for souvenirs,
He poured his stories on my ears.
"Now, here," he came at length to say
In quite a confidential way,
"Is something you'll appreciate
Because it has no duplicate;
This is the very ball that took
The life of gallant General Zook.

"Yes, 'tis indeed the fatal ball;
A soldier who beheld him fall
Among the Wheatfield's famous dead,
Secured the bit of rebel lead;
I bought it of him for a song,
And, prizing it, have kept it long;"
This was the story he rehearsed—
That man in battle legends versed.

And did I purchase? My reply
Will tell you. When he finished, I,
Mourning somewhat for follies past,
An earnest gaze upon him cast.
"My friend," I said, "you need not tell
More details—I recall them well;
When I was here two years ago,
You sold me that same ball, you know!"

Frank Roe Batchelder.

"CUPID AND MY CAMPASPE."

I AND Emelina played
At cards for kisses—what a jade
Is fortune, that would not rehearse
For me the dream of Lyly's verse!
Try as I would, the truth is this—
I could not win a single kiss;
At such a novice in the craft
How Cupid and Campaspe laughed!
I watched her cards in such a way,
She cried, "How like a dunce you play!"
And when at last I held the jack—
The very card in all the pack
I should have thrown—she hissed at me,
"Booby!" I looked, and, wonderingly,
Saw what I had not seen for years—
My pretty Emily in tears!

Joseph Dana Miller.

DOROTHY IN SABLE.

DEMURELY down the street
She comes, my lady sweet,
From head to dainty feet
Attired to ravish;
Graceful in every line,
In face and form divine—
Of gifts to make her shine
Nature was lavish.

Her gentle presence shares
A thousand charming airs
With everything she wears—
Her bonnet simple,
Bodice and skirt and gown—
As her soft eyes of brown
Share in her pretty frown
Or smile born dimple.

But lo, she greets my sight
No more in colors bright;
She dons the hue of night
From shoe to feather.
Is, then, her heart in rue,
That she wears mourning new,
Not for a day or two,
But altogether?

Yet hardly does she wear
The downcast look of care;
Some merry, foolish air
She's softly humming;
And, questioned, she admits
Her gown—the best of fits—
Is made of black since it's
Oh, *so* becoming!

Frank Roe Batchelder.

POSTPONED.

WITH cheeks that are a blossom, eyes aglow,
She thanks me for the Christmas gift I sent,
And then exclaims: "How dare you, sir, to go
And buy for me a diamond ornament?

"Is it quite proper, do you think, for me
To take from one whom I have scarcely met
A gift so gorgeous that it well might be
More fitly on a bride's fair forehead set?

"It is, I must confess, what I've desired;
To take it would be wrong in me, I fear;
And yet maybe"—she spoke as one inspired—
"'Twould be as well to keep it for a year."

Tom Masson.

Digitized by Google

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.

In three States of the Union—Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah—women cast ballots in the recent Presidential election. It is by no means improbable that in 1900 there may be female voters in twice as many States.

It is also not improbable that women may take part in the next Parliamentary elections in England. British women are already admitted to the suffrage for the various forms of local authority—the town and county councils, the school board, and the board of guardians—the last named being the administrators of the laws for the relief of pauperism. To the two latter boards they are eligible as members, and not infrequently serve as such. Four years ago a bill to give them the Parliamentary franchise, on the same terms as men possess it, was defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of only twenty three. It is claimed that since that time the friends of the innovation have increased and its foes diminished. Mr. Gladstone opposed it, and so did Sir William Harcourt; but the present leader of the House, Mr. Balfour, is on record as favoring the claims of women, as is also his official chief, Lord Salisbury.

It is noteworthy that women have encountered less opposition, in England at least, in the movement for political privileges than in that for educational and professional equality with the other sex. The reason is, no doubt, that no particular class is so much interested in resisting their demand for the franchise as in repelling them where their recognition means increased business competition. Yet when they secure the franchise, they obtain a powerful weapon in their fight for other prizes.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact revealed by this year's government reports is the great and steady increase in the export of American manufactured goods. In former years the United States has liquidated its debts in the markets of the world, and paid the interest on foreign capital invested here, by sending abroad grain, cotton, petroleum, beef, pork, tobacco, gold, and silver—in other words, the products of its mines and farms, and little else. Now, for the first time, our factories are contributing worthily to our foreign trade. In the fiscal year ending with last June they sent out goods worth $224,000,000, a little more than a quarter of our total exports—an unprecedented proportion. Subsequent months show a continuing increase.

People with views upon the question of protective duties may interpret this striking fact to suit themselves. It is quite possible that the tariff has had comparatively little to do with it; that it is a development that came because the time was ripe, irrespective of this or that financial statute. This was once almost entirely an agricultural country; it is the evident tendency of the times that it should become a great manufacturing country. Our commerce is sure to change in character as our industries develop.

THE COMING OF A NEW CENTURY.

The controversy over the precise date at which the nineteenth century will end seems to prove that this busy age has time to waste; for to practical importance the question has no pretension. We shall all live just as long whether that expected age of marvels, the twentieth century, be regarded as beginning with January 1, 1900, or January 1, 1901.

The latter theory will probably find the more general acceptance. It seems tolerably clear that in any series of numbers the first hundred runs from 1 to 100, inclusive. The nineteenth century would therefore extend from 1801 to 1900, and the twentieth would begin with 1901. The opposition argument seems to be that "in concrete reckonings of time and space we do not begin with 1, but with 0." It may be replied that historians do not reckon any year 0, but set A. D. 1 immediately after B. C. 1; hence if the twentieth century begins with 1900, and consequently the second began with 100, then the first contained only ninety nine years. This is apparently a *reductio ad absurdum*, but it does not silence those who plead for the earlier date.

A hundred years ago the same question was debated with a bitterness that is said to have severed friendships and disrupted families. The fact that it is still unsettled is a curious instance of the different conclusions drawn by different people from the same facts.

SOME REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

Reports of recent meetings at which great sums have been raised for evangelical work have raised the question whether the profuse giving has been a gratifying evidence of religious faith or a reckless exhibition of dangerous emotionalism. According to some of the newspaper reports, it would seem as if reason could have had little to do with it. At the meeting in New York at which the "record" for contributions was broken, we read that the chief speaker prayed thus

"If this place be not shaken before this meeting is over, may the living temples be shaken. These are awful times, O Lord! About us the earth is trembling. Death is near. All things are tottering, crumbling. All things are swaying—swaying—swaying."

The speaker's hoarsely whispering voice was so charged with a sense of impending disaster that a perceptible shiver ran through the

Digitized by Google

audience. He continued, with long pauses, which were broken only by half stifled sobs from his hearers.

And when the collection was taken up:

A sobbing and shouting throng threw into the box money, jewelry, deeds of real estate, shares of stock, and articles of clothing. They flung in their contributions in hysterical excitement. They were wrought up to frenzy.

On the other hand, it is stated that the newspaper accounts were exaggerated; that one specific story of a woman who surrendered a family heirloom, and subsequently sought to recover it, was totally untrue; that less than one per cent of the collection consisted of jewelry and watches; that "all was done very quietly, and there was no demonstration."

Whichever of these two versions be true—and we should much prefer to accept the latter—the contribution, at each of two meetings, of more than $100,000 to pay for the preaching of Christianity among the heathen of this and other lands, shows that religious enthusiasm is not dead in this materialistic age.

A PROTEST AGAINST LITERARY GHOULS.

THE death of Du Maurier brings up again the old question how much a famous man belongs to the public after his death. It would seem to us that an author should have the privilege of knowing that he would receive the same consideration that he had while alive, and that his publisher was too honorable a man to print the scrapings of his desk—hasty or imperfect work which the public would not have accepted during his lifetime—for the purpose of making money.

This very thing is continually done, however, and it reminds one a little of selling tickets to the funeral. Victor Hugo's literary executors issued a whole library of posthumous work, stuff that Hugo never would have given out. Old things done in his callow youth were revived to detract from his glory. Stevenson's death called him to the attention of thousands of unliterary people who read only the shreds and patches of his unfinished work which were greedily taken by the publishers and sold broadcast.

Du Maurier is the last man who would have enjoyed being served up as a sensation. He was fortunate in having finished his last great book, and having left it entire for the curious world to take up. It is to be hoped that his family and friends will let his fame rest upon the solid foundation he has laid for it, and not throw the contents of his desk to the clamorers.

A man's public life should be exactly what he makes it. It is nobody's business at all whether or not the *Duchess of Towers* was drawn from life, and was some living idol of Du Maurier's from whom he was separated as widely as if he were in prison and she a great lady. We love to know that the old Paris of his books was drawn from personal observation, but into an author's private life nobody has a right to step, nor should one of his recorded thoughts come out of his desk when he has gone where it is impossible to secure his own consent.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

No one will grudge the ancient College of New Jersey its titular promotion to be Princeton University, announced in connection with the celebration of its hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It may be urged that a position in the forefront of colleges is as honorable as one in the second rank of universities, and that the more ambitious title has been assumed by so many third and fourth rate institutions that it has lost its distinction. Princeton does not at present possess the full qualifications of a university in the strict sense of the term, or at least as it is understood in Europe. Her range of studies is incomplete in some important particulars. She has no schools of law and medicine, and no post graduate courses. It is very possible, however, that these will be organized before long. Captious critics may add that she has no 'varsity eight—a deficiency less easily supplied.

The field of Princeton's work is wide, her faculty large and able; she has a numerous body of students, drawn from all parts of the United States; she has ample resources and historic prestige, and has contributed notably to the country's intellectual life. She stands with the foremost of our educational institutions, and deserves as dignified an appellation as is borne by any of them.

WOMAN IN ANOTHER NEW RÔLE.

Is it not time to stop calling woman the weaker sex, and alleging that she is naturally disqualified for callings that demand physical strength? The Chicago press recently reported a remarkable instance of her triumphant success in a field hitherto monopolized by tyrant man—that of burglary. It seems that there has been something of an epidemic of this particular form of industry in the Lake City, two specialists, whose identity is veiled under the titles of "the long man" and "the short man," having won a prestige seldom equaled in criminal annals since the Whitechapel celebrity of Jack the Ripper. But the boldest feat of these two gentlemen was outdone by a lady housebreaker who, single handed, attacked a suburban residence containing seven inmates and defended by a ferocious dog. Her success was artistic and complete, and a brief campaign resulted in her driving away with the choicest contents of the dwelling packed in her buggy, and the ferocious dog tied under the seat. It may be noted that among the spoils seized by this eminently new woman was a pair of masculine nether integuments. On second thought, however, she rejected the garment in question, and threw it out upon the lawn, as if in deliberate scorn of an article long regarded as the special token of the other sex.

After this, let us hear no more of the exploded myth of "woman's weakness."

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"A Flower Girl."

From the painting by A. Seifert—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 11 East 23d St., New York.

Digitized by Google

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI. JANUARY, 1897. No. 4.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

NOTES ON MEN AND EVENTS IN THE WORLD OF BRUSH AND PALETTE, WITH A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS OF REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES OF THE DAY.

A SINGER'S ARTIST HUSBAND.

Julian Story can be classed no longer, if he ever was, among the "unknown husbands of famous wives." While Mme. Eames-Story has been establishing herself as one of the first singers of her time, her husband has been advancing no less rapidly in his profession, and Paris and London now regard him as quite or nearly the best of the younger school of portrait and figure painters. At the Salon of last spring one of his paintings—a hospital scene, including a large group of portraits—was hung in a place of honor, and was bought by the French government. In London, he has had commissions from many of the most prominent people in society and public life. One of his latest orders was for two portraits of the Prince of Wales, one for William Waldorf Astor, the other for H. R. H. himself. The former is finished, and now hangs at Cliveden; the second is still on the easel. Lady Wolseley, Cardinal Howard, and Mrs. Humphry Ward have also been among Mr.

"In the Fields."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Mme. Elizabeth Gardner.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT

"Butterflies."

From the painting by C. Perugini—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"At the Foot of the Cross."

From the painting by B. Plockhorst—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

Story's sitters. Last year he represented American artists upon the jury of the international exhibition in Berlin.

Both Mr. Story and his wife belong to Boston families, though she was born in China and he has passed almost all his life in Europe. His father was William Wetmore Story, well known as a sculptor and an author, and his grandfather Justice Story of the United States Supreme Court. As a boy his home was with his father in Italy, but he went to school and college in Eng-

Digitized by Google

"Youth Lured by Love."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Cie., Successors) after the painting by E. L. Doyain.

land, at Eton and Oxford. Paris is now his headquarters, he and his wife having built a house there; but for the next three years he expects to spend much of his time in this country, taking a studio in New York.

THE SUCCESSOR OF MILLAIS.

Edward John Poynter, the new president of the Royal Academy, is a refined, able, and scholarly painter whose work is little known on this side of the Atlantic, and who is never likely to stand, in popular estimation, with his two predecessors. He was for some years a professor of art at University College, London, and head of the great training school at South Kensington. He comes of an artistic family, being the son of a prominent architect, and the grandson of Thomas Banks, sculptor and Royal Academician.

Digitized by Google

"The Fishing Boats Ashore"

From the painting by H. W. Mesday.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"At Bay"

From the painting by W. Hunt—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

Sir Frederic Leighton used to find his duties as president of the Academy exacting enough, but Mr. Poynter combines them with those of another important office, the directorship of the National Gallery. He makes time to paint, too.

APOSTOLIC ART.

Tradition persistently asserts that St. Luke was not only a physician but also an artist. There are in existence, treasured in remote European monasteries, several ancient pictures whose owners declare them to be the apostle's work. A traveling American tells of one he saw at Patras, in Greece, where it is preserved in a church dedicated to the Five Wise Virgins. He was told that in the days of Turkish rule it was buried in the earth, to keep it from the hands of the Mahometans, the secret of its

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Pets."

From the painting by Hugo Vogler—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"Angela."

From the painting by Joseph Cormans.

hiding place being handed down through a line of Christian nuns until Greece was freed. He could not photograph the painting, as it was covered with a shell of silver, with the exception of two heads—those of the Virgin and Child; but he found a "wonderful strength and beauty" in the features thus revealed. Unfortunately he neglects to tell us what medium the artist used, and upon what material he worked. Information on these points might throw valuable light upon the artistic methods in vogue in the first century—fourteen hundred years before the accepted date of the invention of oil painting by Van Eyck.

It would be still more valuable, however, if there were any authentic evidence that the picture is as old as its possessors claim.

CURRENT NOTES OF THE ART WORLD.

James McNeill Whistler is reported to have again established himself in London, from which city he not long ago departed shaking the dust off his feet and vowing

Digitized by Google

"A Railroad Crossing."

From the painting by Otto Erdmann.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"The Eavesdropper."

From the painting by Hans Buchner—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

never to return. Mr. Whistler is probably the most gifted and certainly the most eccentric of living American artists.

The work of decorating the new national library continues to progress. Conspicuous among the recent additions are William L. Dodge's large paintings for the ceiling of the western pavilion, which were exhibited in New York on their way from Paris to Washington. Rowland Hinton Perry, who now occupies Mr. Chase's old New York studio in West Tenth Street, has completed two of his figures for the fountain.

Miniature painting has become such a fad in London that two associations of its practitioners have been formed. By a curious coincidence, or rather mistake, they took the same title—the Society of Miniature Painters. The younger body had to change its name to the Society of Miniaturists.

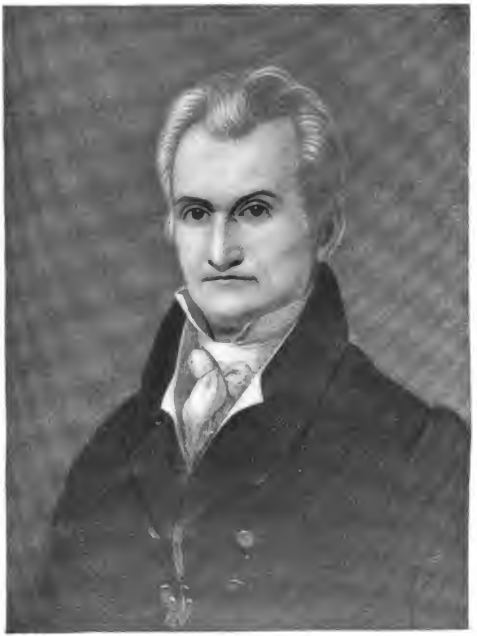
Digitized by Google

PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES.

IX.—THE POLKS.

A SCOTCH-IRISH FAMILY THAT GAVE THE UNITED STATES THEIR ELEVENTH PRESIDENT, AND THE SOUTH SOME OF HER STURDIEST PIONEERS AND BRAVEST SOLDIERS—THE PROMINENCE OF THE POLKS IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS AND IN THE CIVIL WAR.

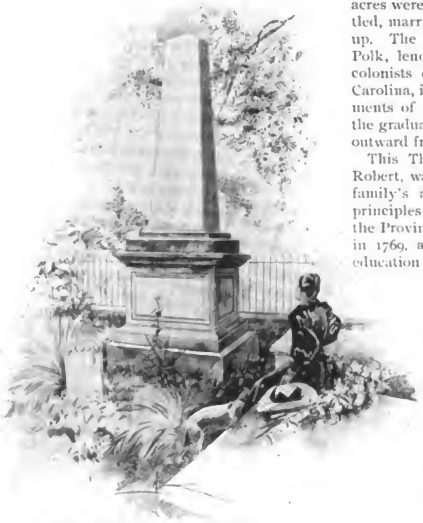
THE changes and chances of life in Ireland about 1660 caused Robert Pollock, gentleman, to abandon his estate in the barony of Ross, in Donegal, and emigrate—a hazard of new fortunes which, as the event proved, gave to America one of her most distinguished families—the Polks of North Carolina and Tennessee. Polk, at once a corruption and a contraction of Pollock, is a name that has always stood as



Lieutenant Colonel William Polk.

From an engraving by William Sartain.

Digitized by Google



Monument of Colonel William Polk, at Raleigh, North Carolina.

representative of stalwart, unbending, consistent Americanism, and one, also, which has grown to eminence in legislative bodies, in the army, and in the church, as well as in a number of less conspicuous but no less honorable paths of life.

The first recorded deeds that attest the family's position in America are those bearing the name of Lord Baltimore, granting land on the eastern shore of Maryland to Robert Pollock, whose name about this time underwent the change to Polk. The estate thus granted retains its name of "Polk's Folly," and to the present day remains in the possession of the family; while the old clock which Robert Pollock himself brought from Ireland to Maryland still utters its warning, like that other ancient timepiece, from the stairs——"Forever—never."

Around him on their spacious estates—for the supply of land seemed inexhaustible in those days, and acres were easy to obtain—Polk's sons settled, married, and saw their children grow up. The appearance in 1771 of Thomas Polk, lending his aid and advice to the colonists of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, in their resistance to the encroachments of George III's government, shows the gradual but steady growth of the family outward from the limits of Maryland.

This Thomas Polk, great grandson of Robert, was one of the foremost men of the family's annals. His devotion to liberal principles obtained for him membership in the Provincial Assembly of North Carolina in 1769, and his enthusiasm in behalf of education led to the establishment of Queen's College at Charlotte, which later came to be known as "The Southern Cradle of Liberty." It was Thomas Polk, also, who, when a colonel of militia, caused the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence to be drawn up, and who read it to his fellow citizens from the steps of the county court house on the 20th of May, 1775.

This manifesto, haughtily setting forth the determination of

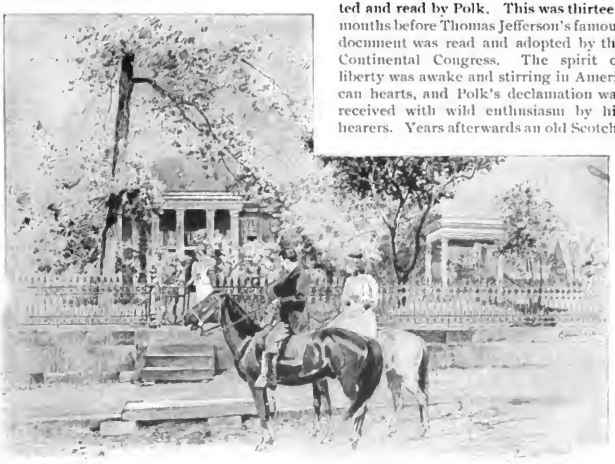
Cadwalader Polk, Son of Dr. William J. Polk.

From a photograph.

Digitized by Google

Mecklenburg to be free, was simply the climax of Colonel Polk's long series of daring measures in support of liberty and in defiance of Great Britain. The remonstrances of his more temperate neighbors, men of prominence in the colony, availed nothing. Aided by his son in law, Charles Brevard, who acted as his clerk, Colonel Polk thoroughly organized the militia of the county, compelling contributions of men and munitions from each and every district. A born leader of men, and possessing that prophetic sense which characterizes the disinterested patriot, he felt the quickening of the popular pulse and knew when and how to speak the word which should band his countrymen together. The Mecklenburg Declaration was drawn up by Brevard, although dictated and read by Polk. This was thirteen months before Thomas Jefferson's famous document was read and adopted by the Continental Congress. The spirit of liberty was awake and stirring in American hearts, and Polk's declamation was received with wild enthusiasm by his hearers. Years afterwards an old Scotch-

James Knox Polk, Eleventh President of the United States.



Polk Place, Nashville, the Home of President Polk.

Drawn by J. M. Gleason from a photograph.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. James Knox Polk.

man who had settled in Carolina paid him this quaint tribute: "Oh, aye! Auld Tam Polk declared independence lang before onybody else!"

Van Leer Polk, United States Consul at Calcutta

From a photograph by Gives, Nashville.

Colonel Polk was a warm personal friend of Washington, and took part with him in the battle of the Brandywine and the hardships of Valley Forge. He is remembered chiefly, however, in connection with the removal of the Liberty Bell from Philadelphia to Bethlehem, when the British were advancing upon the Quaker City. It is said that at the Centennial Exposition, in 1876, the officer in charge of the historic bell cautioned Miss Grizelda Polk, one of the bystanders, not to touch it, and that she replied: "I shall touch it—my grandfather saved it!"

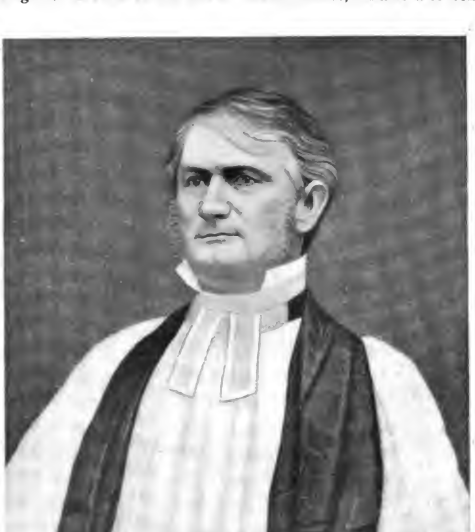
Colonel Polk reached the rank of lieutenant general before the close of the Revolutionary war. His home in Charlotte, North Carolina—known as the White House—became Cornwallis' headquarters when the town was occupied by the British forces; but it was speedily restored to its owner, who lived there to the time of his death in 1793.

William Polk, the eldest of Thomas Polk's four children, left school just a month before his father read the

Digitized by Google

Mecklenburg declaration from the court house steps, entered the army with the rank of lieutenant, and earned rapid promotion to a colonelcy. He was a friend of Washington, of Lafayette, and of Andrew Jackson, and his was the first Revolutionary blood spilled south of Lexington. His first service was a commission to watch some tories in South Carolina, and a treacherous guide led him into an ambush, where he received a bullet in the arm. Wounded again at Germantown, the shot going through his mouth and breaking his jaw, he came to be known as "the young officer who caught British bullets in his teeth and spat them out again," and, as may be imagined, was lionized by Philadelphia belles accordingly.

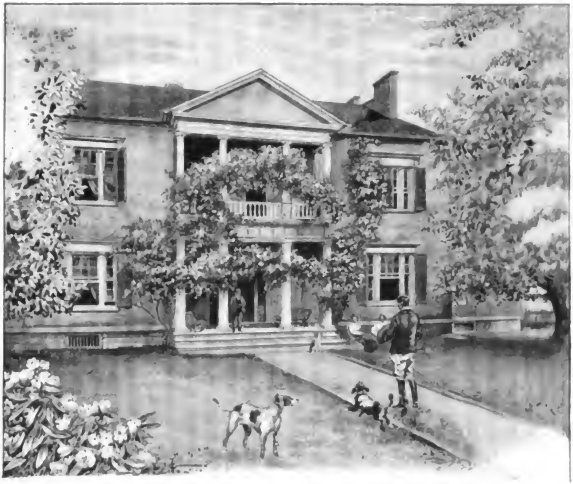
In the General Assembly of Mecklenburg, and as supervisor of internal revenues, Colonel Polk continued to serve his country after national independence had been secured, until his vast Tennessee estates, which covered an area of a hundred thousand acres, demanded his personal care, and he retired from public life to devote himself to their management. He was married twice, his first wife being Grizelda Gilchrist, daughter of a Scotch gentleman, and his second Sarah, daughter of Colonel Philemon Hawkins. He was a member of the patriotic order of the Cincinnati, and at the time of his death—which occurred at Raleigh in 1834—he was the last surviving field officer of the North Carolina line in the war for independence.



Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana, and General in the Confederate Army.
From an engraving by William Sartain.

James Knox Polk, the eleventh President of the United States, was born at Charlotte, North Carolina, in 1795. He was the son of Samuel and Johanna Knox Polk, and a grandson of Ezekiel Polk,

Digitized by Google



Hamilton Place, Maury County, Tennessee—an Old Polk Homestead.

Rufus J. Polk, Son of Dr. William J. Polk.
From a photograph by Davis & Rayburn, Little Rock.

brother of Colonel Thomas Polk. Graduating with the highest honors from the State university at Chapel Hill, he went westward to Columbia, Tennessee, and began to practice law. From law to politics was an easy step. In 1824, when he married Miss Sarah Childress, a famous toast and belle of her native State, he was clerk of the Tennessee Senate. From that time until he was elected to the Presidency his career was marked by a steady upward trend. As a Representative he served fourteen years, five of them as speaker, in the national Congress. During this long and arduous service he was never known to be absent from the House for a single day. In 1839 he was elevated to the governorship of Tennessee, and five years later was named as the candidate of the Democratic party for President of the United States.

The campaign of 1844 was a hard fought one. Henry Clay, the Whig nominee, the idol of his party, a powerful orator, and a distinguished statesman; and Polk, the quiet, self contained man, of indomitable will and unrelaxing energy—here were

Digitized by Google

adversaries worthy of each other's steel. During the strenuous days of the canvass, so apt to engender feuds and hostility, it was Mrs. Polk who played the part of peacemaker and held party bitterness in check.

The Democratic candidate had at least one opponent in his own family—Cadwallader Polk, afterwards an officer of conspicuous gallantry in the Confederate army. He was at this time only six years old, but, seeing his cousin passing the house, he rushed out and cheered for Henry Clay. The immediate results of this misdirected enthusiasm were the appearance upon the scene of Cadwallader's father and the application of Democratic principles, by means of a riding whip, to the person of the offensive young partisan. Polk, turning back, endeavored to placate his angry relative.

"Don't whip the little chap," he said. "He does not know he has done wrong."

Fanny Devereux, Wife of Bishop Leonidas Polk.

"James," replied the father, Dr. William Julius Polk, plying the whip with undiminished energy, "I intend to *teach* him that he has done wrong."

Mrs. Joseph Jones, Daughter of Bishop Leonidas Polk.
From a photograph by Washburn, New Orleans.

Mr. Polk failed to carry his own State by the narrow majority of 113 votes, but the election was decided in his favor when New York pronounced for the Democratic candidate. With his wife, he traveled by boat, carriage, and train from Nashville to Washington for the inauguration, several weeks being consumed by the journey. This particular 4th of March was wet and cheerless, but the ceremony was nevertheless a brilliant spectacle. Mr. Polk's carriage was drawn to the Capitol by four horses, and escorted by the chief marshal and his aides, bearing, as emblems of the new head of the republic, batons of young hickory. Mrs. Polk carried what might be termed a Presidential fan, displaying upon one side portraits of the eleven chief executives from Washington to Polk, and on the other an oval picture representing the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

The annexation of Texas, the settlement of the Oregon boundary question, and the addition of California and New Mexico to the ter-

Digitized by Google

General Lucius Junius Polk, Son of Colonel William Polk.
Published by the courtesy of his son, Lucius J. Polk, of Galveston.

ritory of the United States, made President Polk's administration memorable, and a quotation from a daily paper of the day will serve to illustrate the regard in which he was held by his fellow countrymen:

> We confess that we admire the man, not less for the stern integrity and purity of his private life, and the noble qualities of his personal character, than for the honorable and commanding station which he holds as the reward of his political integrity, his private virtue, and his personal worth.

In 1848 George Alexander Healy, the celebrated portrait painter, completed the pictures of the President and his wife which now hang in the White House. Not long after, at the expiration of his term, Polk retired to his home, Polk Place, in Nashville, where, in the yard inclosure, stands the monument beneath which he and his wife lie buried. He died in his fifty fourth year, and without issue.

The seven sons of Lieutenant Colonel William Polk inherited the family characteristics of patriotism and martial zeal. The eldest, Thomas, was a general in the North Carolina line and a State Senator. His descendant, William Polk of Louisiana, now holds the coveted seal of the order of the Cincinnati. The second son, Dr. William Julius Polk, was represented in the annals of the Southern struggle by his four sons, Allen, Lucius Eugene, Cadwallader and Rufus J., who respectively held commissions as major, brigadier general, colonel, and captain.

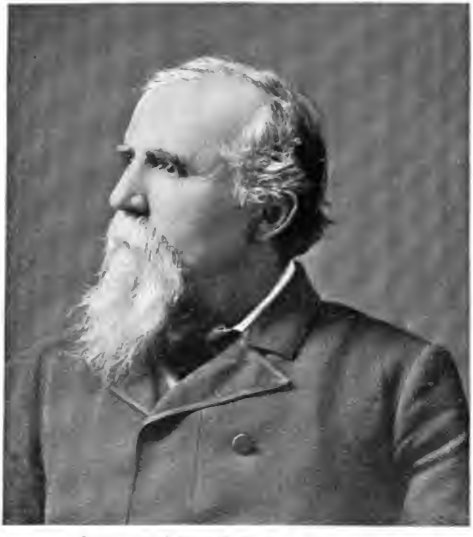
Brigadier General Lucius Eugene Polk won a place among the brilliant military geniuses developed by the civil war. To his stern determination and intrepid bearing, and the spirit he inspired in his men, was due no small share in the honors of victory at Chickamauga; and at Ringgold's Gap he met and repulsed with great slaughter the heroes of Lookout Mountain. The last of many dangerous injuries received in service, a fall at Kenesaw Mountain, shattered his leg and disabled him for life.

During the occupation of Columbia, Tennessee, by the Union troops, Gen-

Anne Erwin, Second Wife of General Lucius Junius Polk.
Published by the courtesy of Lucius J. Polk, of Galveston.

Digitized by Google

eral Buell courteously tendered Mrs. Polk, the President's widow, then past sixty five, the protection of a guard, but the offer was as courteously declined. "I cannot accept Federal protection," she said, "as my sons are in the Confederate army." It is to General Buell's credit that even after he had received this decided rebuff he succeeded in protecting the Polk place from any molestation, though no blue uniforms were in evidence within its limits.



General Lucius Eugene Polk, Son of Dr. William J. Polk.
From a photograph by Thaus, Koellein & Gerr, Nashville.

Before the civil war several fine estates belonging to the family were situated in Maury County, Tennessee. Among them were Ashwood Hall, ruined by fire during the war; the curiously named Rattle and Snap, which has now passed into the hands of strangers, and Hamilton Place, the ante bellum residence of General Lucius Junius Polk, now occupied by his granddaughter, Miss Mary Polk Yeatman, the representative of Tennessee in the Mount Vernon Society.

The five sons of Colonel William Polk by his second wife, Sarah Hawkins, built St. John's Episcopal Church at Ashwood, near which is the private burial place of the family. The eldest of these five sons, General Lucius Junius Polk, was twice married, first to Miss Mary Eastin, a niece of President Andrew Jackson, the ceremony taking place in the White House, and second to Mrs. Anne Erwin Pope. His son, Lucius Junius, who married a famous Southern beauty, Miss Daisy Cantrell, is a resident of Galveston, Texas, and a well known railroad man.

The youngest of Colonel William Polk's five sons, Leonidas Polk, bishop and general, is to be reckoned not only as one of the great names of the family's history, but as an extremely picturesque personality. It was his father's intention to make an army man of him, and he graduated from West Point. But conscience interfered in the disposition of his life. Although fond of his profession, young Polk was impelled by a strong sense of duty to abandon it and devote himself unreservedly to the ministry. It is a remarkable illustration of the per-

Digitized by Google

sistency with which the love of martial matters remains rooted in the heart that, after more than thirty years in the priesthood, and notwithstanding his elevation to the episcopal dignity, Leonidas Polk should have been eager to take up arms in defense of the South. At the outbreak of the war he joined the supporters of what he believed to be a sacred cause, as, nearly a hundred years before, other ministers had flocked to Revolutionary standards. But before relinquishing his diocesan work he had planted the Episcopal church firmly in the Southwest, and had planned out and laid the corner stone of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee.

His commission as major general was issued in June, 1861. Just three years later he was killed by a cannon ball while making observations from a hill near Marietta, Mississippi. His son, Dr. William Mecklenburg Polk, a prominent physician of New York, and a delegate, appointed by President Cleveland, to the Congress of Physicians held last summer in Switzerland, has published a comprehensive history of Major General Polk. His daughters, Mrs. Gale of Nashville, Mrs. Blake of New Orleans, Mrs. Joseph Jones, and Mrs. Chapman are members of the National Society of Colonial Dames.

Andrew Jackson Polk, the fourth son of Colonel William Polk, had two children —Van Leer Polk, now serving as United States consul general at Calcutta, and Antoinette Wayne Polk, who became the wife of the Marquis de Charette, a descendant of the royal French house of Bourbon. A story is told of the marquise which shows that in her veins runs the same intrepid blood which has always distinguished the men of her line. When Miss Polk, she was riding one day upon the Hampshire turnpike near Columbia, Tennessee, when she received information that the Federal troops were preparing to visit her father's house, Ashwood Hall, on the Mount Pleasant pike, five miles away. Realizing immediately that such a measure, if unheralded, would

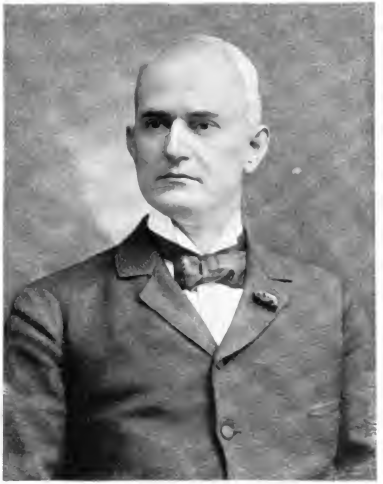
William Mecklenburg Polk, M. D., Son of Bishop Leonidas Polk.
From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

Digitized by Google

result in the capture of some of Colonel Polk's soldier friends, she wheeled her horse, and, taking fences and stone walls in a wild dash across country, emerged upon the road just in front of the Union troopers. The latter pursued her, but were outdistanced, and the undaunted daughter of the Confederacy dashed up to Ashwood in time to warn her father's friends of the enemy's approach and save them from capture.

It is hardly surprising that when the daughters of a house display such a spirit, its sons should have been able to put a stamp upon the character of the communities in which they have lived.

Miss Antoinette Polk's wedding was celebrated in Paris, shortly after the close of the civil war. It was a great social event, at a time when international marriages were much rarer than they have since become. There was a great array of presents from the royal and titled people of France and Italy, among them a coronet from the bridegroom's kinswoman, the Duchesse de Berri, and a laurel wreath of diamonds from the Pontifical Zouaves, of which corps the marquis was commander.



Lucius Junius Polk, Son of General Lucius Junius Polk.
From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

Mrs. Lucius Junius Polk.
From a photograph by Paris & Rockwell, San Antonio.

Some years later the Marquise de Charette and her husband visited America. In Montreal and Quebec they were greeted with public receptions, and the Princess Louise entertained them at Rideau Hall. In the South the old friends of the marquise welcomed her no less warmly.

For more than two centuries the Polks have held their place as a typical American and Southern family. In political and in private life, in times of peace and on the field of battle, they have established records of gallantry, dignity, and honor. Few names in all our annals are more closely associated than theirs with the country's history, and the heritage of none is more deserving of respect.

Caroline Burrows.

Digitized by Google

SYLVIA'S CANDLE.

'Tis not in the ball room's dazzling glare,
  In gossamer laces dressed,
With nodding plumes in her golden hair,
  I love my Sylvia best;
'Tis at the foot of the winding stair
  When Sylvia says "Good night,"
And floats away in the shadows gray
  With her twinkling candle light.

I stand below in the empty hall—
  Grim are the shadows and dark;
And the twinkling light grows dim and small,
  And dies to a distant spark.
I well nigh envy the waxen thing
  That lendeth my love its light,
And sheds its glare on her golden hair,
  When Sylvia says "Good night."

Alone at the foot of the winding stair,
  I lose myself in a dream,
Enwrought with the gleam of her golden hair
  And the gold of her candle's gleam.
I know, at last, she has snared my heart
  With her gracious, sweet "Good night,"
And borne it away in the shadows gray
  With her twinkling candle light.

Hattie Whitney.

Digitized by Google

THE miniature of today bids fair to be a rival of those famous ivories by Isabey, Malbone, and the painters who learned to make a keepsake of a pretty woman's face before the days of photographs. The revival of the art appeared to come all at once,

Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin.

From a miniature by Gregorio de Ajuria.

Digitized by Google

but in reality it has flourished in corners where exquisite taste is always alive.

A New York man, a gentleman of the old school, one who recalls the days when a gentleman thought it worth his while to make a compliment to a woman which would live, has always had miniatures for his hobby. Each succeeding belle has esteemed it the greatest possible compliment to be asked to let her face be added to his collection. No such gathering together of the flower of any social life has ever been seen as Mr. Peter Marié has made, and future generations will find it of the greatest possible interest. Incidentally he has done much for the art of miniature painting, in attracting to it the attention of the dames of wealth and leisure who could revive it and make it again an art that had sufficient support to flourish.

One of the miniature painters who has become very popular during the past few months is Gregorio de Ajuria. Mr. Henry G. Marquand, who is a connoisseur in almost every department of art, saw some of her work in Europe, and introduced her to Senator Brice. She has painted two portraits of Mr. Brice himself, and miniatures of his daughters, of which we give engravings this month.

The Brices, with their two clever daughters, have become prominent social factors in New York and Newport as well as Washington. Miss Helen and Miss Katherine Brice are entirely different in style, one being tall and slender, of a pale blonde type, the other dark and full of the magnetism of youth and health. The entertainments given at their beautiful homes have become famous. The greatest of the world's singers are heard in their drawing rooms, and nothing is too much trouble for them to procure it for the pleasure of their guests. One of the pictures which attracted attention at the portrait exhibition a year ago was a large portrait of Mrs. Brice and her two daughters, painted by one of the famous French artists.

Mme. de Ajuria has also painted some of the loveliest of New York's young married

Mrs. Charles Cooper.
From a miniature by Gregorio de Ajuria.

Digitized by Google

Miss Helen Brice as Marie Antoinette.

From a miniature by Grego-rio de Ayoria.

women. We give her portraits of Mrs. Charles Cooper and of Mrs. Oliver Iselin. Mrs. Cooper is the granddaughter in law of Peter Cooper, New York's famous philanthropist, and has been a favorite in an intellectual circle of society. Mrs. Iselin has come before the public in a way that has brought her close to the hearts of all sportsmen, and particularly of all sportswomen. She was Miss Hope Goddard, heiress to a

Digitized by Google

great fortune in Providence, Rhode Island, when she married Mr. Oliver Iselin, the well known yachtsman.

We all know the story of how Mr. Iselin and his friends built the Defender, the beautiful yacht that kept the America's cup on this side of the water. He has always been known as a man of great skill and judgment in the management of a yacht, as well as of intrepid nerve and spirit. When he was sailing Mr. George Gould's crack sloop, Vigilant, in English waters—for Mr. Iselin has often been called upon to take a hand in the management of a friend's yacht when the eyes of all sportsmen were upon the event—they sailed so near an accident that somebody bade Mr. Iselin look out or he would lose the boat.

"That's all right," he returned. "There are plenty more yachts where this came from, but there's only one race today."

When he married, he found in Mrs. Iselin as thorough a sportswoman as he could wish for a companion. She half lived on the Defender, sailing with it on almost every occasion, and taking the keenest interest in its success.

The sportswoman of today, whether she is a yachtswoman, or one who can ride to hounds, take every fence as she comes to it, and be in at the death, or who takes a gun in her hand, buckles a pair of leggings below her short skirt, and goes out to bring down big game, is regarded as a development peculiar to our own times. We are too apt to think of the chatelaines of foreign castles, and of our own ancestresses, as sitting meekly down to "sew a fine seam," or reclining among their maids. The women of other days had altogether different ways of passing their time. They had much more responsibility than she of today knows. The lord of the castle or the manor went away to the wars, and often

Miss Katherine Brice.

From a miniature by Gregorio de Ajuria.

Digitized by Google

The Archduchess Maria of Austria, Duchess of Orleans.

From a photograph by Strelisky, Budapest.

left his wife to attend to his affairs, from collecting rents to melting lead and pouring it down on the heads of his enemies.

The Emperor Charlemagne's daughters had ways of amusing themselves which would seem a little rude to even the boldest huntress of today. Their beaters used to drive all the game for miles around into an inclosure. Into this pen, full of wolves, bears, and all the wild things of the wide French forests, the princesses would ride on fiery steeds, and defend themselves against the infuriated animals. Even nuns and the stately abbesses of convents were allowed by the church to hunt with falcons, and now and then the king's huntsman used to turn out a deer for their entertainment.

We give here a portrait of the newly made Duchess of Orleans, who might in other times have been Queen of France. She is a handsome Austrian archduchess, Maria Dorothea, daughter of the Archduke Joseph. She is a general favorite in that society of kings and queens and princesses which has grown so large in Europe that it would be like another caste, were it not for the fact that its members resemble the rest of cultured society so closely that the mind does not become reconciled to the distinction. She was generally said to be quite too good for the young Duc d'Orleans, who has been rather a long time in sowing his wild oats. He has been engaged once or twice before, and has had himself photo-

Digitized by Google

Miss Helen Pitkin.

From a photograph by Washburn, New Orleans.

graphed standing beside at least one other princess as his future wife. It has not been recorded that anybody has expressed jealousy of the Archduchess Maria's marital acquisition.

The wedding, which took place in the Hofburg chapel in Vienna, on the 4th of November, was honored by quite a collection of royalties, including the Emperor of Austria and the bridegroom's sister, the Queen of Portugal. The Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna performed the ceremony.

The Princess Isabelle of Orleans, the sister of the duke, is well known in the

Digitized by Google

society of several European capitals. She is a bright young girl, who cares little for state and ceremony. One of her intimate friends is the Duchesse de Rochefoucauld, who was Miss Mattie Mitchell, daughter of Senator Mitchell of Oregon. Doubtless she and her liberty loving brother are much happier than if they were bound by the etiquette of a court.

We have been criticised on some hands for our picturing of Southern women, as if the percentage of beauty was so much higher there than in any other part of the country. Surely no one can object to the two representatives of the South whom we show this month.

Miss Helen Pitkin, of New Orleans, is known as a beauty not only all over that part of the country where the old families of the Gulf States have sent out their ramifications, but in the North and in South America. Her father was at one time minister to the Argentine Republic. She is related to the Margaret Fuller who is one of the literary heroines of New England, and to the Gordon family, to which Lord Byron belonged. She is a tall blonde, very handsome and stately, and is a decided success as a leader of society. But with the restlessness of the young American womanhood of today, she has taken up the profession of journalism. She is at present

Princess Isabelle of Orleans.
From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

Digitized by Google

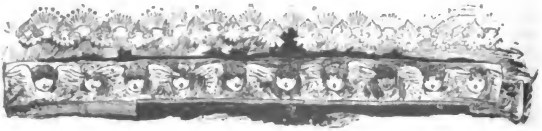
Miss Celeste Allen

From a photograph by Hall, Augusta, Georgia.

a member of the staff of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. She has been asked to come North, but has declined all temptations to leave her Southern home.

Miss Celeste Allen, daughter of Major Allen of Augusta, Georgia, is one of the typical dark beauties of the old South. The best description of her has been given in a poem by her friend William Hamilton Hayne—written to her portrait:

Your eyes are brown as a thrush's wing,
Glimpsed through a covert of early spring;
Your face has the delicate olive hue
Of an autumn cloud that the moon shines through.
Your lips, where the roses would like to dwell,
Have the sensitive red of an ocean shell;
Your hair, half curled, has the dusky gleam
Of midnight, touched by a morning dream;
Your form has the osier's supple grace,
Released from the south wind's soft embrace.



Digitized by Google

THE CHRISTIAN.*

By Hall Caine,

Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I—XII.

THE central figures of the story are John Storm and Glory Quayle, both Manx by birth. John Storm is the son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Earl of Erin, prime minister of England. Both his father and his uncle loved the woman who married the former and became John's mother, and jealousy has estranged the brothers. Lord Storm brings up his son for a career in public life, and is bitterly disappointed when the young man decides to enter the church, and seeks a curacy in London.

Near Lord Storm's place at Knockaloe, in the Isle of Man, is Glenfaba, the house of Parson Quayle, the bishop's chaplain. Mr. Quayle's only son marries the bishop's wife's maid, a French girl, the daughter of an actress. Both of these young people die, leaving a little girl, Glory, to the care of her grandfather at Glenfaba. Glory has known John Storm since he was a boy and she a baby. At twenty she determines to become a hospital nurse, and when young Storm goes to London, to his curacy at All Saints', Belgravia, she travels with him to begin her work at Martha's Vineyard. Here she forms a friendship with another nurse, Polly Love, who shows her the sights of London, and takes her to a nurses' ball. At the ball Polly introduces her to Lord Robert Ure and his friend Drake, two young department officials who have left a reception at the house of Mrs. Mackray, a rich American, to come to this somewhat Bohemian affair. In Drake Glory recognizes a boy who had been her playmate years ago, during a visit to the Isle of Man.

Storm takes up his residence at the house of his vicar, Canon Wealthy, a fashionable preacher whose utter worldliness shocks the earnest young curate. He is also greatly disquieted by Glory's associations, in which he sees danger to her. On the night of the nurses' ball he is at Martha's Vineyard, to which he has been assigned as chaplain. Among the patients he finds Polly Love's brother, who is a member of a semi monastic order, and is known as Brother Paul. John Storm talks with him, and with the father superior of the brotherhood, who is visiting the sick man. The chaplain expresses his deep discontent with the spiritual conditions he sees around him, and predicts a social and religious upheaval.

XIII.

"YOU are right, my son," said the father quietly, "and yet you are wrong, too. The church of God will not be shaken to its foundations because of the Pharisees who stand in its public places or because of the publicans that haunt its purlieus. Though the axe be laid to the rotten tree, yet the little seed will save its kind alive."

Then with an earnest smile and in a gentle voice he spoke of their little brotherhood in Bishopsgate Street: how ten years ago they had founded it for their detachment from earthly cares and earthly aims, and for hiddenness with God—how they had established it in the midst of the world's busiest highway, in the heart of the world's greatest market, to show that they despised gold and silver and all that the blind and cheated world most prizes, just as St. Philip and St. Ignatius had established the severest of modern rules in a profane and self indulgent century to show that they could stamp out every suggestion of the flesh as a spark from the fires of hell.

And then he lifted his cord and pointed to the knots at the end of it, and told what they were—symbols of the three bonds by which he was bound—the three vows he had taken: the vow of poverty, because Christ chose it for Himself and His friends; the vow of obedience, because He had said, "He that heareth you heareth Me;" and the vow of chastity, because it was our duty to guard the gates of the senses and to keep our eyes and ears and tongue from all inordinateness.

"But the lawful love of home and kindred," said John; "what of that?"

"We convert it into what is spiritual," said the father. "All human love must be based on the love of God if it is to be firm and true and enduring, and the reason of so much failure of love in natural friendship is that the love of the creature is not built upon the love of the Creator."

"But the love—say of mother and son—of brother and sister?" said John.

"Ah," said the father, "we have placed ourselves above the ordinary conditions of life that none may claim our affections in the same way as Christ. Man has to contend with two sets of enemies—those from within and those from without; and no temptations of the tempter are more subtle than those which come in the name of our holiest affections. But the sword of the spirit must keep the tempter away. There is the Judas in all of us, and he will betray us with a kiss if he can."

John Storm's breast was heaving, and his

Copyright, 1896, by Hall Caine.—This story began in the November, 1896, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Digitized by Google

breath was coming in gusts. He could scarcely conceal his agitation; but the father had risen to go.

"It is eight o'clock, and I must be back to compline," he said. And then he laughed and added, "We never ride in cabs; but I must needs walk across the park tonight, for I have given away all my money."

At that the smile of an angel came into his old face, and he said with a sweet simplicity—

"I love the park. Every morning the children play there, and then it is the holy catholic church to me, and I like to walk in it and to lay my hands on the heads of the little ones, and to ask a blessing for them, and to empty myself. This morning as I was coming here I met a little boy carrying a bundle. 'And what is *your* name, my little man?' I said, and he told me what it was. 'And how old are you?' I asked. 'Twelve years,' he answered. 'And what have you got in your bundle?' 'My father's dinner, sir,' he said. 'And what is your father, my son?' 'A carpenter,' said the boy. And I thought if I had been living in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago I might have met another little Boy carrying the dinner of His father, who was also a carpenter, in a little bundle which Mary had made up for him. So I felt in my pocket, and all I had was my fare home again, and I gave it to the little man as a thank offering to God that He had suffered me to meet a sweet boy of twelve whose father was a carpenter."

John Storm's throat was choking him, and his eyes were blind with tears.

"Good by, Brother Paul, and God send you back to us soon! Good by to you, dear friend; and when the world deals harshly with you, don't wait to make a personal quarrel with it, but come to us for a few days in retreat, that in the silence of your soul you may forget its vanities and vexations and fix your thoughts above."

John Storm could not help it—he could not resist the impulse—he dropped to his knees at the father's feet.

"Bless me also, father, as you blessed the carpenter's boy."

The father raised two fingers of his right hand and said: "God bless you, my son, and be with you and strengthen you, and when he smiles on you may the frown of man affect you not! Father in heaven, look down on this fiery soul and succor him! Help him to cast off every anchor that holds him to the world, and make him as the voice crying in the wilderness, 'Come out of her, my people, says our God.'"

When John rose from his knees the saintly face was gone, and all the air seemed to be filled with heavenly calm.

Then the wandering eyes of Brother Paul on the bed brought him back to the atmosphere of the earth. While he had been kneeling for the father's blessing he had been aware of a step on the floor behind him. It was his fellow curate, the Rev. Golightly, and he was still waiting to deliver his message to John Storm.

The canon had been disappointed of one of his preachers for Sunday, and being himself engaged to preside over the annual dinner of a dramatic benevolent fund to be held on the Saturday night, and therefore incapable of extra preparation, he desired that Mr. Storm should take the sermon on Sunday morning.

John promised to do so; and then his fellow curate smiled, bowed, coughed, and left him. A small room was kept for the chaplain on the ground floor of the hospital, and he went down to it and wrote a letter.

It was to the parson at Peel:

No doubt you hear from Glory frequently and know all about her progress as a probationer. She seems to be very well, and certainly I have never seen her look so bright and so cheerful. At the moment of writing she is out at a ball, given by the hospital authorities to all the nurses of London who do not chance to be on night duty. Well, it is a perfectly harmless source of pleasure, and with all my heart I hope she is enjoying herself. No doubt some form of amusement is necessary to a young girl in the height of her youth and health and beauty, and he would be only a poor sapless man who could not take delight in the thought that a good girl was happy.

As for myself, I have tried to carry out my undertaking to look after Glory, but I cannot say how long I may be able to continue the task. Do not be surprised if I am compelled to give it up. You know I am dissatisfied with my present surroundings, and I am only waiting for the ruling and direction of the pillar of cloud and fire. God alone can tell how it will move, but God will guide me. I don't go out more than I can help, and when I do go I get humiliated and feel foolish. The life of London has been a great and painful surprise. I had supposed that I knew all about it, but I have really known nothing until now. Its cruelty, its deceit, and its treachery are terrible. London is the Judas that is forever betraying with a kiss the young, the hopeful, the innocent. However, it helps one to know oneself, and that is better than lying hidden in cotton wool. Give my kindest greetings to everybody at Glenfaba—my love to my father, too, if there are any means of conveying it—we are both of us lonely men now.

Digitized by Google

The letter took him long to write, and when it was written he went out into the hall to post it. There he saw that a thunderstorm was coming, and he concluded to remain until it had passed over. He stepped into the library and selected a book, and returned to his room to read it. The book was "St. John Chrysostom on the Priesthood," and the subject was congenial, but he could not keep his mind on the printed page. He thought of the father superior, of the little brotherhood in Bishopsgate, and then of Glory at the hospital ball, and again of Glory, and yet again and again of Glory. Do what he would he could not help but think of her.

The storm pealed over his head, and when he returned to the hall two hours later it was still far from spent. He stood at the open door and watched it. Forks of lightning lit up the park, and floods of black rain made the vacant pavements like the surface of the sea. A cab slid past at intervals, with its driver sheeted in oilskins, and now and then there was a tinkling omnibus full within and empty without. Only one other living thing was to be seen anywhere. An Italian organ man had stationed himself in front of a mansion to the left and was playing vigorously.

John Storm walked through the hospital. It was now late, and the house was quiet. The house doctor had made the last of his rounds and turned into his chambers across the courtyard, and the night nurses were boiling little kettles in their rooms between the wards. The surgical wards were darkened, and the patients were asleep already. In the medical wards there were screens about certain of the beds, and weary moans came from the back of them.

It was long after midnight when John Storm came round to the hall again, and then the rain had ceased, but the thunder was still rumbling. He might have gone home at length, but he did not go; he realized that he was waiting for Glory. Other nurses returned from the ball, and bowed to him and passed into the house. He stepped into the porter's lodge, and sat down and watched the lightning. It began to be terrible to him, because it began to be symbolical. What doom or what disaster did this storm typify and predict? Never could he forget the night on which it befell. It was the night of the nurses' ball.

He thought he must have slept, for he shook himself and thought, "What nonsense! Surely the soul leaves the body while we are asleep, and only the animal remains!"

It was now full daylight, and two hansom cabs had stopped before the portico, and several persons who were coming up the steps were chattering away like wakened linnets. One voice was saying:

"Mr. Drake proposes that we should all go to the theater. I should like it above everything." It was Glory; and a fretful voice answered her—

"Very well, if *you* say so. It's all the same to *me*." It was Polly; and then a man's voice said—

"What night shall it be then, Robert?"

And a second man's voice answered, with a drawl, "Better let the girls choose for themselves, don't you know?"

John Storm felt his hands and feet grow cold, and he stepped out into the hall. Glory saw him coming, and made a cry of recognition.

"Ah, here is Mr. Storm! Mr. Storm, you should know Mr. Drake. He was in the Isle of Man, you remember——"

"I do *not* remember," said John Storm.

"But you saved his life, and you ought to know him——"

"I do *not* know him," said John Storm.

She was beginning to say, "Let me introduce——" But she stopped and stood silent for a moment, while the strange light came into her gleaming eyes of something no word could express, and then she burst into a peal of noisy laughter.

A ward sister going by at the moment drew up and said, "Nurse, I am surprised at you! Go to your room this instant"—and the girls whispered their adieux and went off giggling.

"What a glorious night it has been!" said Glory, going up stairs.

"I'm glad you think so," said Polly. "To tell you the truth, I found it dreadfully tiresome."

The two men lit their cigarettes and got back into one of the hansoms and drove away.

"What a bear that man is!" said Lord Robert.

"Rude enough, certainly," said Drake; "but I liked his face for all that; and if the fates put it into his head to stand between me and death—well, I'm not going to forget it."

"Give him a wide berth, dear boy. The fellow is an actor—an affected fop. I met him at Mrs. Mackray's on Thursday. He is a religious actor and a poser. He'll do something one of these days, take my word for it."

And meanwhile John Storm had buttoned his long coat up to his throat and was strid-

Digitized by Google

ing home through the echoing streets, with both hands clenched and his teeth set hard.

XIV.

Oh, Lord-a-massy! Oh, gough bless me sowl! Oh, my beloved grandfather! John Storm has done for himself at last! That man was never an author of peace and a lover of concord; but, my gracious, if you had heard his sermon in church on Sunday morning! Being a holy and humble woman of heart myself I altered the Litany the smallest taste possible, and muttered away from beginning to end, "O Lord, close thou our lips"; but the Lord didn't heed me in the least, with the result that everybody on earth is now screaming and snarling at our poor Mr. Storm exactly as if he had been picking the pocket of the universe.

It was all about the morality of men. The text was as innocent as a baby, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." And when he began in the usual way the dear old goodies in glasses thought he had been wound up like the musical box and had just turned on the crank, so they cuddled in comfortably for forty winks before the anthem. There were two natures in man, and man's body might be good or bad according as spiritual or carnal affections swayed it, and all the rest of the good old change for sixpence and a ha'penny out, you know. But the lesson had been from Isaiah, where the unreasonable old prophet is indignant with the ladies of Zion because they don't want to look like dowdies, you remember. "Tremble ye women that are at ease, strip you and make you bare and gird sackcloth upon your loins." And off he went like a comet, with the fashionable woman for his tail. If matrimony nowadays didn't always mean monogamy, who was chiefly to blame? Men were generally as pure as women required that they should be; and if the lives of men were bad it was often because women did not demand that they should be good. Tremble ye women that are at ease, and say why you allow your daughters to marry men who in fact and effect are married already. Strip you and be ashamed for the poor women who were the first wives of your daughters' husbands, and for the children whom such men abandon and forget. In leading your innocent daughters to courts and receptions you are only leading them to the auction room; and in dressing and decorating them you are preparing them for the market of base men. Last week some titled philanthropist had hauled up a woman in the East End of London for attempting to sell her daughter. How shocking, everybody said. What a disgrace to the nineteenth century! But the wretched creature had only been doing the best according to her light for the welfare of her miserable child, while here—with their eyes open, with their cultured consciences—the wives of these same philanthropists were doing the same thing every day—the very same!

Having gone for the mammies like this, he went for the dear girls themselves one better. Let them gird sackcloth on their loins and hide their faces. Why did they suffer themselves to be sold? The woman who married a man for the sake of his title or his position or any worldly advantage whatever was no better than an outcast of the streets. Her act was the same, and in all reason and justice her name should be the same also.

Hey, nonny, nonny! I told you how he broke down before; but on Sunday morning, in spite of mine own amended Litany, I had just as much hope of the breakdown of the falls of Niagara or a nineteen foot spring tide. You would have said his face was afire, and those great eyes of his were lit up like the red lamps on Peel pier.

Pulpit oratory! I don't know what it was, only I never heard the like of it in all my born days. I begin to think the real difference between preachers is the difference of the fire beneath the crust. In some it burns so low that it doesn't even warm the surface, and you couldn't get up enough puff to boil the kitchen kettle; but in others—look out! It's a volcano, and the lava is coming down with a rush.

Mercy me, how I cried! "Oh, my daughter, oh, my child, what a ninny you are!" I told myself; but it was no use talking. His voice was as hoarse as a raven's, and sometimes you would have thought his very heart was breaking.

But the congregation! You should have seen the transformation scene! They had come in bowing and smiling and whispering softly until the church was a perfect sheet of sunshine, an absolute aurora borealis; but they went out like a northeast gale with the mutterings of thunder and one man overboard.

And John Storm having put his foot in it, of course Glory Quayle had to get her toe in too. Coming down the aisle some of the dear ladies of Zion who looked as if they wanted to "swear in their wrath" were mumbling all the lamentations of Jeremiah. Who was he, indeed, to talk to people like that? Nobody had ever heard of him except his mother. And in the porch they came upon a fat old dump in a velvet dolman who declared it was perfectly scandalous, and she had had to come out in the middle. Whereupon Glory, *not* being delivered that day from all evil and mischief, said, "Quite right, ma'am, and you were not the only one who had to leave the church in the middle of that sermon." "Why, who else had to go?" said this female Pharisee. "The devil, ma'am," said Glory, and then left her with that bone to gnaw.

It turns out that the old girlie in the dolman is a mighty patron of this hospital, so everybody says I' am in for nasty weather. But hoot! My heart's in the Hielan's, my heart is not here, my heart's in the Hielan's, sae what can I fear!

John Storm is in for it too, and they say his vicar waited for him in the vestry, but he

Digitized by Google

looked like forked lightning coming out of the pulpit, so the good man thought it better to keep his rod in pickle awhile. It seems that the lords of the council and all the nobility were there, and it is a point of religious etiquette in London that in the hangman's house nobody speaks of the rope; but our poor John gave them the gibbet as well. It was a fearful thing to do, but nobody will make me believe he had not got his reasons. He hasn't been here since, but I am certain he has his eye on some fine folks, and whoever they are I'll bet "my bottom dollar" they deserved all they got.

But heigho! I haven't left myself breath to tell you about the ball. I was there! You remember, I was lamenting that I hadn't got the necessary finery. In fact I had put in a bit at the end of my prayers about it. "Oh, God, be good to me this once, and let me look nice." And He *was*. He put it into the heads of the nabobs of this vineyard that nurses should "appear at the hospital ball in regulation uniform only." So my cloak and my bonnet and my pink dress and my apron covered a multitude of sins.

You should have seen Glory that night, grandfather. She was a redder young lobster than ever, somehow; but she put a white rose in her carroty curls, and, gough bless me, what a bogh* she was though! Of course she made the acquaintance of the "higher ranks of society," and danced with all the earth. The great surgeon of something opened the ball with the matron of Bartimæus', and she went round on his arm like a dolly in a dolly tub; but he soon saw what a marvelous and miraculous being Glory was, and after I had waltzed so beautifully with the ancient personage I had the hearts of all the young men.

But the strangest thing was that somebody from the Isle of Man flopped down on me there just as if he had descended from the blue. It was that little English boy Drake, who used to come to the catechism class, only now he is one of the smartest and handsomest young men in London. When he came up and announced himself I am sure he expected me to expire on the spot or else go crazy, and of course I was trembling all over; but I behaved like a rational person and stood my ground. He looked at me as much as to say, "Do you know you've grown to be a very fine young woman and I admire you very much?" Whereupon I looked back as much to reply, "That's quite right, my dear young sir, and I should have a poor opinion of you if you didn't." So being of the same opinion on the only subject worth thinking about (that's me) I behaved charmingly to him, and even forgave him when he carried off my white rose at the end.

Mr. Drake has a friend who is always with him. He is a willowy person who owns sixteen setters and three church livings, they say, and wears (on week days) a thunder and lightning suit of clothes—*you* know, a pattern so large that one man can't carry the whole of it and somebody else goes about with the rest. His name is Lord Robert Ure, and I intend to call him Lord Bob, for since he is such a frivolous person himself I must make a point of being severe. I danced with him, of course, and he kept telling me what a wonderful future Mr Drake had, and how the promised land was before him, and even hinting that it wouldn't be a bad thing to be Mrs. Moses. Fancy Glory making a tremendous match with a leader of society! And if I hadn't gone to that hospital ball no doubt the history of the nineteenth century would have been different!

They are going to take me next week to something far, far better than a ball, only I must not tell you anything about it yet, except that I keep awake all night sometimes to think of it. But thou sure and firm set earth, hear not my steps which way they walk.

It's late, and I'm just going to cuddle in. Good night! My kisses for the aunties and my love to everybody! In fact, you can serve out my love in ladles this time—being cheap at present, and plenty more where this is coming from.

Oh, I forgot to tell you what happened when we returned to the hospital! It was half past three in the morning, and the gentlemen had brought us back; but there was our John Storm with his sad and anxious face waiting up to see us safely home. He was angry with me, and I didn't mind that in the least; but when I saw that he liked me well enough to be rude to the gentlemen I fell a victim to the crafts and assaults of the devil, and couldn't help laughing out loud; and then Ward Sister Allworthy came along and lifted her lip and showed me her tusk.

It was a wonderful night altogether, and I was never so happy in my life; but all the same I had a good cry to myself alone before going to bed. Too much water had'st thou, poor Ophelia! Talk about two natures in one. I've got two hundred and fifty and they all want to do different things! Ah me! the "ould Book" says that woman was taken out of the rib of a man, and I feel sometimes as if I want to get back to my old quarters.

GLORY.

P. S.—I'll write you a full and particular account of the great event of next week after it is over. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, till thou applaud the deed. You see I don't want you to eat your meal in fear—or your porridge either. But I am burning with impatience for the night to come, and would like to run to it. Oh, if it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly! See? I am going in for a course of Shakspere!

XV.

A WEEK later Glory made her first visit to the theater, and it was the turning point of her life thus far. From first to last she

* Dear.

Digitized by Google

was amazed and delighted, and when the play was over she was full of a great hope and aspiration.

Her companions were Drake, who was charmed with her naïveté; Lord Robert, who was amused by it; and Polly Love, who was annoyed and ashamed, and made little peevish exclamations.

As they entered the box which they were to occupy the attendant drew back the curtain, and at sight of the auditorium she cried "Oh!" and then checked herself and colored deeply. With her eyes down she sat where directed in one of the three seats in front, Polly being on her right and Drake on her left, and Lord Robert at the back of the lace curtain. For some minutes she did not smile or stir, and when she spoke it was always in whispers. A great awe seemed to have fallen upon her, and she was behaving as she behaved in church.

Drake began to explain the features of the theater. Down there were the stalls, and behind the stalls was the pit. The body? Well, yes, the body, so to speak. And the three galleries were the dress circle, the family circle, and the gallery proper. The organ loft? No, there was no organ, but that empty place below was the well for the orchestra.

"And what is this little vestry?" she said.

"Oh, this is a private box where we can sit by ourselves and talk!" said Drake.

At every other explanation she had made little whispered cries of astonishment and delight; but when she heard that conversation was not forbidden she was entirely happy. She thought a theater was even more beautiful than a church, and supposed an actor must have a wonderful living.

The house was filling rapidly, and as the people entered she watched them intently.

"What a beautiful congregation," she whispered—"audience, I mean!"

"Do you think so?" said Polly; but Glory did not hear her.

It was delightful to see so many lovely faces and to join in the low hum of their conversation. She felt happy among them already and quite kind to everybody, because they had all come together to enjoy themselves. Presently she bowed to some one in the stalls with a face all smiles, and then said to Polly:

"How nice of her! A lady moved to me from the body. How friendly they are in theaters!"

"But it was to Mr. Drake," said Polly; and then Glory could have buried her face in her confusion.

"Never mind, Glory," said Drake; "that's a lady who will like you the better for the little mistake. Rosa," he added, with a look towards Lord Robert, who smoothed his mustache and bent his head.

Polly glanced up quickly at mention of the name; and Drake explained that Rosa was a friend of his own—a lady journalist, Miss Rosa Macquarrie, a good and clever woman. Then, turning back to Glory, he said—

"She has been standing up for your friend Mr. Storm this week. You know there have been attacks upon him in the newspapers?"

"Has she?" said Glory, recovering herself and looking down again. "Which pew—stall, I mean——"

But the people were clapping their hands and turning their faces to the opposite side of the theater. Some great personage was entering the royal box.

"My chief, the home secretary," said Drake; and, when the applause had subsided and the party were seated, the great man recognized his secretary and bowed to him; whereupon it seemed to Glory that every face in the theater turned about and looked at her.

She did not flinch, but bore herself bravely. There was a certain thrill, and a slight twitching of the head, such as a charger makes at the first volley in battle—nothing more, not even the quiver of an eyelid. This was the atmosphere in which Drake lived, and she felt a vague gratitude to him for allowing her to move in it.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she whispered, turning towards Polly; but Polly's face was hidden behind the curtain.

The orchestra was coming in, and Glory leaned forward and counted the fiddles, while Drake talked with Lord Robert across her shoulder.

"I found him reading Rosa's article this morning, and it seems he was present himself and heard the sermon," said Drake.

"And what's his opinion?" asked Lord Robert.

"Much the same as your own. Affectation—the man is suffering from the desire to be original—more egotism than love of truth, and so forth."

"Right, too, dear boy. All this vaporing is as much as to say, 'Look at me! I am the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Thingamy, nephew of the prime minister, and yet——'"

"I don't at all agree with the chief," said Drake, "and I told him so. The man has enthusiasm, and that's the very salt of the earth at present. We are all such

Digitized by Google

pessimists and nihilists in these days. Thank God for anybody who will warm us up with a little faith, say I!"

Glory's bosom heaved, and she was just about to speak when there was a sudden clap as of thunder, and she leaped up in her seat. But it was only the beginning of the overture, and she sat down laughing. There was a tender passage in the music; and after it was over she was very quiet for a while, and then whispered to Polly that she hoped little Johnnie wasn't worse tonight, and it seemed wicked to enjoy oneself when any one was so poorly.

"Who is that?" said Drake.

"My little boy whose leg was amputated," said Glory.

"This Glory is so funny!" said Polly. "Fancy talking of that here!"

"Hush" said Lord Robert, "the curtain is going up"—and at the next moment Glory was laughing because they were all in the dark.

The play was "Much Ado about Nothing," and Glory whispered to Drake that she had never seen it before, but she had read "Macbeth," and knew all about Shakspere and the drama. The first scene took her breath away, being so large and so splendid. It represented the outside of a gentleman's house, and she thought what a length of time it must have taken to build it, considering it was to last only a single night. But hush! The people were going indoors. No; they preferred to talk in the street. Oh, we were in Italy? Yes, indeed, that was different.

Leonato delivered his first speeches forcibly, and was rewarded with applause. Glory clapped her hands also, and said he was a very good actor for such a very old gentleman.

Then *Beatrice* made her entrance, and was greeted with cheers, whereupon Glory looked perplexed.

"It's Terry," whispered Polly; and Drake said "Ellen Terry"; but Glory still looked puzzled.

"They are calling her 'Beatrice'," she said. Then, mastering the situation, she looked wise and said, "Of course—the actress—I quite understand; but why do they applaud her—she has done nothing yet?"

Drake explained that the lady playing *Beatrice* was a great favorite, and that the applause of the audience had been of the nature of a welcome to a welcome guest, as much as to say they had liked her before and were glad to see her again. Glory thought that was beautiful, and, looking at the gleaming eyes that shone out of the darkness, she said—

"How lovely to be an actress!"

Then she turned back to the stage, where all was bright and brilliant, and said, "What a lovely frock, too!"

"Only a stage costume, my dear," said Polly.

"And what beautiful diamonds!"

"Paste," said Lord Robert.

"Hush!" said Drake; and then *Benedick* entered, and the audience received him with great cheering. "Irving," whispered Drake; and Glory looked more perplexed than before, and said:

"But you told me it was Mr. Irving's theater, and I thought it would have been his place to welcome——"

The vision of *Benedick* clapping his hands at his entrance set Lord Robert laughing in his cold way; but Drake said, "Be quiet, Robert!"

Glory, like a child, had ears for no conversation except her own, and she was immersed in the play in a moment. The merry war of *Beatrice* and *Benedick* had begun, and as she watched it her face grew grave.

"Now, that's very foolish of her," she said; "and if, as you say, she's a great actress, she shouldn't do such things. To talk like that to a man is to let everybody see that she likes him better than anybody else, though she's trying her best to hide it. The silly girl—he'll find her out!"

But the curtain had gone down on the first act, the lights had suddenly gone up, and her companions were laughing at her. Then she laughed also.

"Of course, it's only a play," she said largely, "and I know all about plays and about acting, and I can act myself, too."

"I'm sure you can," said Polly, lifting her lip. But Glory took no notice.

Throughout the second act she put on the same airs of knowledge, watching the masked ball intently, but never once uttering a laugh and hardly ever smiling. The light, the color, the dresses, the young gay faces enchanted her; but she struggled to control herself. It was only her body that was up there, leaning over the front of the box with lips twitching and eyes gleaming; her soul was down on the stage, clad in a lovely gown, and carrying a mask and laughing and joking with *Benedick;* but she held herself in, and when the curtain fell she began to talk of the acting.

She was still of opinion that *Leonato* was excellent for such an elderly gentleman, and when Polly praised *Claudio* she agreed that he was good, too.

Digitized by Google

"But *Benedick* is my boy for all," she said. In some way she had identified herself with *Beatrice*, and hardly ever spoke of her.

During the third act this air of wisdom and learning broke down badly. In the middle of the ballad, "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more," she remembered Johnnie, and whispered to Drake how ill he had been when they left the hospital. And when it was over, and *Benedick* protested that the song had been vilely sung, she sat back in her seat and said she didn't know how Mr. Irving could say such a thing, for she was sure the boy had sung it beautifully.

"But that's the author," whispered Drake; and then she said wisely—

"Oh, yes, I know—Shakspere, of course."

Then came the liming of the two love birds, and she declared that everybody was in love in plays of that sort, and that was why she liked them; but as for those people playing the trick, they were very simple if they thought *Beatrice* didn't know she loved *Benedick*. *Claudio* fell woefully in her esteem in other respects also, and when he agreed to spy on *Hero* she said he ought to be ashamed of himself anyhow.

"How ridiculous you are!" said Polly. "It's the author, isn't it?"

"Then the author ought to be ashamed of himself also, for it is unjust and cruel and unnecessary," said Glory.

The curtain had come down again by this time, and the men were deep in an argument about morality in art, Lord Robert protesting that art had no morality, and Drake maintaining that what Glory said was right, and there was no getting to the back of it.

But the fourth act witnessed Glory's final vanquishment. When she found the scene was the inside of a church and they were to be present at a wedding, she could not keep still on her seat for her delight; but when the marriage was stopped and *Claudio* uttered his denunciation of *Hero*, she said it was just like him, and it would serve him right if nobody believed him.

"Hush!" said somebody behind them.

"But they *are* believing him," said Glory, quite audibly.

"Hush! Hush!" came from many parts of the theater.

"Well, that's shameful — her father, too——" began Glory.

"Hush, Glory!" whispered Drake; but she had risen to her feet, and when *Hero* fainted and fell she uttered a cry.

"What a girl!" whispered Polly. "Sit down—everybody's looking!"

"It's only a play, you know," whispered Drake; and Glory sat down and said:

"Well, yes, of course, it's only a play. Did you suppose——"

But she was lost in a moment. *Beatrice* and *Benedick* were alone in the church now; and when *Beatrice* said "Kill *Claudio*," Glory leapt up again and clapped her hands. But *Benedick* would not kill *Claudio*, and it was the last straw of all. That wasn't what she called being a great actor, and it was shameful to sit and listen to such plays. Lots of disgraceful scenes happened in life, but people didn't come to theaters to see such things, and she would go.

"How ridiculous you are!" said Polly; but Glory was out in the corridor, and Drake was going after her.

She came back at the beginning of the fifth act with red eyes and confused smiles, looking very much ashamed. From that moment onward she cried a good deal, but gave no other sign until the green curtain came down at the end, when she said—

"It's a wonderful thing! To make people forget it's not true is the most wonderful thing in the world!"

Lord Robert, standing behind the curtain at the back of Polly's chair, had been laughing at Glory with his long owlish drawl, and making cynical interjections by way of punctuating her enthusiasm; and now he said, "Would you like to have a nearer view of your wonderful world, Glory?"

Glory looked perplexed and Drake muttered, "Hold your tongue, Robert! For heaven's sake let the girl have some illusions left in life!" Then, turning to Glory, he said shortly, "He only asked you if you would like to go behind the scenes; but I don't think——"

Glory made a cry of delight. "Like it? Better than anything in the world!"

"Then I must take you to a rehearsal somewhere," said Lord Robert; "and you'll both come to tea at the chambers afterwards."

Drake made some show of dissent; but Polly, with her most voluptuous look upwards, said it would be perfectly charming, and Glory was in raptures.

The girls, by their own choice, went home without escort by the Hammersmith omnibus. They sat on opposite sides and hardly talked at all. Polly was humming idly, "Sigh no more, ladies."

Glory was in a trance. A great, bright, beautiful world had that night swum into her view, and all her heart was yearning for it with vague and blind aspirations. It

Digitized by Google

might be a world of dreams, but it seemed more real than reality, and when the omnibus passed the corner of Piccadilly Circus she forgot to look at the women who were crowding the pavement.

The omnibus drew up for them at the door of the hospital, and they took long breaths as they went up the steps.

In the corridor to the surgical ward they came upon John Storm. His head was down and his step was long and measured, and he seemed to be trying to pass them in his grave silence; but Glory stopped and spoke, while Polly went on to her cubicle.

"You here so late?" she said.

He looked steadily into her face, and answered, "I was sent for—some one was dying."

"Was it little Johnnie?"

"Yes."

There was not a tear now—not the quiver of an eyelid.

"I don't think I care for this life," she said fretfully. "Death is always about you everywhere, and a girl can never go out to enjoy herself but——"

"It is true woman's work," said John hotly—"the truest, noblest work a woman can have in all the world."

"Perhaps," said Glory, swinging on her heel. "All the same——"

"Good night," said John, and he turned on his heel also.

She looked after him, and laughed. Then with a little hard lump at her heart she took herself off to bed.

Polly Love, in the next cubicle, was humming as she undressed—

> Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
> Men were deceivers ever.

That night Glory dreamed that she was still at Peel. She was sitting up on Peel hill, watching the big ships as they weighed anchor in the bay beyond the old dead castle walls, and wishing she were going out with them to the sea and the great cities so far away.

XVI.

JOHN STORM was sitting in his room next morning fumbling the leaves of a book and trying to read when a lady visitor was announced. It was Miss Mackray, and she came in with a flushed face, a quivering lip, and the marks of tears in her eyes. She held his hand with the same long hand clasp as before, and said in a tremulous voice—

"I am ashamed of coming, and mother does not know that I am here; but I am very unhappy, and if you cannot help me——"

"Please sit down," said John Storm.

"I have come to tell you—" she said; and then her sad eyes moved about the room and came back to his face. "It is about Lord Robert Ure, and I am very wretched."

Being little accustomed to the confidences of women he found it difficult to play the pastor to this beautiful girl in trouble, but at length he said:

"Tell me everything, dear lady, and if there is anything I can do——"

She told him all. It was a miserable story. Her mother had engaged her to Lord Robert Ure (there was no other way of putting it) for the sake of his title, and he had engaged himself to her for the sake of her wealth. She had never loved him, and had long known that he was a man of scandalous reputation; but she had been taught that to attach weight to such considerations would be girlish and sentimental, and she had fought for a while and then yielded.

"You will reproach me for my feebleness," she said; and he answered haltingly,

"No, I do not reproach you; I pity you——"

"Well," she said, "it is all over now, and if I am ruined and if my mother——"

"You have told her you cannot marry?"

"Yes."

"Then who am I to reproach you?" he said; and rising to his feet he flung away his book.

Her dark eyes wandered about the room, and came back to his face again and shone with a new luster.

"I heard your sermon on Sunday, Mr. Storm," she said in a soft voice, "and I felt as if there were nobody else in the church and you were speaking to me alone. And last night at the theater——"

"Well?"

He had been tramping the room, but he stopped.

"I saw him in a box with his friend and two—two ladies."

"Were they nurses from the hospital?"

She made a cry of surprise and said, "Then you know all about it, and the sermon *was* meant for me."

He did not speak for a moment, and then he said, with a thick utterance:

"You wish me to help you to break off this marriage, and I will try. But if I fail—no matter what has happened in the past, or what awaits you in the future——"

"Oh," she said, "if I had your strength

Digitized by Google

beside me I should be brave—I should be afraid of nothing."

"Good by, dear lady," said John Storm; and before he could prevent her she had stooped over his hand and kissed it.

John Storm had returned to his book and was clutching it with nervous fingers, when his fellow curate came with a message from the canon to request his presence in the study.

"Tell him I was on the point of going down," said John, and the Rev. Golightly coughed and bowed himself out.

The canon had also had a visitor that morning. It was Mrs. Mackray herself. She sat on a chair covered with a tiger skin, sniffed at her scented handkerchief, and poured out all her sorrows.

Mercy had rebelled against her authority, and it was entirely the fault of the new curate, Mr. Storm. She had actually refused to carry out her engagement with Lord Robert, and it all came of that dreadful sermon on Sunday. It was dishonorable, it was unprincipled, and it was a pretty thing to teach girls to indulge their whims without regard to the wishes of parents.

"I have tried to bring her up properly," said the lady. "She doesn't read poetry and novels and that nonsense. I'm not that kind of woman myself, and I've brought up Mercy in the same principles—so where else can she have got it? No, it's this Mr. Storm. He has ruined the child. Here have I been two years in London, spending a fortune on the girl, and trying to do my best for her, and the moment I fix her in one of the first English families, this young man—this curate—this—upon my honor, it's real wicked, it's shameful!" And the handkerchief steeped in eau de cologne went up from the nose to the eyes.

The canon strutted a step and swung his pince nez. "Don't put yourself about, my dear Mrs. Mackray," he said soothingly; "leave the matter to me. Miss Mackray will remove her objections and——"

"Oh, you mustn't judge her by her quietness, canon. You don't know her character. She's real stubborn when her mind's made up. But I'll be as stubborn as she is—I'll take her back to America—I'll never spend another penny——"

"And as for Mr. Storm," continued the canon, "I'll make everything smooth in that quarter. You mustn't think too much about the unhappy sermon—a little youthful *esprit fort;* we all go through it, you know. He is really a young man of excellent connections—that is, on his father's side; but his mother was nobody in particular, so the peasant blood in him, you see——" and the canon lifted his eyebrows and the palms of both hands.

When Mrs. Mackray had gone, he rang twice for Mr. Golightly and said, "Tell Mr. Storm to come down to me immediately."

"With pleasure, sir," said the little man; and then he hesitated.

"What is it?" said the canon, adjusting his glasses.

"I have never told you, sir, how I found him the night you sent me to the hospital."

"Well, how?"

"On his knees to a Catholic priest who was visiting a patient."

The canon's glasses fell from his eyes, and his broad face broke into strange smiles.

"I thought the Sorceress of Rome was at the bottom of it," he said. "His uncle shall know of this, and unless I am sadly deceived—but fetch him down."

John Storm was wearing his flannel shirt that morning, and he came down stairs with a heavy tread and swung himself, unasked, into the chair that had just before been occupied by Mrs. Mackray.

The perpendicular wrinkles came between the canon's eyebrows, and he said: "My dear Storm, I have postponed, as long as possible, a most painful interview. The fact is your recent sermon has given the greatest offense to the ladies of my congregation, and if such teaching were persisted in we should lose our best people. Now, I don't want to be angry with you; quite the contrary—though I cannot be indifferent to anything that alienates my warmest friends and most generous supporters—but I wish to put to you, as your spiritual head and adviser, that your idea of religion is by no means agreeable to the needs and necessities of the nineteenth century. There is no freedom in such a faith, and St. Paul says, 'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.' But the theory of your religion is not more unscriptural than its application is unwholesome. Yours is a gloomy faith, my dear Storm, and what did Luther say of a gloomy faith?—that the devil was very apt to be lurking behind it. As for himself he married, you may remember; he had children, he played chess, he loved to see young people dancing——"

"I don't object to the dancing, sir," said John Storm. "I only object to the tune."

"What do you mean?" said the canon, not without insolence; and the perpendicular wrinkles became large and heavy.

Digitized by Google

"I mean, sir," said John Storm, "that half the young people nowadays—the young women in the west of London especially—are asked to dance to the 'Dead March.'" And then he spoke of the infamous case of Mercy Mackray, how she was being bought and sold, and how scandalous was the reputation of the man she was required to marry. "That was what I was coming down to speak about, sir—to ask you to save this innocent girl from such a mockery of holy wedlock. She is not a child, and the law cannot help her, but you can do so, because the power of the church is at your back. You have only to set your face against this infamy and say——"

"My dear Mr. Storm" (the canon was smiling condescendingly and swinging his glasses), "the business of the church is to solemnize marriages, not to make them. But if the young lady comes to me I will say, 'My dear young lady, the conditions you complain of are more common than you suppose; put aside all foolish, romantic notions, make a nest for yourself as comfortably as you can, and come back in a year to thank me.'"

John Storm was on his feet; the blood was mounting to his face and tingling in his fingers.

"And so these men are to make their wives of the daughters of the poor first, and then ask the church to solemnize their polygamy——"

But the canon had lifted his hand to silence him.

"My dear young friend, a policy like yours would decimate the House of Commons and abolish the House of Lords. Practical religion has a sweet reasonableness. We are all human, even if we are all gentlemen, and while silly young things have white teeth and rosy lips——"

But John Storm was out in the hall and putting on his hat to see Glory.

Glory had not yet awakened from her trance. While others were living in today she was still going about in yesterday. The emotion of the theater was upon her, and the world of reality took the tone and color of drama. This made her a tender woman, but a bad nurse.

She began the day in the out patient department, and a poor woman came with a child that had bitten its tongue. The tongue had to be stitched, and the child's condition required that it should remain in the house a day or two.

"Let me put the pore thing to bed, she's allus used of me," said the woman piteously.

"Are you the mother?" said the sister.

"No, the grandmother."

"The mother is the only person who can enter the wards except on visiting day."

The poor woman began to cry. Glory had to carry the child to bed, and she whispered to the grandmother, "Come this way," and the woman followed her. When they came to the surgical ward she said to the ward sister, "This is the child's mother, and she has come to put the poor little thing to bed."

Later in the morning she was sent up to help in the same ward. A patient in great pain called to her and said, "Loosen this bandage for me, nurse—it is killing me." And she loosened it.

But the glamor of the theater was upon her as well as its sentiment and emotion, and in the space before the bed of one of the patients, at a moment when the ward sister was away, she began to make imitations of *Beatrice* and *Benedick* and the singer of "Sigh no more, ladies." The patient was Koenig, the choir master of All Saints, a little fat German, with long mustaches, which he waxed and curled as he lay in bed. Glory had christened him "the hippopotamus," and at her mimicry he laughed so much that he rolled and pitched and dived among the bed clothes.

"*Ach, Gott!*" he cried, "vot a girl! Never—I haf never heard any one so goot on de stage. Vot a voice, too! A leetle vork under a goot teacher, and den, mine Gott! Vot is it the musicians say?—the genius has a Cremona inside of him on which he first composes his immortal vorks. You haf the Cremona, my dear, and I will help you to bring it out. Vot you tink?"

It was the hour after breakfast, when the patients who can afford it have their morning newspaper brought up to them, but the newspapers were thrown aside, every eye was on Glory, and there was much noisy laughter and even some clapping of hands.

Ward Sister Allworthy entered with the house doctor.

"What's the meaning of this?" she demanded. Glory told the truth and was reproved.

"Who has loosened this bandage?" said the doctor. The patient tried to prevaricate, but Glory told the truth again and was reproved once more.

"And who permitted this woman to come into the ward?" said the nurse.

"I did," said Glory.

"You're not fit to be a nurse, miss, and I shall certainly report you for neglect of duty."

Glory laughed in the sister's face.

Digitized by Google

It was at this moment that John Storm arrived after his interview with the canon. He drew Glory into the corridor and tried to pacify her.

"Oh, don't suppose I'm going to do hospital nursing all my life," she said. "It may be good womanly work, but I want to be a human being with a heart, and not a machine called duty. How I hate and despise my surroundings! I'll make an end of them one of these days. Sooner or later it must come to that."

"Your life has been deranged, Glory, and that is why you disdain your surroundings. You were at the theater last night."

"Who told you that? Well, what of it? Are you one of those who think the theater——"

"I don't object to the theater, Glory. It is the derangement of your life I am thinking of, and if anybody is responsible for that he is your enemy, not your friend."

"You will make me angry again, as you did before," and she began to bite her quivering lip.

"I did not come to make you angry, Glory; I came to ask you, even to entreat you, to break off this hateful connection."

"Because you know nothing of this—this connection, as you say—you call it hateful."

"I know what I am talking about, my child. The life these men live is worse than hateful, and it makes my heart bleed to see you falling a victim to it."

"You are degrading me again. You are always degrading me. Other men try to be agreeable to me, but you—— besides, I cannot hear my friends abused. Yes, they *are* my friends. I *was* at the theater with them last night, and I am going to take tea at their chambers on my next holiday. So please——"

"Glory!"

With one plunge of his arm he had gripped her by the wrist.

"You frighten me."

"You are never to set foot in the rooms of those men."

"Let me go."

"You are as inexperienced as a child, Glory, and it is my duty to protect you against yourself."

"Let go, I say!"

"Don't destroy yourself. Think while there's time; think of your good name, your character."

"I shall do as I please."

"Listen! If I have chosen to be a clergyman, it's not because I've lived all my life in cotton wool. Let me tell you what the lives of such men really are—the best of them, the very best. He gets up at noon, strolls down to the club, skims the papers, walks in the park, takes tea with somebody, comes home to dress, grunts and groans that he must go to somebody's dinner party, escapes to the Gaiety Theater, sups at a so called club, and gets home to bed at three."

"You mean Lord Robert, but what right have you to say——"

"The right of one who knows him to be as bad as this, and worse—ten times worse. Such a man thinks he has a right to play with a girl if she is poor. She may stake her soul, her salvation, but he risks nothing. Today he trifles with her, tomorrow he marries another, and flings her to the devil."

"There's something else in this," said Glory. "What is it?"

But John Storm had swung about and left her.

She went in search of Polly Love, expecting to find her in her cubicle, but the cubicle was empty. Coming out of the little room she happened to see a piece of paper lying on the floor. It was a letter, carefully folded. She picked it up, unfolded it, and read it, hardly knowing what she was doing, for her head was dizzy, and her eyes were swimming in unshed tears. It ran:

"You ask, do I mean to adopt entirely? Yes, to bring up just the same as if it were my own."

Glory could not understand what she was reading. Whose letter could it be? It was addressed "X. Y. Z., office of *Morning Post*."

There was a hurried footstep approaching, and Polly came in, with her eyes on the ground as if looking for something she had dropped. At the next moment she had snatched the letter out of Glory's hand and was saying:

"What are you doing in my room? Has your friend the chaplain told you to spy upon me?"

The expression of her face was appalling, and Glory, who had flushed up with shame, turned away without a word.

When John Storm got back to his room he found the following letter from the canon on his table:

Since our interview of this morning (so strangely abridged) I have had the honor to visit your dear uncle, the prime minister, and he agrees with me that the strain of your recent examinations and the anxieties of a new occupation have probably disturbed your health, and that it will be prudent of you to take a short vacation. I have therefore, the greatest

Digitized by Google

pleasure in assuring you that you are free from duty for a week, a fortnight, or a month, as your convenience may determine, and during your much regretted absence I will do my best to sustain the great loss of your invaluable help.

On reading the message John Storm flung himself into a chair and burst into a long peal of bitter laughter. But when the laughter was spent there came a sense of great loneliness. Then he remembered Mrs. Callender, and went across to her little house in Victoria Square, and showed her the canon's letter and told her everything.

"Lies, lies, lies!" she said. "Ah, laddie, laddie, to lie, to know you lie, to be known to lie, and yet to go on lying—that is the whole art of life with these fashionable shepherds and their fashionable flock. As for that woman—ugh! She was separated from her husband for two years before his death, and he died in a hotel abroad without kith or kin to comfort him, and now she wears his hair in a gold locket on her bosom. That's what she is! But all's well that ends well, laddie. The holly will do ye good, for you were killing yerself with work. You'll no be spending it in your little island now, eh?"

John Storm was sitting with one leg across the other, and his head on his hand and his elbow on his knee.

"I shall spend it," he said, "in retreat at the brotherhood in Bishopsgate."

"God bless me, man, is that the change of air ye'll be going to gie yourself? It may be well enough for men with water in their veins; but you have blood, laddie, blood! Tak' care, tak' care!"

XVII.

QUITE right, dear Aunt Anna, the terms "authority" and "obedience" must be known and honored. Only when it is a case of put a penny in the slot and out comes the word of command, you can't exactly feel that way. The board of directors put the penny into the slot of this institution, and the word of command, so far as I am concerned, comes out of the mouth of Ward Sister Allworthy. I call her the White Owl. She is five feet ten, and has big round cheeks, which sometimes I should dearly love to slap—as mothers slap their "childers" when they administer a humiliating punishment.

So you think you notice "a certain want of aptitude"? Well, I don't think I am naturally a bad nurse, Aunt Anna. The patients like me, and they don't die of the dumps while I am about. Only I can't practise nursing by the rule of three, and as a consequence I get myself reported. Sister Allworthy has reported me three times, bless her! Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd, and now she threatens to have me up before the matron. That dear soul has difficulties of locomotion, being buried under the Pelion on Ossa of a mountain of fat. She inhabits a cave of Adullam on the edge of the Inferno (*i. e.*, the "theater") below stairs, and has a small dog with a bad heart and broken wind always nagging on her knee. I call her the Chief Broker in Breakages, and Head Dealer in Diseases, and she is only seen once a day when she comes round to take stock. You have to be nice with her majesty, for she can haul you up at the weekly board, and put a score against you in the black book, and send you away without a certificate. If that happens, a girl who expects to earn her living as a nurse has never any particular need to pray, "In all time of our wealth, good Lord, deliver us."

But oh, my dear grandfather, what do you think of our John Storm now? After uttering the lamentations of Jeremiah and predicting all the plagues of Egypt, he has gone off to hold his peace, that is to say, he has gone into "retreat," which being interpreted means praying without ceasing and also without speaking eighteen hours a day six days at a spell, and sometimes sixty. When he comes back reeking with all that holiness I shall feel myself such a miserable sinner——

Soberly, I could cry to think of it, though, and when I remember that perhaps I was partly to blame——

It was this way. In that "ter'ble discoorse" I told you he had scotched the snake, not killed it, and his vicar (I call him the crocodile), finding that his ladies and nobility went out like the Pharisees, one by one, told our poor John he was ill and stood in need of instant rest. It looked like it, certainly, and the trouble must have been a sort of human rabies in which the poor victim bites at his best friends first. He came here with his lower lip hanging like an old dog's, and I was so stupid as not to see that he was being hunted like a dog too, and only told myself how ugly and untidy he had grown of late. But the sister had just before been showing me her tusks again, and being possessed with a fury I gave it him world without end. He was very unreasonable, though, and seemed to say that I must have no friends and no amusements that were not of his choosing, and that after spending my days walking through the inside of this precious hospital I must spend my nights walking round the outside of it. Being a woman of like passions with himself I had a "ter'ble dust" with him on the subject, and the next I heard was that he was going into retreat in a kind of English church monastery somewhere in the city, where he would "try to disentangle himself from the world" and see what he "ought to do next." He sent me his blessing with this message, and I sent him back mine—a less holy one, but he'll make it do.

I thought you would remember Mr. Drake's mother, dear Auntie Rachel. Yes, he is fair also, and wears his hair brushed across his

Digitized by Google

forehead, much as you see in the portraits of Napoleon. In fact he is a sort of fair haired Napoleon in nature as well.

He took me to the theater the other evening, and that was the great event I intended to tell you about. It was quite a proper sort of place, and nobody behaved badly except Glory, who kept talking and preaching and going silly with excitement all the evening through—with the result that everybody was staring mewards and wanting to turn me out.

Since then Mr. Drake's friend, Lord Bob, who knows all the actors on earth, seemingly, has taken us "behind," and we have seen a rehearsal. Things don't look quite the same behind as before, but nothing in the world does that, and I wasn't a bit disenchanted. In fact I found everything delightfully romantic and amusing—and really I do not think it *can* be so very wicked to be an actress. Do you?

My friend, Polly Love, was with us—Polly is a probationer also, and sleeps in the cubicle next to mine—and after the rehearsal we went to the gentlemen's chambers to tea. I can hear what Aunt Anna is saying, "Goodness gracious, you didn't do that, girl?" Well, yes, I did though. In the interests of my sex I wanted to see how two boys could live in rooms all by themselves, and it's perfectly shocking how well they get on without a woman. Of course I wasn't such a silly as to let out about that, but whipped off my hat at once and began to put things straight for them, and then I made the tea.

By this time the gentlemen had changed into their jackets, and I sent them flying around for cups and saucers and sugar basins. It turned out that they had only one teaspoon in the place, and when anybody wanted to stir her tea she said, "Will you oblige me with *the* spoon, please?" What fun it was! We laughed until we cried—at least one of us did—and eventually we managed to break the tea pot and a slop basin, and to overturn a standing lamp. It was perfectly delightful.

But the best sport was after tea was over, and Glory was called on for imitations of the people we had seen at the theater. Of course she couldn't imitate a man while she was in a woman's frock, so being as bright as diamonds that night and twice "as impudent as a white stone,"* she actually conceived the idea of dressing up in a man's clothes! Naturally the gentlemen were enchanted, so I hope Auntie Rachel isn't terribly shocked. Mr. Drake lent me his knickerbockers and a velvet jacket, and Polly and I went into the bed room, where she helped me to find the way to put them on. With my own blouse and my own hat (I am wearing a felt one now with a broad brim and a feather) and *of course* my own slippers and stockings, I made a bogh of a boy, I can tell you. I thought Polly would have died of delight in the bed room, but when we came out, she kept covering her face and crying, "Glory, how *can* you!"

* A Manx proverb.

I'm afraid I sang and talked more than was good for the soul, but it was all Mr. Drake's doing. He declared I was such a marvelous mimic that it was simply a waste of time and the good gifts of God to go on hospital nursing any longer. And I do believe that if anything happened, and the need arose, he would——

Only fancy Glory a public person, and all the world and his wife going down on their knees to her! But then it's fearful to think of being an actress, isn't it?

After all such glorious "outs" I have to go "in" to the hospital, and then comes my fit again. Do you remember my little boy who said he was going to the angels, and he would get lots of gristly pork up there? He has gone, and I don't think I like nursing children now. Oh, how I long to go out into the world! I want to shine in it. I want to become great and glorious. I could do it, too, I know I could. I have got it in me, I am sure I have. Yet here I am in a little dark corner crying for the sunshine!

How silly this is, isn't it? It sounds like madness. My dears, allow me to introduce you to some one——

GLORY QUAYLE,
March Hare and Madwoman.

XVIII.

THE board room of the hospital of Martha's Vineyard was a large and luxurious chamber, with an oval window at its farther end, and its two side walls paneled with portraits of former presidents and physicians. In great oaken arm chairs, behind ponderous oaken tables, covered with green cloth and furnished with writing pads, the board of governors sat in three sides of a square, leaving an open space in the middle. This open space was reserved for patients seeking admission or receiving discharge, and for officers of the hospital presenting their weekly reports.

On a morning in August the matron's report had closed with a startling item. It recommended the total suspension of a nurse on the ground of gross impropriety of conduct. The girl was no longer fit for her position—she was about to become a mother.

"This is a most serious matter," said the chairman. "I think—this being a public institution—I think the board should investigate the case for itself. We ought to assure ourselves that—that, in fact, no other irregularity is going on in the hospital."

He was a peppery person, with a stern mouth and a solid under jaw.

"May it please your lordship," said a rotund voice from one of the side tables, "I would suggest that a case like this of griev-

Digitized by Google

ous moral delinquency comes directly within the dispensation of the chaplain, and if he has done his duty by the unhappy girl (as no doubt he has) he must have a statement to make to the board with regard to her."

It was Canon Wealthy.

"I may mention," he added, "that Mr. Storm has now returned to his duties, and is at present in the hospital."

"Send for him," said the chairman.

When John Storm entered the board room it was remarked that he looked no better for his holiday. His cheeks were thinner, his eyes more hollow, and there was a strange pallor under his swarthy skin.

The business was explained to him, and he was asked if he had any statement to make with regard to the nurse whom the matron had reported for suspension.

"No," he said, "I have no statement."

"Do you mean to tell the board," said the chairman, "that you know nothing of this matter—that the case is too trivial for your attention—or perhaps that you have never even spoken to the girl on the subject?"

"That is so, I never have," said John.

"Then you shall do so now," said the chairman, and he put his hand on the bell beside him, and the messenger appeared.

"You cannot intend, sir, to examine the girl here?" said John.

"And why not?"

"Before so many—and all of us men save one?"

The canon rose to his feet again. "My young brother is naturally sensitive, my lord, but I assure him his delicate feelings are wasted on a girl like this. He forgets that the shame lies in the girl's sin, not in her just and necessary punishment."

"Bring her in," said the chairman. The matron whispered to the messenger, and he left the room.

"Pardon me, sir," said John Storm; "if it is your expectation that I should question the nurse on her sin, as the canon says, I cannot do so."

"Cannot?"

"Well, I will not."

"And is that your idea of your duty as a chaplain? A great public institution is in danger of a disgraceful scandal, and you who are responsible for its spiritual welfare—really, gentlemen——"

Again the canon rose with a conciliatory smile. "I think I understand my young friend," he said, "and your lordship and the board will appreciate his feelings, however you may disapprove of his judgment. What generous heart cannot sympathize with the sensitive spirit of the youthful clergyman who shrinks from the spectacle of guilt and shame in a young and perhaps beautiful woman?" The canon was visibly affected by the tenderness of his own soul. "But if it will relieve your lordship from an embarrassing position, I am willing——"

"Thank you," said the chairman, and then the girl was brought into the room in charge of Sister Allworthy.

She was holding her head down, and trying to cover her face with her hands.

"Your name, girl?" said the canon.

"Mary Elizabeth Love," she faltered.

"You are aware, Mary Elizabeth Love, that your excellent and indulgent matron" (here he bowed to a stout lady with an eye of ice and a mouth of iron) "has been put to the painful duty of reporting you for your suspension, which is equivalent to your discharge. Now I cannot hold out a hope that the board will not ratify her recommendation, but it may perhaps qualify the terms of your certificate if you can show these gentlemen that the unhappy lapse from good conduct which brings you to this position of shame and disgrace is due in any measure to irregularities practised perhaps within this hospital, or to the temptations of any one connected with it."

The girl began to cry.

"Speak, nurse; if you have anything to say the gentlemen are willing to hear it."

The girl's crying deepened into sobs.

"Useless!" said the chairman.

"Impossible!" said the canon.

But some one suggested that perhaps the nurse had a girl friend in the hospital who could throw light on the difficult situation. Then Sister Allworthy whispered to the matron, who said, "Bring her in."

John Storm's face had assumed a fixed and absent expression, but he saw a girl of larger size than Polly Love enter the room with a gleam, as it were, of sunshine on her golden red hair. It was Glory.

There was some preliminary whispering, and then the canon began again:

"You are a friend and companion of Mary Elizabeth Love?"

"Yes," said Glory.

Her voice was full and calm, and a look of quiet courage lit up her girlish beauty.

"You have known her other friends, no doubt, and perhaps you have shared her confidence?"

"I think so."

"Then you can tell the board if the unhappy condition in which she finds herself is due to any one connected with this hospital."

Digitized by Google

"I think not."

"Not to any officer, servant, or member of any school or college attached to it?"

"No."

"Thank you," said the chairman, "that is quite enough," and down the tables of the governors there were nods and smiles of satisfaction.

"What have I done?" said Glory.

"You have done a great service to an ancient and honorable institution," said the canon suavely, "and the best return the board can make for your candor and intelligence is to advise you to avoid such companionship for the future and to flee such perilous associations."

A certain desperate recklessness expressed itself in Glory's face, and she stepped up to Polly, who was now weeping audibly, and put her arm about the girl's waist.

"What are the girl's relatives?" said the chairman.

The matron replied out of her book. Polly was an orphan, both her parents being dead. She had a brother, and he had lately been a patient in the hospital, but he was only a lay helper in the Anglican Monastery at Bishopsgate Street, and therefore useless for present purposes.

There was some further whispering about the tables. Was this the girl who had been recommended to the hospital by the coroner who had investigated a certain notorious and tragic case? Yes, and that was all that was known about her.

"I think I have heard of some poor and low relations," said the canon; "but their own condition is probably too beggarly to allow them to help her at a time like the present."

Down to this moment Polly had done nothing but cry, but now she flamed up in a passion of pride and resentment.

"It's false!" she cried. "I have no poor and low relations, and I want nobody's help. My friend is a gentleman—as much a gentleman as anybody here—and I can tell you his name if you like. He lives in St. James' Street, and he is Lord——"

"Stop, girl!" said the canon in a loud voice. "We cannot allow you to take away the character of a gentleman by mentioning his name in his absence."

John stepped to one of the tables of the governors and took up a pamphlet which lay there. It was the last annual report of Martha's Vineyard, with a list of its governors and subscribers.

"The girl is suspended," said the chairman, and reaching for the matron's book he signed it and returned it.

"This," said the canon, "appears to be a case for Mrs. Callender's Maternity Home at Soho, and with the consent of the board I will request the chaplain to communicate with that lady immediately."

John Storm had heard, but he made no answer; he was turning over the leaves of the pamphlet.

The canon hemmed and cleared his throat. "Mary Elizabeth Love," he said, "you have brought a stain upon this honorable and hitherto irreproachable institution, but I trust and believe that ere long, and before your misbegotten child is born, you may see cause to be grateful for our forbearance and our charity. That you, who, by the benevolence of this board have been picked out of the streets—out of the courts—out of the police courts, I may say—should have repaid your benefactors with disgrace and shame, is a sad and melancholy spectacle. Speaking for myself, I confess it is an occasion of grief to me, and might well, I think, be a cause of sorrow to him who has had your spiritual welfare in his keeping"—(here he gave a look towards John)—"that, living in an enlightened century, under the teaching of an enlightened church, you do not seem to realize the position of infamy in which you stand. God has given you beauty, but the world is only the darker for the use which you have made of that high inheritance. We have always been taught to think of a woman as sweet and true and pure, a being hallowed to our sympathy by the most sacred associations and dear to our love by the tenderest ties, and it is only right"—the canon's voice was breaking—"it is only right, I say, that you should be told at once and in this place, though tardily and too late"—another look at John—"that for the woman who wrongs that great ideal, as you have wronged it, there is but one name known among persons of good credit and good report—a hard name, a terrible name, a name of contempt and loathing—the name of *prostitute*."

Crushing the pamphlet in his hand, John Storm had taken a step towards the canon, but he was too late. Some one was there before him. It was Glory. With her head erect and her eyes flashing she stood between the weeping girl and the black coated judge, and everybody could see the swelling and heaving of her bosom.

"How dare you?" she cried. "You say you have been taught to think of a woman as sweet and pure. Well, *I* have been taught to think of a *man* as strong and brave, and tender and merciful to every living creature, but most of all to a woman if she is vain and

Digitized by Google

foolish, and erring and fallen. But you are not brave and tender, you are cruel and cowardly, and I despise you and hate you!"

The men at the tables were rising from their seats.

"Oh, you have discharged my friend," she said, "and you may discharge me too if you like—if you *dare*! But I will tell everybody that it was because I would not let you insult a poor girl with a cruel and shameful name, and trample upon her when she was down. And everybody will believe me, because it is the truth; and anything else you may say will be a lie, and all the world will know it!"

The matron was shambling up also.

"How dare you, miss! Go back to your ward this instant! Do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"Oh, it's not the first time I've spoken to a clergyman, ma'am. I'm the daughter of a clergyman, and the granddaughter of a clergyman, and I know what a clergyman is when he is brave and good, and gentle and merciful to all women, and when he is a man and a gentleman, not a Pharisee and a crocodile!"

"Please take that girl away," said the chairman.

But John Storm was by her side in a moment.

"No, sir," he said, "nobody shall do that."

But now Glory had broken down, too, and the girls, like two lost children, were crying on each other's breasts. John opened the door and led them up to it.

"Take your friend to her room, nurse; I shall be with you presently."

Then he turned back to the chairman, still holding the crumpled pamphlet in his hand, and said calmly and respectfully—

"And now that you have finished with the woman, sir, may I ask what you intend to do with the man?"

"The man?"

"Though I did not feel myself qualified to sit in judgment on the broken heart of a fallen girl, I happen to know the name which she was forbidden to mention, and I find it here, sir—here in your list of subscribers and governors."

"Well, what of it?"

"You have wiped the girl out of your books, sir. Now I ask you to wipe the man out also."

"Gentlemen," said the chairman rising, "the business of the board is at an end."

(*To be continued.*)

A THANKSGIVING.

THANK God for brains; and for the plan
  That hid them far below the brink
Of bitter cups. The happy man
  Has never learned to think.

Thank God for pluck—unknown to slaves—
  The self ne'er of itself bereft,
Who, when the right arm's shattered, waves
  The good flag in the left.

Thank God for humor. Still unborn
  Is he who is not truly blest,
Who makes the point of many a thorn
  The point of many a jest.

Thank God for pity—for all men—
  For fellow fool and fellow clod;
And if the gods are cruel, then
  Thank God I'm not a god.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Digitized by Google

A JUDITH OF EIGHTEEN SIXTY FOUR.

"SO, lieutenant, I leave you in charge of the camp at this point. I go to join General Wallace in trying to head off Early, who is moving toward Frederick, and, if I am not mistaken, threatening Washington and Baltimore. Your duties will be light until I telegraph for you—that is, if telegraphing can be done; we never know when the rebels will cut off all communication."

"All right, general. Then I understand all that you wish done outside the regular routine is to detain man, woman, or child who crosses these lines between now and the time when you send word that Early is cornered?"

"Yes. We have had too much spying of late. After that affair of the deaf and dumb woman carrying word to the enemy, the other day, we cannot be too careful. Even babes in arms may be swaddled in blankets that cover the schemes of the enemy—allow no one to go unsearched."

"All right, general. Well, we have comfortable enough quarters here; there's nothing like a Southern mansion for comfort. Our men don't lack fighting qualities, but they're glad enough to take a rest during this hot spell. What wouldn't I give for a whiff of wind off Savin Rock! The scent of pines is sickening in this humid July weather."

"Well, lieutenant, I am off. Take good care of the little army you have in charge. I hope the sick men will take heart and get well under the influence of this forced rest. Any negroes you can detain, detail as help. If you can get an old mammy or two, keep them they are excellent nurses, as a rule."

The general mounted his horse and rode off down the hard red road with most of his command. Lieutenant Morgan began pacing up and down the broad veranda which surrounded the manor confiscated by the Union soldiers nearly a year before. The lieutenant was a handsome fellow beneath the sunburn, his beard, and the dust of war. His six feet showed to the fullest advantage, his broad shoulders curving not one whit from the line of beauty. He was always a manly man; the best oar in a Yale crew (he left college to enlist in 1861), and his good looks and bearing made many a girl lose her heart to him. But the lieutenant's heart remained untouched. His life, young as it was, had always been too full of healthy action to leave time for affairs of the heart—at least that is what he thought, not knowing that in any time and in any place love's wings may flutter. But here he was at twenty seven with heart all untouched by woman's wiles.

The men were taking their afternoon rest, lying around the house, the grove, the spacious stables, or along the brook. It was a passing glimpse of peace, which would not last long; to many it was the last rest before the final calm. The pickets paced up and down the road and along the river front, like restless tigers, and the lieutenant paced with them, restless with an unrest almost maddening to one so active. That same restlessness had bidden him throw down his books and join the volunteers; it had promoted him from a private to a corporal; from corporal to sergeant, and from sergeant to a lieutenant's commission. When and where would the captaincy open? Maybe he would have a chance in the brilliant campaign Sherman was opening, to work his way up higher.

"Oh, why in the devil must I stay here with these half dead and sick men? They are no good even if the enemy does come this way—and I am all afire to meet him!" exclaimed the lieutenant as he snapped a brown twig from the sunburned woodbine that clambered over the veranda, and then continued his restless path, chewing the twig and his cud of discontent. He stopped suddenly at the sound of a woman's voice rising clear above the deep bass humming of the lounging men. She sang a rebel air, but he did not catch the words until she was almost in sight:

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,
Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes, she burns! She'll come, she'll come,
Maryland! My Maryland!

The lieutenant was astonished. Where were the pickets? Man, woman, or child crossing these lines to be detained, rang the general's orders through his mind. The girl, for it was a girl of about nineteen, was

Digitized by Google

in sight now, crossing the path that led back to the servants' quarters.

"Halt!" called a sentry.

The girl moved on, her golden head erect, bereft of the large hat she swung in one hand; her blue gray eyes were fixed with a stare on the broken Venus which once graced a well kept lawn.

"Halt!" again cried the soldier.

The lieutenant watched with interest as the girl still moved on. Her flowered gown caught in a rose tree, and she stooped to extricate herself, placing on the ground a small valise she had carried. The sentry stepped forward; he could not find voice for the next command—"Halt, or I fire!" He touched her on the sleeve:

"Madam, I place you under arrest."

The girl drew herself up to her full height of five feet four, and gazed at his freckled face, his strawberry hair and blue washed eyes. He flinched. Her flashing eyes grew soft again with amused contempt of the abashed man before her.

"It's my orders, ma'am," he began.

She spoke, and the listening lieutenant felt his blood creep warm through his Northern veins at the melody of her Southern voice. Even though filled with scorn, it was the sweetest voice he ever heard out of song.

"The orders! Poor Yanks, and can't you find any one else to place under arrest but a *girl?* Poor Yanks!"

At this the lieutenant stepped from the veranda and approached her. He raised his fatigue cap as he spoke.

"Your pardon, miss, but we have the general's orders to arrest man, woman, or child who crosses these lines. You will have to be detained until further orders from him. We are at a critical point of our campaign, and as a great deal of spying is going on we can run no risks. If I misjudge not from your late song, you are a rebel."

"Yes, every inch of me! Let me pass, sir. How dare you stop a defenseless girl on her way to a sick negro?"

Her aristocratic little nose quivered with excitement, her prunella boot beat impatiently upon the grass. The lieutenant would rather have been leading a hopeless charge at that moment than facing this bit of womanhood.

"Your name and errand, madam?"

"My name—a name to be proud of—Judith Dangerfield. The Dangerfields were never cowards, men or women, and the men were ever courteous to a woman. My father, Colonel Dangerfield, is with Lee. I am the only one left at home, with the old servants. I would be with my father if I could, if he would let me. You are on the plantation of the Fenwicks, deserted by them a year ago, when the Yankees came over the river. But we will never desert our manor—never while a chimney stands!"

"But why are you imprudent enough to venture away from home, and the enemy at your very doors?"

"Pooh, do you think I care that for you?" snapping her white fingers. "I came to see old Auntie Finks, whom you still have on the plantation. I often pass this way to the plantation beyond—my friend's place. It is four good miles from here, and I always ride over. When I was coming back the last time my horse dropped a shoe near here, and so I left her with Uncle Finks. You haven't seen her, have you?"

"Mixture of treason and innocence," mentally remarked the lieutenant, and then: "A little chestnut mare with white star on forehead?"

"Yes, that is she—Helen of Troy. Did you see her! Where is she?"

"Where you left her, in the stalls. I intended to keep her for myself."

"Oh, you did, Lieutenant Yank! Well, you shall not! She has been mine since I was a baby. You are not a horse thief, are you, besides a jailor of girls?"

The lieutenant flushed to his forehead; it showed crimson beneath the black hair, that flood of shamed and insulted blood. To her he made answer:

"When you go home you shall ride on Helen of Troy, but you only go when I permit you. You are rebel enough to fire the whole South." He turned to the freckled corporal and said, "Place this young woman under arrest in the south parlor. Have her searched by Aunt Fanny—she's the one Union nigger we can rely on—then keep her under guard, and place a special patrol on the south wing. Have that valise searched also; young ladies don't usually carry valises when they go on errands of charity."

With these orders the lieutenant stalked off, feeling hot and uncomfortable around the heart. Judith did not scream nor make any resistance as she was led away by the guard, only coolly requested:

"Please let go of me. You know well enough I could not escape you men if I tried. I want no Yankee hands on me!"

The freckled corporal loosened his grasp and walked meekly beside her into the south parlor, where Aunt Fanny was summoned and directed to search the young lady and her valise. The black woman

Digitized by Google

shriveled before the light in the Southern girl's eyes.

"You turncoat!" exclaimed Judith. "Don't lay your hands on me—I'll have you skinned if you do! Remember the Yanks will not always be behind you. What's in that valise? My clothes, which I intended to wear while on a short visit to the next plantation. Take them out, get the wrinkles out of them, and put them into whatever room I am assigned to while in jail. As for the important things your masters sent you to search for—here's what becomes of them!" And before the woman could stop her she tore into strips the papers which she had secreted in her bosom, and threw them into the fireplace among a lot of rubbish. "Now, go tell your masters what I have done."

The woman, long used to obeying a white voice, went cringing out of the room. When she turned, the girl seized a candle from the mantel, lit it, and threw it among the inflammable rubbish. When the negro returned, accompanied by the lieutenant, the dark oak room was merrily lit by the dancing red flames.

"So you were a spy?" exclaimed the man. "Now expect us to believe a woman's story of an errand of charity and a friendly visit, after this! Judith Dangerfield, in the name of the United States of America you are placed under arrest and shall be confined in this house until we learn further about you and your errands. Aunt Fanny, do you know this lady?"

"Yas, masser, she's Cunel Dangerfiel's dater. He's a hot rebel, wif Gen'l Lee."

"Good enough! Now go and see that the upper chamber is prepared for her. Now, Miss Dangerfield," the lieutenant went on, sitting down at the oaken center table, "what was your business around this Union camp if you were on your way to rebel quarters?"

"I refuse to answer that or any other question you put to me." Then, with childlike vehemence: "I *hate* you, Lieutenant Yank!" All the bitterness of frustrated purpose lit up her face and made her whole frame dilate with anger. The lieutenant dropped his glance before her rage, then lifted his smiling eyes to her:

"And do you think I love you, Miss Rebel?"

The sarcastic question took her by surprise. She looked at him, and then dropped her erect lashes at sight of something that dwelt in the dark depths of the man's eyes. She could have cried aloud, but she shivered, and then, running over to the big sofa, threw herself on it and hid her gray eyes in the pillow. The lieutenant was astonished at her behavior, and more than amazed at himself; for the question he asked her in irony suddenly answered itself in his heart, answered him so truly that he almost reeled under the blow.

He sat down again in the leather armchair. She lay still, sobbing. She was thinking of something she had often dreamed of; she felt it had come to her from a stranger, an enemy—unasked—oh, shame! She felt her rebel sword snap and turn to molten steel. At that moment she felt she could have followed him wherever he went, meekly, aye, gladly.

The lieutenant rose and walked over to where the lithe figure made a white patch in the gathering gloom of the oak parlor.

"Miss Judith," he said, "look at me."

She turned her pretty face, half smiling through the tear stains.

"Little girl, I am sorry these conditions of war exist—sorry they exist between our people, that they exist between you and me. I am afraid you will have to stay here until the general sends other orders. I hate to keep you" (did he?) "but while you are under my charge you will receive every consideration. Won't you try to forget that you are a prisoner? Think you are my guest."

She did not answer for some time. In that pause a vision of a long dead Judith at the tent of her country's enemy came to her. She had all the beauty of that Judith—did she possess her power? Yes, why not? She would fascinate this man to his own destruction—he should not have power over her. She put out her white hand to his brown one.

"I will try to forget the unpleasant circumstances under which I am here, lieutenant, and content myself as the guest of a gentleman."

There was much talk of the fair young prisoner, among the men. The privates worshiped her from afar, rebel though she was. And she was doing her best to creep into their hearts. She took care of the sick, read to them, soothed them. The lieutenant was entertained in the evenings by her singing, the men hovered around within earshot when she opened the dusty piano, and, touching the ivory keys, pealed forth her soft contralto to the summer air.

One night they were all singing a hymn to the tune of "John Brown's Body." She rested her white fingers on the keys, and listened. The suppressed volume of fervor floated in through the long windows:

Digitized by Google

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
you and me,
As he died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
While God is marching on!

She turned to the lieutenant, who sat over in a dark corner. "Is that the way you Northerners feel, honestly?"

"Yes," he huskily replied. The man was groaning in his heart at its perversity. He loved the girl with all the stored up love of his life. And she—she made no sign, when he came and went at her bidding like a big, good natured Newfoundland dog. When he insinuated once that her people might be worried over her absence, she laughed and said that all her people whom she cared for were either too busy following Lee, or lying moldering in their graves. Her slaves would not wonder over her absence, as she had often been away for weeks, at times, carrying messages and food to the Confederates in the valley of the Monocacy. After that he let the subject drop.

Though Judith appeared passive to her fate, she was burning with impatience to be free. Her messages, destroyed in the writing, yet lived fresh in her brain, but if not delivered within a few days to the Confederates they would be of no value. She must soon find some way out of her pleasant prison. Soon—but she found herself praying with that Judith of old for constancy of mind that she might despise her enemy and for fortitude that she might yet overthrow him. At first she believed he had been "caught in the net of his own eyes" by her beauty, but lately he seemed indifferent, staying out of her presence a good deal.

One wild night a messenger came and tapped on the French blinds of the south parlor, where Judith sat alone near the fireplace; for a few days of cold rain had their effect on the old, damp house, and the girl had ordered pine fires lit in nearly all the rooms. On hearing the tap on the blind she arose, threw the lieutenant's overcoat around her, and thrust an arm out into the wind and gloom.

"Is it you, lieutenant?" asked a voice.

Now Judith had kept her little pink ears open to the news of the armies, and she knew that the lieutenant had been expecting orders from the general ever since Wallace's losses were made known. She huskily answered the messenger:

"Yes—news from the general?"

"A despatch I was commissioned to leave and be off. The Confederates are heading this way. Good night." The man melted away into the storm, and Judith returned to the glow of the fire.

"*Move your men up the river. Head off the stragglers coming that way.*"

Judith read the despatch, and then threw it into the fire and poked it down among the pine boughs.

"Shot number one, Lieutenant Morgan," she said under her breath.

Two days later Lieutenant Morgan received a second message from his superior officer. From her seat on the veranda outside Judith could hear the excited voices.

"What in the name of Mars are you trying to tell me?" exclaimed the lieutenant. "I received no orders——"

"You did," roared back the messenger. "You sent back word all right. You asked if it was a despatch from the general, and I said it was as I placed it in your hand. Now you've put us in the devil of a hole. Those scattered rebs got clean across the country to their command. You must report at once to the general. Say, lieutenant, but I am afraid you were under two kinds of bad weather the other night. You will have to pay for it—the times are too dangerous for sleeping."

"There's some mistake here," answered the lieutenant. "I did not take any message from you. What is this to be, an investigation or a regular courtmartial?"

"Both, I fear. Lieutenant, do the best you can to clear yourself, for the general is red hot, says he's mistrusted his man, and threatens to have you shot. Word has reached him, somehow, of a handsome girl you have detained as prisoner, and with whom you are friendly. These things don't go in active campaigns."

The next thing Judith heard was a thud on the waxed floor and the lieutenant's voice ringing:

"Take that, you cowardly cur! Leave the woman's name out of the question. Go tell the general to do his investigating, and that I would rather die the death of a dog than have the woman made a target for army scandal. She was a rebel detained under his orders. Get up out of that and be off. Bring me back under arrest if need be, but leave her name out."

Judith fled like a frightened rabbit before the approaching steps of the man. What had she done? He to be shot like a dog! Oh, and such things so often happened in times of war. Already she could see him lying white and still, the red blood trick-

Digitized by Google

ling from his breast and staining the blue coat he was supposed to have dishonored. Death and dishonor—and she the cause! Wicked woman! How un-Judith-like she was now, a wretched bundle of misery crouching low in a clump of cedars near the window, sobbing.

After a little space she crept back to the low window and peeped through the slats of the closed blinds, which had slammed to on the messenger's departure. There sat the lieutenant, his pallid face in his strong hands, his coat thrown back, his limbs stretched out in utter abandon. She heard him groan:

"God! How did it happen? Yes, I suppose if I am not cleared it means disgrace and death. And that a woman must needs be hauled into the affair! Oh, the cowardice of men!"

And again Judith fled. Before his face, his reverence for her, her rebellious spirit broke forever. Lee, the Confederacy, her people, all melted away like the morning mist, and the sun of love rose in her heart.

Within twenty four hours the lieutenant was placed under arrest, and when he bade her good by he could scarcely look into her eyes, for his heart lay in his own. And she, pretending not to know the cause of his departure, coldly withdrew her slim white hand and left the room. It was nine at night when he left under guard. A few minutes later a girl mounted the stairs, stole the uniform of a sick drummer, clothed herself in it, stole down to the stables, loosened Helen of Troy, put double thicknesses of army socks on her four feet, and then mounted her. She followed the three horsemen over the soft red roads, she spoke tender words to the little mare, she petted its glossy neck, and showered hot tears on the coarse brown hair.

The three horsemen rode into camp early in the next dawn, the girl following close behind. She had heard the countersign, "Lincoln," which they had passed, and gave it to the pickets. They did not glance at the face under the little peaked cap, and let her pass with the word, thinking she was the lieutenant's servant. And his servant she was in her heart.

They reached the headquarters in a farm house to the right of the tents. The men enter, and Judith follows into the hall, her heart beating sick and wild, weighted with two sins—a traitor to her father, a traitor to the man she loved so unwisely and too late.

Outside the door she listened to the voices. The general produced written affidavits from men on guard that night, testifying to the fact that the messenger came and delivered a despatch to the lieutenant. Things looked black for the young officer.

"Sir, you are not only a coward but a disgrace to your country. I have word that your motive for not moving when I ordered you was that you had a fair lady in the manor. I believe in moments like these action must be quick and sharp. I trusted in you, believed you—but you will have to take the consequences of your breach. I have orders from the President to deal speedily with all found asleep at their posts. You not only slept, but disregarded all laws of country and decency. I have sworn oaths from two of the men on guard that you were with the woman in question that night; she was with you in the south parlor when my message arrived. You have forfeited both your honor and your life."

The soldier stood still, white to the lips, neither denying the imputation nor imploring a reprieve. Suddenly there broke into the room a young woman clothed in soldier suit of blue, her thick golden hair escaping from the drummer's cap. She threw herself at the feet of the astonished general.

"General! General! It was I did it—I took your message. I burned it. He was not in the room. He had made me destroy messages I had to Early. I hated him and vowed I would repay in his own coin. Oh, general, he is not a coward, he is a soldier and a gentleman. Do not let him be shot like a dog. Oh, general, it was my fault, my crime, shoot me! He scorned me, he almost killed me with his scorn. He did not love me——"

And before the astonished soldiers, woman-like, she swooned away.

"My God! How came she here? Do not believe her, general," exclaimed the lieutenant.

But when she came to and had received nourishment, and woman's garments from the farmer's wife, the general did listen to her. She told him all her story. The old man looked at the girl, and, wiping his wrinkled old face, said she had been a pretty bad rebel, and he guessed he'd leave her to the mercy of the lieutenant.

And she shivered and sighed, smiled down at the rough farm dress, and, hiding her eyes in the back of the rocker, begged the general *not* to send Lieutenant Morgan, she *hated* him.

But the general, who was versed in love as well as war, knew better and sent in the lieutenant.

Catherine Frances Cavanagh.

Digitized by Google

STORIETTES

HER SIXTEENTH.

It must have been nearly ten o'clock. Long, jealous shadows reached and beckoned across to each other, fast encroaching upon the pale moonbeams that glided softly through the streets. It was the wrong time of day to be going buggy riding, in the opinion of the big gray horse in the shafts, who was country bred and not used to such doings; and he shirked and stumbled whenever he could. But the couple seated behind him seemed in no wise disturbed by his very plain expression of his views.

Of the people whom they passed, those who recognized Kitty Hardin mostly looked back after her, smiled, and shook their heads. Kitty's latest victim, presumably; they felt sorry for him, for he was likely to fare no better than those who had preceded him. Men could no more help falling in love with this fair girl and her bright, sweet ways than a plant can help turning its leaves toward the sunlight. That was not her fault, strenuously insisted her many friends; furthermore, was she to blame if Cupid had neglected to speed the arrow that should have smitten her own heart?

Kitty tempered justice with mercy so far as possible. She said she always lured them on to the one important question as fast as she could, because she didn't want them kept in suspense. Then she declined with thanks, as briefly as possible, and, having poured balm upon the wound, left the broken heart to heal as soon as it might. The number of patients who eventually recovered reflected a great deal of credit upon Kitty's therapeutics.

"But, Kitty, you aren't really going to be an old maid, are you?" some anxious aunt or grandmother would ask.

"By no means," Kitty always answered, decidedly. "When the sixteenth man arrives, I shall promptly capitulate."

This was a reference to a little superstition which I think she had somehow derived from the words of an old gipsy fortune teller, that she was to refuse no less than fifteen offers of marriage, and then to accept the next that should present itself. And indeed the first part of this ridiculous prophecy seemed about to come true, for she had already, at different times in her life, sent away exactly fourteen disconsolate knights. There was to be but one more unlucky victim before the veritable Prince Charming should appear.

The identity of Number Fifteen appeared tolerably certain, and he, all unconscious, was rushing forward with the utmost celerity to meet his fate. Then it was that, for the first time, Kitty seemed to be in the least concerned about the progress of events. It was thought by the onlookers that she began to employ various little devices to delay Number Fifteen's suit contrary to her usual principles. From this it was inferred that she could not be entirely indifferent to his destiny.

But on this particular evening, fate seemed about to be too much for her. Already the stammering confession of the shy fellow beside her had stormed her citadel with more effect than the eloquence of his most gifted predecessors, and Kitty, feeling a presentiment that surrender was near at hand, in one rash moment threw to the winds her long cherished superstition.

"Miss Kitty, you are more to me than everything else in the world. If I could only make you understand!" he cried fervently.

That was what they all said. Yet most of them, so far, had not proved inconsolable. The handsome fellow beside her had won her heart, it was true; but was this any guarantee that his vow of allegiance would endure longer than many another's had done?

A sudden scheme flashed into Kitty's mischievous little head, which not only promised her greater certainty on this point, but would also serve to make easier the terms of her surrender.

"More than everything else in the world?" she repeated with eagerness. "Be careful; I am going to take your words literally. My condition is, that you must hold out to me empty hands. For I am about to ask you to sacrifice all you have now of the thing the world values above everything else—success."

Harry Congdon was not a man to be easily intimidated or turned aside from his purpose. He looked a little startled now, but he spoke quietly. "You have already had my answer. Go on, I beg of you."

She continued rapidly: "I know that you are considered to have good prospects of success in politics. You may some day rise to a position of great honor and influence. But I—my father, as you know, was a most bitter opponent of your party principles. If he were living, I know that he would disapprove of my alliance with one whom he would consider an enemy to his country's best interests. Although he has left me, shall I prove unfaithful to his principles?"

"You mean—" said the young man slowly, and the red blood mounted to his forehead.

"I mean, is my love worth so much to you that you would gladly give up all this for it?"

He looked at the fair, eloquent face of the woman he loved, and then shut his lips firmly together.

"As I have said, so will I do," he answered steadily; and surely the most exacting mistress must have been satisfied now.

As for the gray horse, who knew quite well

Digitized by Google

when he was turned towards home, I fancy he must have been more disgusted than ever, for he was pulled up and held back so many times, that he almost despaired of ever reaching his journey's end.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, Kitty, bent on some small errand to the shops, boarded the up town car. As she sat looking listlessly out of the window, her ear was directed to the conversation of two men in front of her, by the mention, in a tone of some disgust, of the name of Harry Congdon.

Kitty listened with a sense of perfect propriety. That name was her property now, or at least it soon would be.

"What's got into him I don't know. Resigned his secretaryship this morning in such positive terms, that Randolph's already got another man; and now he's refusing to have anything to do with the meeting tonight. Well, if he won't, that settles it; but I had hoped to see him in the Legislature next fall."

"Oh, some mood or whim, probably. He'll be all right tomorrow."

"Well, by tomorrow there'll be mischief to pay. Besides, you don't know Congdon. He's——"

Just then a couple of ladies came in, and the two men rose, offered their seats, and passed to the rear of the car.

Kitty leaned back with burning cheeks and a sense of indignation. Who ever supposed that Harry was going to rush right off and precipitate affairs in this manner? She thought he might have consulted her a little more definitely about his plans. Besides, she wasn't at all sure that she wanted him to give everything up at once. It wasn't the sacrifice she desired, so much as proof of his willingness to sacrifice; and now that she had that, she thought she would probably have been satisfied. Her father's disapproval of Congdon's political principles, had he been living, would not have been so difficult to get over, she imagined; at any rate, his daughter's was by no means insuperable, and her lover ought to have divined it.

The longer she thought about it, the more provoked she grew, until at last some very perplexing and rather inconsistent conclusions were evolved from the chaos of her disturbed mind. By evening she had decided that however delightful this tame submission to her demands might have seemed on the occasion of the moonlight drive, it assumed a far different aspect under the searching daylight of the practical business world. She took the precaution of instructing the maid to excuse her from any and all callers that evening, no matter how urgent the demand for her might be; for she felt that she must have time to think this matter out before she could let Harry Congdon talk to her again. She was not a little surprised and hurt, however, when no one called.

The next day Kitty sat a long time before her writing desk, pen in hand, and tore up a great many partly used sheets of her dainty note paper, before she at last leaned back with a sigh of something like relief, and held up the result of her labors for final inspection. Perhaps we may venture to look over her shoulder:

MY DEAR MR. CONGDON:

If I could have the assurance, as I write, that what I have to say will be regarded with indulgence by you, the painful task before me would be much lightened. Will you not promise me now, before you read farther, to try to forgive me the pain I am about to cause you?

I was thoughtless, presumptuous, and cruel, when I made that silly request of you the other evening. If you had then and there promptly refused to listen to me, perhaps all would have been different. But, as it is, I have since had ample time to discover that I cannot marry a man who does not dare to disobey my wishes. My husband must respect his work enough to be faithful to it, and he must respect me enough not to allow me to interfere with it. For these reasons, I have decided that it is better that we should part now; and I beg of you to waste no strength in a vain effort to shake my resolution.

Believe me, this decision costs me infinitely more than it can possibly cost you.

I am very sincerely yours,
KATHERINE S. HARDIN.

It is a woebegone little head that droops over the desk when this closing sentence is reached, but nevertheless, before it is many minutes older, the little missive is speeding towards its destination.

Even while Kitty stands pensively behind the curtains, watching the corner where her messenger disappeared, the door bell rings, and she recognizes, with a start, the handwriting of of Harry Congdon on the envelope which is handed to her. Surely not an answer to her letter so soon! A moment's reflection convinces her that this is impossible; and after staring at the note for some time, she finally concludes to open it.

DEAR MISS HARDIN:

The bitterest task of my life is now before me. Never before has so much of sweetness and loveliness lain within my reach; and now I must cast it away with my own hand. How hard it has been for me to do that you will never know.

To speak more plainly; when I gave you the promise you asked me for, I did it gladly, and of my own free will. But in the hours that have passed since then, I have realized that the paths of duty and pleasure are often far apart. Frankly, I believe I was wrong to give up my life work and convictions at your bidding. I had no more right to buy love at such cost than to buy gold or fame.

I want you to understand, please, that it is not that I shrink from a sacrifice too great for me; for it is already made, and past undoing; but I do shrink from the woman who could ask me to make it for her; I could never respect her as my wife. Therefore, I have written to tell you that our relations must cease.

In spite of all my efforts, this letter sounds cold and hard, but it is in that respect a poor indication of my feelings in the matter.

If you ever need a friend, I shall be only too glad to serve you in any capacity, even the humblest.

Very truly yours,
HENRY CONGDON.

Digitized by Google

"Oh, why did it come too late? Oh-h-h!"

Ten minutes later, somebody, rushing up the steps, found a miserable, woebegone little bundle curled up in a sheltered corner of the piazza, sobbing as if its heart would break. Exactly what he did and said when confronted with the spectacle of such grief, is not on record; and what magic had transformed the two radiant faces that emerged from behind the friendly morning glory vine, can only be guessed.

"But, Kitty, he is only the fifteenth," objected the family, after it had been satisfactorily proved that two negatives make an affirmative.

"You are mistaken," returned Kitty placidly. "Yesterday he was the fifteenth, I allow, and that was why the engagement didn't hold. But today I have accepted my sixteenth proposal, and it is bound to stick."

We all thought that it was a very lame adjustment of affairs; still, it seems quite likely to continue permanent.

Minna Denton.

TWO YOUNG PEOPLE.

ALONG the country road sauntered an old man; his hair was white, his face clean shaven, his dress neat. His hands were clasped loosely behind him, his eyes were bent on the ground, and so deeply was he thinking that he did not see the quick stepping, bright eyed little old lady coming toward him until she spoke.

"Day dreaming, Israel?" she said in a half laughing tone. "I do believe you'd walk right over me and never know I was there, if I didn't give warning of my approach."

The old man gave a start and looked up, his blue eyes brightening and his face breaking into smiles.

"Well, well, Mary!" he said, shaking both her hands and holding them for an instant afterward. "I am glad to see you. I was thinkin' only yesterday that 'twas about time you was back from Ellen's. And how be ye? You're lookin' real chipper."

"I do feel as smart as ever I did in my life, only other folks won't believe it. Katie, now, thought I oughtn't to stir out of the house today, being as I came from Ellen's yesterday; but I told her I had been hived up long enough, and I was going to walk out as far's the old Bates place if it finished me up."

"So long sence I've seen ye, I guess I'll turn round and go too."

"How are you, Israel?"

"My health is first rate, but I'm mighty tired of bein' a gentleman of leisure."

"I heard you had gone to live with James."

"Yes; I had a cold last winter—just a common, ordinary cold—and you'd 'a' thought it was pneumony at the very least. Marthy and James took turns stayin' with me, and the upshot of it all was that it wa'n't safe for me to be livin' alone, and I must go and live with them. And I tell you, Mary, there ain't been a day nor a night that I hain't been homesick."

"I know just how you feel," said the little old lady, sympathetically. "'Twas just so with me when I broke up and went to live with my granddaughters."

"Ain't they kind to ye?" asked the old man, solicitously.

"Oh, land, yes," laughed the little old lady. "They couldn't be kinder. They arrange everything for me, between 'em. I must stay with Katie in summer, because it's cooler and pleasanter in the country then; and I must spend my winters with Ellen, because her house is heated with a furnace and there's more goin' on in the city. And they're both dreadful afraid I'll overwork, or not get sleep enough, or eat something that won't agree with me, or hurt my eyes, or have a fall, or something equally awful. It's well meant; but there! Israel, sometimes I feel as if I'd just *like* to overwork, and eat what would disagree with me, and sit up till midnight, and read by the light of the moon, and fall down three or four flights of stairs, so I could feel a little free and independent."

The old man threw back his head and laughed.

"My feelin's, my feelin's exactly," he said. "James and Marthy are enamost as keerful of me, and on top of that they're mortal afraid I'm goin' to do some rash thing or other—give away my property, or sell some of my land, or cut the timber. The latest is, as I found out by accident, they think I may take a notion to get married! Of course I hain't thought of doin' it, but I do like to tease 'em a little, by pretending I'm interested in this or that young girl. I can't hardly keep my face straight when I see the scairt way they look at one another;" and the old man's eyes twinkled.

The old lady laughed merrily.

"I don't think Ellen or Katie ever worried about me that way," she said. "If they should get such a notion—my! wouldn't they be in a stew! I'd have to have a chaperon, sure."

"Well, here we be at the Bates place; be you goin' in?"

"Yes; I thought I would, a minute. Can't you come in too?"

"No; I guess I better be steppin' along toward home, or Marthy 'll be a wonderin'."

So they parted.

It was perhaps a week later that the old man, strolling along in a different direction, again met the little old lady and again turned to walk with her. Neither was so gay as on the former meeting. The little old lady's eyes were almost sad, and her companion noticed it.

"Somethin's frettin' ye, Mary," he said in a troubled tone.

She called up a smile. "Oh, it ain't much of anything," she said, "only somehow I feel as if I'd outlived my usefulness. I haven't a word to say against Katie or Ellen; they're both good women and mean to do just right, but you can't help knowing it when folks look on you as a burden and a care. It don't seem

Digitized by Google

to me I need to be, if they'd only let me work; but they won't, and if I speak of hiring a few rooms somewhere and doing for myself, they are dreadful hurt, and won't hear to a word of it."

"It ain't right!" said the old man, feelingly, "it ain't right. You ought to be allowed to do as you're a mind to, Mary."

"There!" exclaimed the little old lady with a laugh. "Now I've gone and stirred you up. I daresay I've made things out a sight worse than they are. Do you remember, Israel, how many times we've gone over this road, to school?"

"Yes; I remember." Then he gave her a sharp glance. "Do you remember how, comin' home from singin' school one night, you promised to marry me, and then before we got to your father's, you quarreled with me and said you wouldn't?"

"I remember, Israel. And then to think I should go and take up with Ezra! But there! I don't like to think of it. I suppose it was all for my good somehow, and probably for his."

"I suppose so. They say marriage is for discipline, and I guess there's no doubt we both got a good deal more of it than we would have if we'd had each other."

"There's Katie standing in the door, watching for me," said the little old lady. "She warned me that she should worry if I didn't get home at four; apparently it's past the time," and she sighed gently.

The old man stopped for a minute to speak to Katie, and then walked slowly on.

After this, for two weeks and over, there was rain, and fog, and mud, and east winds.

Then came a perfect April day, with soft air, and sun, swelling buds and springing grass. In the forenoon of this day the old man knocked at the door of the house where the little old lady lived, and inquired for her.

"She's gone up the road a little way," said Katie. "I didn't think she ought to, the ground is still so damp, but she does so like to be out in the open air, I had to let her go."

He found her sitting on a big oak log by the roadside, and sat down beside her.

"Mary," he said, after they had talked for a while of the weather, the birds, the progress of spring and the beauty of the day, "I have been thinkin' of a good many things since I saw you last."

"For instance, Israel?" she said.

"For instance, Mary, I've thought what a sensible idea it would be for us to make up our quarrel of fifty odd years ago, and get married after all. Wait!" he added hastily, as she seemed about to speak. "Wait a minute, and let me say a little more. Everybody calls us old; but we ain't old. We feel just as young as we ever did, and a sight younger'n we have sometimes."

"Yes; that is so."

"We ain't in our second childhood, either, and we're both mortal tired of bein' treated like children. Nor we don't want to be worked for and waited on all the time; we want to do some of the workin' and waitin'."

"That we do, Israel."

"Now the old house is just as I left it, furnitur' and all; James was mighty anxious to let it, but I put my foot down—I drew the line there. Everythin's all ready to go right to housekeepin' 'cept provisions; and we could get some young girl to do the work——"

"I shouldn't want any girl, Israel; I could do the work for two, easy."

"Well, if we was sick or anythin' we could afford to have somebody. And we could keep a horse and a cow and a few hens, and have a garden. We could plan things and talk 'em over together, and go visitin', and have company, and do everythin' to suit ourselves. Don't you think we'd take a sight of comfort together?"

"I'm sure of it, Israel. But what would James say? And what would Ellen and Katie say?"

"I've thought of that too, and I don't believe they'd make any serious objections if we make our wills first, and fix it so the money 'll eventually go where it would if we didn't marry."

"Well, perhaps they wouldn't."

"Then you'll accept my proposal, Mary, won't you?"

She did not answer at once, and he watched her face anxiously.

"Israel," she asked at length, a little wistfully, "why do you ask me? Why don't you marry some younger, smarter woman?"

He looked at her as if surprised at such a question.

"Why, Mary," he said, "there ain't any other woman I care anythin' about but just you; and besides, I do want to see you feelin' free and independent, and happy."

A tear sparkled in the little old lady's eyes, but a smile hovered about her lips.

"Israel," she said, "I guess you can consider that old quarrel of ours as made up."

Elizabeth Robbins.

A WESTERN ROMANCE.

THIS is a story about some people and a tamale. If you don't know what a tamale is—and you don't, unless you have been in the far West or Southwest—it would be better to allow it to go unread.

Of course, you'll say you know all about tamales. Maybe so. But there are tamales and tamales. An Eastern tamale is a Frankfurter in the middle of a roll: a Western tamale, the kind you buy from a dusky, dark eyed Spaniard, or a Mexican boy, who stands by the side of his little wagon on a cold night, and shivers in the glimmering light of a dim lantern until the theaters are out and his stock is disposed of—that is quite a different thing. Paste is not more widely different from diamonds than are the Eastern sausage rolls from the steaming corn husks wrapped around a mixture of meal and butter and chicken and

Digitized by Google

olives and red peppers, with special reference to the red peppers.

But a tamale cannot be described, it has to be appreciated; and the story cannot be imagined, so it will have to be told.

It all happened in California. The hero's name was Frank, just a plain American youth, rather impressionable, it must be admitted; otherwise he would not have fallen so deeply in love with a Spanish girl whose name was Teresa. She had the proverbial eyes, languishing, dusky, beautiful—the thick black hair and the carmine lips of the daughters of Spain. She climbed the mountains and tripped through the lucerne, gathered the scarlet berries from the feathery pepper tree and imagined that she was in love also. In the twilight of the autumn evenings they would saddle their ponies and together go galloping over the plains, racing around the ranches and then home again, as happy and free as the winds that swayed the pampas grass.

But civil engineers do not often dwell long in one locality, and Frank belonged to a party which was suddenly called away. He rode out to the adobe house where hop vines clung to the sun dried bricks, and where Teresa lived. He told her he must go, and she cried until he kissed her and gave her a queer little gold ring which had "Teresa" engraved inside. He told her she must look at it every other minute in the day, and think of him every time she looked, and he would think of her just as often, perhaps oftener, and love her forever.

So he went away.

Years afterward he came back. The place had grown up into a civilized country; it had lost its primitive charm. There were no fields of green lucerne, no more romantic mountain trails, everything was modern. There were orchards, prune and apricot and cherry orchards, and this kind of a ranch, and that kind of a ranch, and it was all very delightful still, but—!

One night Frank was wandering aimlessly about, trying to keep warm, when he passed a boy huddled up against a wagon. By the light of a street lamp he realized with a sudden start that the boy looked like some one he had seen before or known long ago; but who could it be? Was it—he stopped.

"Tamale, sir?"

The voice was rich and low and sweet like something he had heard before. He mechanically took the steaming paper, paid for its contents, and hunted for some dark street where he might eat his tamale unseen. Presently he found one, and proceeded to unwrap the savory corn husks. He had the thing half eaten when his teeth came down sharply upon something hard. In an instant the remaining half was thrown violently into the street.

"Those dirty Mexicans! Don't know what I've eaten! I believe they *are* made of sea gull instead of chicken! What in the——"

In removing the offending bit he found that it was something small and round. He took a match from his pocket, and examined it more closely. It was a thin, worn little ring, and engraved on the inside was the word "Teresa." The very same little ring he had given to his beautiful little Teresa whom he had long ago forgotten!

It was such a shock that he dropped the ring, which rolled around on the cement walk until he stopped it with his foot and took it up in his hand again.

In ten minutes he was standing before the same tamale boy—the lad who was the picture of Teresa—her brother, he was sure. He knew it all now; she still wore the ring, and it had slipped off her finger when she mixed the tamales. How thin her fingers must have grown! Poor little thing, perhaps she was pining for him!

He did not stop to think of the intervening years; he forgot that he was a man and that Teresa was a woman. He thought of her as she was when he saw her last, and his heart beat faster than it had for many weeks. He made a pitiful attempt to appear nonchalant before the boy.

"That tamale of yours was good; do you make them yourself?"

The boy smiled good naturedly.

"My mother and my sister make them."

"Your sister—but where do you live? Near here?"

"Just out of town a little way."

"And is your sister married?"

He fancied that the boy's expression was peculiar, and that he started a little as he heard the question; but the answer was that she was not. By careful questioning he learned the boy's address, and went back to his hotel, to dream of his dear little Spanish sweetheart.

The next morning he was up early, and in a couple of hours was knocking at a door which bore the sign, "Tamales For Sale" painted crudely on a rough board. He was vaguely conscious of the plebeian neighborhood, and occasionally he had unmistakable whiffs of garlic. But that mattered not. All the dormant romance of his nature had been awakened. He held the ring tightly between his fingers, wondering what Teresa would do when she saw him, and whether she would recognize him or not.

The door was partly opened by a stout, greasy looking Spanish woman of about thirty. Her face was so fat that her eyes were almost hidden, and her complexion, after the fashion of Spanish dames, was swarthy and coarse.

At the bottom of his heart, Frank had hoped that Teresa would come to the door. He did not like even to speak of her to this creature, and instinctively he rebelled at the thought of the two women living in the same house. But the stout woman stood staring, and he must speak.

"Does Miss Silvera live here?" he asked.

The woman regarded him curiously and shook her head.

"I found this ring in a tamale which was made here, and the name 'Teresa' is on the inside. I—do you know who is the owner?"

Digitized by Google

He put the ring into her large brown hand.

"Teresa!" she called loudly, "come here!"

A pretty, black eyed child stepped out of the shadows within, and came to the woman's side.

"Here is my ring that you lost when you mixed those tamales yesterday! You wear it no more; you are a careless child to take no more care of the ring my old lover gave me! Go tell your father to come here—Enrique!"

A bushy haired, bewhiskered man came into the room, carrying two dead chickens by the feet.

"This is my husband," she commenced, but the man who had returned her ring had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

Corinne Updegraff.

A QUESTION OF LOYALTY.

THE muskets were shouldered, the drums beat, the officer raised his sword and gave the command, and the little company swung down the village street and out upon the broad level pike.

The two brothers glanced at each other. Each of them was proud, and yet each was sorry that the other should be there.

The mother watched until the last glint of sun on steel had been hidden by a bend in the road, and then threw herself across the bed, sobbing in grief and anguish as she thought that she might never again see her two beloved boys. She would miss the quiet reliability, the strength of John, the elder—the feeling that while he was near she need not worry. She would miss Robert, too, her darling, the curly headed boy whom so short a time ago, it seemed to her, she had nursed at her breast and hushed to sleep with soft lullabies. Both, both, had disappeared down that cruel, dusty road. John would make a good soldier, he was so steady and reliable; but why did they take bright, gay, laughing, handsome Robbie, as her mother's heart still called him, though he was almost a man? Why could they not leave her one?

"John," she had said, as with hands on his shoulders she had gazed with tear blinded eyes into his, "take care of Robbie. You are the older; stand between him and danger." And John had kissed her and said that he would.

The uniforms were faded and torn, the muskets had seen much service, and the two brothers had fought side by side in the ranks of the company that had come from that little town; the company that had been swallowed up in the regiment, and the regiment in the vast army; the ranks that had been thinned and filled again, and thinned once more.

John paced back and forth in front of the tent where his brother lay; the brother who was to be shot when the morning sun sent its first rays of greeting to the slumbering earth; the brother who, wearied by long days of marching and fighting, had gone to sleep on his post; the brother with whom he had played, whom he loved and had promised to care for. And now it was his duty to see that Robbie did not escape or fail to satisfy the stern decree of the courtmartial.

As he paced and turned, and paced again, his mother's words kept ringing in his ears: "Take care of Robbie. You are the older; stand between him and danger." Yet he was compelled, by the order of an officer who had forgotten their relationship, or remembering did not care, to stand between his brother and, not danger, but liberty and life.

His love for his brother, and the promise to their mother, fought against his duty to his country and the commands of his superiors. The cold, calm moonlight shone on the face of that pacing sentinel, but did not reveal the fierce conflict that raged within him. He thought of his mother who would weep at the death of her youngest boy; of the country that demanded a life for neglect of duty; of the mother he loved and to whom he had given his promise, and of the country he loved and had sworn to obey.

Why had not some other man been put on guard? No. That would mean death for his brother.

He would keep his promise. He would see that the court's decree had its victim.

He would satisfy both mother and country, both love and honor.

* * * *

"Where is your prisoner?"

"He is gone."

"Gone! Gone where?"

"He is gone."

"How did he pass you?"

"He has gone."

"Did you allow him to escape?"

"Yes."

"Do you realize what that means to you?"

"Yes."

"Why did you do it?"

"He is my brother."

As the first streaks of sunlight broke through the dark veil, an officer and a squad of men filed solemnly down the road with a prisoner between them. The shallow, new made grave seemed to open its arms in welcome. The prisoner, with a calm and peaceful countenance, faced his executioners, less moved than they at the tragedy about to be enacted. For him, the suffering had passed. He had done his duty, as it had appeared to him. He was ready to accept the consequences. He waved them back when they would have bandaged his eyes, saying:

"I am not afraid to look at death."

The officer, in a voice in which emotion mingled with sternness, gave the order, the soldiers leveled their pieces, the condemned man's lips moved as if in prayer; another order, a volley, and a brave, true spirit had enlisted in that other great army.

The mother had her youngest to clasp to her breast. The country had received its sacrifice. What mattered it, a private more or less?

J. Frederic Thorne.

Digitized by Google

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

OPERATIC SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

The opera season this year has been one of unusual interest. Colonel Mapleson believed that New York had music lovers enough to support any number of companies if they came with what the public wanted. He brought a treat for musical people in his Italian singers, and was rewarded with a very satisfactory degree of popular support.

The reproach was brought against the Mapleson season that it was not fashionable. It seems to be generally conceded that if anything in New York is excellent, fashionable people will take it for their own. This holds good in almost everything but music. Musical appreciation cannot be cultivated in everybody. It is a well known fact that some owners of boxes in the Metropolitan Opera House are past the talking stage, and slumber placidly in the shadows while Melba and Calvé exercise their costly voices. The Metropolitan is in a central part of the town, it is the best and highest priced house in the country, and we cannot expect that the people who subscribe there that they may be at the head of the class in music as in everything else, will patronize another house also, and bore themselves twice. Perhaps Colonel Mapleson would have attracted more people to his house if that list of names which our clever contemporary *Life* has assisted to make prominent, had figured in his boxes; but it is doubtful if there would have been one genuine music lover among them. Good musical wine needs not even the bush of fashionable names, and plenty of people went to hear Mapleson's singers even in the unfashionable neighborhood of Irving Place.

The fact remains that there are thousands who have never learned to understand Wagner's great, thrilling chords. The tuneful melodies of Verdi and the Italian school are what they need, and they like the soft voiced singers who can interpret them. Colonel Mapleson has plenty of these. There has never been seen on the American stage a more dramatic singer than Darclée. If she had not sung one note, her performance of *Violetta* in "Traviata" would have compared with the great performances of *Camille*.

MAPLESON'S SINGERS.

Carmen Bonaplata-Bau, who sang *Aida* in New York during the Mapleson season, made her operatic début at Milan in 1890. She was born in Venice of Spanish parentage, and educated at the conservatory in Barcelona, where she won the first prize of her year. At sixteen she was playing the piano in public. While still very young she married her teacher, Signor Bau, and after she came entirely into his hands he recognized the power and charm of her voice. Her rôles are many, although here she so soon became identified with Verdi's masterpiece that she was thought of constantly as the brown heroine. Her clear, high soprano is not so high and clear as Melba's, but beautiful in quality. She may be said to have divided the honors with Darclée and Susan Strong.

People were more anxious to see these two than all the rest of the company put together. It had been said for some time that Darclée had never appeared at Covent Garden because Sir Augustus Harris refused to pay her the price she asked. Her chief successes had been in South America. Miss Strong, the young New Yorker who came to such a remarkable welcome, and who broke every record in the way of applause and flowers on her début night, was a trifle disappointing in some ways, it must be admitted. She has a good voice, but not the great voice the London critics had led us to expect, and she possesses no great amount of dramatic talent. Indeed, her acting is chiefly confined to keeping clear of mistakes—which, after all, is something.

A NEW ITALIAN OPERA.

A great many people have been interested in the new opera, "Andrea Chenier," produced by Colonel Mapleson's company. It was supposed by the world at large that the piece had its first performance in New York, but in reality it had already had about eighty in Italy and had met with great success. Giordano, the author, belongs to the school of which Mascagni has been called the head. Over here we know little of this group, except the author of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo, but there is quite a little company of new prophets of Italian music, most of whom belong to the minor class. Some of them are Puccini, Cilea, Mugnone, Giordano, and Buongiorno.

Giordano's first success was the "Mala Vita," which, like the two operas of this school with which we have grown familiar, deals with low life. "Andrea Chenier" is based on a historical character, a poet who was guillotined in Paris in 1794. In reality he died for very good reasons, but in the poetic license of the opera he dies for love, and for having crossed the path of one of the revolutionary leaders. His sweetheart dies with him, crying "*Vive la mort!*" The music is brilliant and sharp.

MME. NORDICA'S GRIEVANCES.

Unless we are false prophets, Lillian Nordica is going to lose nothing by being crowded out of the Metropolitan Opera Company this season. She is an American woman who is thoroughly *en rapport* with American audiences. She has a beautiful voice, so beautiful that many, many people prefer her to any

Digitized by Google

singer, man or woman, ever heard on our stage. She is brimming with a sweet magnetism, full of fine determination and frankness. She is bound to hold her own anywhere.

We must remember that she was the first one of the little company of artists whom we in this country call the Metropolitan singers to go into Wagnerian music. She learned the rôles, and made a success of them in London and at Bayreuth, and it was she who encouraged and led the way for the rest to follow. Side by side with Jean de Reszke she had studied "Tristan und Isolde," and when she learned that German music was to be made a distinct feature of the Metropolitan season, she naturally expected that she would be fairly treated in the distribution of the prominent Wagner parts. Instead, she discovered that she was not to have a single new rôle this year; that Melba was to play *Brunnhilde* with Jean de Reszke; that he had written to the Australian prima donna and asked her to learn the part, and then had used his powerful influence with the management of the Metropolitan to secure her in the rôle.

When Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau failed, they owed Mme. Nordica five thousand dollars. When the affairs of the company came to be arranged, she asked one thousand dollars a night, and was led to understand that she would receive it. Believing this, she signed her name to the paper which made the management of the Metropolitan Opera House into a stock company. Jean de Reszke receives twelve hundred dollars a night and a percentage which often brings his receipts up to a very much larger figure. Mme. Melba is said to get twelve hundred dollars and Calvé fourteen hundred a night. Surely, in the face of these figures, Nordica, our own singer, deserves one thousand, and a chance to show what she can do. She is not ungenerous or unduly sensitive. She does not ask the exclusive use of her rôles. But when she found that *Brunnhilde*, which she had made specially her own, was to be given to Melba, and that she was the only singer who was to come back without a new character, she rebelled, and declined to join the company.

The Metropolitan managers may yield to Jean de Reszke, who wants to act with Melba, and to Melba herself, but they have one thing to remember—that the money which pays these singers comes from the American public, and that the American public wants to hear Lillian Nordica sing, and to see her fairly treated.

NEW VOICES AT THE OPERA.

Felia Litvinne, presented at the Metropolitan this year in Mme. Nordica's place, was heard here several years ago at the Academy of Music under Mapleson's management, and under a different name. She is a sister of the Mr. Schutz who has become known in New York during the past three years as a sort of walking advertisement of the de Reszke brothers. He is brother in law to Edouard de Reszke, and it was he who told the public all those little tales of their life abroad which made the Polish singers so valuable to the newspapers.

Mme. Litvinne has appeared most frequently in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Years ago she was an understudy at the Academy of Music, and was suddenly put on as the heroine in "Il Trovatore," singing with de Anna, who has been there this winter. She made no particular impression, either good or bad.

The other new singers at the Metropolitan are David Bispham, of whom we have heard much in London, but who is an American by birth, Goguy, Thomas Salignac, Maria Belina, and one or two others. Bispham was heard here several years ago under Walter Damrosch's direction, but his important work for the past ten years has been in England, where he took the chief baritone rôles with the Carl Rosa Company. Of late he has sung in Covent Garden. He sings in Italian, English, French, and German, and during the past few years has learned the Wagnerian operas.

The operatic stage has always been cosmopolitan, but Mlle. Belina hails from a country which probably has never been represented upon it before. She is a Siberian, who went to Paris to study and to Brussels, two years ago, to make her début. M. Salignac is a native of Marseilles, and was a violinist before he discovered that he had a good tenor voice.

Jean Lassalle comes back after an absence of two seasons. He had gone into business and said that he would never return to the stage, but his voice is improved by rest. Mancinelli returns to lead the orchestra again.

Most of the prima donnas brought new rôles this year. Mme. Eames-Story, who comes back with a three years' contract, has been heard as *Elizabeth* in "Tannhauser." We published a beautiful photograph of her in this character some time ago. It was also expected that she would sing *Sieglinde* in "Die Walkure." Calvé will be *Selika* and *Donna Anna*.

"THE BROKEN MELODY."

Once in a while we find occasion to wonder at the good nature of certain men. It could have been nothing more nor less than that admirable quality which caused Sir Henry Irving to write a telegram to the "actor musician," Auguste Van Biene, which the latter has framed and displays in the lobby of the theater where he is acting. Being a man of excellent taste, Sir Henry Irving could not have admired Van Biene as either a musician or an actor.

That he is clever in a certain way goes without saying. Here is a 'cellist who would probably be playing in some orchestra, or at best in provincial concerts, and who, if he could not play the 'cello, would never be accepted for one instant as an actor, drawing large houses night after night. His play is as bad as a play can be, and his actors are by no means distinguished. The contortions of the star himself, as he plays, though of a most painful and eccentric character, are about his strongest evidences of genius. No artist would lend him-

Digitized by Google

self to such a cheap exploitation. The exhibition is belittling to true musical art, and should be ranked in its proper place.

COLUMBIA'S CHAIR OF MUSIC.

This year sees a musician of the first class in a chair of music at Columbia College, a musician who takes a serious and elevated view of his duties. He does not intend to have a class in music which is a mere preteuse, but it is to be as solid a course as that in Latin and Greek.

Although Mr. McDowell is a New Yorker, the whole of his career as a musician has been spent in Boston and Germany. He is better known as a composer than as a performer, but among musicians he is famous as a virtuoso and a pianist. One of his first teachers of the piano was Theresa Carreño. He studied at the Paris Conservatoire, going from there to Germany, where his favorite instructor was Joachim Raff, who taught him composition. He was twenty one when Raff died, but by this time he had decided to stay in Germany.

Six years later, in 1888, he brought to America as much reputation as he has since acquired here, for German musicians were quick to accord him the high place that his work deserved. Much of his music has been compared with that of Beethoven.

ANOTHER AMERICAN COMPOSER.

Americans do not know half enough of their own musicians. Until McDowell was made professor of music at Columbia, how many people, outside of the strictly musical circles, knew anything of him or his work?

Another American composer who deserves popular recognition is George W. Chadwick. Mr. Chadwick had his first real recognition from Theodore Thomas. When the music was to be written for the opening of the World's Fair, people expected to see Mr. Thomas send the commission to Europe. Instead, he intrusted it to two Americans, Professor Paine and Mr. Chadwick, with entirely successful results. In neither case did the composers have to ask for gentle treatment on account of their nativity.

Mr. Chadwick lives in Boston, where he is organist in one of the prominent churches. He also directs choral societies in some of the neighboring towns. His family lived in Lowell. Like most people with creative musical talent, he comes from a line of people noted for their taste for music; and it was his father and brother who taught him to play the piano. His is a purely American story. After studying for a short time in Boston, he went to a little town in Michigan, where he gave lessons until he was able to go abroad to take a finishing course. In 1878 and 1879 he worked with Reinecke and Jadassohn in Leipzig, and then went to Munich.

Mr. Chadwick has composed in almost all forms, but it is by his songs that he is best known in New York. "Good Night," "She Loves Me," and "Sweet Wind that Blows," are all favorites. Some of his newer songs are set to poems by Arlo Bates, taken from a book called "Told in The Gate."

PADEREWSKI'S PROTÉGÉE.

They say that Paderewski has a protégée, in a well known New York society girl who has been musical all her life, and who came to know the great and magnetic Pole three years ago. When he advised her as to her course, she gave up everything to follow his suggestions and start on her way to what promises to be a successful professional career. Paderewski has given her valuable help, and this winter he has sent her to his own teacher, Leschetiszky, who will keep her two years.

Teachers of music are seldom fond of pupils who do not depend upon the results of their work for their livelihood. In most cases they prove to be mere dilettanti who stop short of all the drudgery; but this young woman seems to be made of stronger stuff, for she has commanded the respect of all her teachers. It is only a new instance of the fact that no real artist is indifferent to the training of another in whom he sees the divine spark.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF GERSTER.

Mapleson has lately paid a visit to Etelka Gerster, who belongs to the old days of opera. People who saw Gerster in the "Magic Flute" a dozen years ago never pay any attention to what Melba's admirers say. Facts may be all on Melba's side, but she leaves no such impression upon the mind and ear as was forced upon you by Gerster's lovely notes.

Colonel Mapleson says that Gerster's voice is as beautiful as ever in every respect save one: it has lost its volume. Hearing it is like looking at the stage through the wrong end of an opera glass. Her voice failed her after the birth of one of her children, and it was said for a long time that her affection was merely temporary, and as much the result of nervousness as anything. But she has settled down, now, to the realization that her great gift has gone, and seems to be happy at home with her children. She teaches a large class of pupils, and her days of opera are like a dream of another life.

THE REAPPEARANCE OF VAN ZANDT.

Marie Van Zandt is to reappear at the Opéra Comique in Paris after an absence of ten years. There was a day when she was almost the idol of the French capital, but one night changed all that, and she was hissed from the stage. She tried again, but Paris would not have her, and since then she has sung in St. Petersburg and at Monte Carlo. Four years ago she came over here, but the New York critics said that her voice, like Sybil Sanderson's, was too small to fill the opera house, and people would not go to see her.

She had personal characteristics which have marred what should have been a great career. It remains to be seen if the new decade brings an audience who will judge her only by her voice.

Digitized by Google

FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS.*

No. 1.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE MOST FAMOUS LEADER OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF PORTRAIT PAINTING—HIS REMARKABLE CAREER AND PERSONALITY, AND A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS OF SOME OF HIS BEST WORKS.

THE first president of the Royal Academy did a great many things besides painting pictures. He so impressed himself upon his day that it is probable that had he chosen any other profession he would have become prominent, although possibly it might not have been in the fashionable world. As the painter of two generations of English beauties, he knew every one of consequence in his day, but it was remarkable that this young man, after a short apprenticeship, should come from the country to take his place among the wits and gallants of a court, and lead them all.

Joshua Reynolds was born in Devonshire in July of 1723. His father, Samuel Reynolds, was a schoolmaster, and his mother a clergyman's daughter. Without doubt the education they gave their son added great delicacy to his conceptions, and filled his work with the exquisite taste that makes it notable, for they were both people of culture. The boy was not particularly precocious as a draftsman. He had none of that astonishing talent which made Sir Thomas Lawrence noted when he was ten years old. Joshua's first portrait was painted when he was twelve, on a piece of sail cloth, with common paint used in shipwrights' painting sheds, and a curiosity it was said to be.

From the beginning he was a student of everything that pertained to painting and drawing. His father had given him what is in some cases the fatal habit of trusting to books. Reynolds fortunately learned in one way and painted in another, through the alchemy of his own good taste and sense. When he was seventeen he was turned over to Hudson, the fashionable portrait painter of that day. But Hudson did not keep him long. We are a little tired of the old story that masters always grow jealous of their brilliant pupils, and turn them out on the world to achieve fame or starve. That Hudson turned Reynolds out is true, but as he himself never expressed any resentment over it, we need not.

The young man, only half taught, painting likenesses of the small gentry of Devonshire, lamented that this was a wasted period of his life; but at twenty three we find him at work upon portraits that compare favorably with his later canvases. One of them was that of Miss Chudleigh, who afterward became the notorious Duchess of Kingston; another was the first of that series of portraits of himself which we all know. But although Reynolds was already noticed as a painter, the beginning of his career as a man of the great world came through his association with Commodore Keppel. This young sailor, about Reynolds' own age—not more than twenty four—had already distinguished himself by a voyage around the world, and as the hero of a most sensational shipwreck. He had sailed in command of a new ship, when an accident compelled him to put back into port. While his vessel was refitting, he happened to be a guest in a house where Reynolds was painting, and the two young men started so violent a friendship that Reynolds accompanied the commodore on his voyage to the Mediterranean, and through him made his entrance into fashionable life. The Sir Joshua Reynolds the world knows today was the direct result of the springing of a mast on a British ship.

When he returned to London, it was to take up his residence in Leicester Fields, a squalid enough place now, but then fashionable, sacred to artists and literary people. Here Thornhill lived, and years later the author of "Evelina." It was now that Reynolds painted the full length portrait of Keppel, of which a celebrated critic said, "A figure so animated, so well drawn, with

*This series will include articles on the work of Gainsborough, Lawrence, Kneller, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Gérard, Velasquez, and other old and modern masters celebrated as portrait painters.

Digitized by Google

Anne, Viscountess Townshend

From an engraving by H. T. Greenhead after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Digitized by Google

all its accompaniments so perfectly in unison with it, I believe never was produced before by an English pencil." It was undoubtedly a breaking away from all tradition, and an "epoch making work of art." To a world criticisms. He went his large and serene way quite unhampered. He has been called the portrait painter of women, yet his pictures of men are admirable. He appeared to reach into the very soul of his sitters.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy

From an engraving by J. K. Sherwin after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

which knew Lely and Kneller and Hudson, it was a pyrotechnic display.

But popular as Sir Joshua was as a painter, and great artist as he undoubtedly was, he cared little to have artists about him. Almost his only professional friends were Allan Ramsay and our own Benjamin West, and he paid no attention to their advice or

The Reynolds collector would sacrifice anything to possess "Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire," or the "Ladies Waldegrave," but while the portraits of Lawrence Sterne and that realistic head of Dr. Samuel Johnson belong to another style, and might almost have been painted by another hand, they are unsurpassed. Sir Joshua always

Digitized by Google

Miss Penelope Boothby.

From an engraving by J. J. Chant after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

declared that he had no desire or expectation of going into the lives of his sitters, and recording them for future generations; that he only tried to paint a likeness; but he lived too close to his art to judge it objectively.

At the height of his fame he was so fashionable that he had difficulty in keeping his engagements, and this continued until failing eyesight caused him to give up his work. He painted over four hundred portraits that have been engraved, and many more which were jealously guarded during the lifetime of the sitters, and which are now almost priceless. He was a very daring experimenter with pigments, with the result that many of his pictures have seriously deteriorated in color; but the nobility of drawing and expression must remain as long as the outline endures.

Here is an entry in Sir Joshua's diary, dated July 17, 1762:

Dined with Nelly O'Brien at six o'clock in Pall Mall, next door to the Star and Garter.

These were the days that Thackeray has satirized, and that Junius rebuked, when

Digitized by Google

gentlemen made no secret of their acquaintance with these ladies of the stage and studios and fashionable Bohemia. The names of the most celebrated of them appear over and over again in Sir Joshua's note books. While he was a man of unblemished reputation, there was at that time a vogue in intrigue as in hats; and a man of fashion, which undoubtedly Sir Joshua was, would no more have confessed that he did not know Nelly O'Brien, Kitty Fisher, and their friends, than he would have worn a last season's coat. Reynolds had more excuse than the rest, for they undoubtedly made charming models, as his pictures abundantly show. He knew how to give the fullest graces of gentle breeding to the portraits of his aristocratic sitters, but he also knew how to paint the less dignified and conventional class, and to show wherein their peculiar charm lay.

Margaret Woffington, the Famous Irish Actress.
From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The full length portrait of Mistress "Peg"

Digitized by Google

Woffington is one of the most brilliant of his pictures. The fair Irishwoman was a lady of such charm that even death could not quench it altogether. Although she died more than a century ago, Charles Reade, who only knew her through portraits and memories, confessed himself in

Miss Nelly O Brien

From an engraving by G. H. Every after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

love with her, and wrote a most sympathetic life of her as a young girl and as an actress. What a creature of fire she must have been, and what a dashing figure she must have cut as a wild young blade on the stage!

It is surprising, in going over the list of Sir Joshua's portraits, to see how many of them are of children. A great part of his energy went to composing children's pictures. One of the most charming was of his favorite little Miss Penelope Boothby, sitting sedately in cap and kerchief. He himself considered "The Strawberry Girl," which much resembles the Penelope Boothby portrait, as his most original work. Children loved to sit to him. He kept toys and pets—many of his child portraits show a dog—in his studio to amuse them. There must have been in the gentle, well bred gentleman something left over from his own childhood which enabled him to enter into the lives of boys and girls, and feel the innocent spirit of their babyhood. The man who could put aside the Irish actresses for fine ladies—who were not too squeamish to beg that there might be some touch of Nelly O'Brien's expression put into their own portraits—and then stop to play with little children, and catch their best poses, had a remarkably simple and direct nature, or a wonderful versatility.

Sir Joshua painted two Duchesses of Devonshire—the famous Georgiana several times, and her successor, Elizabeth, once. Elizabeth of Devonshire was Lady Elizabeth Foster before her marriage to her predecessor's widower. In 1791, Mme. D'Arblay—

Digitized by Google

Lady Anne Bingham.

From an engraving by Samuel Cousins after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

better known as the Fanny Burney who wrote "Evelina"—met both these two ladies at Bath, which was then the fashionable watering place. Lady Elizabeth Foster was the da' ter of the Earl of Bristol, and even at thi although she was the guest of her gra Devonshire, she was regarded with the, st jealousy. Mme. D'Arblay records that Lady Spencer "introduced me: 'Duchess of Devonshire, Miss Burney.' Her grace made me a very civil compliment upon hoping my health was recovering, and then Lady Spencer said, slightly, as if unavoidably, 'Lady Elizabeth Foster.'" But if the Lady Elizabeth was snubbed by her women friends, she had her revenges. Gibbon said of her that "No man could withstand her; if she chose to beckon the lord chancellor from his woolsack, in full sight of the world, he could not resist obedience." Reynolds' portrait shows a slight, pensive girl with close curling hair.

Digitized by Google

Lavinia, Countess Spencer

From an engraving by Samuel Cousins after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Among the loveliest of Sir Joshua's pictures were those of the pretty Bingham sisters. They were the daughters of Sir Charles Bingham, created in 1776 Baron Lucan of Castlebar. Their father was intimate with Reynolds, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gibbon, and all the set of clever men who made that a brilliant period. When Lavinia Bingham married Viscount Althorpe, heir to the earldom of Spencer, and brother to Georgiana of Devonshire, Horace Walpole published an ode written in her honor by Sir William Jones, and printed on the Strawberry Hill press. Reynolds' portrait of her, which was exhibited with that of her sister, at the Academy of 1786, recalls Locker's lines:

> Beneath a summer tree,
> Her maiden reverie
> Has a charm;
> Her ringlets are in tas
> What an arm! Wh ist
> For an arm!

Sir Joshua was not only a man of fashion

Digitized by Google

Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire.

From an engraving by J. J. Chant after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

and a great artist, but the prince of good fellows beside. It was at his suggestion that the famous literary club was formed in 1764, where all the wits gathered. There is a famous engraving called "A Literary Evening at the House of Reynolds" which shows them all gathered together; Dr. Johnson in his wig, and behind his chair that humble hanger on of the great man's, who was merely tolerated in this company, yet who was to show it to posterity as no other group was ever shown before.

Rapid and prolific as he was, painting as many as a hundred and fifty portraits in a year, Reynolds' work is never monotonous. Not one of his pictures but has a character and grace of its own. His fancy seemed never ending; in every face he saw, whatever latent charm it possessed would spring to the surface for his pencil to catch. The office of the artist is to paint something that will appeal to the emotions, that will express the hidden spirit of his subject. This is what Sir Joshua did when he made every woman look from his canvas as she appeared in the eyes of a lover.

Digitized by Google

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A WESTERN WOMAN POLITICIAN.

Whether Mrs. Mary E. Lease, the feminine Boanerges of Kansas, is or is not an ideal, she is certainly a type. She is the product of the political and social conditions of a wide and important section of the country. She represents an upheaval which has overturned the politics of several Western States, and which bade fair to sweep over the entire Union. She did more than any one else to overthrow the Republican party in Kansas, where it had been dominant since the war. Her oratory might evoke smiles in the classic halls of Congress, but

Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

Digitized by Google

it is a power upon the prairies. When she first made her pyrotechnic appearance, John James Ingalls sneeringly declared that "women, like the decalogue, have no place in politics." She retorted by driving the brilliant Senator into private life, where he has since remained.

Mrs. Lease is not a Westerner, or even an American, by birth. She was born in Ireland, and came here as a child with her parents, shortly before the civil war. Her father entered the Union army, and died in the prison pen at Andersonville. Mr. Lease—who may be classed among the "unknown husbands of famous wives"—is a druggist in Wichita, Kansas. He is said to attend strictly to his business of mixing pills and powders, leaving the toils and honors of politics to his aggressive wife.

Prince Michael Hilkoff, Russian Minister of Transportation.

From a photograph by Sgodnoval, St. Petersburgh.

A RUSSIAN RAILROAD PRINCE.

Prince Michael Hilkoff's recent flying visit to the United States may be destined to be fruitful of advantageous results to more than one important branch of American industry. Large orders are expected for railroad material to be used on the great Siberian line now in course of construction. Coming closely after the purchases of Pennsylvania armor plate for the Czar's war ships, these transactions seem to imply that the Russian government has decided to abandon English manufacturers in favor of their American rivals.

Russia could have sent no more fitting envoy to inspect our railroads and our iron industries than Prince Hilkoff. In him are combined the pride and power of the ancient Tartar noble and the push, energy, adaptability, and personal simplicity of the latter day American. He delights to recall that some thirty years ago he was working for a dollar a day in a Philadelphia machine shop. He would rather dwell upon that phase of his life than on his historic lineage, which antedates the beginnings of the reigning

Digitized by Google

house of Romanoff, or on his present high official station. His early years of rough toil in a strange land, without money and friends, and with the burden of a wife and young children, were the result of a marriage that estranged him from his family. He was a clever and industrious mechanic, and worked his way to the superintendency of a railroad in South America. Thence he was recalled to Russia, to begin his official career as a minor employee of the governmental railroad department, and gradually to work his way to the head of the bureau.

Hilkoff is known in his own country as the "Russian Yankee." His appearance fits the name, as the accompanying portrait will testify. His manner is easy, almost nonchalant, without a trace of the stiffness characteristic of men who have held office all their lives. "There is no one like Uncle Hilkoff," his subordinates say. "His heart is as big as an *arbooz*." An *arbooz* is a watermelon, and watermelons grow to a great size in Russia.

AN HEIR OF THE CRUSADERS.

With all the pitying world turning its eyes toward Armenia, it may be of interest to give a portrait of the prince who is the lineal descendant of that unhappy country's Christian kings. The last of those medieval rulers died five hundred years ago, and lies buried at St. Denis, just outside of Paris. The present prince, Guy de Lusignan, was born in Constantinople, but lives in Paris, in a quiet home among his books. He was exiled from the Sultan's dominions for daring to protest against the iniquities of the rule of "the butcher of the Bosphorus."

The Prince de Lusignan, Titular Prince of Armenia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem.

From a photograph by Pirou, Paris.

His title, that of Prince of Armenia,

Digitized by Google

The Right Rev. William Lawrence, D.D., Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts.

From a photograph by Notman, Boston.

Cyprus, and Jerusalem, he inherits from his namesake, the famous Guy de Lusignan who was Saladin's foe in the twelfth century. He himself is the gentlest of men, a learned scholar, the author of a score of historical works—including histories of Napoleon, of Venice, and of the world—and a lover of art and of music. He belongs to most of the scientific and historical societies of Europe, and has traveled almost all over the world. His chief task at present is the compiling of a French-Armenian dictionary, to which he devotes many hours of each day.

The prince is a widower, his wife, the Comtesse Marie Godefroy de Gonpil, having died several years ago. He has a son, Leon de Lusignan, and a daughter, the Marquise de Mauroy. He recently recognized Miss Clara Barton's noble work in Armenia by bestowing upon her the decoration of the Order of Melusine, a guerdon with which

Digitized by Google

his ancestors used to reward the services of their bravest knights.

PHILLIPS BROOKS' SUCCESSOR.

Rich men are by no means rare in politics, but it is seldom that they are found electing the ministry for their life occupation. Dr. William Lawrence, the head of Episcopalianism in Massachusetts, is probably the most conspicuous case in point.

Bishop Lawrence's wealth, of course, was not acquired in his profession, but came to him by inheritance. His grandfather founded the prosperous manufacturing city on the Merrimac which bears his name. His father was one of the merchant princes of Boston, and so generous a public benefactor that some of his friends prophesied that he would die poor. He founded the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Cambridge, and contributed to all forms of charitable and religious work. His liberal aid to the pioneer settlers of Kansas was recognized by the naming of the town of Lawrence, in that State, in his honor. With all his gifts to others, he left a handsome fortune to his son, the present bishop, whose wife also inherited wealth.

Bishop Lawrence was a classmate of Senator Lodge at Harvard, and studied for the ministry at the institution founded by his father. After serving as rector of a church in Lawrence, Massachusetts, he returned to Cambridge to become assistant dean of the

Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian Author.

From a photograph by Le Lieure, Rome.

Digitized by Google

Matthew Stanley Quay, United States Senator from Pennsylvania

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

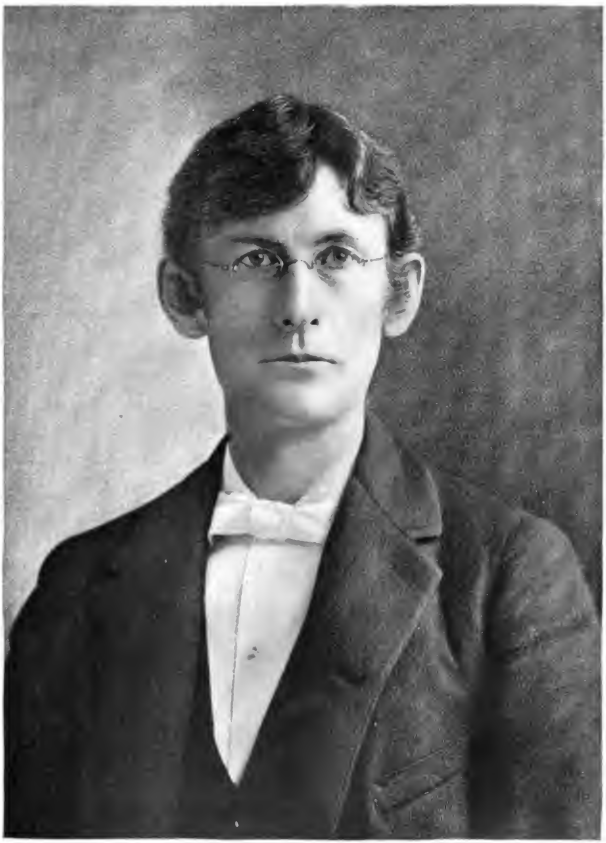
seminary, and to be promoted to its headship. In 1893, after the death of that great Episcopal preacher and leader, Phillips Brooks, he was elected to succeed to the vacant bishopric of Massachusetts. In this important post he has identified himself with neither the high nor the low church wing, but prefers to be regarded as broad in his views and sympathies. He is an excellent administrator, an earnest preacher, popular, generous, and hospitable—a type of the modern cleric who devotes first rate business abilities and intellectual gifts to the service of the church.

THE NEW ITALIAN AUTHOR.

A country's literature is always affected by its political life. For half a century before the consummation of Italian unity, the historic peninsula's artistic brain seemed to be paralyzed. Musicians came out of Italy, and artists learned to paint there, but her contributions to the world's literature had ceased. After 1870 there was something like an awakening. Very curiously, it began with physiologists and criminologists; and in the work of some of those who have followed them we find suggestions of the material that prompted the writings of the alienists.

D'Annunzio, the first of the new Italian novelists to find a world wide audience, is a young man only a little past thirty. Thirteen years ago he published a volume of poems whose boldness shocked the conservative critics. It was followed by another, which reached Paris, and caused Melchior de Vogüé to hail its author as the first of modern Italian poets. His later work has been in the field of fiction—gloomy and morbid, realistic and yet highly imaginative. "Piacere," "L'Innocente," and "Trionfo della Morte" are his three best novels. His powers are versatile, his tastes cosmo-

Digitized by Google



Frank S. Black, Governor of New York.

From a photograph by Towne, Troy.

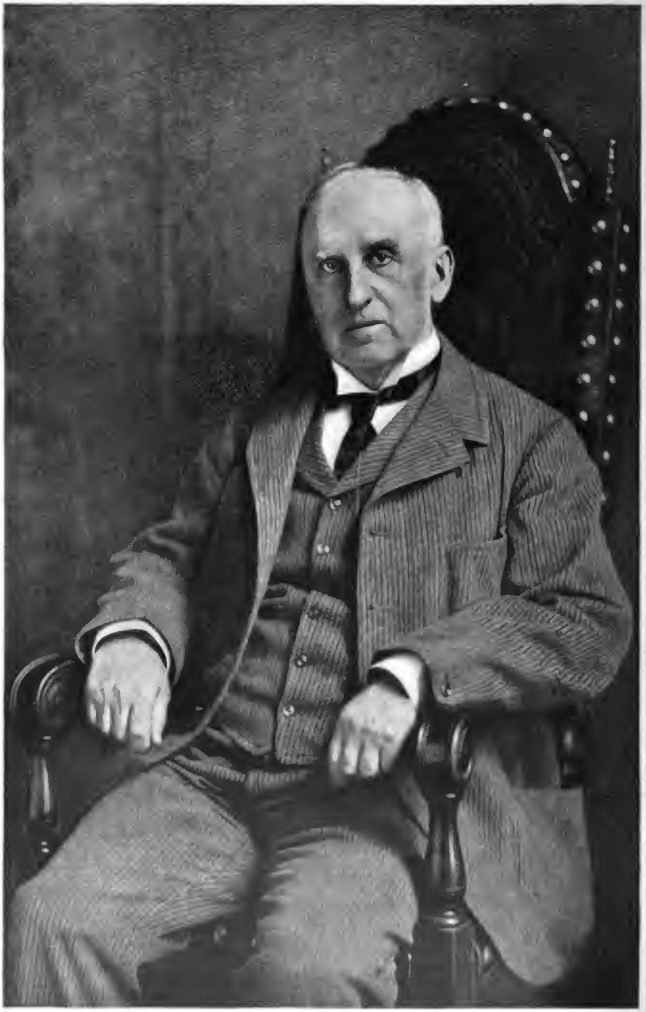
politan. He calls Goethe and Shelley his gods, Bourget his master.

It is among women that d'Annunzio has found his most sympathetic readers. More emotional than men, they enjoy his swift changes from songs of passion to wails after purity. The work upon which his fame rests loses much when translated into English, as our language cannot express his absolute divorce from morals and at the same time keep free of vulgarity. His admirers declare that d'Annunzio has succeeded in doing this in his native tongue.

THE SILENT SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

But for the remarkable advent of Mr. Hanna, Senator Quay would have no rival

Digitized by Google



Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England

[illegible] 1896, by [illegible], New York.

Digitized by Google

in this country as a political manager. Of the many able men who guide the destinies of the victorious Republican party, he is the most experienced, dexterous, and astute. The proverbial iron hand and velvet glove are his in the highest degree. He does not care for a brass band campaign. He never puts forth loud claims. He is taciturn and secretive—"the silent man," politicians call him. He makes few promises, but never breaks one.

Senator Quay gets his fighting blood and his "canny" qualities from his Scottish ancestry. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman settled in Western Pennsylvania. It is said that one day the elder Quay brought home a Bible and a sword, and announced that he would give one to his son and the other to his daughter. Matthew was to choose first. The boy wanted the sword, but thought he would like to possess the book also. He therefore chose the Bible, calculating that his sister would have so little use for the sword that she would give it to him. The story may not be strictly true, but it is at least characteristic.

By profession Mr. Quay is a lawyer, but he has had little time for practice. During the civil war he served as colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment. At its close, he plunged into politics, becoming the chief lieutenant of the Camerons, and later succeeding to their party supremacy. From the arena of State affairs he graduated into that of the nation at large. His most signal triumph was won in 1888, when, as chairman of the Republican national committee and chief manager of the Harrison forces, he conducted to a successful issue a campaign that began with little apparent prospect of victory.

Last September, when politicians on both sides were issuing the usual prophesies of huge majorities for their respective candidates, Mr. Quay gave it as his opinion that the Republican nominee would receive about 275 electoral votes, the rest going to Bryan. The silent Pennsylvanian's conservative forecast—a remarkably accurate one, as it proved—encouraged Mr. McKinley's supporters more than the more sweeping claims of less experienced leaders.

NEW YORK'S NEW GOVERNOR.

The election of Frank S. Black to the chief magistracy of the Empire State is a signal instance of the readiness with which our political system takes men from the ranks and promotes them to high command. Just as every soldier in Napoleon's armies carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, so should every country lawyer in America be ready with an inaugural address or a speech for Congress.

Governor Black is a Maine farmer's son, who worked his own way through school and college, and to the bar, supporting himself by teaching, canvassing, and writing. Settling in Troy nearly twenty years ago, he built up a good practice, and became prominent in municipal politics as a foe of the corrupt ring that had dominated the city's affairs. An incident that attracted public attention to the local situation was the murder of Robert Ross, a Republican, by a Democratic "heeler" at the polls in 1894. Mr. Black led the movement to secure the murderer's punishment, and to strike an indirect blow at the influences that were behind him and his class. He was rewarded with a nomination to the present Congress, of which—though he is a clever and effective speaker—he has been a silent member.

Governor Black's political faith is of the straitest sect of Republicanism. He believes that all that is good in American life is wrapped up in one party. "The last time the Democrats were right," he said in his speech at the Saratoga convention, "is beyond the memory of any person now living. It is a matter of pure tradition, and even the tradition is credited only by members of that party." So much for Democrats, and as for Mugwumps: "You know what has always become of the men who leave the Republican party because they have become too good. They prove it by joining one infinitely worse." These are characteristic samples of Mr. Black's incisive oratory. It may be inferred that his administration will be conducted upon the theory that to the victors belong the spoils. It is likely, at the same time, to be both clean and able.

ENGLAND'S IRISH CHIEF JUSTICE.

The honors paid to Lord Russell of Killowen during his recent visit to America were a deserved tribute to the most famous member of the legal profession in England, who came to this country with a message of peace and good will. It was as Sir Charles Russell, the barrister, that his reputation was won. He was far the most eloquent man at the English bar—its only eloquent man, some said. Shrewd, humorous, good tempered, a well equipped jurist, and an indefatigable worker, he had no rival as a persuader of juries and a winner of verdicts. His practice was enormous, and his fee book was said to show an income of $150,000

Digitized by Google

a year. Withal he was fond of society and of sport, his special hobbies being horse racing and whist.

Three years ago, when Chief Justice Coleridge died, Sir Charles Russell, who was serving as attorney general in Lord Rosebery's cabinet, was promoted to the vacant post, and to a seat in the House of Lords. He is the first Irishman to reach the head of the English bench, and the first Catholic to do so since the days of the Stuarts. He was born at Newry, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and first began to practise in Belfast. He is a life long believer in home rule for his native island, and was one of Mr. Gladstone's warmest supporters in his movement toward the realization of Irish political hopes. His most famous professional achievement was his utter discomfiture of the London *Times* before the commission appointed to investigate that newspaper's charges against Mr. Parnell. His exposure of Pigott, the forger of the documents printed by the *Times*, was so dramatic and relentless that it drove the perjured scoundrel to suicide.

ABOUT PROMINENT PEOPLE.

It has often been said that this is the day of young men; but it is also a day when "old age has yet its honor and its toil" to an extent rare in former times. To take one or two out of many recent instances, Lord Palmerston's record in the English premiership, which his contemporaries regarded as so marvelous, has been far surpassed by Gladstone. In this country, two much older men than Gladstone helped to elect Major McKinley to the Presidency. One was James W. Bradbury, a former Senator from Maine, who was born in 1805—the year of Trafalgar and Austerlitz. The other was John I. Blair of New Jersey, born in 1802, thirty two months after the death of George Washington. Last year's Republican convention was the first to which Mr. Blair has not been a delegate, since the foundation of the party—a political event in which he himself played a part. In his ninety fifth year he still retains much of the mental vigor that has made him one of our great "captains of industry," and a remarkable figure in the story of the development of the American railway system.

* * * *

Another remarkable old man is Dr. Temple, who at seventy five has just become the head of the English church. He was the son of an officer in the army, and though he was one of the best students of his year at Oxford, no career seemed to open for him, and he won no sort of distinction until he was nearly forty. Then he was appointed to the headmastership of Rugby School, the post in which the well remembered Dr. Arnold had made himself famous. Dr. Temple proved an equally successful educator, and went from Rugby to be the queen's chaplain and Bishop of Exeter, whence he was transferred to London and finally to Canterbury.

* * * *

Critics who delight in international comparisons tell us that an offense against sexual morality is more readily forgiven in England than in the United States. With all the freedom of divorce in some of our Western communities, nowhere does society frown upon the divorcée so much as in America. Nowhere is a vulnerable personal record such a bar to success in public life.

Another instance of this last fact was given at last November's election, when Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, was decisively defeated in his attempt to secure a reëlection to Congress. Meanwhile Sir Charles Dilke, who some years ago figured in a similar and equally shocking scandal, has retrieved his place in the English Parliament, which listens to him with respect and attention when he rises to speak.

* * * *

Had not Thomas C. Platt, of Owego and New York, adopted a business career, with an occasional dabble in politics for the amusement of his leisure hours, he might have won fame as a poet. He has been fond of verses and verse making ever since he was an undergraduate at Yale. Some time ago he was a guest at a newspaper men's club, and was called upon for an after dinner speech. Instead of delivering an address upon politics or journalism, he surprised the party by reciting a poem which he said he had composed that afternoon at his office. It was a rhymed story of the adventures and ultimate fate of a mischievous pig, told with a humor that delighted his hearers.

But Mr. Platt seldom gives to the world the product of his poetic muse. It is said that campaign songs are his specialty, and that he has a trunk full of them at his old home in the country; but they have never been published, inspiring as they might be to the supporters of the famous Republican leader.

Mr. Platt has other "side issues" besides poetry. He owns—or rather Mrs. Platt owns—an orange grove. During one of their holiday trips in the South, the Platts took a fancy to a little plantation in Florida,

Digitized by Google

with eighteen acres planted with orange trees. Mrs. Platt bought it, and found a profitable sale in New York for its surplus product. Then came the great frost of two years ago, which wrought such havoc among the Florida groves; and last season half a dozen small fruit were sent North as the entire crop of the Platt estate. The Senator does not regard orange raising as his greatest business success.

* * * *

Max Nordau is one of the men who, like Sir Henry Irving, have permanently adopted a name first used as a professional pseudonym. The author of "Degeneration" began life as Max Sudfeld. He parodied Sudfeld ("Southfield") into Nordau ("Northmeadow") for a signature to some of his early newspaper articles. Recently, after his sensational literary success, he took the necessary steps to make the *nom de guerre* his legal appellation. Dr. Nordau is described as a man of very quiet, retiring tastes, almost a recluse. He lives in an apartment over a wine shop, on an unfashionable street, and is practically unknown in Parisian society.

* * * *

There comes from Washington a story, which if not true, is at least *ben trovato*. It seems that some appointment was up for confirmation during an executive session of the Senate. An objection was made to the nominee, which another Senator met by a plea for generosity and mutual consideration. "In matters like this one," he said, "I think Senators should apply the golden rule."

Senator Stewart of Nevada had been absent, but returned to the Senate chamber just in time to hear the last words. He promptly broke in with: "Mr. President, I protest against this open flaunting of the rule of gold. The bankers of Wall Street have run this country long enough. Ever since that historical outrage, the crime of seventy-three——"

But at this point there were laughter and explanations, and the Nevada Senator perceived that his enthusiastic devotion to the cause of silver had for once led him into error.

* * * *

There was some prospect, before the last elections, that John James Ingalls might return to the Senate this year; but the defeat of his party in Kansas ended his hopes, for the present at least. Ingalls has been missed at Washington. As a phrase maker he has few equals; as a trouble maker, though he is not a malicious man, he is equally distinguished. He is an intellectual gymnast, and likes to perform oratorical or epigrammatic feats without much regard for the feelings of those upon whom he may alight when he comes to the ground.

One day he stood with his hands resting on his hips—a favorite attitude—and watched Senator Allison crossing the Senate chamber on his way to a committee room. Finally Mr. Ingalls said, in his characteristic style, deliberate and articulate: "A cat—creeping after a mouse—across a velvet carpet—would make more noise than Allison—on a corduroy road—in hob nailed boots." The description is paralleled by another that has often been quoted among his fellow Senators: "Allison could walk across the Senate when the floor was covered with eggs, and never break a shell."

* * * *

Levi P. Morton once told a newspaper correspondent in Washington that he found the Vice Presidency of the United States an agreeable post. It is probable that few of those who have held it have agreed with him. The Vice President's only duty is to preside over the Senate. He has neither part nor lot in the deliberations of the cabinet or in any of the executive departments. Frequently he is a man who is not on the best terms with the President, and has little or no influence with the administration. The only patronage he controls is that of his little office in the Capitol; and he is pursued by office seekers who think that his failure to provide for them is due to intentional neglect of their claims. The greatest dignity that attaches to the position comes from the possibility of succession to the Presidency.

The Vice Presidency has generally been regarded, too, as a political graveyard. Those who believe in luck call it a "hoodoo" office. Hendricks died in the first year of his service. Arthur became President, but left the White House a bitterly disappointed man, and died shortly afterward. Wheeler fell into obscurity at the end of his term. Wilson died in his room at the Capitol. Colfax retired from office in disgrace. Johnson was promoted to the Presidency by Lincoln's tragic death, but his later experiences were not happy. Breckinridge left Washington to join the Confederacy. King, who took the oath of office in Cuba, died the following month. Hannibal Hamlin and Mr. Morton—who is now the only living former Vice President—have been the two fortunate exceptions to the rule.

Digitized by Google

OUR FAMILY TREE.

WHEN I came home from my visit in Chicago, I was determined to have some ancestors before I went there again. All the girls there that I knew were wild on the subject of genealogy. They had a club that was more exclusive than the Colonial Dames; they wouldn't admit any one unless she could trace her ancestry back to a lord somebody at least, and the higher the title of her remote ancestor, the more elated the girl felt, and the more the other girls looked up to her. Papa talked sometimes of moving to Chicago, and if I went there to live I should feel dreadfully not to belong to the Noble Lineage Club—that was what they called it, or the "N. L. C.," for short.

I was admitted to all the meetings while I stayed, for I was visiting a girl whose great grandmother's grandfather was a marquis; and besides, they rather pitied me because I lived in a town where no one bothered much about ancestors, and had never thought of looking mine up.

"You may have a good many, you know," Bess Delorue said consolingly, the day I left. "You want to begin to look up your family tree at once. You'll find it dreadfully fascinating."

Jack Dent made a lot of fun of me when I told him about it, the day after I got home. He said it was evidence of an effete civilization indeed when girls of my age, and living in Chicago at that, couldn't find any better way of employing their time than in hunting for dead ancestors. He asked me if I had ever heard the story of the Frenchman who, after listening patiently for a long time to a companion's boasts of his ancestors, finally drew himself up proudly and said: "Monsieur, you talk of ancestors! *Bien!* Behold me then. I am an ancestor!"

Jack is always telling stories without any point to them, anyhow. I've known him all my life, and he's a real good friend of mine, but sometimes he presumes too much on our friendship. I did not intend to have my ideas laughed at, and I just looked at him as witheringly as I could as I said,

"Of course, Mr. Dent, some people would not find it profitable to look for their ancestors. It would be like looking for a needle in a haystack."

But he only laughed in an exasperating way, and inquired, as he stepped off the porch to go home,

"What particular part of the haystack are you going to search first, Miss Dorothy? Let me know if you need a microscope. I'll lend you mine."

"No, thanks," I said airily. "You'll need it to look for your own."

Wasn't he provoking? But it didn't make any difference. I had made up my mind who was just the person to help me in my researches, and I sat down at once to write to him. My cousin Fred lived in a university town in the West, and was considered by all his relations an infant prodigy, and destined to become a great man eventually. He was a right well developed infant, being seventeen, in fact, and a head taller than any of us. But the amount that he knew was prodigious, and he was always getting interested in something that no one else bothered about, and going into it heart and soul. His last fad had been electrical, in more ways than one. He had fixed up so many electrical contrivances all over the house that you never knew what was going to happen if you opened a door, or stepped on a rug, or picked up anything that was lying around. I got so that I was afraid to touch anything, and I went around in overshoes all the time—because rubber is a good insulator, you know.

He was a most indefatigable youngster, and I knew if he once got interested in the family tree he would never stop until he had traced it to the topmost twigs, or if not quite to the topmost twigs, a good way up at least. And I was not entirely without a clue for him to start with. I had found an article once in a newspaper about an old lady's birthday celebration, mentioning a legend in her family that it derived its ancestry from Henry VII of England. The reason I had noticed the article was because my grandmother, who was visiting us at the time, had told me that the old lady was a cousin of her father. I knew that grandma's father's name was Whitford, and this had also been the name of the old lady and of the highly connected family; so I thought it probable that we could trace our ancestry through grandma's father back to Henry

Digitized by Google

VII, and maybe farther, for I suppose Henry VII must have been the descendant of some other royal persons. I was going to tell Jack about this, if he hadn't been so rude; but I wrote it all to Fred, and then waited with what patience I could for an answer.

It came in a few days. To my great joy Fred hadn't any absorbing specialty on hand, and was already deep in the fascination of genealogical researches. He told me that he had established beyond a doubt that our great grandfather belonged to the Whitford family which claimed such a long pedigree, and had already made some progress in tracing it out. He had found that great grandfather Whitford's father had been a minister, and his grandfather as well; while his great grandfather had been the first Whitford to come to this country, and he, too, was a minister. But this was all he had been able to find yet, for there seemed to be no way of discovering who the first Whitford's ancestors were. But Fred had concluded that the royal blood might come through the wife of one of the ministers, and he determined to try that hypothesis a while, always reserving the possibility that the first Whitford—the Rev. Silas Whitford, I should say—bore the weight of ancestry on his shoulders if it could be traced.

I was a little disappointed that he had not found some one who had come over in the Mayflower or fought in the Revolution, for I began to long to join the Colonial Dames or the Daughters of the American Revolution if I couldn't get into the N. L. C. But I didn't say anything about this to Jack when he came over to inquire how my search for lost ancestors, as he called it, was coming on. I told him with dignity that Fred had already succeeded in tracing our line back for six generations, and that for three generations the Whitfords had been ministers. Jack whistled.

"I didn't dream you had so much clerical blood in your veins, Dorothy," he remarked. "Your great grandmas couldn't have been very religious. My! but they must have been a trial to their reverend husbands!"

"Jack," I said severely, "if you haven't any interest in genealogy yourself, you might at least spare me such rude personal remarks."

"Beg pardon, Dorothy," he said contritely, "I meant it for a tremendous compliment to your esteemed ancestresses, indeed I did." And he really looked very downcast, and was very nice during the rest of his call. He showed so much serious interest in the subject that I finally let him see Fred's letter, and confided to him my hopes about Henry VII. When I got to that part of my story he coughed suspiciously, but when I looked up he was perfectly solemn.

"I was only thinking what a stingy old rascal Henry VII was," he explained, in reply to my questioning look. "I do not think it ought to do his disembodied spirit good to know that a nice American girl wants to have him for an ancestor."

I told him before he went home how anxious I was to learn that some one of my ancestors had fought in the Revolution, so that I could join the D. A. R. when I went to Chicago. But Jack just grinned.

"At any rate the Winodaughsis will be open to you," he said. "You'd fill the bill on the 'daughsis' part, at least. How many men have you promised to be a sister to by this time, Dorothy?" Wasn't he rude?

It was not long before I received another letter from Fred, and he was very enthusiastic over the progress he had made. He had been investigating the pedigrees of the wives of the Whitfords, and had found that one of them was a direct descendant of Mary Brown, the daughter of the Peter Brown who came over in the Mayflower; and that another was a daughter of Colonel Jedediah Richards, a soldier in the Revolutionary war.

"So you can be a Colonial Dame and a Daughter of the Revolution if you want to, Dorothy," he wrote. "And I still hope to find out about Henry VII. I tell you I'm proud of our family tree. Blood tells every time, and ancestry is more important than wealth."

That's exactly what I thought myself. It always did seem to me, though of course I hadn't thought about it very much before I went to Chicago, that there was something about persons with an ancestry that distinguished them from the herd. I'm sure I always thought it would be dreadful to be a Smith or a Jones; so hopelessly commonplace. And you never could find out anything about your ancestors in that case.

But it is amazing how much there is to find out before one's family tree is complete. We haven't begun to look up papa's father's people, the Marvins, and mamma's people. I suppose I'd have to do that myself; Fred wouldn't care about them, as they are not his ancestors.

I think it was so inconsiderate of people in those old times not to keep a record of their ancestors. It would have been so

Digitized by Google

much easier for us when we came to study our lineage. I determined I'd keep the record of mine, any way, so that none of my descendants should have the trouble I had. Not that I did very much of the real hard work, but it was the nervous strain that told on me. I grew so anxious for Fred's letters I could hardly wait until the postman came. I got real encouraging letters from Bess Delorue, for I kept her informed how things were going.

"I'm sure you'll find that you came from illustrious stock, Dorothy," she wrote. "If you really are descended from Henry VII, dear, the girls will have to elect you president of the N. L. C. I'm so glad we got you interested in genealogy. Isn't it fascinating? I've been trying lately to find out something about mamma's ancestors, but I haven't found much yet. You know her name was Tolliver, and that was originally French—Taillefer. Isn't that an aristocratic name? Some one told me the other day that it was just French for Smith. Wasn't that absurd?"

I read this letter to Jack one day when he was over—he knew Bess, too—and he smiled rather sardonically over this last sentence.

"Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your lineal line you can't ascend,
Without strong reason to apprehend,
You'll find it waxed at the other end," he recited mockingly.

Jack was getting simply unbearable. But not long after that he began to improve. I really grew so much interested in our tree that I could not talk of anything else; and when Jack found how the subject had taken hold of me, he began to treat it quite respectfully, and even to take a deep interest in it, apparently. One day he actually told me he had been making some feeble attempts to find out about his own ancestry, but he hadn't learned very much of importance, he said.

"I'm so glad you are getting interested in the subject, Jack," I said. "I really think good blood is more important than anything else; and a knowledge that one's ancestors were the right kind of people does give one so much self respect. Besides, just think, Jack, you and I are the sum total of our ancestors up to date, and how important it is to know they were people of culture and refinement."

"Yes, but suppose they weren't," he insisted. "Suppose a fellow found a horse thief or a barmaid figuring somewhere among the entries. As the sum total of his ancestors, he might feel himself justified if he happened to have a leaning toward horse stealing or slinging cocktails."

"I wish you would not make such vulgar allusions, Jack," I said severely. "It's very unlikely that any of my friends have any such ancestors."

"All right, Dorothy," he said humbly; "I really beg your pardon." And he was very silent all the rest of the time he stayed.

That week I had a letter from Fred that made me dance for joy. He had been browsing among genealogical works in the university library, and had come across a rare volume, the memoirs of the Rev. Silas Whitford, the first of the family to come to America. Of course he was overjoyed. In this book he found conclusive evidence that the line of which we were in search, the one that was supposed to lead back to Henry VII, entered the Whitford family through the wife of the Rev. Silas. Her name had been St. John previous to her marriage, and she possessed the right to use the St. John arms. At the time of her marriage the king had bestowed upon her husband, who, it seems, came of good though not noble family, the privilege of adopting them as the Whitford family arms. There was a picture of the coat of arms in the book, and Fred had copied it, and would send me a copy soon. He been obliged to go home before he had finished tracing the St. John pedigree, but he had found that Elizabeth St. John Whitford's father was Sir Oliver St. John, and her grandfather Sir Thomas St. John, Baron Bletsoe.

"So you are good for the N. L. C.," his letter said; "but you'll be president of it yet, I'll warrant, for there are just wonderful possibilities ahead of us."

How excited I was! I didn't care so much about the N. L. C. any more; I felt above that. Somehow I was sure I was descended from an illustrious line of ancestors, and I already began to feel the superiority of noble birth to any vulgar display of one's family connections. The coat of arms arrived in due time. It was a truly wonderful copy, drawn on an octagonal piece of board, which had been varnished to keep the drawing from being erased. It represented a shield, decorated on the upper half with two things I took to be daggers, and below with a lion rampant—I guess you'd call him rampant; he stands on his hind feet, with his paws in the air. Over the shield is something which I suppose is a griffin. It isn't rampant, but it has a very precarious footing, and with one of its paws it brandishes fiercely a bunch of something that looks like forked light-

Digitized by Google

ning. I'm not up on the language of heraldry, and it makes me feel bad every time I try to describe this coat of arms.

I set it up on the mantel in the hall, and was studying it when Jack came in. I pointed it out to him with great pride, but I could see that his pretended interest was feigned, and he looked rather melancholy, I thought. He poked the fire aimlessly, and looked at my cherished piece of board as if he would like to throw it into the grate. Finally he laid down the poker and drew a long breath.

"I say, Dorothy," he began abruptly, "suppose some fellow who was pretty well off and honest and straight and all that, you know, but hadn't any pedigree to speak of, should ask you to marry him, would you?"

"What a question, Jack!" I replied, with dignity. "Of course I wouldn't. The man I marry must be first of all a man of family. I could not tolerate a blot on our 'scutcheon"; and I gazed lovingly at the belligerent griffin.

Jack picked up his hat and inspected the lining carefully, as if he thought he might find an ancestor or two hidden away inside.

"Don't you feel well, Jack?" I asked sweetly. "What makes you so quiet today?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied absently, and then, as he buttoned his overcoat, "I just came over to tell you that I've been looking up my ancestors a little, and I find my grandmothers on both sides were named Smith. Good afternoon;" and he went moodily down the steps.

"Poor fellow," I said to myself, "no wonder he felt blue. I'll try to cheer him up a little when he comes again."

But he didn't come for a good while after that, and when he did come I was so excited over the news Fred had sent me in the interval that I forgot all about trying to cheer him up. For Fred had gone back to the university every day, and was spending his whole time tracing the St. John line. He had followed it back several generations, all of them Sir Johns or Sir Olivers or Sir Williams, but he had come to a point where there was apparently a break in the line. If he could fill this one gap, he wrote, he would be able to trace our ancestry back to the time of William the Conqueror, and even, he dared to hope, to King William himself.

Jack was gloomily studying the daggers adorning my coat of arms while I read him this portion of Fred's letter.

"Oh, hang it, Dorothy," he broke in at this point, "why don't you trace your ancestry back to a primordial, protoplasmic, atomic globule and be done with it? It's all nonsense anyhow, and the whole thing makes me tired;" and he stared fiercely at the lion rampant, never looking at me at all, though I let an awful silence fall between us for nearly half a minute.

I felt that he had gone a little too far, and though I pitied him when I thought how those Smiths must rankle in his mind, I felt it necessary to show that I was offended.

"Really, Jack," I said freezingly, "I regret having wearied you. You will doubtless be very glad to excuse me now. I have some letters to write;" and I started to leave the room.

"I'll relieve you of my presence, then," he replied as he started toward the door. "Please excuse my rudeness. I'll not offend again;" and he closed the door behind him. But in a minute he opened it again, and stuck his head in with the most natural expression I'd seen on his face for weeks, as he called me back. "By the way, Dorothy," he said, "I met a fellow yesterday that has a family tree that would lay your William the Conqueror plantlet in a deep shade. He traces his descent in an unbroken line back to Noah. His name is Benjamin Isaacs, and he is an old clothes dealer on Sixth Street;" and he went off whistling, "My Name is Solomon Levi."

The next day came a telegram from Fred that nearly gave me nervous prostration, it was so incomprehensible and so tantalizing.

"Dear Dorothy," it read, "I've got it. Gundred is William's daughter and Henry VII is our stepbrother. Hurrah!—Fred."

Now what could I make out of that? Of course I inferred that he had established the fact that William the Conqueror was our ancestor, but what under the sun did he mean by announcing that Henry VII was our stepbrother? However, I was not kept in suspense very long. The next day came a long letter from Fred that explained everything. It seemed that one of the descendants of Gundred, the daughter of William the Conqueror, was Margaret de Beauchamp, who married Sir Oliver St. John. This Sir Oliver traced his ancestry back to the time of King William, and was himself the ancestor of our branch of the St. John family. After his death Margaret de Beauchamp married John, Duke of Somerset, and by this marriage became the grandmother of Henry VII. So the mother of Henry VII was stepsister to Sir John St. John, the son of Sir Oliver and Margaret; and Fred, in his wild delight at having brought everything to such a satisfactory ter-

Digitized by Google

mination, tried briefly to express our relationship to King Henry by dubbing him our stepbrother. The wife of one of the later St. Johns traced her ancestry back to King William, too, through a long line of English sovereigns, so there was no doubt that kingly blood flowed in our veins, if it was diluted a little.

Fred said he was arranging our tree, and was going to have it printed on a large sheet of paper and framed, and would have one printed for me, if I wanted it. Of course I wanted it, and I wrote to him to send it to me as soon as possible, for I wished to have it framed and hung in the hall before papa and grandma came. Papa had been away almost all the time we had been working on our tree, and did not know anything about it. Now he was coming home and was bringing grandma with him for a visit; and I could hardly wait to see how surprised they would be to learn what an illustrious ancestry they had. I was more proud than ever of grandma. I had always thought her the dearest old lady in the world; and any one could tell by looking at her that she came of excellent family, there was so much delicacy and refinement in her face, and her bearing was so stately and dignified.

While I was waiting as patiently as I could, I wrote to Bess and told her all about it. She was just delighted, and told me she always knew I came of an exceedingly aristocratic line of ancestors, because I had an air of innate refinement that centuries of culture, she said, could not give to one of plebeian extraction. It was real nice of Bess to say all this, for her ancestry wasn't half as good as mine, and she said in her letter that she was afraid she couldn't find out much about the Tollivers. But she is so unselfish, I knew she was sincere in her congratulations.

Well, the tree came at last, and I gloated over it for hours, tracing the intersecting lines and learning the names of the dukes and earls by heart. It was a proud moment for me when it was finally framed and hung over the mantel, where the lion rampant and the griffin seemed more conscious than ever of their importance. Grandma and papa had come the night before, but I had not told them anything about it, for I wanted to surprise them.

Jack dropped in as I stood entranced before the great names of my ancestors, and took it all in with a long, low whistle.

"I'll bet William didn't know who *his* grandfather was," was all he could find to say.

I did not deign to reply, for I heard grandma coming with papa from the library. I had told them I had something to show them. When I had explained to them about my treasure, I led them up to examine it, hardly able to contain myself for excitement, while they gazed a moment in silence. Then papa turned with a quizzical smile to grandma, who was studying the names with great interest. Dear grandma in her gray silk gown and white lace cap, she was a worthy descendant of dukes and earls, I thought.

"Well, mother," he said, "what do you think of it?"

"I was just thinking how much brother Daniel would be interested in all this," she replied.

"But you are interested, too, aren't you, grandma?" I said, a little disappointed at her tone. "It belongs to you as much as to him."

"Oh, no, dear," grandma said sweetly; "I cannot claim so ancient and honorable a lineage, I fear. I was only father and mother Whitford's adopted daughter, you know."

Their adopted daughter! The room seemed to turn around for a minute as I repeated the words. "Their adopted daughter, grandma?"

"Yes," she replied, "they adopted me when my father and mother died and left me a mere baby, and I never knew the difference as far as love and care could prevent it."

"But grandma," I said desperately, "who were your father and mother, then?"

"Oh," she said brightly, "they were old friends of father Whitford. My father's name was Jones."

"And your mother's?" I asked faintly.

"Was Jones, too, dear, when she was a girl. But they were no relation to each other."

Then there was an awful silence, while grandma serenely admired the clever drawing of the coat of arms. I suppose she thought Fred went to all that trouble for her brother Daniel, too.

I had forgotten all about Jack, but as I looked around helplessly I saw him. If he had laughed then, I should have burst into tears; but he was looking at me with such a scared, solemn expression that the absurdity of the whole thing struck me, and I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks.

* * * *

Any way I've always thought that it is what you are yourself, and not what your ancestors were, that counts. Jack says he

Digitized by Google

has always felt that way about it, too. And I know one thing: it wouldn't make a particle of difference to me whether the man I married had any ancestors or not. If he was honest, you know, and all that, and loved me devotedly, that's really all I'd ever care for.

But how shall I ever tell Fred?

Ethel Dane Roberts.

THE BANSHEE.

TONIGHT the moon is eerie,
  The wind sobs soft and low,
And by the fireside, weary,
  I watch the embers glow,
Till goblin voices, sighing
  From out the night, draw nigh,
And in the dark replying
  I hear a Banshee cry.

'Tis not out by the river,
  'Tis not beneath the tree;
The moonlight's eerie quiver
  Shows no white ghost to me;
A stealthy footstep falling
  Fills me with vague alarms,
And lo, a Banshee, calling,
  Flies right into my arms.

Oh, Banshee of the stairway,
  White ghost from out the hall,
Do you think this a fair way
  To fright me with your call?
To Poppy Land you wandered;
  The Sandman closed your eyes;
Have all the dreams been squandered
  That now, sweet ghost, you rise?

There, doubtful little maiden
  With hair of rumpled gold
And blue eyes slumber laden,
  Don't fret, I will not scold;
Come where the fire is glowing
  And all the ghosts have fled;
I've stories worth the knowing
  Before it's time for bed!

Winthrop Packard.

Digitized by Google

THE PARSON OF CACTUS FLATS.

WHEN the South Gila Canal Company first made its headquarters at Cactus Flats, it had hastily constructed a machine shop, two blacksmith shops, and barracks for the engineers. The laborers preferring more open quarters, a number of white tents dotted the mesa, with here and there a rude shack and one or two adobe huts.

Four saloons soon opened their hospitable doors and invited the six hundred inhabitants to quench their thirst with the famous Gila River whisky, the deadly mescal, or other spirits guaranteed to be just as effective. The principal hostelry was known as "The Cowboy's Rest." Why it was called by this name no one seemed to know, for cowboys seldom visited Cactus Flats, and when they did, it was not in search of rest; but there was the name rudely painted over the door, with the letter "S" doing the backward curve in imitation of an interrogation point.

Aside from the saloon business, there was no other commercial industry in the camp. One enterprising gentleman from Phœnix had erected a store opposite the Rest, with the intention of running an opposition to the commissary department. His failure was speedy—brought about mainly by the fact that his gun stuck in its holster the fraction of a second too long.

The camp is situated on the mesa that forms the south jaw of the Gila River Canyon, whence the sluggish stream of muddy water emerges and twists its way through the yellow sands. There the bed of the river is about twenty five hundred feet in width—ten feet of which is occupied by the river itself. On either side the smooth walls of black basalt rise two hundred feet in the air, and, wherever a ledge or crevice offers, the brilliant yellow sands that cover the mesa make flakes of bright color against the black background. Cacti of all varieties, the most prominent being the tall sujnaro, tangled clumps of mesquit, and a few scattering cottonwoods along the river help to break the monotony of the Arizona landscape. Far away in the north the blue, uneven line of the Eagle Tail Mountains forms a darker shadow against the sky, like a half cut cameo.

The picturesque attire peculiar to the country prevailed. Mexicans with their sombreros heavy with silver trimming, the red shirted workmen, and the frontier dress of the engineers lent active color to the scene. One day, however, the arrival of a gentleman in clerical attire sent a mild quiver of excitement through the camp, such as even a shooting scrape seldom created. When the stranger finally located in an abandoned adobe, there was some talk on the part of the rougher element of riding him out of camp on a rail. The prime movers in the scheme were the gamblers and saloon keepers; but, strange to say, Pepetia had taken up his cause, and as Pepetia was a general favorite, the talk died out very quickly and the parson remained unmolested.

He was a small man, very compactly built, with a pair of mild brown eyes and a soft, womanly voice. Cheyenne, in the vernacular of his native Northwest, said he looked like a "cayuse," so the boys generally called him "Parson Cayuse." Once Big Muddy had blurted it out to his face, but the parson only smiled, which added greatly to Muddy's confusion.

He held an informal meeting on his first Sabbath in camp, having notified his congregation by word of mouth, and the boys, anticipating some "fun," attended in a body. Pepetia was there, modestly attired and evidently expecting trouble. There was none. The parson preached in a colloquial way. When he told a parable he made it sound more like a modern story, and did it so well that he managed to hold the interest of his hearers. When they dispersed little groups gathered here and there to chat over the novelty.

At the poker game that evening in The Cowboy's Rest, opposite the store where the meeting had been held, Cheyenne, who had a liberal supply of blue chips in front of him, and was consequently in a talkative mood, remarked:

"If that cuss that blew all his stuff an' come back to do the baby act on the old man had been a son of mine, thar wouldn't have been no y'arlin' killed that night, I'm a tellin' you. If he'd a' wanted a feed, he'd had to do some tall hustlin' to git it—I'll take two cards."

Digitized by Google

"Discard, then," said Moseman, who was dealing. "The old man was a soft mark. I ran away with a circus when I were a kid, and when I come back my dad fell on my neck with the buckle end of a strap. I call—watcher got?"

"Jack full on tens," said Cheyenne, and, no one objecting, he gathered in the chips.

The Sunday meetings served as a new topic for conversation, and gave rise to some rather hot discussions, which were generally decided by the local sheriff. They became quite popular, and soon, though few noticed it, a sort of mild reform took place, and the name of God was used less frequently in the camp vocabulary.

The parson quickly became accustomed to his strange congregation. They were rough and uncouth in their ways, but as a rule their hearts were big and kind, while a certain amount of simplicity in their natures furnished him excellent material to work upon. He soon endeared himself to them in many ways.

Once when a steer ran amuck through the camp, successfully escaping the bullets that were fired at it along its route, the parson happened to turn a corner as the brute was charging down upon a group of Mexican children who were building mud houses in the center of the road. He took in the situation at a glance. A shiny blue something gleamed in his hand; there was a flash, and the steer fell headlong, plowing the ground with its horns, almost to the parson's feet. As the wreath of smoke slowly lifted the spectators saw him shove a huge Colt's revolver in his belt, and conceal it beneath his clerical waistcoat.

"Clean through the center of the head," said Cheyenne afterwards, when telling the story. "Boys, that's the kind of a parson to have! But," he added reflectively, "I wonder why in thunder he packs a gun!"

"Wall," drawled Yankee Jim, "he's been talkin' kinder loose about the dev-al lately, an' I guess he's heeled in case they meet."

If the parson had had any enemies before, this action won them over. It proved his grit, and a parson possessing this quality, which is sometimes supposed to be rare among the clergy, was an acquisition to Cactus Flats society that deserved encouragement. The rough characters were conquered, and even Keno Mike, the Mexican proprietor of the monte game, created quite a stir by occupying a seat in church the following Sunday. Pepetia too, strange woman that she was, and one who seldom exchanged more than a word or so with anybody, softened toward the parson, and assisted with her womanly taste in arranging the interior of the improvised church.

Who Pepetia was, and what her history, was a matter of conjecture only. She had arrived in Cactus Flats one morning, carrying her boy in her arms, both seemingly very much exhausted by long travel and exposure. Some of the women had found her fainting on the road, and cared for her until she recovered. They considered her very ungrateful when she refused to tell her story, and kept an obstinate silence in the face of all their questions. Thereupon the camp invented a tale of its own, with the plain gold ring that circled the third finger of her left hand as a prologue, and, satisfying itself in this manner, immediately lost all interest in the matter.

Pepetia attended Yankee Jim when he broke his arm, and by many similar actions she won herself a position in the rough hearts of the men. They respected her, for Cactus Flats had its chivalry. So she lived quietly with her boy in an old shack just outside of the camp, and numerous gifts of food and provisions found their way to the widow's door, though the donors kept themselves modestly in the background. The boy was a dreamy, lovable little fellow of some five or six years of age, whose mother called him "Teddy." The camp spoke of him as "Pepetia's kid," but few came to Cactus Flats who were not rechristened, the name being selected, as a rule, from either the newcomer's native State or his personal peculiarities.

In July, when the sun seemed to burn up the very shadows, a disease manifested itself in the Flats which baffled the skill of the camp doctor. This worthy's medical education had been limited to the ailments of horses, and his practice seldom went beyond the administration of severe antidotes for the liquor dispensed over the saloon bars. But the symptoms of the new epidemic developed rapidly, and even his slight knowledge of medicine recognized it as smallpox.

Pepetia's boy was the first victim. It was not long before the mother contracted the disease, and after stubbornly resisting (a characteristic of hers) gradually succumbed. The parson was with her to the last. Death came at early morning. She had slept uneasily all night; as the first white light crept slowly through the dusk, she raised herself on her elbow and turned toward the window where the parson was seated.

"Parson," she called, "I'm going." He turned toward the bed. "Oh, you needn't tell me I'm not—I know; but I'll go willingly, gladly, if you will promise to take

Digitized by Google

care of Teddy, if God spares him. You are a good man. I have known very few in my life. Teach him to live as you have. His father's in Nashville—Henry Wade. Should you ever see him tell him I forgive the blow—oh, God!"

She gasped and stopped. The parson lifted her in his arms; she made another effort to speak, but her eyes were already filled with the strange light that comes as the spirit enters the gates of the valley of the shadow, and with a long drawn sigh she fell back upon the pillows. Reverently the watcher closed the long lashes over the lusterless eyes, and kneeling beside the bed sobbed silently.

The disease made rapid progress. At last a doctor was called from Tucson, and upon his arrival a corps of nurses was organized. Chief among the willing helpers was the parson. Utterly fearless of contagion, he lent most valuable aid to the doctors, giving his patients almost a woman's care, until gradually the dread scourge had run its course.

The parson took charge of Pepetia's boy when the latter recovered, and soon there grew up between the two an attachment that made them inseparable. He was a gentle little fellow, and his great brown eyes—like a setter dog's—were humid with affection whenever they rested upon his guardian.

Cheyenne's struggle with the disease had been a hard one. One day, during his convalescence, he feebly dragged himself to the door of the church, where the parson sat busily engaged in fashioning an impossible wooden monkey with his jack knife. The animal was destined to climb a stick for the amusement of Teddy, who, seated at the parson's feet, was eagerly watching the process of creation with all the delights of anticipation.

"Parson," said Cheyenne huskily, "I've done a rough bit of travelin' in my time, and I wanter say if it hadn't been for you, on the last trip, I gness I'd got my call. You footed along with me like a man and a pard. I hain't much on the talk, but parson, I got you marked down in here," laying his hand upon his heart. "An' thar hain't nothin' goin' to wipe it out—shake!"

As they shook hands there was a suspicion of moisture in the parson's eyes, while Cheyenne gulped, coughed, swore a mild oath, patted the boy on the head, and walked away.

The fame of the parson of Cactus Flats attracted not a few strangers to the place "to take in the show." One Sunday morning a tall, lank individual, mounted on a yellow bronco, rode into camp. After deluding his animal into the belief that it was securely picketed, by throwing the lines over its head and allowing them to trail on the ground, the newcomer followed the last stragglers into the church and took a seat upon a board in the rear of the building. During the discourse he annoyed his neighbors exceedingly by grinning in a sarcastic manner behind his wide brimmed hat. Once he smothered a laugh with his hand, whereupon Big Muddy, who occupied an adjoining soap box, was awakened from the lethargy into which he had fallen under the joint effect of the sermon and of his previous night's potations. The congregation was startled by hearing a husky voice remark:

"Whatcher laffin' at, yer dam fool? Think thish's a circus?"

Instantly every head was turned. The stranger's ruddy face took on a deeper hue, and he seemed anxious to keep it concealed as much as possible. A whispered explanation at last satisfied Muddy, for he rose and remarked:

"'Scuse me—my mistake—'sall right, parson—gen'lman's got a cold—let 'er go."

He probably intended to say more, but was persuaded to sit down, by the aid of his coat tails, and he sat down hard.

The stranger remained about the camp all day, and toward evening he was seen leading his bronco in the direction of the preacher's adobe. The boy was ailing. The parson had just managed to get him to sleep, and was about to prepare his evening meal, when a shadow, intercepting the red sunlight that streamed in through the open door, caused him to look up. He smothered an exclamation, and one hand involuntarily sought for his gun.

"Hands up!" said the stranger promptly, as his quick eye detected the movement. He was covering the parson with a heavy Colt's, and his little mottled eyes gleamed viciously over the blue tube. "No use, Dixon," he went on, "I've got the call this time, and if you make a move like that again I'll have to drop you."

Entering the room, he calmly removed the parson's gun; and, with the rapidity of one accustomed to such tasks, ascertained that his prisoner was now weaponless. Then he nodded toward the stool at the table, and said, "Sit down."

The parson obeyed; his face was white and drawn, and he clasped and unclasped his hands nervously on the table before

Digitized by Google

him. Kicking an empty box into position, the stranger seated himself opposite, regarding the other in silence for a few moments. Then, sliding a flask of liquor across the table, he said:

"Take a drink. It's good stuff—packed all the way from Fo't Wuth. What, you won't? Why not? You hain't carrying this yeah parson business as far as that, are you? Higsbee was down yeah last week; he said he recognized you, but I didn't allow it were you till I looked into that window a minute ago. A parson!" he chuckled silently, "wonder what the folks 'round yeah will say when they find out who you really are! A bank thief parson—look out!" for the other had made a movement as if to rise. "I'm agoin' to take you all back to Fo't Wuth, an' I want you to go thar alive, so sit still."

The parson's head fell forward on the table; his shoulders moved convulsively, and he clutched nervously at the cloth. After a moment he spoke:

"Sheriff, it's hard. I've lived straight since I've been down here, and I think I've done enough good to make up for that job back in the States. I don't know what it is, but somehow the old way of living seems to have dropped away from me. Since I put on these togs in Tucson I've been another man altogether. It's hard to have to go back to that hell!"

"Look here, Dixon," interrupted the sheriff, "don't spring any new deals on me. You tricked me once, and I hain't goin' to stand fo' any mo' of it. I've come all the way from Texas fo' you, an' you go back, dead or alive—so you might as well quit bluffin' an' show up yo' hand."

He took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and rattled them on the table. The parson started at the sound, hastily drawing back his hand and crying:

"For God's sake, sheriff, not that! I'll go quietly enough, but don't put the bracelets on me till we get out of this district. They all know and love me around here, even the kids, and if they find out who and what I am—why, all the little good I've done or tried to do will go for nothing; for who will ever believe in God if a thief has preached His creed?"

"Put 'em on! I'm sorry, Dixon, but yo're too tricky to trust—hold out yo' hands."

"Just a moment, sheriff—I'll give you my word——"

"Don't want it—I hain't takin' no chances, so on they go."

He reached forward as he spoke, and grasped the parson's arm; but for a moment he lowered his gun, and in that moment the parson possessed himself of another that always hung on the nail under the edge of the table. Before the sheriff could recover himself, he leaped backward, upsetting his stool, and stood back to the wall, with the muzzle of his newly acquired weapon threatening the other's breast.

Silently they faced each other. The sun had fallen below the horizon, leaving the sky all aglow with a dull saffron, and the dim light stealing through the door and window outlined the furniture in the room with soft color. The sleeping boy's faint breathing came from the bunk in the corner, and the exhaust of the engines at the works up the canyon, reechoing from the cliffs, sounded with the regularity of heart throbs, while the warm breeze brought faintly to their ears the fragments of a dirge-like Mexican song.

At last the parson broke the silence.

"Drop that gun!" His voice was strained and harsh. "Drop it!" The sheriff sullenly threw his weapon on the table. "Now take off your belt—that's right! Chuck it over in the corner—good! Now we'll talk. If I were to kill you now, I could easily get to Mexico before any one discovered it. I was thinking it all over as we stood here a moment ago, but I can't do it. All I ask of you is this—don't put those things on me, an' I'll go to Texas with you quietly enough. Will you promise me this?"

The sheriff nodded assent.

"Then," the parson resumed, "I want you to give me a few days' time to look after that boy there. He'll have a hard row to hoe all alone in this world, but I've got a little money I want to put in trust for him—with his father, if I can find him. Will you promise me what I ask? If you do, you can take this gun."

"Well, Dixon, I'll take your word an' you have mine. It's a go," replied the sheriff.

The parson walked to the table and placed the gun upon it. "Thanks!" he said. "You see I promised the boy's mother to look after him, and I want to keep that promise."

"Ain't he yo' boy, then?" asked the sheriff.

"No," answered the parson. "His name is Wade. He's got a father somewhere—in Nashville, I believe. His mother ran away from her husband because he struck her. She died of smallpox here, a while back, an' I've been taking care of the boy ever since. What's the matter, sheriff?" For

Digitized by Google

the man had fallen heavily to a seat, and was staring at the parson, the muscles of his now colorless face twitching with emotion. He reached for the flask and nearly emptied it before he spoke.

"Thar hain't nothin' the matter, less'n I'm tired out." He walked to the bunk where the boy lay and gazed down into the flushed face. "Poor little kid—so his mother's dead! I wonder if she ever spoke of her husband, if she ever forgave him fo' hittin' her. She did, didn't she, Dixon? You said she did!"

"Yes—her last words were forgiveness."

"Look heah, Dixon, this yeah boy's got to be looked after, an' I reckon you'd better take mo' time. I've got business to attend to back in Texas—it will keep me a month, mebbe mo'. I'm goin' now, but"—he forced a laugh—"I've a notion to kiss that kid. Kin I? You won't mind?" He stooped and kissed the boy. "You see," he added apologetically, "I'm fond of kids. Good by."

And before the astonished parson could speak, the sheriff hurried from the house, mounted his animal, and galloped away.

Things went on in Cactus Flats much as usual after that, the only variation being a school which the parson started, gathering his pupils from the uncared for children of the camp. He was greatly assisted in his work by the contents of two big "jack pots," which were donated at the Sunday night poker game. This enabled him to fit up his little school room with the necessities for the proper training of the young idea. His novel method of teaching, his gentleness and patience, soon gained him the love of his pupils, and when their shrill voices rose and wavered around his deeper baritone, all other noises in the immediate neighborhood seemed to be hushed. Once the sound interrupted and terminated a hot political argument in a neighboring saloon, which probably would have ended in bloodshed. Yankee Jim said it reminded him of his home in Vermont, and the memory must have haunted him, for he tried to drown it that night with "artificial whisky." Toward morning he was found down by the river, seated in the muddy waters, weeping and gurgling forth a song.

Saturdays the parson devoted to picnics, and it was a pleasant sight to see him leading a pony, well laden with packages of provisions, and surrounded by the merry children, to whom the delights of a picnic were yet new. The ground selected was a small peninsula which jutted out into the canyon about a mile below the camp. A narrow neck of sand connected it with the mainland, and the outlying portion was covered with a thick growth of mesquit. Two or three tall cottonwoods and some yellow willows cast a few mottled but welcome shadows over the place, and the river crawled silently by the sandy shore, where the little ones would wade about, building houses or gathering odd shaped pebbles.

Early one spring morning, when the parson and his scholars had started for their picnic grounds, news came that the water up at the head of the canyon was rising rapidly. An extra gang of men were put to work strengthening the upper dam, and when the noon hour came everything seemed to have been made secure. But the rapidly melting snow in the Eagle Tails was gradually filling the river up, and the enormous pressure brought to bear on the dam soon had its effect.

The first warning of danger came in the shape of a roaring sound from up the canyon. Without any further notice, a wedge shaped wall of water, bearing on its foaming crest the wreckage of the upper dam, and trees and carcasses of cattle, with a spume of yellow froth sliding swiftly at its foot, and two great waves dashing high against the cliffs, came sweeping down the canyon. The great dam at Cactus Flats melted away like cardboard, and the wall of furious water went dashing on its way.

No one thought for a moment of the picnic party, until Cheyenne, followed by two strangers, was seen galloping madly across the mesa. He shouted something as he passed "The Rest," and the words "parson" and "the kids" caused them to remember. The next moment the whole camp, mounted or on foot, were rushing down the canyon, shouting, weeping, swearing—a mob as wild as the wave that had just dashed by on its terrible errand.

As the foremost ones turned the bend, they saw a group of wet and bedraggled children huddled together in safety on the shore, while in mid stream was the parson, grasping the tail of his straining pony, with two children clinging to the saddle. Then the brave little animal faltered, suddenly whirled around, and sank. Out of the froth a black head appeared. It was the parson swimming with only one child now, and a yell of horror went up from the excited crowd as a tree rushed by and struck the swimmer's head. But Cheyenne, with a lariat around his body, had plunged into the water. A few strong strokes brought him to the inanimate parson's side, and they hauled all three up on the bank.

Digitized by Google

The boy still lived; but the parson—across his brow a deep, ugly cut stretched to the back of his head, and his breathing was very faint.

"Is he dead?" asked Cheyenne in a choked voice.

A stranger, one of those who had followed Cheyenne, leaned over and felt his breast. As he did so, the parson opened his eyes.

"Hullo, sheriff," he gasped, "you've come back, but I guess you're too late, for I'm done for this trip."

"Hush," whispered the sheriff, bending close to the dying man. "Nobody knows and nobody ain't goin' to know."

The parson grasped weakly for the sheriff's hand and pressed it between his own.

"Where's the boy?" he asked. "I got them all over before the bar went. Those on the shore were carried away first, but the boy—Pepetia's boy!"

"He's all right, parson," sobbed Big Muddy.

"Thank God! Well, I'm going, boys. That you, Cheyenne? Lift me up." Cheyenne raised the wet head and rested it on his knee. "Look after the boy, Cheyenne. Find his father."

"Parson," interrupted the sheriff, "the boy's mine—I am Henry Wade. I see you were doin' mo' fo' him than I could do, so I never said nothin' that time—leave him to me now."

"How everything gets straight, don't it?" the parson whispered. "Cheyenne, are you there? Try and get the boys to keep the school going. Get another teacher—a good one that can teach them how to live."

He paused. His eyes were looking heavenward, apparently watching the movements of a bird that was slowly circling overhead against the blue, and they heard him murmur:

"Father, I have sinned against heaven and in Thy name, and am no more worthy—no more worthy—"

The tangled skein of his life had been straightened out. The parson of Cactus Flats was dead.

Edmund Day.

TAPS.

Good night, old friend; kind heart, good night.
  Lights out! The shadows fall.
Across the silent camping ground
  Rings out the bugle call;
In mournful cadence on the breeze,
  Soft, in the waning light,
'Tis echoed through the whispering trees,
  The soldier's last good night.
    Lights out! Good night!

Good night, old friend, but not to thee.
  Beyond the azure dome
Thy kindly soul in gladsome light
  Hath found its welcome home.
There, at the joyous reveille,
  They greet thee with good morn;
For us the deepening shadows fall,
  That may not see the dawn.
    Lights out! Good night!

Charles Macklin McCartney.

Digitized by Google

THE SPANISH PRETENDER.

DON CARLOS, WHO BY THE OLD SALIC LAW IS THE RIGHTFUL HEIR OF THE BOURBON KINGS OF SPAIN—HIS CHANCE OF REACHING THE THRONE NOW HELD BY LITTLE ALFONSO.

ON the afternoon of the 29th of March, in the year 1848, a young couple left their traveling carriage in the little town of Laibach, in the Austrian Alps, on account of the illness of the lady. They were Don Juan de Bourbon and his wife, the Archduchess Maria Beatrix de Bourbon. Before the next morning there was born to them a son, for whom the inn keeper was obliged to supply articles of apparel. This son they christened Carlos Maria de los Dolores Juan Isidoro Josef Francisco Quirino Antonio Miguel Gabriel Rafael; but he is known to the world at large as Don Carlos, the pretender to the throne of Spain, who is waiting across the borders of his native land until the moment comes when he may bring in his strong personality and great fortune as the solution of the country's difficulties.

Don Juan of Bourbon was the nephew of Ferdinand VII of Spain, but he and his wife, the sister of the Duke of Modena, were exiles from the peninsula, seeking shelter now in England and now in Austria. In the latter country they were welcomed by the Emperor Ferdinand, who took the children of Dona Beatrix into his palace. Young Carlos received the foundation of his education from a Spanish priest. From the beginning the boy took the greatest interest in history, particularly that of his own house and country. He had heard from his birth the story that he was the rightful heir to the throne of Spain; how Ferdinand VII, having no sons, had, without the consent of the Cortes, revoked the Salic law, which made only male heirs eligible, in order that his daughter Isabella might be queen.

When Carlos was fifteen his mother took him to Venice, where the Comte de Chambord, whose followers called him Henry V of France, was living, and where every fostering care was given to the boy's ambition to mount the steps of the Spanish throne. His grandfather's second wife, Maria Theresa, Princess of Beira, was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of his cause, and spent hours and days making plans for his future. Venice at this time was a chosen resort for discrowned princes, who were plentiful in Europe after the revolutions of 1848. In 1864, the widow of the Duke of Parma and her four children were added to the colony. The duchess was the daughter of the Duc de Berri, and sister to the Comte de Chambord, the heir of the old Bourbon kings of France. Her eldest daughter, Margaret, and the young Carlos became close friends, as the families were very intimate. Spanish men develop much younger than those of the northern countries, and it was not long before Carlos formally asked the hand of his playmate in marriage. It was altogether a most suitable match, but a youth of hardly seventeen and a princess a year younger were too young for nineteenth century ideas of matrimony, and the marriage was put off until 1867. Various vicissitudes had brought the royal wanderers to Vienna by this time, and here they were married, and went to the castle of Ebenzweyer on their honeymoon.

But even love could not drive the dream of his life from the mind of the young prince. At Ebenzweyer he looked ever toward Spain. He collected about him a little group of Spaniards, and modeled all his ways upon the etiquette of Spanish royalty. He never regarded himself as anything but a rightful monarch deprived of his throne.

It was about this time that he conceived the idea of writing the life of his favorite hero, Jaime (James), King of Aragon, known in Spanish history as the Conquistador, from his victories over the Moors. The memory of this study remains in a large library bearing upon early Spanish history, and in the name of his eldest son.

Soon after his marriage, Don Carlos saw the lowering of the cloud that was to burst over Spain in 1868, and hastened to Paris and London for conferences with his party, or

Digitized by Google

Don Carlos de Bourbon, Duke of Madrid, Who Claims the Spanish Throne as Charles VII.

Digitized by Google

with the men whom he hoped to attach to his party. The whole history of the reign of Isabella is like a romance, not very creditable to its actors, but intensely interesting; and not the least diverting portion of the story is in the intrigues of 1867 and 1868. Men of the queen's own court were conspiring against her, and while many of them did not consider Spain ready for a republic, they wanted to get rid of the Bourbons. Don Carlos, a youth of nineteen, conferred with men of all the Spanish parties, and accurately judged and sifted them. Although he was the enemy of Isabella, he was still a Bourbon and came under the stigma which her reign had cast upon the name. But many of the wisest men in Spain, those who had supported Isabella and a constitutional government, saw that a strong young man, the legitimate heir to the throne, might bring order out of chaos. Sagasta went to the prince in London, and offered him the crown conditionally. He must sign a constitution, he must separate church and state. Then Don Carlos showed his mettle.

Don Carlos and His Son, Don Jaime, Prince of the Asturias.

"I am King of Spain," he said. "I will sign nothing. When I come to my throne, I will rule my land as I, and the ministers I choose, may see fit."

During this time the young prince and princess were living in a very modest way in Paris, where they were surrounded by a court whose members addressed them as king and queen. One day the dethroned Isabella, who was also in Paris, where she found her exile more enjoyable than her reign at Madrid had ever been, saw her

Digitized by Google

young cousins at the races. With her usual florid manner she rushed up to them, and made every overture of friendship, much to the embarrassment of the Princess Margaret. Napoleon III, who much admired the young princess, hastened to join the group and take the banished queen back to her seat. But the incident in no way disturbed Don Carlos. He received his cousin cordially, patronizingly. She was a relative, and worthy of respect, but he gave her and everybody else plainly to understand that he had never regarded her as a queen.

Princess Marie Berthe, Wife of Don Carlos.

It was not many days before Isabella could see in the Paris shops the caps of the Carlist soldiers for sale, with "C. VII" on their buttons, and beside them swords with the war cry of the new party, "Dios, Patria, y Rey" ("God, country and king"), and the royal crown engraved on the blade. The stories that flew about concerning the boy pretender were without number. They said that he would light again the fires of the Inquisition, that he would turn the colleges into training schools for bull fighters, and lease the government of Spain to the Jesuits. In reality, instead of the rash youth there was a serious man who thought first of all of the way to bring relief to his country, just as he is thinking of it today, when Spain is again in peril. "If I were ruler of Spain," he said, "the king should be something more than a symbol; he should occupy himself actively with the welfare of the country; order and public tranquillity should be strictly maintained."

In the early part of 1872 Don Carlos entered Spain and called upon the people to support him, but he had come prematurely. The Basques, in the north, were eager enough for him, but they had neither arms nor ammunition. Old flintlock muskets, which had done service in these mountains in other wars, were brought out. Some of the insurgents had only pitchforks and scythes. In many cases their uniforms were old French army clothing. A guerrilla warfare was maintained for some time, but only failure could come at last, and the army dispersed. Don Carlos disappeared, and it was said that he had died of a wound; but on the 15th of July, 1873, he reëntered Spain by the road that many an army has followed across the Pyrenees, with the appeal: "Spain cries to us that she is in the throes of death. Volunteers, to the front—let us hasten to save her!" Civil war lasted for three years, but ended in the complete defeat of the Carlists, whose leader bade them lay down their arms, saying in his farewell, "My flag shall remain furled until the moment which God shall fix as the supreme hour of redemption."

A great many people in and out of Spain think that this hour is now approaching. There are reasons why Don Carlos might be able to do much for his country. In the first place, he is a Spaniard who thoroughly understands his own people, and who has so great a private fortune that he will bring wealth into the Spanish coffers instead of taking it out. It has long been whispered that Queen Christina has little faith in her son's tenure at Madrid, and that she has been quietly investing her revenues in Austrian securities for the possible rainy day.

A few years ago, after the death of the Princess Margaret, Sagasta, who years be-

Digitized by Google

fore had asked the young pretender to be a constitutional king, went to him with a new project for reconciling the two branches of the royal house of Spain. This was that Don Carlos should wed the queen regent, and marry his son to the little king's eldest sister; but the alliance was rejected. And in a short time announcement was made of the pretender's engagement to the Princess Marie Berthe de Rohan, whose family descends from the old dukes of Brittany, but has long been settled in Austria. The princess, whom Carlos married at Prague in April, 1894, is young, handsome, and rich, and added another fortune to her husband's. His kinsman, the Comte de Chambord, left him a large legacy, and when his uncle, the Duke of Modena, was dying, he called his nephew to his bedside and put a proposition before him.

"Give up all hope of Spain," he said, "and take my fortune and title."

But all his life Carlos had been refusing offers to take something else, and give up his right to rule at Madrid. He and his brother both declined the proposal; but the old duke s affection was stronger than his resolution, and he left his favorite nephew the bulk of his wealth.

An exile from Spain, Don Carlos was also turned out of France because he had a fancy for addressing the Comte de Chambord as "Henri Cinq." He makes his home in Venice, where he maintains the state of a royal prince. He is treated as a king in exile by the reigning houses of Europe.

Don Carlos and His Wife.

Don Jaime, the son and heir of Don Carlos, is an officer in the Russian army, and is said to be a close friend of the young Czar. It may be that he is heir to a mere shadow; but he is also the last of the famous line of Bourbon kings that began with Henry of Navarre, and he has a more strict idea of kingly duties than many men to whom thrones are closer. The next few months may show whether the flag of the Carlists is ever again to be unfurled, whether the "supreme hour" has arrived.

Digitized by Google

AT THE PASSING OF THE YEAR.

UPON the snow beleaguered town
The spirit of the year looks down,
And, on the midnight flung,
The clamor of a thousand bells
An advent and a requiem tells.
Oh, year, so young, so young!
What sinless hearts shall learn of shame,
What lips that laugh be dumb,
Before these bells again proclaim
A year has gone and come?

As one swift glance we backward cast,
Time's portals close upon the past;
Hope heals the scars of grief;
And, peering on, we ask to see
What may be, not what is to be,
Oh, year, so bright, so brief!
We fain would dream and, dreaming, smile,
With hope's soft spell a-numb,
Forgetting for a little while
A year has gone and come!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

Digitized by Google

MR. SOTHERN AND MISS HARNED.

"Half a crown, yer honor; I hope you don't object."

This was all Sothern had to say, as the cabman in "Sam," on the occasion of his first appearance on the stage, with his father's company at the old Abbey's Park Theater. And yet he was so paralyzed with fright that he couldn't remember one word of the ten, making a dreadful fluke of his début in consequence. He was nineteen at the time, having been born in New Orleans in 1859. The elder Sothern was much opposed to his children going on the stage, but all of them have won praise over the footlights.

Lytton, the eldest son, was an actor of great promise in London when he died, while Edith Sothern pleased English audiences by her comedy work before marriage brought about her retirement.

The youngest son, Sam, is an important member of his brother's company.

Virginia Harned as "Julie de Varion" in "An Enemy to the King."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

Edward's unhappy start did not wholly discourage him, as his father hoped it would. He persevered, but against great odds. Naturally retiring, he lacked the bluster that some would have employed to cover the deficiencies of inexperience. When he appeared in London, he was severely criticised and advised to change his name. And yet it is to the misfortunes which sometimes stranded him that he attributes his present success, for it

Digitized by Google

was one of these that left him free to accept an engagement with Helen Dauvray, and so paved his path to "One of Our Girls," the Lyceum, and prosperity.

Virginia Harned, the formal announcement of whose engagement to Mr. Sothern was made just two months ago, first joined his company as leading woman in 1890, when "The Maister of Woodbarrow" was produced. She was succeeded by Grace Kimball three years later, in the revival of "Captain Lettarblair," but returned to play the opposite rôle to Sothern's during the New York run of his latest success, "An Enemy to the King," having meantime achieved the distinction of being the first of a long line of *Trilbys*.

Miss Harned, having appeared in "An Enemy to the King" only on account of Miss Kimball's illness at the opening of the season, returns to Mr. Palmer's forces, playing opposite to Henry Miller in whatever piece succeeds "Heartsease."

To revert for a moment to "An Enemy to the King," it is stated that Mr. Stephens had the scenario of his work finished and on the market before "The Prisoner of Zenda" was produced. Its continued success is a particularly happy feature of a season of successes.

Miss Kimball having resigned, the position of leading woman for Mr. Sothern has gone to Mary Hampton, a clever Southern girl who has for some time done good work in leading rôles with Charles Frohman's road companies. At the beginning of the present season she

E. H. Sothern as "Ernanton de Launay" in "An Enemy to the King."
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Digitized by Google

won special admiration in "The Long Strike," which she played with J. H. Stoddart as a curtain raiser at Hoyt's.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

Olga Nethersole has come before American audiences in three distinct phases. In 1894 she was an unexpected sensation, winning recognition and high standing through sheer merit. In 1895 her original rendering of *Carmen* dwarfed all else she had done, and for the rest of the season her name was inevitably associated with the osculatory episode. In 1896 she returns to us in a varied repertoire, and the fire kindled by the "Carmen" discussion having been so fierce as to burn itself out for lack of further fuel, she assumes that high rank as a tested emotional actress of versatile abilities to which her talents justly entitle her.

Miss Nethersole's company is made up almost wholly of Americans, her leading man being Nathaniel Hartwig, formerly with Marie Wainwright (who now supports Wilton Lackaye). She says that she expects to give "Carmen" in spite of London's severe animadversions on her rendering of the play. It seems that Sarah Bernhardt patted her on the back for her work in it. "You have in you,"

Olga Nethersole.

From her latest photograph by Eudean, Cleveland.

Digitized by Google

Nella Bergen.

Digitized by Google

Maxine Elliott.

From her latest photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco.

she told her, "what I had when I dared to be original—to be truthful to my art."

Her favorite rôle is *Camille*, although she has a strong leaning toward *Juliet*. Should she be happy in the selection of the plays to be produced during the forthcoming engagement at the Knickerbocker, this winter will thoroughly establish Miss Nethersole as a favorite ranking in our own tongue not far below the positions assigned to Bernhardt and Duse in theirs.

DE WOLF HOPPER'S TREASURE TROVE.

When Bertha Waltzinger left the De Wolf Hopper company last spring to cast in her fortunes with the new organization of De Koven and Smith, the public were surprised to read that she was to be replaced by a singer who had never before filled a similar position. But there was still more profound astonishment when the newcomer was heard and found to possess a wonderfully flexible voice, with both sweetness and strength to commend it further. Her stage presence, too, was decidedly agreeable, and "Why have we never heard of Nella Bergen before?" was the oft uttered query.

Miss Bergen is a native of Brooklyn, where she sang in the church choirs with such success that her teacher suggested a wider field. This the pupil sought one summer by going to Manhattan Beach armed with a letter of introduction to the late Patrick S. Gilmore. The experienced bandmaster saw at once that his caller's personality was in her favor, and decided to give her a trial there and then before an audience. Attired just as she was she went on the

Digitized by Google

stage of the concert pavilion, and sang Gounod's "Ave Maria." The applause she received decided Mr. Gilmore to engage the young soprano for his tour.

Meantime she studied hard, continued her church work during the winter, and placed her name with a dramatic agency. It was through the latter that Mr. Hopper heard of her when he wanted a new prima donna for "El Capitan," of which she is a very engaging feature.

TRILBY THE SECOND.

Before "Trilby" is banished to that limbo which appears to yawn for all our modern plays, no matter how great the measure of their success in the heyday of youth, we present the portrait of an impersonator in the name part who won high praise for her successful accomplishment of a difficult task. For Blanche Walsh took Miss Harned's place in the original company, where all the surroundings were calculated to remind the observer of the rôle's creator.

Miss Walsh's career reads like a leaf from a story book. Born in Mott Street, now the Chinese quarter of New York, she lived for a while in the Tombs prison, of which her father, a politician familiarly known as "Fatty" Walsh, was warden. The capacity to act seemed to be born in her. She was only sixteen when she went on the road with a "Siberia" company. Later she played *Queen Elizabeth* in Marie Wainwright's production of "Amy Robsart," but it was not until her appearance in Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy," at Palmer's, that she made an impression which put her on a line with better known artists who were in the same play. Last season she was seen in the leading part of a melodrama, "The Great Diamond Robbery," and in the summer, after an engagement in San Francisco, she went to Australia with Nat Goodwin. At this writing she is playing opposite rôles to Henry Miller in Palmer's Great Northern stock company in Chicago.

Blanche Walsh as "Trilby."
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

As to "Trilby," Miss Walsh's favorite in her repertoire of plays, that drama has now gone to the ends of the earth, having beaten the record in receipts at Adelaide, South Australia, with bookings in Tasmania and New Zealand.

A TRIO OF WELL KNOWN NAMES.

We give this month portraits of several other players, who, like Blanche Walsh, performed last summer to Pacific coast audiences. After the collapse of "A House of Cards" in the spring, Maxine Elliott left for San Francisco for a ten weeks' engagement with the Frawley stock company. Later, she went to Australia to join Nat Goodwin's forces, and now returns to America as his leading woman.

Melbourne and Sydney are a long way from New York, but the modern press agent recognizes no boundary lines to his field of operations. This is the proper light in which to view the three cornered story which kept the names of the foregoing trio of artists pretty constantly in sight while they themselves were lost to our gaze.

Miss Elliott is a sensible woman, whose advancement in her chosen vocation is her one ambition. She is well read, possesses a keen, clear mind, and has progressed far beyond the

Digitized by Google

trivial period of being flattered by references to her undeniable beauty. She has done excellent work on Daly's stage and elsewhere, and, under a judicious manager, will undoubtedly achieve the artistic rank that is the goal of her hopes.

to her during the Frawley season in California. He remained with this organization when it afterwards went on tour, Mrs. Louise Thorndyke Boucicault taking Miss Elliott's place.

Mrs. Boucicault first came before the public in "Fairfax," one of the many successful

Louise Thorndyke Boucicault.

From her latest photograph by Thiers, San Francisco.

Frank Worthing, another of Mr. Daly's English importations for leading man, is very successful in this difficult field. He owns a good presence without being handicapped by the "fatal beauty" which drives a man into that groove whence it is so difficult to escape the reputation of a "matinée girls' favorite." His method is straightforward, manly, and convincing, and he would be an acquisition to any company. Passing to the "House of Cards" at the same time with Miss Elliott, he was engaged to play opposite parts

plays written in the seventies by Bartley Campbell, who made money enough to acquire a theater of his own, only to end his days in a lunatic asylum. Some three years later she went to San Francisco with Dion Boucicault, who there produced "The Jilt," Miss Thorndyke creating the character of *Kitty Woodstock*, written especially for her. She went with the company to Australia, and there married Mr. Boucicault. After his death she played at the New York Lyceum in "Our Flat," and later she was one of the "relicts"

Digitized by Google

Frank Worthing.

From a photograph by Thora, San Francisco.

in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows." With the Frawley company last summer she created the leading woman's rôle in "The Social Trust," the new comedy by Ramsay Morris and Hilary Bell, which, it was said at the time, we were soon to see in New York.

WHERE FORTUNE IS MOST FICKLE.

There are many reasons to account for the absence of millionaires among theater managers. One of the most potent is the fact that each year is a new beginning for them; it is just as if they were starting in business all over again. The man who has a standard soap or a favorite brand of cheese, or a well known label of beer, may be reasonably confident that having given his wheel of fortune one good turn, it will go on spinning wealth for him during the term of his natural life. But in the theatrical world "up and at 'em again" must be the watchword. The best modern play ever written will not earn money for its owner for more than six seasons at most. As a rule two are the limit, and the drawing powers of one piece exhausted, the reputation it has given its possessor for good judgment and liberal mounting will avail him little with its successor. Mr. Palmer was as rudely buffeted of fortune with "The Stag Party" as though "Trilby" had never existed, and "The Victoria Cross" spelled failure for Sothern and Paul Potter just as surely as if each had been innocent of any connection with "Sheridan."

Of course, certain managers who control

Digitized by Google

Yvette Violette.

From a photograph by Hana, London.

good companies acquire a standing in the community that guarantees a fair heating to each new offering, but when this fails to please they might as well be the veriest tyro in the business, so far as the public is concerned. It will stay away from a Daly, a Frohman, or a Palmer house just as persistently as if it were John Smith who made a miscalculation in the quality of the goods set forth.

GUILBERT'S DOUBLE.

Just as Yvette Guilbert took her departure from the Olympia Music Hall last winter, there flashed out, on the billboards in front of the theater part of that establishment, staring announcements that Yvette Violette would give a faithful copy of the French singer's "act" as an adjunct to Rice's "Excelsior, Jr." It was an audacious experiment; the actress who was to make the imitation was utterly unknown; she had been on the stage but six months. There could be no middle ground in the result obtained; it must either be a hit or a complete failure. When the first night registered a verdict of success, everybody wanted to know the identity of the clever impersonator. But the management was very chary in giving information on this point; every effort was made to surround her with mystery, great stress being laid on her alleged infatuation for the original Yvette. But the fair unknown was too versatile to remain long in obscurity. When Theresa Vaughn was transferred to another company, Yvette Violette was promoted to the part thus left vacant, and she has continued to fill it successfully ever since.

May Cargill is her real name. Born in this country, of Dutch parents, she was educated at a French convent in Montreal. She heard Guilbert sing in Paris two or three years ago, and at once became desperately anxious to imitate her. Soon after Miss Cargill began her stage career in an exceedingly humble way, the famous Frenchwoman came to New York. Availing herself of the opportunity, the young girl became a constant attendant at the performances, noting down every gesture, expression, and accent. She never met Guilbert personally.

Miss Cargill, who has a pleasing voice and speaks German, Dutch, and Spanish, as well as English and French, chose Violette for her stage name because of her fondness for the flower. She is under contract to appear in Paris next spring.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE VARIETY STAGE.

The vaudeville wave which swept into the theatrical current in 1895 has not yet broken, in spite of a few shattered fragments in the shape of wrecked traveling combinations. Music halls and continuous show houses are still being recruited from the ranks of the legitimate. Nor is this all. The finest theaters are being turned over to "song and dance" purposes. The Schiller in Chicago is a notable recent example. Keith's, in Boston, erected for this special end, ranks as the most beautiful playhouse in the Hub.

Digitized by Google

It is to be added, however, that a change is coming over the vaudeville field itself. It is no longer made up exclusively of song and dance; one act plays are now a feature of the majority of the bills. Such is the vehicle which brings Johnstone Bennett to the front at Proctor's, and at Keith's we have Eben Plympton and Agnes Proctor in Bronson Howard's "Old Love Letters." Let no one be shocked at this apparent sacrilege; it may be the means of bringing public taste back to the path from which it has strayed.

The Hengler Sisters.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

Among our pictures this month will be found one of Frances Perceval, a society girl of Boston who succumbed to the stage craze and began as a figurante in the pictures at Keith's; and another of the Hengler sisters, whose clever dancing was stopped at Olympia last winter by the Gerry Society, and who are now appearing on the Orpheum circuit, a sort of variety syndicate operated from the house of that name in San Francisco.

REAL ROMANCE ON THE STAGE.

Young and pretty actresses, who chance also to be wives, make no secret of their aversion to having this fact published. They argue that the public interest in those who appear as histrionic heroines is sensibly diminished by the knowledge that they are, in reality, more or less staid married women, for whom romance has lost the zest of its first blush, and whose minds may very possibly be distracted from *Romeo's* pleadings to the wailings of the infant at home. An exception is made where players marry each other and act together. In that case the conjugal tie is often of advantage to both. The Kendals are perhaps the most conspicuous of modern examples in this category. Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Williams are the latest additions to the ranks.

Probably the most romantic marriage in the annals of the American stage was that of Edith Kingdon to George Gould. According to the story, Cupid made the millionaire's son captive, between the acts of "Love on Crutches," in November, 1884. It was a first night, and Miss Kingdon was playing her second part with the Daly company—that of *Mrs. Margery Gwynn*, the young widow. All unconscious of the great hit she had made, at the fall of the second curtain she hurried down stairs to her dressing room to change for the next act. Meantime the audience were keeping up tumultuous applause, which ceased not after John Drew, Ada Rehan, all the other favorites, and even Mr. Daly himself, had gone before the curtain. At last the demands defined

Digitized by Google

Frances Perceval.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

Digitized by Google

themselves into cries for "Kingdon! Kingdon!" and as the whole auditorium was in an uproar, the stage manager hurried with all speed to the Brooklyn girl's dressing room.

"Come up quick," he called out through the keyhole. "The people are clamoring for you."

"I can't," was the reply. "It would be quite impossible just now."

"You must. There's no quieting them. Put on anything and come up, if only for a second."

There was a lace wrap close at hand, and although this was scarcely sufficient to make her presentable before the public, Miss Kingdon threw it over her shoulders. Hurrying into the wings, she drew one edge of the curtain aside just far enough to display a blushing, smiling face, and nod her thanks. George Gould sat with his father in the opposite proscenium box, and caught the full effect of this unrehearsed yet delightful addition to the evening's performance. Who knows what a different record might be written had not this clever actress, who was destined so soon to leave the stage, been so modest as to forget all about the possibility of a curtain call for herself?

This, it may be added, was an occasion to confirm Ada Rehan's superstition that ill luck is in store for her whenever she sees a pin on the stage, lying with its head toward her. She beheld the terrifying spectacle that night, and had the chagrin of seeing Miss Kingdon, in a subordinate part, make the most notable hit of the evening.

FOOTLIGHT CHAT.

The present season has witnessed another declaration of independence. New York has refused to grow enthusiastic over a play that has been the talk of London for a twelvemonth. On the other hand, we put the seal of our approval on "Trilby" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," to have it promptly indorsed in both cases by the English capital. Now, spurning reciprocity, we view "The Sign of the Cross" with languid indifference. And yet it is not a bad play; it is simply not the great achievement one would expect to find, after the transatlantic furore it created. Its theme, too, is of a kind more likely to be popular in England than here. Semi religious dramas have frequently won high favor with British audiences, but we seem to prefer to keep the church and the stage apart.

* * * *

Wilson Barrett has two items to score up against this country with regard to his "Sign of the Cross." One is the comparative failure of the play here; the other, the odious comparisons that our critics instituted between himself and Charles Dalton in the leading rôle. For the gentlemen of the daily press who saw the piece in London did not hesitate to say that the *Marcus* of the American production was superior to that impersonated by the author himself. Mr. Dalton, has, in fact, made a hit. Tall, broad shouldered, and dignified, he looks the Roman prefect to the letter, and his fitness for the part by no means stops at appearances. He knows how to grow vehement without ranting, and throughout imparts the idea of reserve strength that shows an artistic valuation of dramatic light and shade.

Mr. Dalton is an Englishman, and was in this country several years ago, doing the heavy business in "The Prodigal Daughter" on its original production at the American Theater. Last winter he was with Forbes Robertson at the London Lyceum, playing *Prince Michael*, the second important male rôle in "For the Crown," which had a big run on the other side of the water. Previous to that he was *Major Mostyn* in "The Derby Winner," the part created here by Francis Carlyle when that melodrama was produced as "The Sporting Duchess."

* * * *

There appears to be something about the British Isles peculiarly inspiring to the makers of American comic opera. England, Scotland, and Ireland have each figured in turn as the scene of big successes in this field, as witness "Robin Hood," "Rob Roy," and "Brian Boru." Had Messrs. De Koven and Smith chosen Wales instead of China as the locale for their latest effort, the verdict on their work might have been more to their liking.

"The Mandarin" is distinguished by the same colorless atmosphere that brought "The Tzigane" to an early shelving. Elaborate mounting and showy costumes cannot be made to serve in lieu of fresh ideas and consistent characterizations. In "The Geisha" the setting is subservient to the story; in "The Mandarin" one cannot but suspect that the story has been labeled Chinese simply because of the scenic opportunities thus opened up. Playwrights may pull all sorts of wires, but they must keep them in the subways—out of sight.

* * * *

"The Mummy" is too consistent with its title. In other words, its fun is of the revamped sort—the kind that should have been buried long ago and never dug up again. Perchance if one had not seen how really funny a farce comedy can be made in "My Friend from India," we might have been ready to smile more continuously at "The Mummy." Robert Hilliard deserves full credit for being willing to sacrifice his good looks in the interests of dramatic art.

We should advise him, however, not to have his wife occupy a box at every first night performance on his tour. It is too much to expect that Mrs. Hilliard will be able to appreciate the play's drolleries as thoroughly after numberless sittings through of it, and the sight of one stolid face amid many merry ones is apt to have a chilling effect on an audience assembled for laughing purposes only.

* * * *

Maude Adams is to become a "star" in September. Charles Frohman has carried into effect the idea of which, in our November issue, we spoke as being merely under consideration.

Digitized by Google

Rumor runs that Arthur Byron is to be her leading man, while the part of leading woman with Mr. Drew will be filled by his niece, Ethel Barrymore. We fancy that both reports will prove premature, particularly with regard to Miss Barrymore, who must seek some softening emollient for that harsh voice of hers before she can hope to replace a woman whose words are always so musically spoken.

The vehicle in which Miss Adams is to present herself under these changed circumstances is, of course, a matter of the first importance. Charles Frohman positively announces that he will fall back on an English piece only in the event that he cannot obtain an American play to suit him, and adds that he will guarantee the author at least $10,000 royalty on the first year's run of the drama that proves acceptable to the public.

Who shall say now that native managers are discouraging to home talent? Here's a fair field, and may the best man—or woman—win. Compare this paragraph with the name beneath the title line on the house bill for Miss Adams' novelty next autumn, and then watch the result with the critics and the public. You will doubtless find food for interesting reflection.

* * * *

It is to be hoped that Miss Adams' play, whatever be its anthorship, will have its last act so arranged that the precise moment of the final curtain cannot be anticipated by the audience. Why people who pay high prices for their entertainment should be in such haste to leave even the best that is set before them, is a problem which nobody has yet succeeded in solving. Now that the theater hat is in a fair way to be routed, the players might start a petition at their end of the house, praying the public to remain seated until the tag has been spoken.

Once in a while the playwright steals a march on his audience. Jerome K. Jerome did so, very effectively, too, in "The Maister of Woodbarrow." "Mr. Carter of Cartersville," and "Shore Acres," also close with but a single figure on the scene. "The Sign of the Cross," too, has an unanticipated climax, and so has "The Home Secretary." It still remains for some clever writer to bring in all his characters and yet so manipulate his dialogue that nobody will know the end is at hand until the curtain is on a level with the range of vision.

In alluding to this headlong precipitancy of the public to get out of the playhouse, Miss Odette Tyler, the clever ingénue of "Secret Service," says that it impresses her in the same way as would guests at a dinner who rose before the hostess gave the signal. Happily, as the interest in Mr. Gillette's play is absorbing to the very end, Miss Tyler speaks from experience in other environment.

* * * *

The success of "Jack and the Beanstalk" is apt to prove a snare to playwrights and managers. It seems a simple matter to transplant Mother Goose characters from book covers to stageland. Tradition supplies hints for all the business, and the situations are ready made in their original settings. They have merely to be welded into one mosaic of two hours and a half's duration.

"Why, any man with a knack at dialogue and a backer with money to spend on mounting can do as much with the 'Arabian Nights' or 'Gulliver,'" says the tyro.

But it isn't a question of mere knack and money. R. A. Barnet is an adept at just this sort of thing. He has applied inventions of his own to all the ideas with which Mother Goose has furnished him, and in adapting them successfully to the delectation of a grown up audience in these matter of fact times lies his right to every cent of the royalties "Jack" will bring him. The piece is a good deal of a novelty, and is as different from "Excelsior, Jr.," as that concoction was from "1492." Mr. Barnet has travestied history, literature, and fairy lore, giving us only one taste of each. In fields such as his, continued success is only achieved by untiring versatility.

* * * *

A word of explanation is in order concerning the curtain raiser which the Hollands are playing in front of "A Superfluous Husband." "1871," by Charles H. Palmer, a young literary man of Milwaukee, was dramatized over a year ago from a narrative sketch by Alphonse Daudet. At that time Mr. Palmer had never heard of "Waterloo," the piece that Conan Doyle wrote in similar vein for Henry Irving, and if it had not been for the success of "A Social Highwayman," "1871" would have been seen here before the Irving season began. E. M. Holland appeared in Mr. Palmer's little play for the first time during the Chicago engagement, and won praise for both the vehicle and himself. The piece tells a pathetic story of deception in a good cause; and its reception will undoubtedly encourage its writer to do something more ambitious in a field whose harvests are only matched by the difficulty of their tillage.

* * * *

If you want to see what a virtuous city New York really is—as compared with its representation in the rural districts—visit the so called "bal champêtre" given nightly in the Olympia Winter Garden, on the roof of Oscar Hammerstein's now far famed amusement temple. From eleven till two in the morning is the period set apart for this latest phase of Gotham dissipation, and herewith is appended a pen picture of what the spectacle really is.

There are two bands of music, one beginning to play as soon as the other leaves off, lending the "fast and furious" element to the occasion. The spectators are all grouped around the sides of the glass inclosed auditorium, leaving a long space of smooth flooring in the middle. The lines are preserved by three gorgeously apparelled officials, representing French gendarmes, but the public makes no effort to avail itself of the opportunity for closer contact with the hired performers, who come up by one of the stairways and occupy the central cleared space.

Digitized by Google

Sixteen quadrille dancers from Paris form the most "shocking" feature of the program, but they excite only a languid interest, and disappear as soon as their act is finished, as do all the other recruits from stageland. Very little general dancing is done; the prevalent air is one of constraint, and although the resort is crowded, the enjoyment is derived quite decorously from the novelty of the surroundings and the varied character of the spectacle. If Mr. Hammerstein hoped to impart a recklessly wicked atmosphere to the place he must have been disappointed to find that the keenest interest was awakened, not by the French dancers, or the "open to all comers" two steps, but by a game of polo on bicycles. By one o'clock half the people have gone home, giving those that remain courage to make themselves conspicuous by joining sporadically in the dance.

* * * *

"Roaring Dick and Company" is a success in spite of the critics. Drawn to the theater by Barrymore's name, the public has decided to overlook crude construction and commonplace dialogue for the sake of the bold sketching in of some strong situations and one unwonted stage spectacle. Maurice Barrymore is a *Roaring Dick*, every inch of the many he can boast. His swagger does not offend, because it's quite in place, and the unbecoming beard he wears in the first act only emphasizes the good, strong lines of the chin that is in full view throughout the other three. Another factor in the success of the piece is the splendid work done by W. J. Le Moyne as *Dick's* miserly father. It has been known that this fine old actor has chafed for many seasons under the limitations of the rôles that fell to him while in the Lyceum roster. In *Mr. Poindexter* he has great opportunities, and avails himself of them all with the intelligent instincts of the true artist.

The children's festival scene in the third act is capitally done, principally in the direction of repressing any tendency toward doing too much. Impressive in the extreme is the color effect of the curtain tableau formed by the variously garbed young folk, fully a hundred and fifty of them, crowding to its utmost capacity the big tent in which the scene is set, and all gazing dumbly after the wrathful old man who has descended upon their merrymaking like a bolt from a clear sky.

* * * *

Charles Frohman announces the opening of his pet company—the Empire stock—at the home theater during New Year's week in "Under the Red Robe." This was the play first picked out for John Drew, but "Rosemary" was afterward substituted. "Under the Red Robe" was produced at the London Haymarket in November, with Herbert Waring in the leading rôle, and its success there has been of no mean order. Special interest will attach to the reception accorded the Empire presentation, as this will be the company's first essay into the realm of the romantic, and comparison with the Lyceum players is inevitable.

As usual, a long list of plays to follow the opening attraction is announced, but, also as usual, the manager hopes they will not be needed. Again, following a precedent by no means rare, it may be that Mr. Frohman will go quite outside of this list and give us "A White Elephant," R. C. Carton's newest work, now running in London. It is described as an extremely funny comedy of character, and in case "Under the Red Robe" proves unwelcome, it would furnish a type of entertainment in quite an opposite line.

* * * *

The opening wedge has been inserted. In the race scene of "The County Fair," treadmill "fakes" are no longer necessary. The running is done by real horses per the vitascope. Four footed actors having thus been thrown out of a job, it only remains for time to show how serious will be the inroad of modern invention on the employment of men and women players. Of course the science is yet in its infancy, but the popularity of all forms of these pictures that live continues incontestable. The eidoloscope enjoys the distinction of priority, while the cinématographe of the Messrs. Lumière is the most vivid. In this French mechanism, the strip of film for one "view" is ninety feet long and contains nine hundred pictures, each about an inch square. It requires one minute to run it through the instrument, turned by hand. The inventors are now experimenting with photography in colors, the films having hitherto been tinted by hand.

* * * *

"Two Little Vagrants" is a step backwards for Charles Frohman. It is not nearly so good a melodrama as "The Sporting Duchess," and has none of the virile qualities that made "The Fatal Card" really worthy of its fine cast. "Two Little Vagrants" is by the same Frenchman who bit Mr. Frohman so badly last season with "The City of Pleasure," and it has been extensively advertised as a companion piece to "The Two Orphans." But we have outgrown "The Two Orphans" just as we have gone beyond oil lamps for street illumination and pumps for the city's water supply. Were "Two Little Vagrants" to be presented in a Broadway theater with a less adequate cast than that which Mr. Frohman supplies it, the public might be excused for finding it entertaining in the same way as the Cherry sisters. We read that Paris, London, and Boston have all indorsed this farrago of cheap sentiment and bald situations. At this writing New York's attitude is indeterminate, but it is safe to predict a success of a distinctly lesser measure than that attending the two English melodramas already named.

Jessie Busley as the boy *Fan Fan*, one of the vagrants, makes the hit of the production, and may look upon the piece as the bridge that has carried her from the middle to the front ranks of her calling.

Digitized by Google

LITERARY CHAT

MR. BARRIE AND "TOMMY."

James Matthew Barrie has come and gone, and although his visit was short, and he covered a great deal of country, he left behind, in the minds of those who met him, an impression which it would be hard to better. He came modestly, unostentatiously, where other men have blown their trumpets and sent forth their press agent, and everybody was content to see in this simple gentleman the creator of some of the most enduring characters in modern fiction. There was all the humor, the pathos, the gentleness of the man who opened to us a window in Thrums, told the story of the *Little Minister*, and created the inimitable *Tommy*.

We do not believe, though, that *Tommy* was created by mortal brain. He grew out of the elements of creation, as Mr. Barrie himself grew. This boy, born of an imaginative mother and a father who is a brute with some magnetic variations, sweeps over the human heart. Sometimes we are humiliated to feel that we sympathize so closely with *Tommy*, because he is not always to be approved of; but how we do understand him! After his mother has told him the story of her own undoing, she teaches him a prayer: "O, God, keep me from being a magerful man." *Tommy* says it. Then he opens his eyes to let God see that his prayer is ended, and adds to himself: "But I think I would feel like it."

It is *Tommy's* chameleon changes, his imagination, which delight us. When he starts to run away with the *Painted Lady's* daughter, that she may be more "respectable," he cannot make up his mind whether to go or stay. Poor *Grizel* sits by the roadside and rocks and cries. "It is so easy to make up one's mind." "It's easy to you that have just one mind," he retorts with spirit; "but if you had as many minds as I have——!"

Mr. Barrie can never surpass this character. It is perfect in its fascinating imperfection. *Tommy* is first, last, and all the time a boy, and so unique is his personality and so irresistible his charm that we can well understand his creator's affection for him. Mr. Barrie confesses to a very warm spot in his heart for this small person, and it may be that it is just because of this that he has been able to tell his story so that *Tommy* marches directly to the heart of the reader also.

If you would know what true humor is, oh, listless seeker after amusement, sit you down and read of "The Last Jacobite Rising" and "The Siege of Thrums," as written by a master hand. We know of nothing in the fiction of today which can surpass the exquisite subtlety of that conversation between *Tommy* and *Corp*, impersonating respectively Charles Stuart, and his trusty supporter, Sir Joseph.

"Knowest thou that the brave Kinnordy fell last night? My noble Kinnordy!"

Here Stroke (Stuart's assumed name) covers his face with his hands, weeping silently, and—and there is an awkward pause.

("Go on—Still have me?")

("So it is.") "Weep not, my royal scone——"

("Scion.")

"Weep not, my royal scion, havest thou not still me?"

"Well said, Sir Joseph," cried Stroke, dashing the signs of weakness from his face. "I have still many brave fellows, and with their help I shall be master of this proud town."

"And then ghost we to fair Edinburgh?"

"Ay, 'tis so, but, Sir Joseph, thinkest thou these burghers love the Stuart not?"

"Nay, methinks they are true to thee, but their starch commander—(give me my time, this is a long ane) but their arch commander is thy bitterest foe. Vile spoon that he is. (It's no spoon, it's spawn.)"

"Thou meanest the craven Cathro?"

"Methinks ay. (I like thae short anes.)"

"'Tis well!"

"He floppeth thee—he flouteth thee from the battlements."

"Ha, 'tis well!" * * *

("You've said that already.")

("I say it twice.")

("That's what aye puts me wrong.")

* * * *

The raft Vick Ian Vohr is dragged to the shore and Stroke steps on board, a proud solitary figure. "Farewell," he cries hoarsely, as he seizes the oar.

"Farewell, my leech," answers Corp, and then helps him to disembark. Their hands meet and Stroke's is so hot that Corp quails.

"Tommy," he says, with a shudder, "do you—you dinna think it's a' true, do you?"

But this last is exactly the quality which makes "Sentimental Tommy" a notable book. It is "all true." It matters not whether or no we are familiar with Scotch youngsters. Boys are boys the world over, and Mr. Barrie has found one and imprisoned him in the pages of this story, so that he who runs may read, and laugh and sigh to think of his own lost boyhood. For there is much beside humor in "Sentimental Tommy"—a wonderful tender strain of pathos that sets the heart aching even while the lips smile.

We leave *Tommy*, a failure in all things but in gaining our undying love, on his way to become a herder, and still a boy. The man or woman who does not weep at his good by to *Elspeth* has forgotten that tears were meant to relieve an overcharged heart. We cannot consent to lose sight of *Tommy* here. We must have the rest of the story. Mr. Barrie calls the book "Sentimental Tommy, His Boyhood," and we have his promise that there is more to follow. But he declines to tell us what became of his hero, giving as a reason *Tommy's* well known habit of doing the unexpected thing. Yet we think Mr. Barrie knows, and we hazard

Digitized by Google

the prophecy that *Tommy* develops into a great playwright. There are symptoms, too, of his becoming a novelist, or an actor. Whatever it is, *Tommy* will be conspicuous, inconsistent, not always good, but delightfully human always. He has in him the chords to which all nature responds.

THE SELF REDEMPTION OF MR. HOWELLS AND MR. MATTHEWS.

Side by side, in robes of royal red and gold, two books have lately appeared which are worthy of more than passing notice—"Impressions and Experiences," by William Dean Howells, and "Aspects of Fiction and Other Ventures in Criticism," by Brander Matthews.

We are inclined to wax enthusiastic over these books. There is a sense of relief at turning from such creations as "The Day of Their Wedding" and "His Father's Son" to work which, albeit done by the same pens, is work worth doing. Some one has said that to come at Barrie's meaning requires a wading through a despondent slough of dialect, but that the meaning is invariably worth the wade; and this is even more true of Mr. Matthews' essays. We shall be content to labor through a round dozen of his "novels" each year if he will make it a rule that every thirteenth book shall be a study, in one way or another, of literature.

It is not too much to say that, with the sole exception of Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mr. Matthews possesses a more general and a more particular knowledge of literature than any man in America today. He is famous for his fund of bookish information, and deservedly so. Since first he began his courses of lectures at Columbia, they have grown to be among the most highly valued features of the university's curriculum. They not only deal thoroughly with the subject in hand, but diverge into the fields of informal criticism, of personal reminiscence, and of apt anecdote—through paths to which there is no better guide than Brander Matthews. And what he does for collegians in his lectures he does for the public in his critical writings and in his essays.

"Aspects of Fiction" is no exception to the rule. It is a curious thing that a man who lamentably fails to write it worthily himself should be able to analyze the ethics of fiction surpassingly well, and that we should receive a charming and able essay on "The Gift of Story Telling" from one who cannot write a story of even moderate merit; but such is the case. Mr. Matthews has accomplished these tasks to perfection. His chapters "On Pleasing the Taste of the Public," on "The Penalty of Humor," and on "American Literature," should please the most particular of literary palates, and his discussions of Lang, Stevenson, Zola, Kipling, Halévy, Coppée, and others are done as only Brander Matthews could do them. With such work as this before us, delicate, shrewd, accurate, and finished, can we be blamed if we resent the writer's habit of wasting time on mediocre fiction? The essayist, *dignus nomine*, is the rarest of literary fowl, but here is one in the person of the author of "Aspects of Fiction." Is there no power that can woo him from tales of local color and bind him down to the work he does so well?

To turn to "Impressions and Experiences," we find that Mr. Howells is a delightful man with whom to chat upon a variety of things, so long as he avoids the very topic in which Mr. Matthews excels—books. We have hardly recovered from the spectacle of Mr. Howells, in "My Literary Passions"—so painful, despite its charm—bowling over the gods of the reading world like tenpins, and trampling right and left upon toes and ideals. "Impressions and Experiences" comes like balm to fresh wounds. One forgets that it is a book, and looks back upon it as an afternoon with the author in his study, so free and unaffected is its style, so absolute the confidential and friendly relation established between writer and reader.

Mr. Howells does not head a chapter "I Talk of Dreams" without having in mind a distinct purpose. These impressions and experiences of his are nothing more nor less than informal chats, and it must indeed be a hypercritical reader who will question their magnetism and spontaneity, or strive to resist their charm.

But the book is destined to do more than give a passing pleasure. It is potent to draw back to Mr. Howells' support a host of disaffected book lovers who have been disappointed and chagrined at the egotism of "My Literary Passions" and the woeful fall from "Silas Lapham" to "The Day of Their Wedding." It is a rewelding of old bonds, a making of new ties. Mr. Howells has proved by it that he has not wholly been spoiled by fame and fortune. Above all "Impressions and Experiences" is a promise for the future, and as such we welcome it.

AND OF MR. BANGS.

It is always a more grateful task to commend than to disparage. In times past candor has forced us to deal somewhat harshly with the work of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, but beneath our adverse criticisms has always lurked a hope that we could one day speak differently. Therefore, now that that day has come, we are pleased to be able to say of his latest book that with it he has scored a bullseye, fair and full and unmistakably. Not all people are worth the exertion of fault finding, but only those who have it in them to do better. No one can know and talk with Mr. Bangs without discovering that he is capable of something beyond and above "Coffee and Repartee" and "The Idiot," and if in the minds of those who have not met him there existed any doubt of this, Mr. Bangs himself has removed it by writing "A Rebellious Heroine."

We all remember Mr. Thomas Hardy's dictum regarding *Tess*—"She took her fate into her own hands, and I had literally no power." The critics have never ceased chuckling since the novelist thus depicted his own creations

Digitized by Google

leading him around by the ear, and in turning the pages of "A Rebellious Heroine" one suspects that its author has borne the above saying in mind and is indulging in a little private sarcasm at Mr. Hardy's expense. The scheme of his book is a particularly happy conception, and the idea of a heroine who absolutely refuses to comply with the conditions laid down by the author of her story has certainly the charm of novelty. We have only one criticism to offer—that the narrative is unduly drawn out; but it is of the quality rather than the quantity of the material that we speak.

Mr. Bangs has taken a stride upward from farce to comedy since the appearance of "A House Boat on the Styx." His humor has toned down and gained vastly in delicacy. Here is no laborious volleying to and fro of ancient jests such as caused the reader of "The Idiot" to wonder where "he had heard that before," and to turn to his files of humorous weeklies to locate the familiar plays upon words. There are no puns in "A Rebellious Heroine," and the love story is cleverly told. In fact, the advice given by two of the characters toward the close of the book is remarkably sound:

They thought I ought to give up writing humor and take to writing love stories.

Remembering the unhappy hours spent over Mr. Bangs' former books, and the genuine pleasure which the reading of "A Rebellious Heroine" has afforded us, we think so, too.

AN ARTIST AUTHOR.

In the general rush toward romantic literature for the stage, "A King and a Few Dukes," by Robert Chambers, is to be dramatized. While we shall probably go to see it, in book form it has had no such effect as "The Red Republic." Indeed, Mr. Chambers has never again reached the level to which he took us in "The King in Yellow." This collection of short stories showed an imagination and a faculty of expression which might have accomplished much. "A King and a Few Dukes" sounds in some ways like a pot boiler.

But Mr. Chambers does not need to write pot boilers. He only happens to be so very versatile that he cannot stay long enough at one pursuit to become really great. He is still a young man—just about thirty—and has tried everything from collecting butterflies and army uniforms to exhibiting his pictures in the Paris Salon, and writing novels which have a following. His father is a well known New York lawyer, who was one of the intimates of President Arthur, and was man of the world enough to let his son develop naturally instead of setting him conventional tasks.

Eleven years ago Mr. Chambers went to Paris to study art. He spent eight years there, and it was at this time that he unconsciously gathered the material for "The Red Republic," which is said to be one of the best pictures of the Paris commune ever written. He is not a dilettante, he is a hard worker who succeeds on every line; but we gain the impression that he might be a genius in some one direction if he would concentrate his energies there. He has a studio in New York, where he paints almost as much as he writes, and yet he has three new books, "The Maker of Moons," "Canteen Canticles"—which is a collection of ballads—and "The Mystery of Choice"—more short stories.

A SOCIETY WOMAN IN LITERATURE.

For the past few years some appreciative people have been talking about Katrina Trask's poems, but she was not known to the general public until the publication of "Under King Constantine."

Mrs. John Sherwood, who lectures upon literature, says that Mrs. Trask should be classed with Sappho and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and George Eliot. While we scarcely agree with this criticism, Mrs. Trask's three dramatic idyls, laid in that dusky time of English history immediately succeeding the destruction of the Round Table, are full of strong music and passion. Her novel, "White Satin and Homespun," which followed, is by no means so good.

Mrs. Trask is the wife of Spencer Trask, the New York banker, and her home at Saratoga, "Yaddo," is one of the show places of the United States. It is seldom that we find a society woman, who can take all the pleasures the world has to offer, sitting down to hard and serious work. It was the death of her children, who were carried off by a diptheria epidemic, that led Mrs. Trask to devote herself to literature. Before her marriage she was a Miss Nichols of Brooklyn, a beauty and a great social favorite. She entertains much at her Saratoga palace, and comes nearer to bringing together the sort of parties which are met at the semi literary English country houses than any other American hostess.

THREE BOOKS OF DRAWINGS.

Comment upon the work of illustrators may appear incongruous in a department devoted to literary chat, but the almost simultaneous appearance in book form of three notable collections of drawings seems to call for at least passing remark. Indeed, there is nothing extravagant in the statement that "Pictures of People," by Charles Dana Gibson, "In Vanity Fair," by A. B. Wenzell, and "Gutter Snipes," by Phil May, possess many of the characteristics of fiction. Long ago it was said of Mr. Gibson that when he drew a picture he told a tale; and there is a quality in his latest work which makes of "Pictures of People" a collection of short stories.

It is only necessary to lay these examples of what Mr. Gibson is able to do today side by side with his first book of drawings to see the vastness of his progress. There is nothing even in the famous "puzzle" pictures which can compare with such work as he has done in "The Old Tune" or "The Last Guest." He has suddenly stepped across the line which

Digitized by Google

divides talent from genius, and not even an uneducated eye can fail to recognize the touch of a master hand.

But it is not merely his draftsmanship, able as that is, which has made Mr. Gibson the most famous of living American illustrators. He knows human nature, and the weaknesses of New York society are his lawful prey. Such pictures as "Two Blind Women" or "What Does He Want?" are whole novels in themselves, all the more powerful, perhaps, for being suggested instead of elaborately written. As has been said of Miss Lilian Bell's stories, Mr. Gibson's "situations" are too intimate for comfort.

To turn to Mr. Wenzell's work, "In Vanity Fair" is almost barbaric in the magnificence of its scenery. Mr. Wenzell is famous for his love of dazzling women, gorgeous gowns, and elaborate backgrounds. On every page there is the rustle of satin, the flash of jewels, and the gleam of white necks and daring eyes. It is a new Arabian Nights, this portrayal of regal society in her most effective posings. Like Mr. Gibson, Mr. Wenzell does a deal of powerful story telling, and his way of so doing is at once realistic and beautiful.

There has been much talk of Mr. Phil May's taking George Du Maurier's chair at the *Punch* table and filling the dead artist's place. Any such statement is a confession of crass ignorance. Mr. May will no doubt be a valuable addition to the staff of *Punch*, but there can be no possibility of his filling Du Maurier's place in will or deed. What connection can his "Gutter Snipes," for all their fidelity to life, have with women like *Mary, Duchess of Towers?*

They are extremely amusing, these little waifs of a great city whom Mr. May has so skilfully imprisoned in his book, and they are unutterably pathetic. Humor is in every line of "Gutter Snipes," but heartache is never far distant. It has taken a sympathetic and appreciative man to do this work so faithfully, and we can well believe in Mr. May's sincerity when he says: "The last of the gutter snipe drawings—and sorry I am to leave them!"

A LITTLE FALLEN IDOL.

Periodically the literary world is thrown into a frenzy of excitement and indignation by the discovery that some one has been plagiarizing from the work of some one else. Strangely enough, an accusation of this description usually results in making the plagiarist famous. A case in point is that of Yone Noguchi, a young Japanese whom San Francisco lion hunters have complimented with the title of poet. It was Joaquin Miller who discovered him, and at present he dwells at Oakland in a small log cabin near the home of the hirsute bard of the Sierras. Thence he sends to the outside world his "poems," which appear for the most part in freak periodicals, and which are themselves decidedly freakish. But Mr. Miller affirms that Noguchi is a poet, and the lion hunters have listened contentedly to his roar. Now it appears that the lion has roared once too often.

The following lines will serve at once to show his style and his plagiarisms:

> Wanton fragrances, dewy dim,
> Curl out from my drowsy soul,
> Wrapping mists about its breast.
> I dwell alone, like a one eyed star,
> In frightened, darksome willow threads.
> In a world of moan, my soul is stagnant
> Dawn—dawn; alas! dawn my soul is!
> Ah, dawn—close fringed
> Curtain of night is stealing up;
> God—demon—light—darkness—Oh!
> Desert of no more I want:
> World of silence, bodiless
> Sadness tenanted, stillness.

This of course was very beautiful, and might have been deemed very original had not the ubiquitous literary detective been present at the small congenial gathering where the "poem" was read by Yone himself. The "deadly parallel" has been applied to the work of the Japanese lion by selecting single lines from Poe's "Eulalie" and placing them in the following order:

> An opiate vapor, dewy dim,
> Wrapping the fog about its breast.
> I dwell alone in a world of moan
> And my soul is a stagnant tide,

And so forth. We are curious to know what Mr. Miller will have to say about his protégé now!

It is a melancholy thing to contemplate, but plagiarism seems to be on the increase. The boldness and audacity of the literary thief passes all bounds, and albeit he is absolutely certain to be convicted in the end for a time he flourishes. So far as Noguchi is concerned the catastrophe was prompt in coming. Few people have heard of him, and fewer still care whether or not a boy of twenty living in a cabin and indulging in rhymeless, rhythmless fantasies, is a literary thief or no. More than anything the discovery of his plagiaristic performances proves how extremely unfamiliar with familiar poems Noguchi's admirers are!

KIPLING'S STIRRING VERSE.

It is probable that fewer people care to express themselves concerning poetry than any other product of the artist. If it is old poetry that the people and the critics of a hundred or a half hundred years have regarded as "good," then they speak of it unreservedly. But the amateur critic generally feels that while the poetry may appeal to him, he may be calling down upon his head the scorn of the man-who-knows-all-things, and the ubiquitous band of scoffers. .

Rudyard Kipling is one of the comparatively few living poets who are regarded by those that sit in high places, and who sell their wares in the market place. The first edition of his new book of poems was sold before it was bound, and more than twenty five thousand copies were ordered the first day. "The Seven Seas" is full of swing, of music, of romance. It is all as fresh and clear as daylight, and as

Digitized by Google

full of poetry as an old saga. There is not much description of the sea. It is humanity afloat and ashore that catches the eye and heart of Kipling. The soldier, his ways, his language, and his thoughts, are caught as they were in "Barrack Room Ballads." One poem in particular, "Follow Me 'Ome," recalls the stir that came into one's nerves at the first of those famous poems, when Mr. Kipling signed himself "Yusef."

There was no one like him, 'Orse or Foot,
Nor any of the Guns I knew;
An' because it was so, why, o' course he went an' died,
Which is just what the best men do.

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!
An' it's finish up your swipes an' follow me!
Oh, 'ark to the big drum callin',
Follow me—follow me 'ome!

'Is mare she neighs the 'ole day long,
She paws the 'ole night through,
An' she won't take 'er feed 'cause o' waiting for 'is step,
Which is just what a beast would do.

'Is girl she goes with a bombardier
Before 'er month is through;
An' the banns are up in church, for she's got the beggar hooked,
Which is just what a girl would do.

There is more of it, culminating in the swing of—

Take 'im away! 'E's gone where the best men go.
Take 'im away! An' the gun wheels turnin' slow.
Take 'im away! There's more from the place 'e come.
Take 'im away! With the limber an' the drum.

For it's "Three rounds blank" an' follow me;
An' it's "Thirteen rank" an' follow me;
Oh, passin' the love o' women,
Follow me—follow me 'ome.

We can forgive Mr. Kipling all things, but even in this book he has not left us without occupation. Here and there he has shown evidence of bad taste. It is surely not necessary for Mr. Kipling to be a little unclean—more than a little. He is not morbid, unless a scrap of cynicism here and there points in that direction, but his speech is not always clean. We can forgive him, but we do not care to be asked to do so.

NEWS FROM MR. WHISTLER.

That delightful gentleman, Mr. James Abbott McNeill Whistler, is bringing out a new edition of his "Gentle Art of Making Enemies." It is not to be a reprint of that famous little book, but a very much enlarged edition, making practically a new book.

It is almost forgotten, in the stories of Whistler's long life in England, in the remembrance that he was the original *Joe Sibley* of Du Maurier's Bohemian days, and in our mental picture of his portrait of his mother in the Luxembourg gallery, that he is a Yankee boy, brought up in the manufacturing town of Lowell, Massachusetts, and educated at West Point. None of his class mates has come forward to tell of his doings at the military school. There are no records of any outbreaks of his originality there. Perhaps he bottled it up for later uses.

Not long ago it was supposed that he intended to live in Paris altogether, as he seemed to have created so many enemies in England that life might show moments of stupidity over there; but he has gone back to London again. A writer who knows him very well describes him as a most remarkable personage to look at as well as to listen to. His face is covered with a very network of wrinkles, but his complexion is so clear and fine that it shows the effect of exquisite grooming. His hair is dyed black, with the exception of one curl, which is left snow white and tied into a tuft with a tiny bow of black ribbon. He wears a long frock coat, of the sort affected by those little wooden gentlemen of Noah's ark, and a French hat with a straight brim. In his hand he carries a long, thin wand. As may be imagined, he generally has an escort of admiring and inquisitive small boys when he takes his walks abroad.

But Whistler is a wit and an artist, both of the first magnitude. He cannot pay his bills. Some wag scribbled when he made "a petition for liquidation by arrangement" of his many debts:

Of various arrangements we've had an array,
Black and white, gold and silver, tawny and gray;
But of all the arrangements there yet remains one,
And that's to arrange with the troublesome dun.

Mr. Whistler has sent one of his peculiarities over to us, even though he never comes home himself. Sir Henry Irving has borrowed his laugh for stage purposes. Other properties of Whistler's have been borrowed, too. His most famous mot was his answer to a man who wished he had said one of the ever flowing witticisms which Whistler scatters like verbal diamonds:

"Never mind. You *will*."

His cynicism over praise is boundless, much as he loves it. When a lady one day said that his new picture was like a certain beautiful spot, he returned:

"Probably. Nature does seem to be looking up."

AN OLD LOVE LETTER.

Georges Sand appears to have been a woman with a genius for loving—or at least with a genius for recording her love. Sometimes Mme. Dudevant succeeds so well in portraying the elusive passion that we doubt her. It seems possible that she looked upon herself as a literary lover, and acted her part with the words of her own mind, just as Sarah Bernhardt acts a part with the words of another.

An old love letter of hers has just come to light, of which her enthusiastic countrymen declare that it deserves a place beside those of Abelard and Héloise. The man to whom it was written is still alive, at ninety, and his attitude

Digitized by Google

in the matter reminds us of the hero of "Rosemary." His chief memory of the woman who wrote him a letter that may become a classic is that she smoked cigarettes and made good sauces. He recalls her as "a little incident." He is an Italian named Pagello. Mme. Dudevant's daughter was very angry at the publication of the letter, but she appears to have no redress.

The theory that Georges Sand enjoyed her own intensity, and took an artistic pride in her expression of it, appears to be corroborated by the fact that she left all of her letters to De Musset, a member of a publishing house. The Pagello letter sounds—shall we say it?—like some of the early flamings of Miss Amelie Rives:

Since we were born under different skies, we have not the same thoughts nor the same language, but have we not at least the same hearts?

Do you know what I am? And are you trembling because you do not know me? Am I in your eyes something unknown which fills you with longing and possesses your thoughts? Do you know what the soul's desire is—that desire which time cannot satiate and which no caresses can weary or lull to sleep?

There is a good deal more of this, and then the great woman has indorsed her copy of it on the back: "To the stupid Pagello." The inscription was apparently more truthful than flattering.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE OF TODAY.

Literature, after all, must be first and foremost an expression of a distinct phase of existence. Few people realize how much the Nihilists have done for the famous literature of modern Russia. They have flavored the books of every Russian thinker whether he was on their side or not.

Tolstoi, in his later books, follows the teachings of these people, although he would be the first to deny it. Whatever we may say of their method, we must see that what they have nearest at heart is the welfare of the Russian common people. It is through their books and their songs that they are reaching them, instead of by way of the bomb factory. When the leaven is through the whole lump then there will be no need of Nihilism. After all, Russia and every other country may be governed by her people the instant they have the unanimous desire to assert themselves and claim what is theirs.

A poet of the name of Necrasoff has done more than any other teacher to waken the sodden heart and the fatalistic spirit of the Russian peasant. His verses teach only pity for the exiled, the miserable, the suffering. His poetry is real. Through it runs the national note of gloom. It brings tears to the eyes of the hardest. Sad, pathetic music has been written to it, and it is sung from one end of Russia to the other.

Necrasoff is the poet of the unhappy, of the fearful, of the oppressed and insulted. Mothers sing his songs as they hush their children to sleep, and the outcast of the street wails them and weeps them in self pity. They make the pean of victory and the requiem when one of them suffers death.

The words are full of understanding of the Russian character. It seems possible that the Czar's vast empire is to be the new great land. Culture centers vary. Civilization moves from one focus to another. St. Petersburgh seems to have become a magnetic point of late years, where all things, from political power to art, congregate.

Verestschagin, the great Russian artist, is about to bring out a new book, called the "Autobiographies of Unimportant People," illustrated with Russian types.

THE FLIPPANT SON OF AN ARCHBISHOP.

Mr. Benson's new novel is not likely to get as much attention as it might have received before the publication of that extremely silly book "The Babe B. A.," but it is better than its predecessor. The young writer's later wit sounds as if he had imagined it bit by bit. The charm of "Dodo"—for there was a charm in that piece of audacity—lay in its spontaneity. Of the fact that it was truly characteristic of the clique of which it was written we had proof in the instantaneous way in which the characters were picked out and identified by London society.

Mr. Benson's father, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, died in October, and the stories which have been told of him give some insight into the surroundings that gave his son his rather cynical views of life, masked as they are under a flow of spirits. The archbishop resided in great state at Lambeth Palace through the London season, his household being on the scale of that of a prince. Officially, indeed, he was one, but his wife was far from ranking as a princess. While the archbishop took precedence of every noble except those of the royal blood, his wife and his children went below the wife of the last grocer who had been made into a knight. Young Mr. Benson had the entrée into any society in England, but as the son of the head of the established church he saw behind the scenes in many cases. His father had the grace of his religious life to make him charitable, but to the son it came with all the effect of sharp contrasts upon impressionable youth.

When Queen Victoria suggested that the archbishop should deliver a series of sermons against Sunday entertainments—a shaft evidently aimed at the Prince of Wales—his embarrassment was acute. Great was the son's delight at the priestly predicament. It only added to the humor of the situation when the prince gracefully came in to say that he understood the matter perfectly, and bore no grudge against the prelate; and that no one would pay attention to the sermons, any way.

The comedy of life presented itself to young Mr. Benson, and he wrote down some of it in "Dodo." It remains to be seen whether he can fulfil the promise he then gave of becoming one of our finished writers of society comedy.

Digitized by Google

LATEST FADS

A POSSIBILITY.

"Know'st thou the land where a giant girl,
With a vacant face and solid hair,
With garments of many a serpentine twirl,
Stands on the amber air?"

During the last two years we have had a long and exhaustive experience of the young person so plaintively inquired after in these lines, recently published in our "Etchings." Wonderfully and fearfully made, she has flared at us from bulletin boards until our eyes have ached. But we have been patient, knowing that she must pass. Is this the reward of patience? A daily paper is responsible for the prophecy that the present season will see the advent of poster fashions in dress, and that the poster girl herself will no longer be restricted to hoardings but, a living, breathing reality, will disport her marvelous habiliments upon our thoroughfares. This is very painful.

One has only to conjure up a mental picture of the willowy creature to realize how startling this fad in clothes may be. We protest!

Fashion is and always has been a most unreasonable old tyrant. She has no belief in half way measures. She inclines always to extremes. This experience has taught us, and we are willing to concede something to her eccentricities. But poster hats and gowns? Never.

It would be the story of "Frankenstein" all over again, with modern improvements and up to date features. These artists who in the seclusion of their studios have evolved the poster maidens, "sans teeth, sans eyes"—and above all "sans taste"—what will they say when, in the presence of their own wives and daughters, those same poster maidens step down from their frames, and live and move and have their being in the narrow confines of a city street? Consider their skirts, how they flow sinuously backward, mile upon mile! Observe their raven locks, such as never were before on head or barber's block!

We look with interest for the appearance of the poster girl upon our streets, and when we see her we shall flee swiftly.

THE VERY LATEST.

Now and again society seems to be seized with an irresistible impulse to make itself ridiculous, and it proceeds to do so with a sublime indifference to what the rest of the world may say. Then it is that the cynic and the scoffer arise and point the finger of scorn, and adduce new and cogent reasons for condemning the devotee of fashion to the company of the fools and blind. That is the cynic's view point. As for the rest of us, who are gentle and charitable, and who respect the vagaries of society, we shall no doubt be able to find much to commend in anything the four hundred may see fit to do. And the very latest is the animal race.

Figurez vous, mes amis, a half dozen of New York's *jeunesse dorée*, and as many elaborately gowned débutantes, upon a graveled walk at some swagger country house, conducting—or being conducted by—a variety of domestic birds and animals, and each engaged in a frantic effort to cross a fixed line before the other contestants. Imagine the graceful progress of these favored children of fortune attached by silken ribbons to pigs and peacocks, to rats and rabbits, to dogs and ducks, and then say, if you dare, that society is frivolous of mind!

We all know that at a house party it is imperative that the guests be amused every moment of the time, and when golf palls and we are weary of wheeling and not sufficiently energetic to skate, the joy of the animal race becomes apparent. The hostess gathers together whatever is available of flesh and fowl, and each bird or beast is decked with a different colored ribbon. Favors to match these ribbons are duly assigned to her guests, and then the whole party adjourns to the lawn. Selecting their allotted animals, the contestants start at the word for the goal. Any one who has endeavored to coax a young pig in a direction in which he does not see fit to go, or who has tried his powers of persuasion upon an obstinate peacock, will appreciate the possibilities of such a contest. Dignity is conspicuous by its absence, and uproar reigns supreme. The fortunate man or girl who secures a dog will in all probability win first prize, and the second will as probably be carried off by the white rabbit. Three hours later the peacock is steered triumphantly across the line, and some time during the ensuing week the parrot is likewise persuaded. As for the pig, one has yet to be discovered who has consented to proceed in any direction except away from the goal. Altogether, the animal race as enthusiastically practised nowadays by society is an edifying performance.

POUR PASSER LE TEMPS.

The dainty domestic maiden is not as *passée* as many would have us believe, for the needle promises to become a formidable rival to the golf club, and the glitter of the good, old fashioned shears of our grandmothers to be as attractive as the glow of the bicycle lamp.

Dressmaking! Yes, indeed, and not confined to the little sisters of the poor either, for Croesus' daughters have thrown themselves into the breach, not from a charitable inclination, but with the sense of exhilaration that novelty always brings. It is undoubtedly the latter cause that has commended this supposedly forgotten art in the eyes of the girls who

Digitized by Google

have spent their lives amidst luxurious surroundings, and have probably never until now handled either thimble or shears. Today, however, the charming creatures have learned to know all about

Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,

or think they have, which after all is much the same thing, and in many instances better. "Gores," "bones," and "bindings," are discussed with an interest hitherto vented upon the Horse Show, and with about the same degree of exact information. If the competent dressmakers who are employed to give lessons should happen to have socialistic tendencies, they will no doubt rejoice in secret over the ignorance and blunders of capital.

Beautiful results are proudly displayed by some of the fair damsels who have taken to the art of the needle. Unfortunately, its products are open to the same suspicion as that which haunts the society water color. Ninety nine per cent of the work which some ingenuous maiden claims as "honestly and truly" her own may have been done by her teacher.

It is an ill wind—and for once in the annals of faddism, the dressmaking revival may prove to be a boon to the poor, many of whom may shortly be seen clothed with "Fifth Avenue made" garments, and still, it is to be hoped, in their right mind, in spite of the fact that the things that come to them as votive offerings are mysterious in cut and fearfully and wonderfully made. It is scarcely probable that the experience which brings success will perfect the amateur sempstress' art. The fad is too sensible to last very long.

"DRESSING UP."

Li Hung Chang left something behind him besides the big diamond in his cap which he gave to Mr. Edison's agent. He gave society a new excuse for playing at doing something.

The amusements of the human animal make an interesting chapter in the natural history of mankind. Such of them as inhabit the closely ranked brown stone huts in a certain part of the collection of huts known as New York, are a restless lot. They are eternally looking for some new game to play, like a nursery full of spoiled children. Their latest freak was led by an ingenious specimen who conceived the idea of "dressing up," and playing "come to see" a Chinese mandarin. With the imitation qualities which came down from our hairy ancestors, the rest of the nursery began playing the same delightful game. Its inventor dressed himself up in Chinese clothes, and sent out invitations to a "Chinese party," explicitly stating that people who came in anything but "dress up Chinese" might just go away again.

At the doors they were met with a sedan chair and carried into the presence of the play mandarin, who graciously allowed dignified gentlemen, whose names are well known in the country, to kneel on the ground before him. Then each guest received a stick with a lantern on the end of it, and was allowed to parade through the rooms. At dinner, all the delightful Chinese dishes were served—sharks' fins, birds' nest soup, and chop suey. Then the company went home, sick with envy, to try and find some new and curious fashion of dressing up themselves and their guests. Probably the next thing will be a "Fadden party," where everybody will pretend to come from Cherry Hill, and the peculiar refreshments known to that district will be passed around in "growlers."

It seems rather trite, perhaps, but the proverb concerning men and children of larger growth appears particularly appropriate at the moment.

ON BOTH FEET.

We used to think that we could tell what kind of people we were by studying our heads. For years our fathers and mothers solemnly measured themselves and their offspring from crown to ear, and from eye to eye. "Bumpology" passed into serious literature, and we have heroes and heroines solemnly described today as showing various qualities by the properly adjusted proportions of their heads. "Wide between the eyes," "great length from chin to ear," are hackneyed descriptions that need no interpretation. Physiognomy was the close friend of physiology, and we all know what a "financial nose" is.

After that came palmistry, and the curve of a thumb, the cross on a "mount," the length or division of a line, was, and in rural communities still is, fraught with momentous consequences. But in the great centers of civilization we have changed all that. The new apostles of egoism took their cue from the Italian gentleman who discovered a tendency to web feet in certain varieties of idiots and criminals.

The tendency of the present day is to extremes, and to variations upon original themes. About the time the web footed atavistic human being appeared, we had a heroine of many virtues and some faults, whose chief charm lay in her beautiful feet. It was enough. Nowadays the society woman who would know herself goes to a lady who is learned in the ways of the feet, and, taking off her shoes and stockings, learns what sort of a person she is by the bend of her toes and the lines about her ankles. If you have a second toe longer than your great one, you are going to rule your husband. But then your grandmother knew that; at least she did if she lived below Mason and Dixon's line and had a colored "mammy." If your toes are long and slender, you are artistic. We presume that this was discovered through the fact that the dime museum artists who write cards and draw silhouettes with their toes always have long ones. If you have "prehensile toes," your fate is too bitter for words.

If this sort of thing continues, suitors will presently be inviting their loved ones to walk in the grass *à la* Kneipp. And to think that

Digitized by Google

only the other day the mention of a toe would have sent blushes over the face of a properly brought up girl!

THE LATTER DAY FLAGELLANT.

An old couplet says:

A woman, a spaniel, a walnut tree,
The more you beat 'em the better they be.

Beating has rather gone out of fashion as a corrective measure in families, but evidently women needed it, for she who can do what she pleases has taken it up on her own account and hires a professional beater to apply the lash to her. She has come to realize that stagnation must be cured in some way.

Nature is a very cunning old lady. She put men and women to work at digging their living out of the soil, so that they might keep strong and give her a virile race. When the clever ones began to trick her with machines and hired labor, she sent them flabby muscles and sallow skins. Now it has come to be a game of plot and counterplot between women and nature. As for the men, the women keep most of them so busy money hunting that they have no time to lose themselves in idleness. But it is estimated that there are in New York alone some fifty thousand women the chief effort of whose lives is to keep themselves in the condition which would normally be theirs were they to take up the duties common to every housewife fifty years ago.

It is found that the jaded, lifeless muscles that have lost their spring, are stimulated by beating. We have the spectacle of highly civilized ladies employing a professional beater, who brings two rattan sticks with balls on the ends, and thumps them energetically. It hurts, it tires, but the patient submits. The beautiful energy which might go into a thousand channels of usefulness is left uncultivated. The body which some of us believe was created to be the temple of an immortal soul, to carry out its high behests, is pounded and beaten by a servant, in order that its cheeks may be rosy.

SELF CONTEMPLATION.

The chatelaine mirror is becoming as indispensable a part of the toilet of a young woman as the heart locket or the little bonbonnière was a few years ago. The girl of today has discovered that it is not a box of sweets that she most needs, or the sight of the face of some absent friend, but the sweetest and dearest sight in the whole world to her—her own color flushed countenance to look at and admire when she will.

Kind owners of shops and ferry boats, railway cars and hotels, have put up mirrors everywhere for the use of the feminine half of the world, but our women find that they must often look into them with dim or dingy background and surroundings, so they have taken to a mirror of their own. The new toys, which often have jeweled chains attached, are made of plate glass three inches long by two wide, and are framed and backed in gold, with a rim and monogram of jewels. The owner cannot but look attractive with this frame of costly gems surrounding her mirrored reflection.

The girl of today is nothing if not frank, and she calmly announces to the world that her own image is the most precious possession she can own, and the one she most wishes to decorate. She swings the little mirror from her belt, and goes her serene way.

After all, why is it a ludicrous fad? They used to say that the French were polite because they were constantly contemplating themselves in the mirrors which hung all about their walls. They saw the effect of any awkwardness. It is the duty of a young girl to be pleasing. Nature wants her to be a delightful object. She can have no such ally as the little mirror. For one thing, it is a reflex of her own moods, and "gives back smile for smile and frown for frown." As long as people are pretty to look at they are certainly agreeable in manner and expression, and no young girl is going to be ugly if she can help it. We recommend the chatelaine mirror as a most desirable gift.

"SINKINS."

We have grown tired of tennis long ago. There are people whose devotion to golf is entirely a matter of costume. There is at least one golf club at a famous summer resort which has no links at all. It maintains a club house, however, which is one of the prettiest buildings in the place.

But "sinkins" can be played almost anywhere by anybody, wherein it resembles that other triumph of inventive genius, "tiddlywinks." It originated in a British regiment in India, and made its way from England over here, where it has been taken up with joy by the idle. Its name is said to be an East Indian vernacular word for champagne, and to have been given to it by the syce of the noble inventor. Its thirst breeding qualities bear out its reputation. It is played with a pole, a string, a ball, and two tennis rackets, to say nothing of two people. The pole is of iron or wood, eighteen feet high. The string is tied to the top of it, and the ball hung in a netting at the end of the string.

The trick consists in knocking your ball with the racket so that it winds around the post. It is your opponent's effort to wind it in the opposite direction. For people of a contrary turn of mind it is delightful. They say, however, that it is highly commended by the mammas of young people who show a fancy for detrimentals. After half a dozen games of knocking a ball in opposite directions and working at cross purposes, two young people are parted who have resisted every appeal to family pride.

"Sinkins" is a game of excitement and skill, and fully deserves its popularity. It promises to be in vogue at the Southern winter resorts and on the snow covered lawns of our Northern country places.

Digitized by Google

ETCHINGS

CASUALLY SPEAKING.

AGE rarely brings us wisdom; it simply teaches us what sort of folly we like best.

There are people who will sit down and try to change the direction of the wind by argument; and the chances are that they stick to it till it changes.

Some folks are in a dreadful state of mind lest the Creator be unable to run the universe successfully; and they call their uneasiness moral responsibility.

Married life without love, and a steam boiler without a safety valve—some one is going to get blown up.

A man's first love and his first trousers; ah me! Most of us live to outgrow them, but nothing ever holds quite their place in the heart.

Lie to yourself and then believe it? That's nothing new; we can all do that. But is it art? Well, no. It is what was before art and will be after art; it is nature.

Winthrop Packard.

RONDEAU.

SHE answered yes; and need I hide
The fate this little word implied?
This potent word, that for a year
My heart had craved in silence drear
And all my dreams had glorified?

Though life may fade, no changing tide
Shall dim the day when by my side,
And with her lips so near, so near,
She answered yes.

Oh, sweet the bliss when in love's pride
I took her hand ere 'twas denied!
She drew it back, abashed, austere;
And then, in sudden jealous fear,
"Is it for some one else?" I cried.
She answered, "Yes."

Clifford Howard.

AT TWILIGHT.

I'VE been listening all the day to the rain beat on the clover,
I've heard all day the wind, as it set the leaves astir,
And a sparrow feebly piping, ere yet the rain was over,
And a fragrance from the meadow came sweeter far than myrrh;
But the rain, the wind, the clover had one song, one cadence only,
And it found my heart and filled it with a pain I never knew
Till I sat here in the darkness, growing still and sad and lonely,
Till my heart began to clamor, crying hopelessly to you!
I am longing for you, sweetheart, for the voice that makes my heaven,
I am yearning for the touch of that hand I love so well,
And my heart would bridge the distance and would bid each bond be riven;
How it hungers for your presence there's no tongue can ever tell!
Ever longing, till no other in my sight finds aught of favor,
Ever yearning in the gloom, till the stars glide into view,
And aweary with a love that cannot fail and cannot waver—
'Tis a woman's way of wanting—longing—aye, of loving you!

Margaret E. O'Brien.

"ALL IS NOT GOLD"

A DEWDROP glittered in the morning sun,
One of a countless, diamond lustered band;
The baby clutched it, laughing as 'twas won,
But cried to see his wet and empty hand.

Charming she was, beneath the ball room's dome;
A brave youth loved her—loved her to his hurt;
When he had won her, in the light of home
He found a shallow woman and a flirt.

Emma C. Dowd.

IN MY STUDY.

Do you remember, dear, the day
When, through a madcap whirl of snow,
You came as comes the joy of May,
And stood before my driftwood's glow?
Since that gold hour, long months ago,
Love's wizard fingers
Have worked a wonder in this room,
And in the air from dawn till gloom
A magic lingers.

One little hour you stayed, and yet
'Twas long enough to weave a spell
That I can never quite forget,
That I can never wholly tell.
You left behind you, here to dwell,
A secret glory,
And all you touched—the low divan,
That Dresden cup, this Persian fan,
Have now a story.

The kettle sings a thousand times
Of you; a scent of violet
Clings to this book of Dobson's rhymes,
From which you read "Good Night, Babette";
And echoes of your canzonet
Are ever ringing,
Sweetly and sadly, far within
The heart of this old mandolin,
That knew your singing.

Digitized by Google

It is so long since you were here,
And yet it seems a little while!
Dreaming, I half believe you near,
And, turning, seek to see your smile;
So hard it is to reconcile
The dread that never
Shall you return, with this low stir
Of silent things, that sigh "Of her
Sing we forever!"

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

PRIMERA VISTA.

FAIR Nellita, señorita,
Like a child ablossom stands,
Slender as a wind blown lily,
And with lilies in her hands.
Breath of May and bloom of summer
Long have tarried here, I ween!
Ne'er was formed a fairer maiden—
Sweet Nellita's seventeen.

Fair Nellita, señorita!
Whence the witchery that lies
In the red lips' tender curving
And the wondering gentian eyes?
Saxon she of Saxon beauty,
And the vivid charms of Spain
Fade before the dainty vision—
Flaunt their brilliancy in vain.

Fine as leaves of April flowers,
Snowy as is mountain mist,
Float her gauzy robes around her,
Covering slipper, shoulder, wrist.
Shining bands of snowy satin
Bind the snowy satin throat.
Blossom-like is all her motion,
Half at rest and half afloat.

Ah, Nellita, señorita,
Be thou near or far from me,
Still comes gliding through my dreaming
All the maiden charm of thee!
Hid away amid the laces,
On that small left hand of thine,
Shyly gleams a single jewel;
Would, Nellita, it were mine!

Mildred McNeal.

TO MY CYCLOMETER.

WHEN I my wheel did first bestride
'Mid theories' wild jumbles,
You ticked the miles I didn't ride;
Say, did you count the tumbles?

No. Shuddering not at my wild work,
Through all that course erratic,
You calmly sat by the front fork
Intent and mathematic.

You did not note that first glad thrill
When, by the thought directed,
The wheel, obedient to the will,
Went just the way expected;

Nor did you feel your soul expire
When, to the laugh of ladies,
I wildly plunged across the tire
To mud as deep as Hades.

Not so. As by the meads I glide
And flirt with Kate the whiles,
In calm indifference you bide
And tabulate the miles;

Nor do you thrill with rapture new,
You moon faced indicator,
Though where you sit you slyly view
All of my sweetheart's gaiter.

Go to! Your actions cause me pain;
When we would fain deny it
You marked the miles I rode with Jane,
Then stood where Kate would spy it.

There! Now I'm glad; although a fall
Few people would find grace in.
I do not mind the bumps at all;
At least I've poked your face in.

Winthrop Packard.

SYLVIA IN THE SNOW STORM.

WATCHING the snowflakes whisked and whirled
In ceaseless to and fro,
About the boundaries of the world
She lets her white thoughts go.

And one of those white thoughts of hers
To me comes drifting down
As I sit brooding 'mong the firs
Above this gray old town.

Into my heart that waif of grace
Sinks, nestling like a dove;
Ah, what are all the bounds of space
If thought be winged by love!

Clinton Scollard.

LOST.

A TRAVELER in foreign lands,
A sojourner at home,
I never failed to find my way
Where'er I cared to roam,
Until one day (or dark or fair,
I'd tell you, could I know
If I shall ever tread the path
That leads—where I would go).

Of no avail is Baedeker,
Geography, or guide;
But there is one I'd wish to have
Enlisted on my side;
Oh, friend of lovers in despair,
Sweet Cupid, aim your dart
And show me what I fain would know,
The way—to Molly's heart.

Nellie Clare Carroll.

A DIFFERENCE.

WHAT ho! Look out there! Clear the road!
With tinkling bells, steeds neighing,
(They never drew a happier load)
Dan Cupid's with us sleighing.

On guard, my sweet! I saw a blush
Your secret thoughts betraying.
But let them know. Who cares a rush?
Yes, Cupid's with us slaying.

Tom Hall.

Digitized by Google

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

A PROBLEM FOR CONGRESS.

A CURIOUS problem confronts Congress and some of the Southern States.

The federal constitution explicitly declares that when in any State the franchise is restricted, "except for participation in rebellion or other crime," the State's vote for the Presidency and its representation in the national legislature shall be reduced in proportion to the number of adult male citizens debarred from voting. Now the two commonwealths of South Carolina and Mississippi, in their struggle to prevent the domination of the negroes, who form the majority of their population, have established an educational suffrage test. As a result, more than half of their citizens are disfranchised on the ground of illiteracy—which, deplorable as it is, is neither rebellion nor crime. According to the figures reported, South Carolina is entitled, in proportion to the vote she casts, to only three Representatives instead of seven, and to five electoral votes instead of nine; Mississippi to but two Representatives and four electoral votes instead of seven and nine.

What is the duty of Congress in the matter? The question is an awkward one. The provision of the constitution is plain and mandatory, and it would certainly be a misfortune if the nation's respect for that historic document should be challenged by an open disregard of its requirements. But who will arise to cast the first stone?

THE MAHOMETAN VIEW OF CHRIST.

A WRITER who has spent much time in Turkey gives the Mussulman's idea of the teachings of Christ, and of our attitude toward them. Although a religious war is supposed to be continually smoldering in Armenia, where the Turks are fanatically fighting Christians, he says that the Mahometans revere Christ as a great prophet, under the name of Issa ben Mirjam—"Issa the son of Mary." The Moslems say that the occidentals do not understand Christ, and do not worship him; and that the so called Christians evidently have a false prophet, whose teachings must have superseded those of the true Issa. We have never heard of this false prophet in our enlightened land. We call ourselves Christians, and it can of course be only a matter of curiosity for us to investigate the reason for this odd idea in the minds of the benighted heathens of the East.

The simple minded Mussulman says, for example: "Issa ben Mirjam tells them: 'But I say unto you, resist not evil; if any one smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.' But did you ever see a Christian do so? A Greek, or a Catholic Armenian? Or an English missionary? Or any European consul or ambassador? No! Not within the memory of man. This must be because they do not obey Issa ben Mirjam, but the other, the false prophet, whose teaching is: 'Avenge every insult. Wash out every offense with blood. Your honor and your profit demand it. Require tenfold compensation for every insult. If it be not instantly granted, send your warships and shatter and destroy.'

"Again, Issa ben Mirjam says: 'Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you.' But the other, the false prophet says: 'To forgive is weakness; you must avenge and punish. Whoever forgives, makes himself contemptible, dishonorable, and ridiculous.'"

How grotesquely mistaken these poor Turks are! We know nothing of any false prophets. We have only One. We go to church every Sunday, at least many of us do, and listen to exhortations upon—well, not always upon the Sermon on the Mount, or other exemplars of Christian precept and practice. As often as otherwise, in these days, it is upon some topic of the day—the election, divorce statistics, or the last new novel. Perhaps one reason for the Mahometan's idea that we do not follow the teachings of Christ may be because the last generation has heard so little of them.

A NEW DISPOSITION.

A MEMBER of the French Academy is said to have invented a little machine by which he claims that dispositions can be interchanged. He puts a horseshoe magnet about the head of a man of morbid mind, and the steel seems to absorb the temperament of the diseased brain. Placed on the head of another man, the charged magnet will give the new wearer the feelings of the first. A healthy state of mind can be transferred as well.

In this day, when we hear of the blind being made to see through their closed eyelids by the magic hand of science, nothing seems impossible. But if the report of the Frenchman's invention is true, think of the field that it opens up! Criminals can no longer deny their guilt. If they are taken before they have had time to reach a disposition shop and absorb the thoughts of a philanthropist for purposes of deception, the telltale magnet can be slipped over their heads and held there until it is so full of wickedness that a normal man can detect and analyze it when the machine is put upon his own head. When a man of business comes in to make a bargain with another, the listener will calmly take a magnet from a shelf, and say, "You have no objection to my proving your good will toward me, I suppose," and promptly satisfy himself that he is not to be cheated. And then there will be an everlasting end to that old question, "Do you love me?" Ten minutes' inter-

Digitized by Google

change of magnets will satisfy the most jealous heart.

But what a field for intrigue and romance, changed magnets and misunderstandings! The novelist will have a new situation at last.

SAXONS AND CELTS.

SOME inquisitive antiquarian has discovered that Shakspere was of Welsh descent, and thereby added another to the list of famous Englishmen who were not English. It is a remarkable fact that the vaunted Anglo Saxon race owes so many of its glories to men who were wholly, or in part, of Celtic origin. Literary genius seems to have been the special heritage of Celtic blood. There are few British names that can be placed with those of Goldsmith, Moore, and Sheridan—all Irish—and the Scotchmen Burns, Scott and Stevenson. Byron, too, was of Celtic origin. Burke, most famous of England's orators, was an Irishman; so were Balfe and Sullivan, her best known musicians. Swift, Sterne, and Steele must not be forgotten. The queen's two foremost soldiers, Lords Wolseley and Roberts, hail from the Emerald Isle; so did the great Duke of Wellington. And now Shakspere, to whom those of pure Saxon blood have long pointed with pride, is found to have sprung from the older and conquered people.

It seems to be time for the so called Anglo Saxon race to rechristen itself with the name suggested by Dr. Conan Doyle, "Anglo Celtic." This latter would be more historically correct, and would imply a fair acknowledgment of the element that has contributed so brilliantly to the record of the English speaking communities.

A WORD ON THE OTHER SIDE.

THE old allegory which calls attention to the fact that five drops of ink will cloud a pint of clear water acquires a new significance when applied to the journalistic methods of the day. The utter unscrupulousness of certain publications has caused countless discussions of the evil influence exerted by the daily press. In contemplating the vices of the few, we are gradually becoming blind to the virtues of the many. It is time for a protesting voice to be raised against the wholesale condemnation of our newspapers. We have no wish to gloss over the moral turpitude of much that is done by the sensational journalists. We are keenly alive to the danger of giving free and freer rein to such methods; but it is not well to overlook the enormous power for good which may be, and constantly is, exerted by our daily press. To a very large class of our people the newspaper and the magazine stand in place of a complete education, and there is no denying that each of them is able to accomplish wonders.

It cannot be proved by mere force of assertion that the articles most widely read are those by which we are apt to judge a journal—the trivial personalities, the highly spiced stories of vice and crime. Such is not the case. For the average reader what have been called the "unmentionable articles" have little interest—he does not even notice more than the headings.

We have heard so much of the evil influence of the daily press that it is difficult to believe in the good. But the fact remains that through the length and breadth of the land there are hundreds of newspapers which are fighting a good fight for the communities to which they belong. Fairness demands that while we are reproaching journalists who are unworthy of the name, we should render due honor to those to whom their calling is sacred. While we are considering the ink, do not let us forget the much larger quantity of water.

TO BE PESSIMISTIC.

IN these halcyon days when peace is over the larger part of the earth, when the sweat of the laborer's brow flows only eight hours a day, and there are almost as many lilies in the field as there are stalks of wheat, humanity must find some way of enjoying misery. When a wild beast ceases to be a terror, we make a pet of it; and the same instinct seems to hold good with mental fears. We are happy as a whole, therefore let us play at being miserable. The cheap cynicism that turns all things into ridicule, that sees only the spots on the sun, is becoming more and more fashionable.

We find this tendency exemplified in those little volumes of torture which the ever boringly energetic hostess has a fashion of thrusting upon her long suffering guests. These books, which some quite famous people have used, contain a set of questions, of a more or less intimate character. Casual visitors can pick them up and learn that Miss Smith's favorite author is Marie Corelli, and that her favorite occupation is going to matinées, or that the quality in woman which Professor Brander Matthews most admires is a sense of humor (although it would puzzle one to discover why he wishes to debar womankind from reading his books). An ingenious pessimist of an inventive turn cut out the hackneyed questions, put down a few of his own, and reveled in his answers:

What is creation? A failure.
What is life? A bore.
What is man? A fraud.
What is woman? Both a fraud and a bore.
What is beauty? A deception.
What is love? A disease.
What is marriage? A mistake.
What is a wife? A trial.
What is a child? A nuisance.
What is good? Hypocrisy.
What is evil? Detection.
What is wisdom? Selfishness.
What is happiness? A delusion.
What is friendship? Humbug.
What is generosity? Imbecility.
What is money? Everything.

We have here a characteristic epitome of a creed that seems to find an increasing number of believers—or at least of professors, for such cynicism is often very superficial.

Digitized by Google

"On the Balcony"

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Cie. (Braun, Clement & Cie., Successors) after the painting by Emile Adan.

Digitized by Google

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI. FEBRUARY, 1897. NO. 5.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE EXHIBITIONS AND EXHIBITORS OF THE SEASON—WITH A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS OF REPRESENTATIVE SPECIMENS OF MODERN ART.

CLUB EXHIBITIONS.

Those who lament New York's alleged lack of interest in good art, and her general deficiency of public spirit, should consider the work done in the artistic cause by some of the metropolitan clubs—not artists' clubs, either, but bodies commonly supposed to exist primarily for purposes of social convenience and material comfort. At the cost of no little effort, and often at a considerable expenditure, exhibitions are constantly given at the club houses, and many of them are among the most interesting and instructive of the season. The Manhattan holds the "record" for the finest display yet organized, the Union League for the num-

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"Slumber."

From the painting by Mlle. Chardenon.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"Preparing for the Carnival."

From the painting by Pierre Tousseint.

ber of times it has opened its rooms to the public, or at least to those duly accredited. The Lotos, the Alpha Delta Phi, and others, have followed the good example.

During the present season, club exhibitions have been fewer than usual. It is to be hoped that this does not mean that they are to cease altogether.

CURRENT NOTES OF THE ART WORLD.

The critics agreed that the winter exhibition at the National Academy of Design showed a distressingly large proportion of mediocre work. Various explanations are offered, but the root of the matter seems to lie in the simple fact that not enough good pictures were sent in. We do not see any reason, however, for the suggestion that has been advanced—that the Academy should abandon its winter display and concentrate its strength upon the more important exhibition held in the spring.

Digitized by Google

"The Wind That Blows the Fishers Home."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clement & Co., Successors) after the painting by G. Haquette.

Digitized by Google

"Switzerland Aiding the Refugees of Beleaguered Strassburg (1870)."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co., (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the statue by Bartholdi.

One cause, no doubt, of the difficulty of gathering the best American art of the year at the New York gallery is the increasing competition of other cities. Here, for instance, is the Carnegie institution, at Pittsburgh, attracting to its first exhibition some of the best painters of this country and even of Europe, as will be seen from the list of prize winners. The $8,000 offered for the two best American pictures goes to Winslow Homer and Gari Melchers; the open medals to John Levery, of Glasgow, Raffaelli, of Paris, and Miss Cecilia Beaux.

The latest French portrait painter to invade the financially fertile fields of America is Paul Bertault, who is young, clever, and versatile, and was one of the late M. Cabanel's best pupils. He first exhibited at the Salon eight years ago. At present he is established in a New York studio, where he intends to remain till spring. He expects to show some of his work at one or other of the local exhibitions.

Another recent artistic visitor from abroad is Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, the husband of Miss Amelie Rives of "Quick or Dead" fame. The prince's career illustrates the cosmopolitanism of art. The son of a Russian nobleman and an American lady, he was born in Italy, studied in Paris and

Digitized by Google

"A Model."

From the painting by Jeanne Heumsys.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"The Temptation of Eve"

From the painting by Edward Bisson.

Munich, and now, with his American wife, he makes his home in London. He has won a considerable success as a portrait painter. Gladstone, Lord Dufferin, Lady Eden, and many other prominent men and women in London have been among his sitters. His brother, Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, is a sculptor in Milan.

Digitized by Google

"The Water Sprites."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Cie., Successors) after the painting by M. Rieder.

Digitized by Google

Emma Eames Story

TWO ARTISTS.

A YOUNG AMERICAN COUPLE WHO HAVE REACHED THE HIGHEST RANK IN TWO BRANCHES OF ART—THE PERSONALITY OF JULIAN STORY, THE PAINTER, AND EMMA EAMES STORY, THE FAMOUS PRIMA DONNA, AND A GLIMPSE OF THEIR LIFE IN PARIS AND NEW YORK.

EMMA EAMES STORY, the great prima donna, perhaps the most beautiful woman on the stage, the wife of a celebrated painter, is a figure for all time, one of the women whom this decade will put in fame's gallery, and whom coming generations will be called upon to admire without any reservations, either as woman or artist.

But she is more than this in America. She is the American girl, the brilliant and successful young singer who represents what so many Americans have dreamed of for their own daughters. What she has done, what she can do, seems possible for another, and ambitious mothers have watched her as anxiously as though she in some measure belonged to them. It was this interest which made her marriage something of a national event, and at first it was not received exactly with equanimity. Although her husband was an American of a New England stock as old as her own, he had not then become famous, and was known, at least to his own countrymen, only as the son of William Wetmore Story,

Digitized by Google

the sculptor and poet. That Emma Eames should marry at all was rather resented. In America there were precedents for a married woman "giving up" her career. If she must marry, her choice might at least have fallen upon a prince. But only a few years have sufficed to show that the ability which has carried the young New England girl through the hardships of training a great voice, and the difficulties of bringing it properly before the public amid the musical intrigues of Paris, was equally potent in attracting and in choosing her own husband.

Probably no woman whose life has come prominently before the public has made a more ideal marriage. Both Julian Story and his wife are Americans, with the artistic temperament which has been tempered and strengthened by traits inherited from Puritan ancestry, and each has the strong individuality and the personal magnetism to draw the best of the world to them. Both are young, celebrated, and full of enthusiasm for themselves and for each other. They have built a beautiful home on the Place des Etats Unis in Paris. They showed their Americanism in choosing just this spot. It was named when Governor Morton was minister to France, and a statue of Washington adorns it. The site is that of Mr. Story's old studio.

Julian Story.

New Englanders believe that a drop of the blood will always assert itself, and the life of Julian Story would appear to corroborate the theory. His boyhood was passed in that wonderful city which his father has so delicately pictured in "Roba di Roma." Rome was still the papal capital, keeping all of its picturesque old ways. The "occupation" had not come to put new wine in the old bottles. The studio of William Wetmore Story was a sort of Mecca for the clever and interesting people who came down into Italy. Young artists with the French Prix de Rome came to the Story palace, and the two sons, Julian and Waldo, made the close acquaintance of the men

Digitized by Google

Mme. Eames as "Marguerite" in "Faust."
From a photograph by Ellis, London.

The Storys have put into their home a distinctly American atmosphere, and only one who has lived in Paris, and has seen the stiffness of the best French salons, can appreciate the difference. The staircase is in a pure colonial style. The mantels and bath tubs came from Chicago. The whole house is fitted with rare and beautiful things collected by two people whose minds are educated to appreciate. Here is a magnificent carved door from Vienna, and there a Persian carpet which the expert of the Hôtel Drouot says cannot be excelled in Europe. This is one of Mr. Story's treasures, for he picked it up, dirty and ragged, for four hundred francs. It is worth twenty five thousand.

The house is next door to a convent, and only a wall divides the garden from the quiet grounds where the nuns walk.

America will keep the Storys for the greater part of the next three years, and although they have left their home behind they have brought with them the individu-

Emma Eames at Eighteen.
From a photograph by Hastings, Boston.

Digitized by Google

alities that can create a new one. The great singer is like every other brilliant American woman. She makes a background of her husband. Mr. Story reminds one of the hero of a first rate modern novel. He has a strong, good looking face, and is a well bred, well dressed man of the great world, who appreciates the privilege of being a part of the artistic life of the nineteenth century.

Everybody knows his wife is beautiful, but no one can realize how beautiful until one sits beside her, until she begins to talk. Her skin is of the delicate texture of a child. She has her mother's blue eyes and brown hair; but it is her enthusiasm, her fire, that gives her her greatest charm. Some people have said that Emma Eames is cold. They were those who saw her in the repression of her immature days—only a little while ago, if we reckon by dates. When she was a young girl in Paris, a celebrated French artist, who has died since then, said: "How happy I shall be when you have found yourself, Emma Eames!" He should see her now.

She is full of the spirit of her new Wagnerian rôles, and she told the writer how she had always loved the great German operas, and how it had always been her ambition to sing them.

"When I was a child in Boston I heard them, and longed for the day when I might sing them. They appealed to me, they satisfied me. You have never said the last word in studying Wagner. There is always room for development, for fuller understanding. I was fortunate in hearing the best things first, and they formed my taste. I could not sing German opera when I first came over here, because it was out of vogue. I was enchanted when I found that M. Jean de Reszke was learning the Wagnerian music dramas, and that I was to sing them with him."

Mme. Story expresses the greatest admiration for Lili Lehmann. "There," she says, "is a great artist with a perfect method, who sings Wagner as he should be sung. They call Wagner hard on the voice. He is certainly hard on the nerves. His music is more difficult, but so are all great things. The voice can be trained to

Mr. Story's Latest Picture, a Portrait of the Prince of Wales.
Painted for William Waldorf Astor.

render his music without injury. It is good to study the Italian method, but not all of the Italian operas. I myself never even heard 'Trovatore' until a year ago."

When Mme. Story was studying Wagner last year, she sent to Bayreuth for Herr Kniese, who knew all the master's ideas, and how he had wished them expressed. This is the only sort of "teaching" she ever has nowadays. She works upon entirely original lines.

"I study no traditions of the operatic stage. What is a 'tradition' except the conception one woman had of a part? We all have limitations. She sang with hers. Why should I add hers to my own? Sometimes, when I have conceived a part and studied it, I go to a critic and ask if I have succeeded in technically producing my

Digitized by Google

Emma Eames as "Elizabeth" in "Tannhäuser."

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Digitized by Google

idea; but I have left teachers behind. Sometimes the search after your own true expression is like looking for a door in the dark, but growth, development—these are the only things in the world worth living for. When one ceases to enlarge one's horizon, then comes stagnation. When I cannot advance, I want to stop altogether." Then Mme. Story laughed as she went on. "When I begin to fancy that it is time to stop I am coming to America. An American audience will soon let me know if I am losing ground.

"I want to sing here, too, when I am at my best. Americans require us to be sincere. They are quick to detect a sham, and very ready in making their displeasure known when they cease to be pleased. They are right. Why do we sing, except to please? I do hope to have the sense to stop before I become tiresome. I want to reach the apogee of my art and—never to remind an audience that I have left that point behind."

Mme. Story is very solicitous about the great number of young girls who go to Paris to study. As she talked about them, she left her seat and walked about the room. She is so beautiful, so dramatic in every movement, yet so natural, that all at once, in imagination, the world became a stage with this vivid creature moving across it.

"Paris is full of young girls, and so few of them know what it is necessary for them to do to become singers. There are no such voices in the world as those that come out of America. It is not only I who say so, but French teachers and critics; but how many reach an opportunity of being heard in grand opera? I made my début seven years ago. Sibyl Sanderson came out at about the same time. Since then what American girl has come into the ranks of opera singers from the French teachers? They have the voices, but that is not all. To become a singer requires a combination of qualities. The student must have facility, adaptability, mental, artistic, and moral equilibrium, and a genius for *work*. A girl may have a fine voice, and may make a good appearance, but it is absolutely impossible for a vacillating spirit ever to take rank with artists. She must learn the technique of her art so that it is second nature to practise it correctly.

"Too many American girls come to Paris by the advice of personal friends. They want to hurry through. They have no idea of the cost of the course before them. They know nothing of the incidental expenses. A young girl's bare living, without a single gown or a lesson in music or the languages, without an opera ticket or even a cab fare, cannot be less than three hundred francs a month. It is impossible to say how long one should stay. There is nothing but individual cases in voice cultivation. One cannot generalize. And after all, if there is no true feeling for art, no originality in the pupil herself, she can never be a real artist, however beautiful her voice. The teachers can only give a knowledge of technique, can only make teachers. The rest lies in the student's own individuality.

"It is often difficult to make girls study even the technique. Just before I left Paris one came to me for advice. I gave her the best I had. I told her to go somewhere quietly and study vocalism for six months. She needed it. She wrote to me presently, and said she must neglect my advice. It would be 'too monotonous.' I fear she is going to have a life whose monotony will not be broken by triumphs."

A great deal has been said of the jealousy of opera singers. One only needs to see Mme. Story at the opera to know that such a blight has never touched the wholesome nature of this American girl. She listens with the delight of one to whom every note is fresh, and no singer could have a more appreciative auditor.

While she gives up her whole life to her art, making no calls, never receiving on the day she sings, she cannot shut herself entirely away from society. Driving in the park, or at a dinner party, she and her husband are always a distinguished pair. Mr. Story is as busy with his work here as in Paris. Just now he is finishing up his second portrait of the Prince of Wales, which is to be the property of the prince himself. It is a replica of one painted for William Waldorf Astor, and now hung at Cleveden.

Anna Leach.

Digitized by Google

CORLEONE.*

By F. Marion Crawford,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Don Orsino," etc.

I.

"IF you never mean to marry, you might as well turn priest, too," said Ippolito Saracinesca to his elder brother, Orsino, with a laugh.

"Why?" asked Orsino, without a smile. "It would be as sensible to say that a man who had never seen some particular thing, about which he has heard much, might as well put out his eyes."

The young priest laughed again, took up the cigar he had laid upon the edge of the piano, puffed at it till it burned freely, and then struck two or three chords. A sheet of ruled paper on which several staves of music were roughly jotted down in pencil stood on the rack of the instrument.

Orsino stretched out his long legs, leaned back in his low chair, and stared at the old gilded rosettes in the square divisions of the carved ceiling. He was a discontented man, and knew it, which made his discontent a matter of self reproach, especially as it was quite clear to him that the cause of it lay in himself.

He had made two great mistakes at the beginning of life, when barely of age, and though neither of them had produced any serious material consequences, they had affected his naturally melancholic temper and had brought out his inherited hardness of disposition. At the time of the great building speculations in Rome, several years earlier, he had foolishly involved himself with his father's old enemy, Ugo del Ferice, and had found himself at last altogether in the latter's power, though not in reality his debtor. At the same time, he had fallen very much in love with a young widow, who, loving him very sincerely in her turn, but believing, for many reasons, that if she married him she would be doing him an irreparable injury, had sacrificed herself by marrying Del Ferice instead, selling herself to the banker for Orsino's release, without the latter's knowledge. When it was all over, Orsino had found himself a disappointed man at an age when most young fellows are little more than inexperienced boys; and the serious disposition which he inherited from his mother made it impossible for him to throw off the impression received, and claim the youth, so to speak, which was still his.

Since that time, he had been attracted by women, but never charmed; and those that attracted him were for the most part not marriageable, any more than the few things which sometimes interested and amused him were in any sense profitable. He spent a good deal of money in a careless way, for his father was generous; but his rather bitter experience when he had attempted to occupy himself with business had made him cool and clear headed, so that he never did anything at all ruinous. The hot temper which he had inherited from his father and grandfather now rarely, if ever, showed itself, and it seemed as though nothing could break through the quiet indifference which had become a second outward nature to him. He had traveled much, of late years, and when he made an effort his conversation was not uninteresting, though the habit of looking at both sides of every question made it cold and unenthusiastic. Perhaps it was a hopeful sign that he generally had a definite opinion as to which of two views he preferred, though he would not take any trouble to convince others that he was right.

In his own family, he liked the company of Ippolito best. The latter was about two years younger than he, and very different from him in almost every way. Orsino was tall, strongly built, extremely dark; Ippolito was of medium height, delicately made, and almost fair by comparison. Orsino had lean brown hands, well knit at the base, and broad at the knuckles; Ippolito's were slender and white, and rather

* Copyright, 1896, by F. Marion Crawford.

Digitized by Google

nervous, with blue veins at the joints. The elder brother's face, with its large and energetic lines, its gravely indifferent expression and dusky olive hue, contrasted at every point with the features of the young priest, soft in outline, modeled in wax rather than chiseled in bronze, pale and a little transparent. Ippolito had the clear, soft brown eyes which very gifted people so often have, especially musicians and painters of more talent than power. But about the fine, even, and rather pale lips there was the unmistakable stamp of the ascetic temperament, together with an equally sure indication of a witty humor which could be keen, but would rather be gentle. Ippolito was said to resemble his mother's mother, and was notably different in appearance and manner from the rest of the numerous family to which he belonged.

He was a priest by vocation rather than by choice. Had he deliberately chosen a profession congenial to his gifts, he would certainly have devoted himself altogether to music, though he would probably never have become famous as a composer; for he lacked the rough creative power which hews out great conceptions, though he possessed in a high degree the taste and skill which can lovingly and wisely impart fine detail to the broad beauty of a well planned whole. But by vocation he was a priest, and the strength of the conviction of his conscience left the gifts of his artistic intelligence no power to choose. He was a churchman with all his soul, and a musician with all his heart.

Between the two brothers there was that sort of close friendship which sometimes exists between persons who are too wholly different to understand each other, but whose non understanding is a constant stimulant of interest on both sides. In the midst of the large and peaceable patriarchal establishment in which they lived, and in which each member made for himself or herself an existence which had in it a certain subdued individuality, Orsino and Ippolito were particularly associated. The priest, when he was at home, was generally to be found in his elder brother's sitting room, and kept a good many of his possessions there.

It was a big room, with an old carved and gilded ceiling, three tall windows opening to the floor, two doors, a marble fireplace, a thick old carpet, and a great deal of furniture of many old and new designs, arranged with no regard to anything except usefulness, since Orsino was not afflicted with artistic tastes, nor with any undue appreciation of useless objects. Ippolito's short grand piano occupied a prominent position near the middle window, and not far from it was Orsino's deep chair, beside which stood a low table covered with books and reviews. For, like most discontented and disappointed people who have no real object in life, Orsino Saracinesca read a good deal, and hankered after interest in fiction because he found none in reality. Ippolito, on the contrary, read little, and thought much.

After Orsino had answered his remark about marriage, the priest busied himself for some time with his music, while his brother stared at the ceiling in silence, listening to the modulations and the fragments of tentative melody and experimental harmony, without in the least understanding what the younger man was trying to express. He was fond of any musical sound, in an undefined way, as most Italians are, and he knew by experience that if he let Ippolito alone, something pleasant to hear would before long be evolved. But Ippolito stopped suddenly and turned half round on the piano stool, with a quick movement habitual to him. He leaned forward towards Orsino, tapping the ends of his fingers lightly against one another, as his wrists rested on his knees.

"It is absurd to suppose that in all Rome, or in all Europe, for that matter, there is nobody whom you would be willing to marry."

"Quite absurd, I suppose," answered Orsino, not looking at his brother.

"Then you have not really looked about you for a wife. That is clear."

"Perfectly clear. I do not argue the point. Why should I? There is plenty of time, and besides, there is no reason in the world why I should ever marry at all, any more than you. There are our two younger brothers. Let them take wives and continue the name."

"Most people think that marriage may be regarded as a means of happiness," observed Ippolito.

"Most people are imbeciles," answered Orsino gloomily.

Ippolito laughed, watching his brother's face, but he said nothing in reply.

"As a general rule," Orsino continued presently, "talking is a question of height and not of intelligence. The shorter men and women are, the more they talk; the taller they are, the more silent they are, in nine cases out of ten. Of course there are exceptions, but you can generally tell at a

Digitized by Google

glance whether any particular person is a great talker. Brains are certainly not measurable by inches. Therefore conversation has nothing to do with brains. Therefore most people are fools."

"Do you call that an argument?" asked the priest, still smiling.

"No. It is an observation."

"And what do you deduce from it?"

"From it, and from a great many other things, I deduce and conclude that what we call society is a degrading farce. It encourages talking when no one has anything to say. It encourages marriage, without love. It sets up fashion against taste, taste against sense, and sense against heart. It is a machinery for promoting emotion among the unfeeling. It is a——"

Orsino stopped, hesitating.

"Is it anything else?" asked Ippolito mildly.

"It is a hell on earth."

"That is exactly what most of the prophets and saints have said, since David," remarked the priest, moving again in order to find his half smoked cigar, and then carefully relighting it. "Since that is your opinion, why not take orders? You might become a prophet or a saint, you know. The first step towards sanctity is to despise the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. You seem to have taken the first step at a jump. And it is the first step that costs the most, they say. Courage! You may go far."

"I am thinking of going further before long," said Orsino gravely, as though his brother had spoken in earnest. "At all events, I mean to get away from all this," he added.

"Do you mean to travel again?" inquired Ippolito.

"I mean to find something to do. Provided it is respectable, I do not care what it is. If I had talent, like you, I would be a musician, but I would not be an amateur; or I would be an artist, or a literary man. But I have no talent for anything, except building tenement houses, and I shall not try that again. I would even be an actor, if I had the gift. Perhaps I should make a good farmer, but our father will not trust me now, for he is afraid that I should make ruinous experiments if he gave me the management of an estate. This is certainly not the time for experiments. Half the people we know are ruined, and the country is almost bankrupt. I would work, and they tell me to marry. You cannot understand. You are only an amateur yourself, after all, Ippolito."

"An amateur musician—yes."

"No. You are an amateur priest. You support your sensitive soul on a sort of religious ambrosia, with a good deal of musical nectar. You are clever and astonishingly good, by nature, and you deserve no credit for either. That is probably why I like you. I hate people who deserve credit, because I deserve none myself. But you do not take your clerical profession seriously, and you are an amateur, a dilettante of the altar. If you do not have distractions about the vestments you wear when you are saying mass, it is because you have an intimate, unconscious artistic conviction that they are beautiful and becoming to you. But if the choir responded a flat 'Amen' to your '*per omnia sæcula sæculorum*,' it would set your teeth on edge and upset your devout intention. Do you think that a professional musician would be disturbed in conducting a great orchestra, by the fact that his coat collar did not fit?"

Ippolito smiled good humoredly, but did not answer.

"Very well," continued Orsino at once, "you are only an amateur priest. It does not matter, since you are happy. You get through life very well. You do not even pretend that you do any real work. Your vocation, as you call it, was a liking for the state of priesthood, not for the work of a priest. Now I do not care about any state in particular, but I want work of some sort, at any cost. I was never happy but once, during that time when I worked and got into trouble. I preferred it to this existence, even when we got into Del Ferice's clutches. Anything rather than this."

"I though you had grown indifferent," said Ippolito.

"Indifferent? Yes, I am indifferent—as a machine is indifferent when the fire is out and there is no steam. But if the thing could think, it would want work, as I do. It would not be satisfied to rust to pieces. You ought to know a little theology. Are we put into the world with a purpose, or not? Is there an intention in our existence, or is there not? Am I to live through another forty or fifty years of total inactivity, because I happen to be born rich, and in a position—well, a position which is really about as enviable as that of a fly in a pot of honey? We are stuck in our traditions, just as the fly is in the honey——"

"I like them," said Ippolito quietly.

"I know you do. So does our father. They suit you both. Our father is really a very intelligent man, but too much happiness and too much money have paralyzed

Digitized by Google

him. His existence seems to have been a condition of perpetual adoration of our mother."

"He has made her happy. That is worth something."

"She has made him happy. They have made each other happy. They have devoured a lifetime of happiness together in secret, as though it were their lawful prey. As they never wanted anything else, they never found out that the honey of traditions is sticky, and that they could not move if they would."

"They are fond of us——"

"Of course. We have none of us done anything very bad. We are a part of their happiness. We are also a part of their dullness; for they are dull, and their happiness make us dull, too."

"What an idea!"

"It is true. What have we accomplished, any of us four brothers? What shall we ever accomplish? We are ornaments on the architecture of our father's and mother's happiness. It is rather a negative mission in life, you must admit. I am glad that they are happy, but I should like to be something more than a gargoyle on their temple."

"Then marry, and have a temple of your own!" laughed Ippolito. "And gargoyles of your own, too."

"But I do not want that sort of happiness. Marriage is not a profession. It is not a career."

"No. At least, you might turn out a dilettante husband, as you say that I am an amateur priest." Ippolito laughed again.

Orsino laughed dryly, but did not answer, not being in a humor for jesting. He leaned back in his chair again, and looked at the carved ceiling and thought of what it meant, for it was one of those ceilings which are only to be found in old Roman palaces, and belong intimately to the existence which those old dwellings suggest. Orsino thought of the grim dark walls outside, of the forbidding gateway, of the heavily barred windows on the lower story, of the dark street at the back of the palace, and the medievalism of it all was as repugnant to him as the atmosphere of a prison.

He had never understood his father nor his grandfather, who both seemed born for such an existence, and who certainly thrived in it; for the old prince was over ninety years of age, and his son, Sant' Ilario, though now between fifty and sixty, was to all intents and purposes still a young man. Orsino was perhaps as strong as either of them. But he did not believe that he could last as long. In the midst of an enforced idleness he felt the movement of the age about him, and he said to himself that he was in the race of which they were only spectators, and that he was born in times when it was impossible to stand still. It is true that, like many young men of today, he took movement for progress and change for improvement, and he had no very profound understanding of the condition of his own or of other countries. But the movement and the change are facts from which no one can escape who has had a modern education.

Giovanni Saracinesca, Orsino's father, known as Prince of Sant' Ilario, since the old Prince Saracinesca was still living, had not had a modern education, and his mother had died while he was a mere child. Brought up by men, among men, he had reached manhood early, in close daily association with his father and with a strong natural admiration for him, though with an equally strong sense of personal independence.

Orsino's youth had been different. He was not an only son, as Sant' Ilario had been, but the eldest of four brothers, and he had been brought up by his mother as well as by his father and grandfather. There had been less room for his character to develop freely, since the great old house had been gradually filled by a large family. At the same time there had also been less room for old fashioned prejudices and traditions than formerly, and a good deal less respect for them, as there had been, too, a much more lively consciousness of the outer world's movements. The taking of Rome in 1870 was the death blow of medievalism; and the passing away of King Victor Emmanuel and of Pope Pius the Ninth was the end of Italian romanticism, if one may use the expression to designate all that concatenation of big and little events which make up the thrilling story of the struggle for Italian unity. After the struggle for unity, began the struggle for life—more desperate, more dangerous, but immeasurably less romantic. There is all the difference which lies between banking and fighting.

Orsino was aware of qualities and feelings and opinions in his father and mother which he did not possess, but which excited in him a sort of envy of what he regarded as their simplicity. Each seemed to have wanted but one thing in life since he could remember them, and that was the other's love, in possessing which each was satisfied and happy. Times might change as they would, popes might die, kings might be crowned,

Digitized by Google

parties might wrangle in political strife, and the whole country might live through its perilous joys of sudden prosperity and turn sour again in the ferment that follows failure—it was all the same to Giovanni and Corona. As Orsino had told his brother, they had devoured a lifetime of happiness together in secret.

Proud men and women hide their griefs and sufferings, when they have any. But there are some who are so very proud that they will hide their happiness also, as though it might lose some of its strength if any one else could see it, or as if it could be spoiled by the light like a photograph not yet fixed. People sometimes call that instinct the selfishness of love, but it is more like a sort of respect for love itself, which is certainly not vulgar, as all selfishness is.

It was not probable that either Giovanni or Corona would change in this respect, nor, indeed, in any other, for they had never been changeable or capricious people, and time had made solid their lives. To each other they were as they had always been, but to others Giovanni was a man advanced in middle life, and the beautiful Corona Saracinesca was a rose of yesterday. She could never be anything but beautiful, even if she should live to extreme old age; but those who had known her in her youth had begun to shake their heads sadly, lamenting the glory departed. Strangers who came to Rome and saw the Princess of Sant' Ilario for the first time, gazed in silent surprise at the woman who for nearly a quarter of a century had been the most beautiful in Europe, and they wondered whether, even now, any one could be compared with her.

The degeneration of age had not taken hold upon her. The perfect features were as calm and regular as fate, the dark skin had still its clear, warm, olive tint, which very rarely changed at all perceptibly; her splendid eyes were truthful and direct still, beneath the strong, black eyebrows. There were silver threads in the magnificent hair, but they were like the lights on a raven's wing. She was straight and strong and graceful still, she who had been compared to velvet and steel—slighter perhaps than in her full perfection, for she had in her some of that good Saracen blood of the south, which seems to nourish only the stronger and the finer tissues, consuming in time all that is useless; wearing away the velvet, but leaving the steel intact almost to the very last.

There could be but one such woman in one race, and it seemed in some way natural that she should have been sisterless, and should have borne only sons. But as though nature would not be altogether defeated and stayed out of balance, the delicate feminine element had come to the surface in one of the Saracinesca men. It was too fine to be womanish, too high to be effeminate, as it showed itself in Ippolito, the priest musician. But it was unmistakably something which was neither in the old prince, nor in Giovanni, nor in any of the other three brothers, and it made between him and his mother a bond especially their own, which the rest acknowledged without understanding, and respected without feeling that Ippolito was preferred before them. For it was not a preference, but a stronger mutual attraction, in which there was no implied unfairness to the rest.

It is one of the hardest things in the world to explain, and yet almost every one understands it, for it has nothing to do with language, and everything to do with feeling. We human beings need language most to explain what is most remote from our humanity, and those who talk the most of feeling are often those that feel the least. For conveying a direct impression, what is the sharpened conciseness of Euclid, or the polished eloquence of Demosthenes, what is the sledge hammer word blow of Æschylus, or the lightning thrust of Dante's two edged tongue, compared with a kiss, or a girl's blush, or the touch of a mother's hand—or the silent certainty of twofold thought in one, which needs neither blush, nor touch, nor kiss to say that love is all, and all is love?

And that bond which is sometimes between mother and son is often of this kind. Sant' Ilario had long ago accepted the fact that his wife was in some mysterious way drawn to her second son, more than to the others. It would be saying too much, perhaps, to assert that Corona was glad when Ippolito took orders and the vow of celibacy. She was not an imaginative woman, nor nervous, nor in any way not normal. Nor were the Saracinesca by any means an excessively devout family, nor connected with the history of the church, as many Roman families are. On the contrary, they had in former times generally opposed the popes when they had not been strong enough to make one of their own, and the absence of any womanly element in the great house, between the untimely death of the old prince's wife, and Giovanni Saracinesca's marriage with the Duchessa d'Astrardente nearly thirty years later, had certainly not favored a tendency to devotional practices.

Digitized by Google

When young Ippolito had made up his mind to be a priest, the aged head of the family growled out a few not very edifying remarks in his long white beard. Ten years earlier he might have gone into a rage about it, which might have endangered his life, for he had a terrible temper; but he was near the end now, and it would have taken more than that to rouse him. As for Giovanni, he was not especially pleased either, for he had never been fond of priests, and he assuredly did not care to have any in the family. Yet, in spite of this prejudice, there seemed to him to be a certain fitness in the event, against which it would be useless to argue, and after a little discussion with his wife, he accepted it as more or less inevitable.

But Corona was satisfied, if not glad, and what she felt was very like gladness, for, without reasoning at all, she knew that she would be jealous of any woman who came between her and Ippolito. She had never been able to think of a possible wife for him—as she often thought of wives for her other sons—without a sharp thrust of pain which could not be anything but jealousy. It was not exactly like what she would have felt, or fancied that she would have felt, if Giovanni had been momentarily attracted by some other woman. But it was not at all like anything else in the world.

II.

When the notorious Prince of Corleone died without much ceremony in a small second class hotel in Nice, and was buried with no ceremony at all worth mentioning, at the expense of the hotel keeper, his titles and what was left of his lands and other belongings went to his brother's children, since his brother was dead also. The Corleone people were never long lived, nor had their alliances as a rule conduced to long life in others, who had been their wives and husbands. Superstitious persons said that there was upon the whole family the curse of a priest whom they had caused to be shot as a spy in order to save themselves during the wars of Napoleon in Italy. It was even said that they saw, or thought they saw, this priest when they were about to die. But as priests are plentiful in the south of Italy, it might very well be that their vision was not a vision at all, but simply some quite harmless living ecclesiastic who chanced to be passing at the time. It is true that they were said to notice always a small red hole in his forehead and another in his left cheek, but this also might have been only an effect of imagination. Nevertheless they were unfortunate, as a race, and several of them had come to violent or otherwise untimely ends within the present century.

The name, Corleone, was only a title, and the town from which it was taken had long ago passed into other hands. The family name was Pagliuca d'Oriani. As often happens in Italy, they went by whichever one of the three names happened to be most familiar to the speaker who mentioned them.

At the time of the prince's death there were living his brother's widow and four children, consisting of three sons and one daughter; and there was another branch of the family, calling themselves Pagliuca di Bauso, with whom this history is not at present concerned.

The widowed lady was known in Sicily as Donna Maria Carolina Pagliuca. Her eldest son was Tebaldo, to whom came from his uncle the title, Prince of Corleone; and his two brothers were named Francesco and Ferdinando. Their sister, a girl seventeen years of age, was Vittoria, and was the youngest.

In the ordinary course of events, being of the south, the three sons as well as their father and mother would have each borne a distinctive title. Corleone, however, had begun life by quarreling with his younger brother; and when the latter had died, and the property had been divided according to the code introduced after the annexation of Naples and Sicily, he had absolutely refused to allow his brother any title whatsoever. He could not prevent the division of the lands, of which, however, he had by far the larger share; but he could keep the titles, with which the law of succession does not concern itself, and he did so out of spite. Moreover, he injured and defrauded his brother by every means in his power, which was at that time considerable; and the result was that the said brother and his family became very poor indeed, and retired to live in a somewhat barbarous region of Sicily, very much in the manner of farmers and very little in the style of gentlefolks. He died of the cholera when his eldest son, Tebaldo, was barely of age, and Vittoria was a little girl at a convent in Palermo.

The three young men lived almost in the surroundings of Sicilian peasants, but with the pride and more than the ordinary vanity of a race of nobles. There might not have been much difference had their uncle been generous to them, instead of

Digitized by Google

at once transferring and continuing to them his hatred of their father. But as they were placed, and with their characters, the result was inevitable. They grew up to be at once idle and vindictive, grasping and improvident, half cunning and half fierce, physically brave and morally mean. The many faults and the few virtues were not evenly distributed among them, it is true, for each had some greater or less share of them all. Tebaldo was the most cunning, Francesco the most licentious, Ferdinando was the boldest and the most rash of them all—and perhaps the best, or, at all events, the least bad.

The house which remained to them, with a little land around it, was known as Camaldoli to the peasants and the people of the neighborhood, though its original name had been Torre del Druso—the Tower of the Druse, or of the fiend, as one chooses to interpret it. It was a good sized, rambling, half fortified old monastery, looking down from a gentle elevation in the high valley on one side, and having a deep gorge at the back, through which a torrent tumbled over dark stones during three quarters of the year. There was a sort of rampart above this chasm, and at one end rose a square tower with ruined crenellations, built of almost black tufo. It was evidently this tower which had given the place its more ancient name, before the monks had built against it their white plastered building and the rampart, with the little church in the inner court. The village of Santa Vittoria was about three quarters of a mile distant, hidden by the spur of the hill, and separated from Camaldoli by a barren stretch of burnt lava and ashes, which had descended long ago from some lower crater of the volcano.

Far above all, Etna's enormous cone rose against the dark blue eastern sky like a monstrous, streaked sugar loaf. On each side of the great burnt strip between Santa Vittoria and Camaldoli, the woods and fields stretched north and south towards Messina and Catania. Westward, beyond the valley, rose a great range of mountains covered high with forests of chestnut trees. No houses were visible from Camaldoli, nor any shed nor hut which could have served for a human habitation, for it was a wild and lonely country.

The three brothers lived with their mother at Camaldoli, and were served in a rough fashion by three men and four women, almost all of whom were expected to do almost anything, from stable work to cooking and waiting at table. There was a sort of slovenly abundance of coarse food and drink, but there was little else, and many a well to do peasant lived better than the sister in law and nephews of Prince Corleone. Donna Maria Carolina scarcely ever left the house in winter or summer. She had been married from a convent, a mere child, had enjoyed a brief taste of luxury and something of happiness at the beginning of life, and had spent the years of subsequent poverty between spasmodic attempts to make gentlemen of her wild sons, bitter outbursts of regret for her marriage, and an apathetic indifference such as only comes upon women of southern races when placed in such hopeless situations as hers. She was a thin, dark woman, with traces of beauty, dressed generally in shabby black, but strangely fond of cheap and tasteless ornaments, which contrasted horribly with her worn out mourning. As her sons grew up they acquired the habit of contradicting everything she said. Sometimes she argued her point, whatever it might be, and generally in total ignorance of the subject. Her arguments frequently ended in a passionate appeal to the justice of Heaven, and the right feeling of the saints, though the matter under discussion might not be more important than the planting of a cabbage, or the dressing of a dish of greens. Or else, as sometimes happened, she sullenly bent her brows, while her once handsome mouth curled scornfully, and from her scarcely parted lips one word came in an injured and dramatic tone.

"*Villani!*" she would exclaim.

The word may be translated "boors," and the three boys did not like it for it is an outrageous insult from a man to a man. But their rudeness to their mother did not go beyond flat contradiction in argument; and when she called her sons boors, they bore it in silence, and generally went away without a retort. There are no Italians without some traces of manners and of that submission to parents which belonged to the old patriarchal system of the Romans. It must be remembered, too, so far as this and the rest of their behavior may be concerned, that although their father died when they were young, he had lived long enough to give them something, though not much, in the way of education, chiefly by the help of the parish priest of Santa Vittoria, and to teach them the rudimentary outward manners of young gentlemen. And these they were quite able to assume when they pleased. He had succeeded in having them taught at least enough to pass the very easy examination which entitles young men to serve but

Digitized by Google

a year and a few weeks in the army, instead of the regular term; and he had taken first Tebaldo, then Tebaldo and Francesco, and then all three in successive years to Messina and Palermo for a fortnight at a time, so that they were not wholly ignorant of the world.

It must not be forgotten, either, in order to understand how the brothers were able afterwards to make a tolerably decent appearance in Rome, that Italians have great powers of social adaptation; and, secondly, that the line between the nobility and the people is very clearly drawn in most parts of the country, especially in the matter of manners and speech, so that what little the young men learned from their father and mother belonged distinctively to their own class and to no other. Even had they been outwardly less polished than they really knew how to appear, their name alone would have admitted them to society, though society might have treated them coolly after a nearer acquaintance.

Vittoria, their sister, remained at the convent in Palermo after their father's death. He, poor man, seeing that his house did not promise to be a very fit place for a young girl, and especially not for one delicately organized as his daughter seemed to be, had placed her with the nuns while still a young child; and under the circumstances this was by far the wisest thing he could do. The nuns were ladies, and the convent was relatively rich. Possibly these facts had too much weight with Pagliuca, or perhaps he honestly believed that he should be able to pay regularly for Vittoria's education and living. Indeed, so long as he lived he managed to send small sums of money from time to time, and after his death Donna Maria Carolina twice remitted a little money to the nuns. But after that nothing more was sent for a long time. Fortunately for herself, Vittoria was extremely unlike her turbulent brothers and her disappointed mother, and by the time she was ten years old she was the idol of the religious household in which she had been placed. Even had she been very different, of low birth, and of bad temper, the nuns would have kept her, and would have treated her kindly, though they would very justly have required her to do something towards earning her living under their roof when she grew older. But apart from the child's rare charm and lovable disposition, being of an old and noble name, they would have considered her unfit for menial work, though cast adrift and helpless. All this, however, was quite forgotten in their almost exaggerated affection for the child. They showed their love for her as only such women could; for though there were a dozen other daughters of nobles under their care, the nuns let no one know that Vittoria was brought up by their charity after her father's death. They gave her all she needed of the best, and they even gave her little presents which she might think had been sent from home. They told her that 'her mother desired her to have' a Book of Hours, or a writing case, or a silk handkerchief, or any such trifles. Her mother, poor lady, doubtless did desire it, though she never said so. It was a pious and a gentle fraud, and it prevented the other girls from looking down upon her as a charity scholar, as one or two of them might have done. In dress there was no difference, of course, for they all dressed alike, and Vittoria supposed that her parents paid for her things.

She was a very lovely girl as she grew up, and exquisite in all ways, and gentle as she was exquisite. She was not dark as her brothers were, nor as her mother. It is commonly said that all the region about Palermo is Saracen, but that the ancient Greek blood survives from Messina to Catania; and the girl certainly seemed to be of a type that differed from that of her family, which had originally come from the other side of the island. Vittoria had soft brown hair and clear brown eyes of precisely the same color as the delicate, arched eyebrows above them, a matching which always helps the harmony of any face. There was a luminous clearness, too, in the skin, which both held and gave back the light like the sheen of fine satin in shadow. There was about all her face the dream-like softness of well defined outline which one occasionally sees in the best cut gems of the Greeks, when the precious stone itself has a golden tinge. The features were not faultless by any standard of beauty which we call perfect, but one would not have changed the faults that were there. Such as they were, they will appear more clearly hereafter. It is enough to say now that Vittoria d'Oriani had grace and charm and gentleness, and, withal, a share of beauty by no means small. And she was well educated and well cared for, as has been seen, and was brought up very differently from her brothers.

The existence of the Pagliuca at Camaldoli was not only tolerably wild and rough, as has been seen; it was, in a measure, equivocal; and it may be doubted whether all the doings of the three brothers, as they grew up, could have borne the scrutiny of

Digitized by Google

the law. Sicily is not like other countries in this respect, and, at the risk of wearying the reader, it is better that something should be said at the outset concerning outlawry and brigandage, in order that what follows may be more clearly understood.

Brigandage in Sicily has a sort of intermittent permanence which foreigners cannot easily explain. The mere question which is so often asked—whether it cannot be stamped out of existence—shows a total ignorance of its nature. You may knock off a lizard's tail in winter with a switch, as most people know, but you cannot prevent the tail from growing again in the spring and summer unless you kill the lizard outright.

Brigandage is not a profession, as most people suppose. A man does not choose it as a career. It is the occasional but inevitable result of the national character under certain conditions which are sure to renew themselves from time to time. No one can change national character. The success of brigandage, whenever it manifests itself, depends primarily upon the almost inaccessible nature of some parts of the island, and, secondly, upon the helplessness of the peasants to defend themselves in remote places. It is manifestly impossible to arm a whole population, especially with weapons fit to cope with the first rate repeating rifles and army revolvers, which brigands almost invariably carry. It is equally impossible to picket troops all over the country, at distances not exceeding half a mile from station to station, in every direction, like cabbages in a field. No army would suffice. Therefore, when a band is known to have formed, a large force is sent temporarily to the neighborhood to hunt it down; and this is all that any government could do. The 'band,' as it is usually called, may be very small. One man has terrorized a large district before now, and the famous Leone, when at last surrounded, slew nearly a score of men before he himself was killed, though he was quite alone.

Almost every band begins with a single individual, and he, as a rule, has turned outlaw to escape the consequences of a murder done in hot blood, and is, in all probability, a man of respectable birth and some property. It is part of the national character to proceed instantly to bloodshed in case of a quarrel, and quarrels are, unfortunately, common enough. The peasants break one another's heads and bones with their hoes and spades, and occasionally stab each other with inefficient knives, but rarely kill, because the carabineers are constantly making search for weapons, even in the laborers' pockets, and confiscate them without question when found. But the man of some property rarely goes abroad without a shot gun or a revolver, or both, and generally knows how to use them. He may go through life without a serious quarrel, but should he find himself involved in one, he usually kills his man at once, or is killed. If there are witnesses present to prove beyond doubt that he has killed in self defense, he may give himself up at the nearest station of carabineers, and he is sure of acquittal. Otherwise, if he can get away, his only course is to escape to the woods without delay. This seems to be the simple explanation of the fact that such a large proportion of brigands are by no means of the lowest class, but have often been farmers and men of property, who can not only afford good weapons, but are able to get licenses to carry them. Brigands are certainly not, as a rule, from the so called criminal classes, as foreigners suppose, though when the band becomes very large, a few common criminals may be found in the whole number ; but the brigands despise and distrust them.

These things also account for the still more notable fact that the important bands have always had friends among the well to do landed proprietors. Indeed, they have not only friends, but often near relations, who will make great sacrifices and run considerable risks to save them from the law. And when any considerable number of brigands are caught, they have generally been betrayed into an ambush by these friends or relations. Sometimes they are massacred by them for the sake of a large reward. But to the honor of the Sicilian character, it must be said such cases are rare, though a very notable one occurred in the year 1894, when a rich man and his two sons deliberately drugged six brigands at a sort of feast of friendship, and shot them all in their sleep—a massacre which, however, has by no means ended the existence of that particular band.

As for the practices of the bandits, they have three main objects in view : namely, personal safety, provisions wherewith to support life, and then, if possible, money in large sums, which, when obtained, may afford them the means of leaving the country secretly and forever. With regard to the first of these ends, they are mostly young men, or men still in the prime of strength, good walkers, good riders, good shots, and not rendered conspicuous marks at a

Digitized by Google

distance by a uniform. As for their provisions, when their friends do not supply them, they take what they need wherever they find it, chiefly by intimidating the peasants. In the third matter they have large views. An ordinary person is usually quite safe from them, especially if armed, for they will not risk their lives for anything so mean as highway robbery. It is their object to get possession of the persons of the richest nobles and gentlemen, from whom they can extort a ransom. And if they once catch such a personage they generally get the money, for the practice of sending an ear or a piece of nose as a reminder to relations is not extinct. Few Sicilian gentlemen who have lands in the interior dare visit their estates without a military escort when a "band" is known to be in existence, as happens to be the case at the present time of writing.

It chanced that such a band was gathered together, though not a large one, within a few years of Pagliuca's death, and was leading a precarious and nomadic life for a time not far from Santa Vittoria. It was said that the Pagliuca men were on good terms with these brigands, though of course their mother knew nothing about it. In the neighborhood, no one thought much the worse of the brothers for this. When brigands were about, every man had to do the best he could for himself. The Corleone, as many of the peasants called them, were well armed, it is true, but they were few and could not have resisted any depredations of the brigands by force. On the other hand, they had the reputation of being brave and very reckless young men, and even against odds might send a bullet through any one who tried to carry off a couple of their sheep, or one of their mules. They knew the country well, too, and might be valuable allies to the carabineers, which meant that they could be useful friends to the outlaws, if they chose. Every one knew that they were poor and that it would not be worth while to take one of them in the hope of a ransom, and no one was surprised when it was hinted that they sold provisions to the brigands for cash when they could get it, and for credit when the brigands had no money—a credit which was perfectly good until the outlaws should be taken.

There was very little direct proof of this alliance, and the Pagliuca denied it in terms which did not invite further questioning. To make a brilliant show of their perfect innocence, they led a dozen carabineers about for two days through a labyrinth of forest paths and hill passes, and brought them three times in forty eight hours to places where a fire was still smoldering, and remains of half cooked meat were scattered about, as if the brigands had fled suddenly at an alarm. They received the officer's thanks for their efforts, with sincere expressions of regret that they should have been unsuccessful. In one of the camps they even found the skin of a sheep which they identified as one of their own, with many loud spoken curses, by the brand on the back. It was all very well done, and the result of it was that the carabineers often applied for news of the brigands at Camaldoli, a proceeding which of course kept the d'Oriani informed as to the whereabouts of the carabineers themselves.

It was certainly as well in the end that Vittoria should have stayed at the convent in Palermo during those years, until the death of the old Corleone suddenly changed the existence of her mother and brothers. He died, as has been said, without much ceremony in a small hotel at Nice. He died childless and intestate, as well as ruined, so far as he knew at the time of his death. The news reached Camaldoli in the shape of a demand for money in payment of one of his just debts, from a money lender in Palermo who was aware of the existence of the three Pagliuca brothers, and knew that they were the prince's heirs at law.

It took a whole year to unravel the ruin of the dead man's estate. What he had not sold was mortgaged, and the mortgages had changed hands repeatedly during the tremendous financial crisis which began in 1888. There were debts of all kinds, just and unjust, and creditors by the hundred. The steward of the principal estate absconded with such cash as he happened to have in hand, as soon as he heard of Corleone's death. An obscure individual shot himself because the steward owed him money, and this also was talked of in the newspapers, and a good deal of printed abuse was heaped upon the dead rake. But one day Ferdinando Pagliuca entered the office of one of the papers in Palermo, struck the editor in the face, forced him into a duel, and ran him through the lungs the next morning. The editor ultimately recovered, but the Paglinca had asserted themselves, and there was no more scurrilous talk in the press about poor dead Corleone.

Things turned out to be not quite so bad as he had imagined. Here and there, a little property had escaped, perhaps because he hardly knew of its existence. There was a small house in Rome, in the new quarter,

Digitized by Google

which he had bought for a young person in whom he had been temporarily interested, and which, by some miracle, was not mortgaged. The mortgages on some of the principal estates in Sicily had found their way to the capacious desk of the Marchese di San Giacinto, whose name was Giovanni Saracinesca, and who was a rather distant cousin of Orsino. San Giacinto was enormously rich, and was a singular combination of old blood and modern instincts; a man of honor, but of terrible will, and a good enemy; a man of very large views and of many great projects, some of which were already successfully carried out, some in course of execution, some as yet only planned. In the great crisis he had neither lost much nor profited immediately by the disasters of others. No one called him grasping, and yet everything worth having that came within his long reach came sooner or later into his possession. When land and houses lost value and everything in the way of business was dull and dead, San Giacinto was steadily buying. When all had been excitement and mad speculation, he had quietly saved his money and waited. And in the course of his investments he had picked up the best of the Corleone mortgages, without troubling himself much as to whether the interest were very regularly paid or not. Before long he knew very well that it would not be paid at all, and that the lands would fall to him when Corleone should have completely ruined himself.

The Paglinca family moved to Rome before the settlement of the inheritance was finished, and Vittoria was at last taken from the convent and accompanied her mother. Ferdinando alone remained at Camaldoli. The family established themselves in an apartment in the new quarter, and began to live well, if not extravagantly, on what was still a very uncertain income. Tebaldo, who managed all the business himself, succeeded in selling the house in Rome advantageously. Through San Giacinto he made acquaintance with a few Romans, who treated him courteously and regarded him with curiosity as the nephew of the notorious Prince Corleone. As for the title, San Giacinto advised him not to assume it at once, as it would not be of any especial advantage to him.

San Giacinto was on excellent terms with all his Saracinesca relations, and very naturally spoke to them about the d'Oriani. In his heart he did not like and did not trust Tebaldo, and thought his brother Francesco little better; but, in spite of this, he could not help feeling a sort of pity for the two young men, whose story reminded him of his own romantic beginnings. San Giacinto was a giant in strength and stature, and it is undoubtedly true that in all giants a tendency to good nature and kindliness will sooner or later assert itself. He was advancing in years now, and the initial hardness of his rough nature had been tempered by years of success and of almost phenomenal domestic felicity. He was strong still, in body and mind, and not easily deceived; but he had grown kind. He pitied the Paglinca tribe, and took his wife to see Donna Maria Carolina. He persuaded the Princess of Sant' Ilario to receive her and make acquaintance, and the Marchesa di San Giacinto brought her to the palace one afternoon with Vittoria.

Corona thought the mother pretentious, and guessed that she was at once bad tempered and foolish; but she saw at a glance that the young girl was of a very different type, and a few kindly questions, while Donna Maria Carolina talked with the marchesa, explained the mystery. Vittoria had never been at home, even for a visit, during the ten years which had elapsed since she had been placed at the convent, and her mother was almost a stranger to her. She was not exactly timid, as Corona could see, but her young grace was delicately nurtured and shrank and froze in the presence of her mother's coarse grained self assertion.

"Shall we marry her in Rome, do you think, princess?" asked Donna Maria Carolina, nodding her head indicatively towards her daughter, while her eyes looked at Corona, and she smiled with much significance.

Vittoria's soft brown eyes grew suddenly bright and hard, and the blood sprang up in her face as though she had been struck, and her small hands tightened quietly on her parasol; but she said nothing, and looked down.

"I hope that your daughter may marry very happily," said Corona, with a kind intonation, for she saw the girl's embarrassment and understood it.

The Marchesa di San Giacinto laughed quite frankly. Her laughter was good humored, not noisy, and distinctly aristocratic, it is true; but Vittoria resented it, because she knew that it was elicited by her mother's remark, which had been in bad taste. Corona saw this also.

"You always laugh at the mention of marriage, Flavia," said the princess, "and yet you are the most happily married woman I know."

Digitized by Google

"Oh, that is true!" answered the marchesa. "My giant is good to me, even now that my hair is gray."

Donna Maria Carolina rose to go. In saying good by, Corona took Vittoria's hand.

"I am sorry that it is so late in the season, my dear," she said. "You will have little to amuse you until next year. But you must come to dinner with your mother. Will you come, and bring her?" she asked, turning to Donna Maria Carolina.

The Marchesa di San Giacinto stared in well bred surprise, for Corona was not in the habit of asking people to dinner at first sight. Of course her invitation was accepted.

III.

San Giacinto and his wife came to the dinner, and two or three others, and the d'Oriani made a sort of formal entry into Roman society under the best possible auspices. In spite of Corona's good taste and womanly influence, festivities at the Palazzo Saracinesca always had an impressive and almost solemn character. Perhaps there were too many men in the family, and they were all too dark and grave, from the aged prince to his youngest grandson, who was barely of age, and whose black eyebrows met over his Roman nose and seemed to shade his eyes too much. Ippolito, the exception in his family, as Vittoria d'Oriani was in hers, did not appear at table, but came into the drawing room in the evening. The prince himself sat at the head of the table, and rarely spoke. Corona could see that he was not pleased with the Pagliuca tribe, and she did her best to help on conversation and to make Flavia San Giacinto talk, as she could when she chose.

From time to time she looked at Orsino, whose face that evening expressed nothing, but whose eyes were almost constantly turned towards Vittoria. It had happened naturally enough that he sat next to her, and it was an unusual experience for him. Of course, in the round of society, he occasionally found himself placed next to a young girl at dinner, and he generally was thoroughly bored on such occasions. It was either intentional or accidental on the part of his hosts, whoever they might be. If it was intentional, he had been made to sit next to some particularly desirable damsel of great birth and fortune, in the hope that he might fall in love with her and make her the future Princess Saracinesca. And he resented in gloomy silence every such attempt to capture him. If, on the other hand, he chanced to be set down beside a young girl, it happened according to the laws of precedence; and it was ten to one that the young lady had nothing to recommend her, either in the way of face, fortune, or conversation. But neither case occurred often.

The present occasion was altogether exceptional. Vittoria d'Oriani had never been to a dinner party before, and everything was new to her. It was her first appearance in society and Orsino Saracinesca was the first man who could be called young, except her brothers, with whom she had ever exchanged a dozen words. It was scarcely two months since she had left the convent, and during that time her mind had been constantly crowded with new impressions, and as constantly irritated by her mother's manner and conversation. Her education was undoubtedly very limited, though in this respect it only differed in a small degree from that of many young girls whom Orsino had met; but it was as liberal compared with her mother's, as her ideas upon religion were broad in comparison with Donna Maria Carolina's complicated system of superstition.

Vittoria's brown eyes were very wide open, as she sat quietly in her place, listening to what was said, and tasting a number of things which she had never seen before. She looked often at Corona, and wished that she might be like her some day, which was quite impossible. And she glanced at Orsino from time to time, and answered his remarks briefly and simply. She could not help seeing that he was watching her, and now and then the blood rose softly in her cheeks. On her other side sat Gianbattista Pietrasanta, whose wife was a Frangipani, and who was especially amused and interested by Vittoria's mother, his other neighbor, but paid little attention to the young girl herself.

A great writer has very truly said that psychological analysis, in a book, can never be more than a series of statements on the part of the author, telling what he himself fancies that he might have felt, could he have been placed in the position of the particular person whom he is analyzing. It is extremely doubtful whether any male writer can, by the greatest effort of imagination, clothe himself in the ingenuous purity of thought and intention which is the whole being of such a young girl as Vittoria d'Oriani when she first enters the world, after having spent ten years in a religious community of refined women.

Digitized by Google

The creature we imagine, when we try to understand such maiden innocence, is colorless and dull. Her mind and heart are white as snow, but blankly white, as the snow on a boundless plain, without so much as a fence or a tree to relieve the utter monotony. There is no beauty in such whiteness in nature, except when it blushes at dawn and sunset. Alone on snow, and with nothing but snow in sight, men go mad; for snow madness is a known and recognized form of insanity.

Evidently our imagination fails to evoke a true image in such a case. We are aware that maiden innocence is a state, and not a form of character. The difficulty lies in representing to ourselves a definite character in just that state. For to the word innocence we attach no narrow meaning; it extends to every question which touches humanity, to every motive in all dealings, and to every purpose which, in that blank state, a girl attributes to all human beings, living and dead. It is a magic window through which all good things appear clearly, though not often truly, and all bad things are either completely invisible, or seen in a dull, neutral, and totally uninteresting shadow of uniform misunderstanding. We judge that it must be so, from our observation. This is not analysis, but inspection.

Behind the blank lies, in the first place, the temperament, then the character, then the mind, and then that great, uncertain element of heredity, monstrous or godlike, which animates and moves all three in the gestation of unborn fate, and which is fate itself in later life, so far as there is any such thing as fatality.

Behind the blank there may be a turbulent and passionate blood, may be a character of iron. But the blank is a blank, for all that. Catherine of Russia was once an innocent and quiet little German girl, with empty, wandering eyes, and school girl sentimentalities. Goethe might have taken her for *Werther's Charlotte*. Good, bad, or indifferent, the future woman is at the magic window, and all that she is to be is within her already.

Vittoria d'Oriani was certainly not to be a Catherine, but there was no lack of conflicting heredities beneath her innocence. Orsino had thought more than most young men of his age, and he was aware of the fact, as he looked at her and talked with her, and carried on one of those apparently empty conversations, of which the recollection sometimes remains throughout a lifetime, while he quietly studied her face, and tried to find out the secret of its rare charm. He began by treating her almost as a foreigner. He remembered long afterwards how he smiled as he asked her the first familiar question, as though she had been an English girl, or Miss Lizzie Slayback, the heiress from Nevada.

"How do you like Rome?"

"It is a great city," answered Vittoria.

"But you do not like it? You do not think it is beautiful?"

"Of course, it is not Palermo," said the young girl, quite naturally. "It has not the sea; it has not the mountains——"

"No mountains?" interrupted Orsino, smiling. "But there are mountains all round Rome."

"Not like Palermo," replied Vittoria soberly. "And then it has not the beautiful streets."

"Poor Rome!" Orsino laughed a little. "Not even fine streets! Have you seen nothing that pleases you here?"

"Oh, yes—there are fine houses, and I have seen the Tiber, and the queen, and—" she stopped short.

"And what else?" inquired Orsino, very much amused.

Vittoria turned her brown eyes full upon him, and paused a moment before she answered.

"You are making me say things which seem foolish to you, though they seem sensible to me," she said quietly.

"They seem original, not foolish. It is quite true that Palermo is a beautiful city, but we Romans forget it. And if you have never seen another river, the Tiber is interesting, I suppose. That is what you mean. No, it is quite reasonable."

Vittoria blushed a little, and looked down, only half reassured. It was her first attempt at conversation, and she had said what she thought, naturally and simply. She was not sure whether the dark young man, who had eyes exactly like his mother's, was laughing at her or not. But he did not know that she had never been to a party in her life.

"Is the society in Palermo amusing?" he inquired carelessly.

"I do not know," she answered, again blushing, for she was a little ashamed of being so very young. "I left the convent on the day we started to come to Rome. And my mother did not live in Palermo," she added.

"No—I had forgotten that."

Orsino relapsed into silence for a while. He would willingly have given up the attempt at conversation, so far as concerned any hope of making it interesting. But he

Digitized by Google

liked the sound of Vittoria's voice, and he wished she would speak again. On his right hand was Tebaldo, who, as the head of a family, and not a Roman, sat next to Corona. He seemed to be making her rather bold compliments. Orsino caught a phrase.

"You are certainly the most beautiful woman in Italy, princess," the Sicilian was saying.

Orsino raised his head, and turned slowly towards the speaker. As he did so, he saw his mother's look. Her brows were a little contracted, which was unusual, but she was just turning away to speak to San Giacinto on her other side, with an otherwise perfectly indifferent expression. Orsino laughed.

"My mother has been the most beautiful woman in Europe since before I was born," he said, addressing Tebaldo rather pointedly, for the latter's remark had been perfectly audible to him.

Tebaldo had a thin face, with a square, narrow forehead, and heavy jaws that came to an overpointed chin. His upper lip was very short, and his mustache was unusually small, black, and glossy, and turned up at the ends in aggressive points. His upper teeth were sharp, long, and regular, and he showed them when he smiled. The smile did not extend upwards above the nostrils, and there was something almost sinister in the still black eyes. In the front view the lower part of the face was triangular, and the low forehead made the upper portion seem square. He was a man of bilious constitution, of an even, yellow brown complexion, rather lank and bony in frame, but of a type which is often very enduring. Such men sometimes have violent and uncontrolled tempers, combined with great cunning, quickness of intelligence, and an extraordinary power of taking advantage of circumstances.

Tebaldo smiled at Orsino's remark, not at all acknowledging that it might be intended as a rebuke.

"It is hard to believe that she can be your mother," he said quietly, and with such frankness as completely disarmed resentment.

But Orsino in his thoug'ts contrasted Tebaldo's present tone with the sound of his voice when speaking to the princess an instant earlier, and he forthwith disliked the man, and believed him to be false and double. Corona either had not heard, or pretended not to hear, and talked indifferently with San Giacinto, whose vast, lean frame seemed to fill two places at the table, while his energetic gray head towered high above every one else. Orsino turned to Vittoria again.

"Should you be pleased if some one told you that you were the most beautiful young lady in Italy?" he inquired.

Vittoria looked at him wonderingly.

"No," she answered. "It would not be true. How should I be pleased?"

"But suppose, for the sake of argument, that it were true. I am imagining a case. Should you be pleased?"

"I do not know—I think——" She hesitated and paused.

"I am very curious to know what you think," said Orsino, pressing her for an answer.

"I think it would depend upon whether I liked the person who told me so." Again the blood rose softly in her face.

"That is exactly what I should think," answered Orsino gravely. "Were you sorry to leave the convent?"

"Yes, I cried a great deal. It was my home for so many years, and I was so happy there."

The girl's eyes grew dreamy as she looked absently across the table at Guendalina Pietrasanta. She was evidently lost in her recollections of her life with the nuns. Orsino was almost amused at his own failure.

"Should you have liked to stay and be a nun yourself?" he inquired, with a smile.

"Yes, indeed! At least—when I came away I wished to stay."

"But you have changed your mind since? You find the world pleasanter than you expected? It is not a bad place, I dare say."

"They told me that it was very bad," said Vittoria seriously. "Of course they must know, but I do not quite understand what they mean. Can you tell me something about it, and why it is bad, and what all the wickedness is?"

Orsino looked at her quietly for a moment, realizing very clearly the whiteness of her life's unwritten page.

"Your nuns may be right," he said at last. "I am not in love with the world, but I do not believe that it is so very wicked. At least, there are many good people in it, and one can find them if one chooses. No doubt, we are all miserable sinners in a theological sense, but I am not a theologian. I have a brother who is a priest, and you will see him after dinner; but though he is a very good man, he does not give one the impression of believing that the world is bad. It is true that he is rather a dilettante priest."

Digitized by Google

Vittoria was evidently shocked, for her face grew extraordinarily grave and a shade paler. She looked at Orsino in a startled way and then at her plate.

"What is the matter?" he asked quickly. "Have I shocked you?"

"Yes," she answered, almost in a whisper and still looking down. "That is," she added with hesitation, "perhaps I did not quite understand you."

"No, you did not, if you are shocked. I merely meant that although my brother is a very good man, and a very religious man, and believes that he has a vocation, and does his best to be a good priest, he has other interests in life for which I am sure that he cares more, though he may not know it."

"What other interests?" asked Vittoria, rather timidly.

"Well, only one, perhaps—music. He is a musician first, and a priest afterwards."

The young girl's face brightened instantly. She had expected something very terrible, perhaps, though quite undefined.

"He says mass in the morning," continued Orsino, "and it may take him an hour or so to read his breviary conscientiously in the afternoon. The rest of his time he spends over the piano."

"But it is not profane music?" asked Vittoria, growing anxious again.

"Oh, no!" Orsino smiled. "He composes masses and symphonies and motets."

"Well, there is no harm in that," said Vittoria indifferently, being again reassured.

"Certainly not. I wish I had the talent and the interest in it to do it myself. I believe that the chief real wickedness is doing nothing at all."

"Sloth is one of the capital sins," observed Vittoria, who knew the names of all seven.

"It is also the most tiresome sin imaginable, especially when one is condemned to it for life, as I am."

The young girl looked at him anxiously, and there was a little pause.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "No one is obliged to be idle."

"Will you find me an occupation?" Orsino asked in his turn, and with some bitterness. "I shall be gratified."

"Is not doing good an occupation? I am sure that there must be plenty of opportunities for that."

She felt more sure of herself, when upon such ground. Orsino did not smile.

"Yes. It might take up a man's whole life, but it is not a career——"

"It was the career of many of the saints!" interrupted Vittoria cheerfully, for she was beginning to feel at her ease at last. "Saint Francis of Assisi—Saint Clare—Saint——"

"Pray for us!" exclaimed Orsino, as though he were responding in a litany.

Vittoria's face fell instantly, and he regretted the words as soon as he had spoken them. She was like a sensitive plant, he thought; and yet she had none of the appearance of an over impressionable, nervous girl. It was doubtless her education.

"I have shocked you again," he said gravely. "I am sorry, but I am afraid that you will often be shocked, at first. Yes; I have no doubt that to the saints doing good was a career, and that a saint might make a career of it nowadays. But you see I am not one. What I should like would be to have a profession of some sort, and to work at it with all my might."

"What a strange idea!" Vittoria looked at him in surprise; for though her three brothers had been almost beggars for ten years, it had never struck them that they could possibly have a profession. "But you are a noble," she added thoughtfully. "You will be the Prince Saracinesca some day."

Orsino laughed.

"We do not think so much of those things as we did once," he answered. "I would be a doctor, if I could, or a lawyer, or a man of business. I do not think that I would like to be a shopkeeper, though it is only a matter of prejudice——"

"I should think not!" cried Vittoria, startled again.

"It would be much more interesting than the life I lead. Almost any life would be, for that matter. Of course, if I had my choice——" He stopped.

Vittoria waited, her eyes fixed earnestly on his face, but she said nothing. Somehow she was suddenly anxious to know what his choice would be. He felt that she was watching him, and turned towards her. Their eyes met in silence, and he smiled, but her face remained grave. He was thinking that this must certainly be one of the most absurd conversations in which he had ever been engaged, but that somehow it did not appear absurd to himself, and he wondered why.

"If I had my choice——" He paused again. "I would be a leader," he added suddenly.

He was still young, and there was ambition in him. His dark eyes flashed like his mother's, a warmer color rose for one in-

Digitized by Google

stant under his olive skin; the fine, firm mouth set itself.

"I think you could be," said Vittoria, almost under her breath and half unconsciously.

Then, all at once, she blushed scarlet, and turned her face away to hide her color. If there is one thing in woman which more than any other attracts a misunderstood man, it is the conviction that she believes him capable of great deeds; and if there is one thing beyond others which leads a woman to love a man, it is her own certainty that he is really superior to those around him, and really needs woman's sympathy. Youth, beauty, charm, eloquence, are all second to these in their power to implant genuine love, or to maintain it, if they continue to exist as conditions.

It mattered little to Vittoria that she had as yet no means whatever of judging whether Orsino Saracinesca had any such extraordinary powers as might some day make him a leader among men. She had been hardly conscious of the strong impression she had received, and which had made her speak, and she was far too young and simple to argue with herself about it. And he, on his part, with a good deal of experience behind him and the memory of one older woman's absolute devotion and sacrifice, felt a keen and unexpected pleasure, quite different from anything he remembered to have felt before now. Nor did he reason about it at first, for he was not a great reasoner, and his pleasures in life were really very few.

A moment or two after Vittoria had spoken, and when she had already turned away her face, Orsino shook his head almost imperceptibly, as though trying to throw something off which annoyed him. It was near the end of dinner before the two spoke to each other again, though Vittoria half turned towards him twice in the mean time, as though expecting him to speak, and then, disappointed, looked at her plate again.

"Are you going to stay in Rome, or shall you go back to Sicily?" he asked suddenly, not looking at her, but at the small white hand that touched the edge of the table beside him.

Vittoria started perceptibly at the sound of his voice, as though she had been in a reverie, and her hand disappeared at the same instant. Orsino found himself staring at the table cloth, at the spot where it had lain.

"I think—I hope we shall stay in Rome," she answered. "My brother has a great deal of business here."

"Yes. I know. He sees my cousin San Giacinto about it almost every day."

"Yes."

Her face grew thoughtful again, but not dreamily so as before, and she seemed to hesitate, as though she had more to say.

"What is it?" asked Orsino, encouraging her to go on.

"Perhaps I ought not to tell you. The marchese wishes to buy Camaldoli of us."

"What is Camaldoli?"

"It is the old country house where my mother and my brothers lived so long, while I was in the convent, after my father died. There is a little land. It was all we had until now."

"Shall you be glad if it is sold, or sorry?" asked Orsino thoughtfully, and watching her face.

"I shall be glad, I suppose," she answered. "It would have to be divided among us, they say. And it is half in ruins, and the land is worth nothing, and there are always brigands."

Orsino laughed.

"Yes. I should think you might be very glad to get rid of it. There is no difficulty about it, is there?"

"Only—I have another brother. He likes it and has remained there. His name is Ferdinando. No one knows why he is so fond of the place. They need his consent, in order to sell it, and he will not agree."

"I understand. What sort of man is your brother Ferdinando?"

"I have not seen him for ten years. They are afraid of—I mean, he is afraid of nothing."

There was something odd, Orsino thought, about the way the young girl shut her lips when she checked herself in the middle of the sentence, but he had no idea what she had been about to say. Just then Corona nodded slightly to the aged prince at the other end of the table, and dinner was over.

"I should think it would be necessary for San Giacinto to see this other brother of yours," observed Orsino, finishing the conversation as he rose and stood ready to take Vittoria out.

The little ungloved hand lay like a white butterfly on his black sleeve, and she had to raise her arm a little to take his, though she was not short. Just before them went San Giacinto, darkening the way like a figure of fate. Vittoria looked up at him, almost awe struck at his mere size.

Digitized by Google

"How tall he is!" she exclaimed in a very low voice. "How very tall he is!" she said again.

"We are used to him," answered Orsino, with a short laugh. "But he has a big heart, though he looks so grim."

Half an hour later, when the men were smoking in a room by themselves, San Giacinto came and sat down by Orsino in the remote corner where the latter had established himself, with a cigarette. The giant, as ever of old, had a villainous looking black cigar between his teeth.

"Do you want something to do?" he asked bluntly.

"Yes."

"Do you care to live in Sicily for a time?"

"Anywhere—Japan, if you like."

"You are easily pleased. That means that you are not in love just at present, I suppose."

San Giacinto looked hard at his young cousin for some time, in silence. Orsino met his glance quietly, but with some curiosity.

"Will you go to Sicily with me if I need you, and stay there, and get an estate in order for me?"

"With pleasure. When?"

"I do not know yet. It may be in a week, and it may be in a month. It will be hot there, and you will have troublesome things to do."

"So much the better."

"There are brigands in the neighborhood just now."

"That will be very amusing. I never saw one."

"You may tell Ippolito, if you like, but please do not mention it to any one else until we are ready to go. You know that your mother will be anxious about you, and your father is a conservative—and your grandfather is a firebrand, if he dislikes an idea. One would think that at his age his temper should have subsided."

"Not in the least!" Orsino smiled, for he loved the old man, and was proud of his great age.

"But you may tell Ippolito if you like, and if you warn him to be discreet. Ippolito would let himself be torn in pieces rather than betray a secret. He is by far the most discreet of you all."

"Yes. You are right, as usual. You have a good eye for a good man. What do you think of all these Pagliuca people, or Corleone, or d'Oriani—or whatever they call themselves?" Orsino looked keenly at his cousin as he asked the question.

"Did you ever meet Corleone? I mean the one who married Norba's daughter—the uncle of these boys."

"I met him once. From all accounts, he must have been a particularly disreputable personage."

"He was worse than that, I think. I never blamed his wife. Well—these boys are his nephews. I do not see that any comment is necessary." San Giacinto smiled thoughtfully.

"This young girl is also his niece," observed Orsino, rather sharply.

"Who knows what Tebaldo Pagliuca might have been if he had spent ten years amongst devout old women in a convent?" The big man's smile developed into an incredulous laugh, in which Orsino joined.

"There has certainly been a difference of education," he admitted. "I like her."

"You would confer a great benefit upon a distressed family, by falling in love with her," said San Giacinto. "That worthy mother of hers was watching you two behind Pietrasanta's head, during dinner."

"Another good reason for going to Sicily," answered Orsino. "The young lady is communicative. She told me, this evening, that you were trying to buy some place of theirs—I forget the name—and that one of her brothers objects."

"That is exactly the place I want you to manage," his cousin went on. "The name is Camaldoli."

"Then there is no secret about it," observed Orsino. "If she has told me, she may tell the next man she meets."

"Certainly. And mysteries are useless, as a rule. I do not wish to make any with you, at all events. Here are the facts. I am going to build a light railway connecting all those places; and I am anxious to get the land into my possession without much talk. Do you understand? This place of the Corleone is directly in my line, and is one of the most important, because it is at a point through which I must pass, to make the railway at all, short of an expensive tunnel. Your management will simply consist in keeping things in order until the railway makes the land valuable. Then I shall sell it, of course."

"I see. Very well. Could you not give my old architect something to do? Andrea Contini is his name. The houses we built for Del Ferice have all turned out well, you know." Orsino laughed rather bitterly.

"Remind me of him at the proper time," said San Giacinto. "Tell him to learn something about building small railway stations. There will be between fifteen and twenty, altogether."

Digitized by Google

"I will. But—do you expect that a railway in Sicily will ever pay you?"

"No. I am not an idiot."

"Then why do you build one, if that is not an indiscreet question?"

"The rise in the value of the land I buy will make it worth while, several times over. It is quite simple."

"It must take an enormous capital," said Orsino thoughtfully.

"It needs a large sum of ready money. But the lands are generally mortgaged for long periods, and almost to two thirds of their selling value. The holders of the mortgages do not care who owns the land. So I pay about one third in cash."

"What becomes of a country, when all the land is mortgaged for two thirds of what it is worth?" asked Orsino carelessly, and half laughing.

But San Giacinto did not laugh.

"I have thought about that," he answered gravely. "When the yield of the land is not enough to pay the interest on the mortgages, the taxes to the government, and some income to the owners, they starve outright, or emigrate. There is a good deal of starvation nowadays, and a good deal of emigration in search of bread."

"And yet they say that the value of land is increasing almost all over the country," objected Orsino. "You count on it yourself."

"The value rises wherever railways and roads are built."

"And what pays for railways?"

"The taxes."

"And the people pay the taxes."

"Exactly. And the taxes are enormous. The people in places remote from the projected railway are ruined by them, but the people who own land where the railways pass are indirectly very much enriched by the result. Sometimes a private individual like myself builds a light road. I think that is a source of wealth, in the end, to every one. But the building of the government roads, like the one down the west coast of Calabria, seems to destroy the balance of wealth and increase emigration. It is a necessary evil."

"There are a great many necessary evils in our country," said Orsino. "There are too many."

"*Per aspera ad astra.* I never knew much Latin, but I believe that means something. There are also unnecessary evils, such as brigandage in Sicily, for instance. You can amuse yourself by fighting that one, if you please; though I have no doubt that the brigands will often travel by my railway—and they will certainly go in the first class."

The big man laughed and rose, leaving Orsino to meditate upon the prospect of occupation which was opened to him.

IV.

ORSINO remained in his corner for a few minutes, after San Giacinto had left him, and then rose to go into the drawing room. As he went he passed the other men who were seated and standing, all near together and not far from the empty fireplace, listening to Tebaldo Pagliuca, who was talking about Sicily with a very strong Sicilian accent. Orsino paused a moment to hear what he was saying. He was telling the story of a frightful murder committed in the outskirts of Palermo not many weeks earlier, and about which there had been much talk. But Tebaldo was on his own ground and knew much more about it than had appeared in the newspapers. His voice was not unpleasant. It was smooth, though his words were broken here and there by gutturals which he had certainly not learned on his own side of the island. There was a sort of reserve in the tones which contrasted with the vividness of the language. Orsino watched him and looked at him more keenly than he had done as yet. He was struck by the stillness of the deep eyes, which were slightly bloodshot, and at the same time by the mobility and changing expression of the lower part of the face. Tebaldo made gestures, too, which had a singular directness. Yet the whole impression given was that he was a good actor rather than a man of continued, honest action, and that he could have performed any other part as well.

Near him stood his brother Francesco. There was doubtless a family resemblance between the two, but the difference of constitution was apparent to the most unpractised eye. The young man was stouter, more sanguine, less nervous. The red blood glowed with strong health under his brown skin, his lips were scarlet and full, his dark mustache was soft and silky like his short smooth hair, and his eyes were soft, too, and moistly bright, very long, with heavy drooping lids that were whiter than the skin of the rest of the face. Francesco was no more like his sister than was Tebaldo.

Orsino found himself by his father as he paused in passing, and he suddenly realized how immeasurably nearer he was to this strong, iron gray, middle sized, silent man

Digitized by Google

beside him, than to any other one of all the men in the room, including his own brothers. Sant' Ilario had perhaps never understood his eldest son; or perhaps there was between them the insurmountable barrier of his own solid happiness. For it is sorrow that draws men together. Happiness needs no sympathy; happiness is not easily disturbed; happiness that is solidly founded is itself a most negative source of that most all pervading virtue, without the least charity for unhappiness' sins; happiness suffices to itself; happiness is a lantern to its own feet; it is all things to one man and nothing to all the rest; it is an impenetrable wall between him who has it and mankind. And Sant' Ilario had been happy for nearly thirty years. His four sons were all grown men, straight and tall, so that he looked up to their faces when they stood beside him. Strong, peaceable, honest, rather hard faced young men they were, excepting Ippolito, the second of them, who had talent and a lovable disposition in place of strength and hardness of character.

They were fond of their father, no doubt, and there was great solidarity in the family. But what they felt for Sant' Ilario was perhaps more like an allegiance than an affection, and they looked to him as the principal person of importance in the family, because their grandfather was such a very old man. They were accustomed to take it for granted that he was infallible when he expressed himself definitely in a family matter, whereas they had no very high opinion of his judgment in topics and questions of the day; for they had received a modern education, and were to some extent imbued with those modern prejudices compared with which the views of our fathers hardly deserved the name of a passing caprice.

Orsino thought that there was something at once cunning and ferocious about Tebaldo's way of telling the story. He had a fine smile of appreciation for the secrecy and patience of the two young men who had sought occasion against their sister's lover, and there was a squaring of the angular jaws and a quick forward movement of the head, as of a snake when striking, to accompany his description of the death blow. Orsino listened to the end and then went quietly out and returned to the drawing room.

Vittoria d'Oriani was seated near Corona, who was talking to her in a low tone. The other ladies were standing together before a famous old picture. The Marchesa di San Giacinto was smoking a cigarette. Orsino sat down by his mother, who looked at him quietly and smiled, and then went on speaking. The young girl glanced at Orsino. She was leaning forward, one elbow on her knee, and her chin supported in her hand, her lips a little parted as she listened with deep interest to what the elder woman said. Corona was telling her of Rome many years earlier, of the life in those days, of Pius the Ninth, and of the coming of the Italians.

"How can you remember things that happened when you were so young?" exclaimed Vittoria, watching the calm and beautiful face.

"I was older than you even then," answered Corona, with a smile. "And I married very young." she added thoughtfully. "I was married at your age, I think. How old are you, my dear?"

"I am eighteen—just eighteen," replied Vittoria.

"I was married when I was scarcely seventeen. It was too young."

"But you have always been so happy. Why do you say that?"

"What makes you think that I have always been happy?" asked the princess.

"Your face, I think. One or two of the nuns were very happy, too. But it was different. They had quite another look on their faces."

"I dare say," answered Corona, and she smiled again, and looked proudly at Orsino.

She rose and crossed the room, feeling that she was neglecting her older guests for the young girl, who was thus left with Orsino again. He did not see Donna Maria Carolina's quick glance as she discovered the fact, and made sure of it, looking again and again at the two while she joined a little in the conversation which was going on around her. She was very happy, just then, poor lady, and almost forgot to struggle against the accumulated provincialisms of twenty years, or to be anxious lest her new friends should discover that her pearls were false. For the passion for ornament, whether false or real, had not diminished with the improvement in her fortunes.

But Orsino was not at all interested in Vittoria's mother, and he had seen too much to care whether women wore real jewelry or not. He had almost forgotten the young girl after dinner when he had sat down in the corner of the smoking room, but San Giacinto's remark had vividly recalled her face to his memory, with a strong desire to see her again at once. Nothing was easier than to satisfy such a wish, and he found himself by her side.

Digitized by Google

Once there, he did not trouble himself to speak to her for several moments. Vittoria showed considerable outward self possession, though it was something of an ordeal to sit in silence, almost touching him and not daring to speak, while he was apparently making up his mind what to say. It had been much easier during dinner, she thought, because she had been put in her place without being consulted, and was expected to be there, without the least idea of attracting attention. Now, she felt a little dizzy for a moment, as though the room were swaying; and she was afraid that she was going to blush, which would have been ridiculous.

Now, he was looking at her, while she looked down at her little white fan that lay on the white stuff of her frock, quite straight, between her two small, white gloved hands. The nuns had not told her what to do in any such situation. Still Orsino did not speak. Two minutes had crawled by, like two hours, and she felt a fluttering in her throat.

It was absurd, she thought. There was no reason for being so miserable. Very probably he was not thinking of her at all. But it was of no use to tell herself such things, for her embarrassment grew apace, till she felt that she must spring from her seat and run from the room without looking at him. The fluttering became almost convulsive, and her hands pressed the little fan on each side, clinching themselves tightly. Still he did not speak.

In utter despair she began to recite inwardly the litany of the saints, biting her lips lest they should move and he should guess what she was doing. In her suppressed excitement the holy personages raced and tumbled over one another at a most unseemly rate, till the procession was violently checked by the gravely indifferent tones of Orsino's voice. Her hands relaxed, and she turned a little pale.

"Have you been to Saint Peter's?" he inquired calmly.

He was certainly not embarrassed, but he could think of nothing better to say to a young girl. On the first occasion, at dinner, he had asked her how she liked Rome. At all events it had opened the conversation. He remembered well enough the half dozen earnest words they had exchanged; and there was something more than mere memory, for he knew that he half wished they might reach the same point again. Perhaps, if the wish had been stronger and if Vittoria had been a little older, it might have been easier.

"Yes," she said. "My mother took me as soon as we came. She was very anxious that we should pay our devotion to the patron saint."

Orsino smiled a little.

"Saint Peter is not the patron of Rome," he observed. "Our protector is San Filippo Neri."

Vittoria looked up in genuine surprise.

"Saint Peter is not the patron saint of Rome?" she exclaimed. "But—I always thought——"

"Naturally enough. All sorts of things in Rome seem to be what they are not. We seem to be alive, for instance. We are not. Six or seven years ago we were all in a frantic state of excitement over our greatness. We have turned out to be nothing but a set of embalmed specimens in glass cases. Do not look so much surprised, signorina—or shocked—which is it?"

He laughed a little.

"I cannot help it," answered Vittoria simply, her brown eyes still fixed on him in wonder. "It is—it is all so different from what I expected—the things people say——" She hesitated and stopped short, turning her eyes from him.

The light was strong in the room, for the aged prince hated the modern fashion of shading lamps almost to a dusk. Orsino watched Vittoria's profile, and the graceful turn of her young throat as she looked away, and the fine growth of silky hair from the temples and behind the curving little ear. The room was warm, and he sat silently watching her for a moment. She was no longer embarrassed, for she was not thinking of herself, and she did not know how he was thinking of her just then.

"I wonder what you expected us to be like," he said at last. "And what you expected us to say," he added as an afterthought.

It crossed his mind that if she had been a married woman three or four years older, he might have found her very amusing in conversation. He could certainly not have been talking in detached and almost idiotic phrases, as he was actually doing. But if she had been a young married woman, her charm would have been different, and of a kind not new to him. There was a novelty about Vittoria, and it attracted him strongly. There was real freshness and untried youth in her; she had that sort of delicacy which some flowers have, and which is not fragility the bloom of a precious thing fresh broken from the mold and not yet breathed upon. He wondered whether all young

Digitized by Google

girls had this inexpressible something, and if so, why he had never noticed it.

"I am not quite sure," answered Vittoria, blushing a little at the thought that she could have had a preconceived idea of Orsino Saracinesca.

The reply left everything to be desired in the way of brilliancy, but the voice was soft and expectant, as some women's voices are, that seem just upon the point of vibrating to a harmonic while yielding the fundamental tone in all its roundness. There are rare voices that seem to possess a distinct living individuality, apart from the women to whom they belong, a sort of extra-natural musical life, of which the woman herself cannot control nor calculate the power. It is not the "golden voice" which some actresses have. One recognizes that at the first hearing; one admits its beauty; one hears it three or four times, and one knows it by heart. It will pronounce certain phrases in a certain way, inevitably; it will soften and swell and ring with mathematical precision at the same verse, at the identical word, night after night, year after year, while it lasts. Vittoria's voice was not like that. It had the spontaneity of independent life which a passion itself has when it takes possession of a man or a woman. Orsino felt it, and was conscious of a new sensitiveness in himself.

On the whole, to make a very wide statement of a general truth, Italian men are moved by sense and Italian women are stirred by passion. Between passion and sense there is all the difference that exists between the object and the idea. Sense appreciates, passion idealizes; sense desires all things, passion hungers for one; sense is material, though ever so estheticized and refined, but passion clothes fact with unearthly attributes; sense is singly selfish, passion would make a single self of two. The sensual man says, "To have seen much and to have little is to have rich eyes and poor hands;" the passionate man or woman will "put it to the test, to win or lose it all," like Montrose. Sense is vulgar when it is not monstrous in strength, or hysterical to madness. Passion is always noble, even in its sins and crimes. Sense can be satisfied, and its satisfaction is a low sort of happiness; but passion's finer strings can quiver with immortal pain, and ring with the transcendent harmony that wakes the hero even in a coward's heart.

Vittoria first touched Orsino by her outward charm, by her voice, by her grace. But it was his personality, or her spontaneous imagination of it, which made an indelible impression upon her mind before the first evening of their acquaintance was over. The woman who falls in love with a man for his looks alone is not of a very high type, but the best and bravest men that ever lived have fallen victims to mere beauty, often without much intelligence, or faith, or honor.

Orsino was probably not aware that he was falling in love at first sight. Very few men are, and yet very many people certainly begin to fall in love at a first meeting, who would scout the idea as an absurdity. For love's beginnings are most exceedingly small in the greatest number of instances. Were they greater, a man might guard himself more easily against his fate.

V.

AT that time a young Sicilian singer had lately made her first appearance in Rome and had been received with great favor. She was probably not destined ever to become one of the chief artists of the age, but she possessed exactly the qualifications necessary to fascinate a Roman audience. She was very young, she was undeniably beautiful, and she had what Romans called a "sympathetic" voice. They think more of that latter quality in Italy than elsewhere. It is what in English we might call charm, and to have it is to have the certainty of success with an Italian public.

Aliandra Basili was the daughter of a respectable notary in the ancient town of Randazzo, which lies on the western slope of Mount Etna, on the high road from Piedimonte to Bronte and Catania, within two hours' ride of Camaldoli, the Corleone place. It is a solemn old walled town, built of almost black tufo, though many of the houses on the main street have now been stuccoed and painted; and it has a very beautiful Saracen-Norman cathedral.

Aliandra's life had been very like that of any other provincial girl of the middle class. She had been educated in a small convent, while her excellent father, whose wife was dead, labored to accumulate a little dowry for his only child. At fifteen years of age, she had returned to live with him, and he had entertained good hopes of marrying her off before she was seventeen. In fact, he thought that he had only to choose among a number of young men, of whom any one would be delighted to become her husband.

Digitized by Google

Then, one day, Tebaldo and Francesco Pagliuca came riding down from Camaldoli, and stopped at the notary's house to get a small lease drawn up; and while they were there, in the dusty office, doing their best to be sure of what old Basili's legal language meant, they heard Aliandra singing to herself up stairs. After that they came to Randazzo again, both separately and together, and at last they persuaded old Basili that his daughter had a fortune in her voice and should be allowed to become a singer. He consented after a long struggle, and sent her to Messina to live with a widowed sister of his, and to be taught by an old master of great reputation who had taken up his abode there. Very possibly Basili agreed to this step with a view to removing the girl to a distance from the two brothers, who made small secret of their admiration for her, or about their jealousy of each other; and he reflected that she could be better watched and guarded by his sister, who would have nothing else to do, than by himself. For he was a busy man, and obliged to spend his days either in his office, or in visits to distant clients, so that the motherless girl was thrown far too much upon her own resources.

Tebaldo, on the other hand, realized that so long as she lived in Randazzo, he would have but a small chance of seeing her alone. He could not come and spend a week at a time in the town, but he could find an excuse for being longer than that in Messina, and he trusted to his ingenuity to elude the vigilance of the aunt with whom she was to live. In Messina, too, he would not have his brother at his elbow, trying to outdo him at every turn, and evidently attracting the young girl to a certain extent.

To tell the truth, Aliandra's head was turned by the attentions of the two young noblemen, though her father never lost an opportunity of telling her that they were a pair of penniless good for nothings and otherwise dangerous characters, supposed to be on good terms with the brigands of the interior, and typical *maffeusi* through and through. But such warnings were much more calculated to excite the girl's interest than to frighten her. She had an artist's nature and instincts, and the two young gentlemen were very romantic characters in her eyes, when they rode down from their dilapidated stronghold, on their compact little horses, their beautiful Winchester rifles slung over their shoulders, their velvet coats catching the sunlight, their spurs gleaming, and their broad hats shading their dark eyes. Had there been but one of them, her mind would soon have been made up to make him marry her, and she might have succeeded without much difficulty. But she found it hard to decide between the two. They were too different for comparison, and yet too much alike for preference. Tebaldo was a born tyrant, and Francesco a born coward. She was dominated by the one and she ruled the other, but she was not in love with either, and she could not make up her mind whether it would on the whole be more agreeable to love her master or her slave.

Meanwhile she made rapid progress in her singing, appeared at the opera in Palermo, and almost immediately obtained an engagement in Rome. To her father, the sum offered her appeared enormous, and her aunt was delighted by the prospect of going to Rome with her during the winter. Aliandra had been successful from the first, and she seemed to be on the high road to fame. The young idlers of rich Palermo intrigued to be introduced to her, and threw enormous nosegays to her at the end of every act. She found that there were scores of men far handsomer and richer than the Pagliuca brothers, ready to fall in love with her, and she began to reflect seriously upon her position. Artist though she was, by one side of her nature, there was a touch of her father's sensible legal instinct, together with that extraordinary self preserving force which usually distinguishes the young girl of southern Italy.

She soon understood that no one of her new admirers would ever think of asking her to be his wife, whereas she was convinced that she could marry either Tebaldo or Francesco, at her choice and pleasure. They were poor, indeed, but of as good nobility as any of the rich young noblemen of Palermo, and she was beginning to find out what fortunes were sometimes made by great singers. She dreamed of buying back the old Corleone estates and of being some day the Princess of Corleone herself. That meant that she must choose Tebaldo, since he was to get the title. And here she hesitated again. She did not realize that Francesco was actually a physical coward and rather a contemptible character altogether; to her he merely seemed gentle and winning, and she thought him much ill used by his despotic elder brother. As for the third brother, Ferdinando, of whom mention has been made, she had rarely seen him.

Time went on, and in the late autumn Aliandra and her aunt went to Rome for the

Digitized by Google

season. As has been seen, it pleased fortune that the Pagliuca brothers should be there also, with their mother and sister, Ferdinando remaining in Sicily. When the question of selling Camaldoli to San Giacinto arose, Ferdinando at first flatly refused to give his consent. Thereupon Tebaldo wrote him a singularly temperate and logical letter, in which he very quietly proposed to inform the government of Ferdinando's complicity with the brigands unless he at once agreed to the sale. Ferdinando might have laughed at the threat had it come from any one else, but he knew that Tebaldo's thorough acquaintance with the country and with the outlaws' habits would give him a terrible advantage. If he gave information, Tebaldo could never return to Sicily, for his life would not be safe, even in broad daylight, in Palermo, and it was quite possible that the mafia might reach him even in Rome. But he was undoubtedly able to help the government in a raid in which many of Ferdinando's friends must perish or be taken prisoners. For their sakes Ferdinando signed his consent to the sale, before old Basili in Randazzo, and sent the paper to Rome; but that night he swore that no Roman should ever get possession of Camaldoli while he was alive, and half a dozen of the boldest among the outlaws swore that they would stand by him in his resolution.

Aliandra knew nothing of all this, for Tebaldo was far too wise to tell any one how he had forced his brother's consent. She would certainly have been disgusted with him, had she known the truth, for she was morally as far superior to him and to Francesco as an innocent girl brought up by honest folks can be better than a pair of exceedingly corrupt young adventurers. But they both had in a high degree the power of keeping up appearances and of imposing upon their surroundings. Tebaldo was indeed subject to rare fits of anger in which he completely lost control of himself, and when he was capable of going to any length of violence; but these were very unusual, and as a general rule he was reticent in the extreme. Francesco possessed the skill and gentle duplicity of a born coward and a born ladies' man. They both deceived Aliandra, in spite of her father's early warning and her old aunt's anxious advice.

Aliandra was successful beyond any one's expectations during the first engagement in Rome, and she was wise enough to gain herself the reputation of being unapproachable to her many admirers. Only Tebaldo and Francesco, whom she now considered as old friends of her family, were ever admitted to her room at the theater, or received at the quiet apartment where she lived with her aunt.

On the night of the dinner party at the Palazzo Saracinesca, Aliandra was to sing in "Lucia" for the first time in Rome. Both the brothers had wished that they could have been in the theater to hear her, instead of spending the evening in the society of those very stiff and mighty Romans, and both made up their minds separately that they would see her before they left the Argentina that night. Tebaldo, as usual, took the lead of events, and peremptorily ordered Francesco to go home with their mother and sister in the carriage.

When the Corleone party left the palace, therefore, Francesco got into the carriage, but Tebaldo said that he preferred to walk, and went out alone from under the great gate. He was not yet very familiar with the streets of Rome, but he believed that he knew the exact situation of the palace, and could easily find his way from it to the Argentina theater, which was not very far distant.

The old part of the city puzzled him, however. He found himself threading unfamiliar ways, dark lanes, and winding streets which emerged suddenly upon small squares from which three or four other streets led in different directions. Instinctively he looked behind him from time to time, and felt in his pocket for the pistol which, like a true provincial, he thought it as necessary to carry in Rome as in his Sicilian home. Presently he looked at his watch, saw that it was eleven o'clock, and made up his mind to find a cab if he could. But that was not an easy matter either, in that part of the city, and it was twenty minutes past eleven when he at last drew up to the stage entrance at the back of the Argentina. A weary, gray, unshaven, and very dirty old man admitted him, looked at his face, took the flimsy currency note which Tebaldo held out, and let him pass without a word. The young man knew his way much better within the building than out in the streets. In a few moments he stopped before a dingy little door, the last on the left in a narrow corridor dimly lit by a single flame of gas, which was turned low for economy's sake. He knocked sharply and opened the door without waiting for an answer.

There were three persons in the small, low dressing room, and all three faced Tebaldo rather anxiously. Aliandra Basili, the young Sicilian prima donna who had

Digitized by Google

lately made her first appearance in Rome, was seated before a dim mirror which stood on a low table covered with appliances for theatrical dressing. Her maid was arranging a white veil on her head, and beside her, very near to her, and drawing back from her as Tebaldo entered, sat Francesco.

Tebaldo's lips moved uneasily, as he stood still for a moment, gazing at the little group, his hand on the door. Then he closed it quickly behind him, and came forward with a smile.

"Good evening," he said. "I lost my way in the streets and am a little late. I thought the curtain would be up for the last act."

"They have called me once," answered Aliandra. "I said that I was not ready, for I knew you would come."

She was really very handsome and very young, but the mask of paint and powder changed her face and expression almost beyond recognition. Even her bright, gold brown eyes were made to look black and exaggerated by the deep shadows painted with antimony below them and on the lids. The young hand she held out to Tebaldo was whitened with a chalky mixture to the tips of her fingers. She was dressed in the flowing white robe which *Lucia* wears in the mad scene, and the flaring gaslights on each side of the mirror made her face and wig look terribly artificial. Tebaldo thought so as he looked at her, and remembered the calm simplicity of Corona Saracinesca's mature beauty. But he had known Aliandra long, and his imagination saw her own face through her paint.

"It was good of you to wait for me," he said. "I dare say my brother helped the time to pass pleasantly."

"I have only just come," said Francesco quickly. "I took our mother home."

"I did not know that you were coming at all," replied Tebaldo coldly. "How is it going?" he asked, sitting down by Aliandra. "Another ovation?"

"No. They are waiting for the mad scene, of course—and my voice is as heavy as lead tonight. I shall not please any one—and it is the first time I have sung *Lucia* in Rome. My nerves are in a state——"

"You are not frightened? You—of all people?"

"I am half dead with fright. I am white under my rouge. I can feel it."

"Poor child!" exclaimed Francesco softly, and his eyes brightened as he watched her.

"Bah!" Tebaldo shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "She always says that!"

"And sometimes it is true," answered Aliandra, with a sharp sigh.

A double rap at the door interrupted the conversation.

"Signorina Basili! Are you ready?" asked a gruff voice outside.

"Yes!" replied the young girl, rising with an effort.

Francesco seized her left hand and kissed it. Tebaldo said nothing, but folded his arms and stood aside. He saw on his brother's dark mustache a few grains of the chalky dust which whitened Aliandra's fingers.

"Do not wait for me when it is over," she said. "My aunt is in the house, and will take me home. Good night."

"Good by," said Tebaldo, looking intently into her face as he opened the door.

She started in surprise, and perhaps her face would have betrayed her pain, but the terribly artificial rouge and powder hid the change.

"Come and see me tomorrow," she said to Tebaldo, in a low voice, when she was already in the doorway.

He did not answer, but kept his eyes steadily on her face.

"Signorina Basili! You will miss your cue!" cried the gruff voice in the corridor.

Aliandra hesitated an instant, glancing out and then looking again at Tebaldo.

"Tomorrow," she said suddenly, stepping out in the passage. "Tomorrow," she repeated, as she went swiftly towards the stage.

She looked back just before she disappeared, but there was little light, and Tebaldo could no longer see her eyes.

He stood still by the door. Then his brother passed him.

"I am going to hear this act," said Francesco quietly, as though unaware that anything unusual had happened.

Before he was out of the door, he felt Tebaldo's hand on his shoulder, gripping him hard and shaking him a little. He turned his head, and his face was suddenly pale. Tebaldo kept his hand on his brother's shoulder and pushed him back against the wall of the passage, under the solitary gaslight.

"What do you mean by coming here?" he asked. "How do you dare?"

Francesco was badly frightened, for he knew Tebaldo's ungovernable temper.

"Why not?" he tried to ask. "I have often been here——"

"Because I warned you not to come again. Because I am in earnest. Because I will do you some harm, if you thrust yourself into my way with her."

Digitized by Google

"I shall call for help now, unless you let me go," answered Francesco, with white lips. Tebaldo laughed savagely.

"What a coward you are!" he cried, giving his brother a final shake and then letting him go. "And what a fool I am to care!" he added, laughing again.

"Brute!" exclaimed Francesco, adjusting his collar and smoothing his coat.

"I warned you," retorted Tebaldo, watching him. "And now I have warned you again," he added. "This is the second time. Are there no women in the world besides Aliandra Basili?"

"I knew her first," objected the younger man, beginning to recover some courage.

"You knew her first? When she was a mere child in Randazzo—when we went to her father about a lease, we both heard her singing—but what has that to do with it? That was six years ago, and you have hardly seen her since."

"How do you know?" asked Francesco scornfully.

He had gradually edged past Tebaldo towards the open end of the passage.

"How do you know that I did not often see her alone before she went to Messina, and since then, too?" He smiled as he renewed the question.

"I do not know," said Tebaldo calmly. "You are a coward. You are also a most accomplished liar. It is impossible to believe a word you say, good or bad. I should not believe you if you were dying, and if you swore upon the holy sacraments."

"Thank you," answered Francesco, apparently unmoved by the insult. "But you would probably believe Aliandra, would you not?"

"Why should I? She is only a woman."

Tebaldo turned angrily as he spoke, and his eyelids drooped at the corners, like a vulture's.

"You two are not made to be believed," he said, growing more cold. "I sometimes forget, but you soon remind me of the fact again. You said distinctly this evening that you would go home with our mother——"

"So I did," interrupted Francesco. "I did not promise to stay there——"

"I will not argue with you——"

"No. It would be useless, as you are in the wrong. I am going to hear the act. Good night."

Francesco walked quickly down the passage. He did not turn to look behind him, but it was not until he was at the back of the stage, groping his way amidst lumber and dust towards the other side, that he felt safe from any further violence.

Tebaldo had no intention of following. He stood quite still under the gaslight for a few seconds, and then opened the door of the dressing room again. He knew that the maid was there alone.

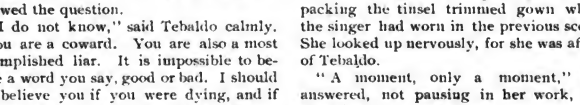
"How long was my brother here before I came?" he asked sharply.

The woman was setting things in order, packing the tinsel trimmed gown which the singer had worn in the previous scene. She looked up nervously, for she was afraid of Tebaldo.

"A moment, only a moment," she answered, not pausing in her work, and speaking in a scared tone.

Tebaldo looked at her, and saw that she was frightened. He was not in the humor to believe any one just then, and after a moment's silence, he turned on his heel and went out.

(*To be continued.*)



FATE.

One ship drives east and another drives west
With the self same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sails,
And not the gales,
Which tell us the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate;
As we voyage along through life,
'Tis the set of a soul
That decides its goal,
And not the calm, or the strife.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Digitized by Google

ON SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

MORNING.

THE gray dawn creeps across the sky
  Above the silent town;
Reluctant, from their home on high
  The snowflakes falter down;
But with the passing of the night
My heart awakes, with love alight,
  And happiness astir.
What matter if the skies be gray?
It is my privilege today
  To speak of love to her!

A toast to thee, Saint Valentine,
  So old and yet so young;
A good and gracious task is thine—
  To loose the lover's tongue;
And, be it sun or be it storm
That comes today, his heart is warm,
  And lightsome laughter lies
Upon his lip. Saint Valentine
Can win some witching secret sign
  From out the coldest eyes.

No care have I for what is past,
  No dread of what must come,
Dark hours with doubtings overcast,
  When longing lips are dumb.
Today, today of all the year,
I laugh at doubt and silence fear!
  She cannot well demur
At any word that I may say—
It is my privilege today
  To speak of love to her!

NOON.

THE sovereign sun his gold is placing
  On the proud dark heads of the distant hills,
And from this window, westwardly facing,
  I look toward you and my whole heart thrills.
Distant you are yet I know you nearest,
  Nearest and best of the joys life brings,
Therefore, my lady, my fairest and dearest,
  I look toward you and my heart takes wings!

Over the streets of the city, throbbing
  With pride and passion, with sin and care,
Over the river's insistent sobbing,
  And the whitened meadows beyond, to where
You are, my lady, my heart upholder,
  With the dear deep eyes of tender brown,
In whose wondrous light grows the pilgrim bolder,
  Tenfold repaid for its trip from town!

This is the cause of a hint of flowers
  That brings Arcadian visions near,
And gilds the flight of these business hours—
  I can see the home of my heart from here!
And I marvel, too, at the men about me
  So blind to the charm of this pleasant place,
And if life be good I much misdoubt me,
  If unlightened by love of your gracious face.

NIGHT.

I FALL asleep, of you to dream,
  And wake to dream of you,
Watching the moonlight glance and gleam
  My window curtains through;
And then I set my thoughts afloat,
  When all the world is stilled,
And drift in fancy's shadow boat
  On tides of hope fulfilled.

I fall asleep to find your eyes,
  And, waking in the gloom,
Believe they shine in shy surprise
  Across the silent room;
And every night I loose anew
  A flock of whispered words,
And bid them swiftly wing to you,
  Like homeward faring birds.

And good it is to sleep and wake
  But this must still be best,
When fancy's shadow boat shall make
  The harbor of its quest;
When all my golden hopes come true,
  And this sweet thing shall be,
That while I wake to dream of you
  You sleep to dream of me!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

Digitized by Google

STORIETTES

WINNING THE LAUREL.

CAPTAIN HOLLISTER was so dizzy with the confused horror of it all, that he had abandoned the guidance of his horse. All the roar and crash of the battle could not drown the sullen thud of that deadening sledge, pounding at his brain and stupefying him.

"God! I never dreamed of anything like this," he gasped.

True, he was very young to be a captain, and until now his nearest approach to experience had been an occasional skirmish. His captaincy had been gained by no special deeds of his own. And yet the unanimous verdict was that the opportunity, not the man, had been lacking. Ever since his entrance into the army, such expectant confidence had been his share from officers and men alike that Hollister, fortified in his judgment of his own character, had long since ceased to harbor doubts thereon.

Were not the dead and living witnesses that in the three previous American wars Hollister had been a name of unsullied honor? Had not a general, a commodore, and a major successively borne and preserved it untarnished? Young Captain Hollister seemed the ideal son of such a race. "A little high strung, perhaps," old General Carnes had once remarked to a fellow officer, glancing admiringly after the captain, "but there, you can see, sir, blood will teh blood will tell."

Yet here Captain Hollister was, in the midst of that hell of roar and flame, murmuring with ashy lips, "Oh, my God! What fiends!" and shuddering as he murmured.

To be just, he had undergone a terrible ordeal in the early part of the battle. Ask any man that has fought with his fellow men, and he will tell you that the soul wrecking part of war is not the actual fighting, where men are maddened by the lust of battle, but the terrible agony while waiting for the command to fight.

For one hour of horror Hollister had stood with his troop in a partially sheltered position; not so protected, however, but that every minute some living, breathing human being would topple over, a bleeding lump of flesh. And then suddenly, without warning, a masked battery of artillery had poured its murderous storm upon his troopers, and the man with whom the captain had been speaking was struck by a cannon ball. One of the bloody fragments was spattered over the officer's horse, while the severed head grimaced at him from the grass. Hollister's nerves, strained by the long and sickening wait, gave way entirely, and dropping the bridle with a great cry, he buried his face in his hands.

Grim and furious, covered with grime and dust, General Carnes dashed up.

"What are you doing here?" he roared with an oath. "Charge that company on the right—over there—and drive them back! *Charge!*"

Rising in his stirrups, he pointed with his sword. The next moment, to escape being hurled off his horse, Hollister grasped the bridle again, and borne along by the rush of his troopers he was carried into the vortex of the fight.

Then it was that, utterly unnerved by the horror of the scene, he became dizzy and dazed. Only for a moment, however. A Minié ball passed through his cap, and recalled him fearfully to consciousness. Under this shock, all his mental revolt at the ghastliness, terror, and inhumanity of the field in that one second changed into a wild, uncontrollable fear.

He dashes his spurs deep into the horse's flank. The brute makes a wild leap, and by accident springs through a gap to a comparatively clear space. Again and once again the spurs gash into the flesh, and the horse tears over the field with its white faced rider. If only he can gain the edge of those woods unkilled, he can turn the corner and be out of sight of the butchery. The horse has caught the spirit of terror, and flies over the ground. Another moment, and he will have reached the edge.

"Ha! What's that?"

He reins up his horse with a terrible jerk, and glares through the sparse trees. There, screened by the woods, there steals up a body of armed men, in the uniform of—yes—the enemy!

Under this new shock, reeling in his saddle, he wheels around in a wild access of terror, then stops suddenly, his face drawn by anguish and fear. With a gesture of despair, he flings up his hands. He is doomed! For his troop have perceived the flight, and here they thunder with grim, fierce, determined faces, resolved that the coward and traitor shall die.

So he stands for an instant in that rapidly closing vise of death, and then with a moan that is half curse, half prayer, whirls his horse around, just as the enemy, seeing that they are discovered, burst around the corner.

A bullet from a pistol not ten yards away crashes through his head, and at the supreme moment of terror and shame he plunges to the ground—dead!

* * * *

After the din and turmoil of that troubled day, came the serene majesty of a perfect night. Above, far back in the infinite depths of a pitchy sky, the stars seemed starting from their places and standing out against the vault. Below, that which in the garish, glaring light of day had been a ground strewn with horrors, in this soft, serene gloom lost all its terror and harshness. The work of God and man alike, the fields and trees, the mangled dead and

Digitized by Google

dying, all were bathed and idealized in the silvery moon mist.

On every side the stronger glare of camp fires dotted and lit up the camp itself. Around one of these a narrator was holding forth to an interested audience. A group of admiring infantry men surrounded this central figure, Sergeant Roll, of the Tenth Cavalry, a non commissioned officer of the troop which at the beginning of that day had been commanded by Captain Hollister.

"Yes," Sergeant Roll was saying, "they had nearly driven us wild in that hollow down there. So when we got that order to charge, and stopped being human targets, we rode on like devils, and carried back their flank and broke through the line. We were just reforming to charge again, when the captain jumps as if he'd been shot, and the next minute he and his horse just fly across the field. Well, for a minute the whole troop were so astonished, that we just stood still and looked at our officer riding in the opposite direction to the fight. And then, in the same second, we caught sight of what explained everything. For right through a little opening in the woods to our rear we saw the shine of bayonets, and we saw that the men carrying them had on gray uniforms. Well, it just about knocked us silly for a minute, and we couldn't believe that the general had been such a fool as to leave that approach entirely unguarded. But then, you know, privates ain't supposed to think, so we just tore on after the captain. Lots of the men hadn't heard his order to follow, and it took a little while before we were all started, so that he got a good ways ahead.

"Well, I never saw such a case of foolish bravery in my life. Do you think that he'd wait till we caught up to him? Not a bit of it. He saw the enemy, and he didn't care about anything else. Just as he got near the edge, though, he turned 'round and signals us with his arms, and then, so as to get his wound on the honorable side of his body, he turns back and is shot. Well, all of you know how we held them there until the others came up, and then how we drove them back.

"You see"—here Sergeant Roll shifted his position, leaning slightly toward the group—"he made two mistakes. In the first place, he relied on us being right back of him; but his start and the way he rode carried him way ahead. Then when he got to the edge he didn't think that the enemy was quite so near. Well, he turned around and saw that he was alone; but rather than run, he got killed. It was brave enough, I know, but I don't see the use of suicide like that. His big ideas of honor remind me"—and here the sergeant went off into a reminiscence.

* * * *

(Extract from a letter to Mrs. Hollister.)

. . . . Your son's death was the most glorious that a soldier could meet. By his alertness and superb courage he saved the army from a most disastrous surprise, and perhaps from a defeat. Then, unwilling to turn his back to the enemy, he rode on and fell like a hero. Madam, you mourn for a noble son. I mourn for a most noble man.

A. F. CARNES, General U. S. A.

His proud old mother wept, but there was no bitterness in her tears.

Frederick Schwed.

AN AWAKENING.

"IF every old maid were as bonny and sweet as Miss Annabel, the reproach of the name would be taken away!" This is what the young girls who knew her said.

In spite of her years, Annabel Graham was at heart as young as they; and there had been a time, now long ago, when she had been called "the prettiest girl of the village," and had had more admirers than all of them. But one after another her suitors had received the same reply, and had gone their ways—to marry their second loves, or their third, or their fourth, as the case might be. And gradually the years had taken Annabel's youth and sprightliness from her, though they had given her, in exchange, the dower of grace and loveliness (unusual with lonely middle age) which so distinguished her today.

Her mother had long been dead, and there were few left now to remember that one young, ardent lover—more favored than the rest—who had gone away long ago to the far off mines of the West, vowing to carve out a fortune for the lovely lady of his choice.

Few, even then, had known of Annabel's promise to wait for his return; and none now dreamed that her perfect love for this long absent suitor was the secret and the happiness of her still youthful heart.

She knew that he was as true to her as she had been to him. His brief, infrequent letters kept her assured of that; and she had never grown weary of waiting, nor disappointed, nor bitter. The longer the years since their parting, the nearer came the time for his return.

Her only dread was lest, in coming, he should find her too greatly changed. A woman's face at forty is a fading flower, at best; and those delicate tendrils of curling hair, whose soft waves he had loved to see above her brow, had lost their early glints of gold, and were fast assuming a silvery hue.

But her heart was still the heart of a girl, and every morning its quick throbbing sent the rich color to her cheeks at the thought: "What if he comes *today?*" And each night she sank to rest with his name, and the whispered word, "*Tomorrow!*" upon her lips.

He had had hard luck all through these long, long years; and more than once, when he seemed to have caught at the edge of fortune's garment, it was only to see it slip from his fingers again, and vanish, like the mirage of the desert.

So Annabel waited, and hoped, and loved, and lost her early bloom—and he, his youth.

But at last a letter of ringing triumph came. The long ordeal of separation was over, and,

Digitized by Google

crowned with success at last, he was speeding homeward, to her!

Then the beauty and delicate roses of youth came back, joy bidden, to Annabel's fair face; and her friends regarded her, amazed, not knowing the reason of the change.

The day, so long expected, has now come, and he is there! And these two, faithful through so many years, are face to face at last, with hands clasping eager hands, and eyes that seem trying to reach and read the other's inmost soul.

He sees the face he remembers well, grown older, but still beautiful with a beauty he is glad of, but fails to understand.

And she—in that brief instant before their lips have met—has realized that through all these years she has been loving an ideal of her own creation, and that this jovial, deep voiced man of middle age who stands before her, is a material being, with a soul that rates nothing higher than the gold which is his god.

He finds no flaw in her at all, and goes away, at last, clinking the coins in his pockets and thinking of the fine house he is going to build, and of the jewels and the costly silks with which he will adorn her—and which she will become so well.

But she, when he has gone, returns to her quiet chamber and shuts herself within. The flush has faded from her face, and the roses at her breast are crushed with his strong embrace. Desolation has come into her heart, but she will not break her promise, for that would be cowardly and cruel. She throws herself on her knees, but not for prayer. The vision of her lost ideal comes back to her, and she mourns for it as one without hope.

Judith Spencer.

THE MAN FROM HIGH HAT.

When the train reached the supper stop that May evening it contained three of the most disgusted, bored, and ill tempered men that ever occupied a sleeper between Grand Junction and Denver. For six hours we had traveled at no more than a snail's pace from the plains to the foothills, from the foothills to the mountains. We had swapped yarns, exchanged cigars, read papers, dog eared our novels, and, in fact, done everything that it is possible to do in the smoking compartment of a sleeping car, save play whist. We had not played whist. We had tried to play whist as no three men had ever tried before. We had attempted the game for nearly an hour with a dummy and had given up in disgust. We had begged the conductor to take a hand, with no success. We had even attempted to bribe the porter. Then we had sat disconsolate and eyed the table and the idle decks with murder in our hearts. At each stop we had looked anxiously for a new passenger, but none appeared. It really looked as though we three were the only people who would ever inhabit a sleeper on the Denver & Wyoming.

Consequently when, after having eaten our miserable dinners at High Hat, we assembled again in the smoking room of the "La Junta," our joy was beyond concealment at sight of a valise and a light overcoat on the seat. Before we had time to congratulate one another on the brightened prospect the owner of the bag appeared. But as soon as my eyes rested on him my heart sank; he didn't look as though he had ever seen a card in his life. Tall, with a sallow complexion and handsome features, there was an unmistakable atmosphere of the country about him. His clothes were neat and of good material, but spoilt in the making. His hair was in need of cutting, and his mustache was ragged to the point of anarchism.

He nodded to us and sank into the corner. A rapid look of disappointment passed from the wealthy flour manufacturer from St. Paul to the hat drummer from Philadelphia, and from the latter to me. But nothing was said. It was the flour man who broke the silence.

"Here's another train held up in Kansas. It does seem that it is almost time for such things to stop. Now here's a whole train load of people relieved of their money within three miles of a town, and no sign of the robbers to be found. Over forty passengers on the train, not counting the train crew, and not a blamed one of them dared fire a shot!"

The newcomer took his cigar from his mouth.

"I'll venture that there wasn't a man on the train, outside of the train men, with a gun."

"Nonsense," replied the flour man, "there was a dozen guns in the lot, I'll bet a hat!"

"I'd be willing to take your bet if there was any way of proving it," said the man from High Hat. "People don't carry revolvers traveling the way they used to; or, if they do, they keep them in their grips. Now here are four of us here, all men, I guess, who have been around country a bit and ought to know better, and I don't suppose there's a gun in the crowd?"

The flour man looked at me. I shook my head; the flour man shook his; the hat drummer did likewise.

"I thought so," said the man from High Hat. The flour man opened his mouth to reply, but thought better of it and subsided again behind his paper. The new passenger started his second cigar. When it was well going he nodded his head at the idle card table.

"Been playing cards?"

"Been trying to," said I.

"Don't want to try again, I suppose?"

"What do you play?" The flour man and the hat drummer jumped from behind their papers.

"Well, seven up." The flour man and the hat drummer disappeared again. "Nap, bezique, euchre, casino." The flour man grunted. "Dom Pedro, poker." The flour man laid down his paper.

"My friend," he asked, "do you play whist?"

"Well, yes, I *have* played it."

Three minutes later the cards were dealt.

Digitized by Google

The flour man and the man from High Hat were partners. I could see by the former's face that he didn't expect much from his partner. But he was agreeably disappointed. At the end of the third hand the newcomer had proved himself able to give points to any of us, and I rather pride myself on playing a fairly good game. The porter came in to light the gas and the game went on again. It was during the second hand of the rubber that the long whistle sounded and the hat drummer asked what station we were approaching.

"Colfax," answered the man from High Hat; "we stop for water about five minutes."

My partner held the winning trick, and when the last card was on the board the score stood four to four.

"Well, gentlemen, this decides it," said the man from High Hat, "and if no one objects I'm going to open the car door to let in a little air." He rose, stepped out, and we heard the rear door open. When he came back he threw away his cigar with a determined air and cut for the hat drummer. As the cards were dealt we felt the train slow down to a stop, and heard the forward door bang as the porter and conductor went out to the platform.

I was gladdened when I took up my hand by the sight of four high trumps. It was the flour man's lead. I arranged my hand and glanced over at him; and then I let my cards fall on the board. The flour man, with a set face and twitching lips, was staring at the man from High Hat. The drummer was still studying his cards. I turned and followed the flour man's gaze.

What I saw seriously damaged my composure. The man from High Hat sat far back in his seat and held before him two determined looking revolvers. His hat was pushed to the back of his head, and he was a different person, indeed, from the countrified traveler who had joined us at the dinner stop. I heard the drummer's cards alight softly on the board and knew that he, too, had at length grasped the situation. There followed a moment's silence, during which only the sound of voices far up the platform and the subdued "puff puff" of the engine were heard. The hat drummer sighed nervously, and the man from High Hat shifted a revolver in his direction like a flash. That broke the tension.

"Gentlemen," he said, at length, "this is rather an unpleasant situation, but much of the unpleasantness may be removed by obeying my instructions to the letter and with alacrity. The gentleman on my left will empty his pockets on to the table; the next gentleman will kindly follow suit—there is no renigging in this game—and the gentleman on my right will do the same. *At once, please!*" The last words were spoken in a tone that sent our hands to our several pockets simultaneously. When his instructions had been obeyed, there rested on the table three pocketbooks, a heap of small silver, three watches, and two silver match safes. Further orders led to the addition to the collection of two immense diamond studs from the flour man's shirt front, three rings, and a diamond pin from my scarf.

"Now, gentlemen, if there are any tickets or papers of only personal value in those wallets which you desire to keep, you can take them."

"I should like to keep about fifty of that currency," ventured the hat drummer with a tremulous laugh.

"I am sorry that I can't accommodate you," was the unsmiling reply. "Now, sit perfectly still, gentlemen, until I am through."

He laid one pistol on his knee and used his right hand to stow our belongings in his coat pocket. A sudden recollection of the electric call button by my elbow must have shown in my eyes, for the man from High Hat moved the muzzle of a revolver a hair's breadth nearer the line of my breast and remarked,

"It is quite useless; there is no one else in the car. And now, gentlemen, accept my apologies for what inconvenience I have put you to, and my thanks for your pleasant company and your pleasanter gifts. I need hardly point out to you that the moral to be derived from this evening's adventure is: Never travel without a gun! I must ask you to remain quiet a moment longer."

The sound of the engine whistle broke in on his last words and the train began to move.

"Keep your seats, gentlemen, or I shall not be responsible for the consequences!" The man from High Hat backed to the door, dropped one pistol into a pocket, settled his hat firmly on his head, buttoned his coat and waited, eying us closely the while, and never letting the muzzle of the remaining gun move from our direction. The train took on more speed; we heard the door close at the front end of the car and listened to hear the footsteps of the conductor approaching. But not so the man from High Hat; with a quick "Good night, friends!" he stepped outside of the door and slammed it swiftly behind him. We sat motionless the fraction of a minute, during which we heard him reach the car door and heard it bang sharply after him. Then I leaped at the bell cord.

* * * *

When the train started on again, after ten minutes' fruitless delay, we viewed sorrowfully the yellow valise and the light overcoat. In the former reposed a solitary chunk of red sandstone; the market value of the overcoat was something under three dollars. Our investigations were disturbed by the porter.

"Has any you gentlemen seen de big man wid de diamon' studs?"

I looked around; he was not in sight; but on the littered card table lay a sheet of paper torn from the back of a book. This is the message it bore, hastily scrawled in pencil:

"The flour man has gone with the dough."

So we had been sold by more than one scoundrel.

"Well," said the hat drummer, "I'll be——" But the rest was drowned in the noise of the train.

Richard Stillman Powell.

Digitized by Google

FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

I—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (SECOND PAPER).

INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT ENGLISH PAINTER'S LIFE AMONG THE HISTORIC FIGURES OF SOCIETY, ART, AND THE STAGE WHOM HE PERPETUATED IN HIS GALLERY OF GEORGIAN BEAUTY.

AMID all his portrait painting and his literary work, Sir Joshua found time to go everywhere and know everybody of any consequence in London. The list of his acquaintances would read like the index of a biographical dictionary of that period. From the throne of royalty to that of the stage was a step he made almost every day.

It was during the heyday of Sarah Siddons' fame that she came into an intimacy with Sir Joshua, which was much closer than he usually gave to any one, man or woman; and it was at this time that he painted her portrait as the Tragic Muse. The picture is one that added to his own reputation, and that helped to make the later public understand Mrs. Siddons' great power. John Philip Kemble's famous sister first acted in London in 1775, taking the characters of *Portia* and *Lady Anne* with Garrick. She made no particular stir then. It was not until 1782 that she carried the town by storm in such parts as *Constance* in "King John," and *Jane Shore*. When Reynolds painted her portrait she had never tried *Lady Macbeth*. That part was considered sacred to the dead Mrs. Yates, whom Romney had painted as the Tragic Muse. One day Sir Joshua asked Mrs. Siddons to come to his studio. As she entered he led her to the sitter's chair, saying in that handsomely rounded complimentary form which all the gentlemen of the day had learned from Dr. Johnson, "Ascend your undisputed throne; bestow on me some idea of the Tragic Muse." "Upon which," says Mrs. Siddons, "I walked up the steps, and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the 'Muse' now appears."

In private life, Sarah Siddons was a rather heavy personage with no great amount of imagination. She was in the habit of telling how Sir Joshua wrote his name in her draperies, saying: "I cannot resist the opportunity for going down to posterity in the edge of your garment," without any apparent realization of the value of the compliment. We must take her story of her own posing with our knowledge of Sir Joshua's courtliness. In the first place the pose strongly suggests Michelangelo's "Isaiah" in the Sistine Chapel; and in the second place, Reynolds drew the picture twice on the same canvas. This makes Mrs. Siddons' account rather improbable. She used to tell every one that if it had not been for her good taste Sir Joshua would have tricked her out in the colors of the rainbow. Being quite unacquainted with the earlier stages of an oil painting, she probably supposed, when the artist toned down his body colors, that he was following her advice. Sir Joshua must have found that it cost his nerves something to be intimate with this lady, great as she was on the other side of the footlights. The portrait as a whole is almost a perfect example of a dramatic work of art.

One of the happiest of Sir Joshua's works is the picture that shows the celebrated Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, playing with her infant daughter. The duchess was still a fashionable beauty in 1786, when this picture was exhibited, although she had lost some of the girlish appearance that had been one of her charms. She is dressed in black satin, and sits on a sofa, playing with the baby Georgiana Dorothy, who was afterwards married to the Earl of Carlisle. The picture, which belongs to the present Duke of Devonshire, is a remarkably effective one, but some of Sir Joshua's critics have insisted that he sacrificed truth for effect. The conception is full of vivacity, and the color is still rich, although none of the artist's later canvases have kept their original tints. He grew too fond of experimenting in pigments.

Sir Joshua did not paint the draperies in his pictures himself. He generally turned them over to Toms, an artist whose independent work was good enough to make him a Royal Academician, but who never left Reynolds' studio until he died.

Digitized by Google

Sarah Siddons as "The Tragic Muse."

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Digitized by Google

The portraits of Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick as "Collina," and of Lady Isabella Gordon as "The Cherub Choir," are two of the best liked of Sir Joshua's paintings of children. He has been laughed at for choosing such pretentious names for his canvases, but very often it was the engravers who were at fault. They were not allowed to engrave the pictures under the names of the sitters, and they were obliged to exercise what was often a poor inventive faculty. Little Lady Gertrude was the daughter of Lord Ossory. There is some affectation in the child's pose, but for all that she is a charming childish figure. But the five portraits of Lady Isabella Gordon which make up the "Cherub Choir"—now hanging on the walls of the National Gallery—are inimitable.

Two of Sir Joshua's canvases are often confounded. These are the "Fortune Teller" and the "Gipsy Fortune Teller." The first is a portrait of two of the Marlborough children, Lady Charlotte and Lord Henry Spencer. The little girl, dressed as a gipsy, reads the hand of her brother, who is in Vandyke costume—a fashion much followed by boys at that time. When the Blenheim pictures were dispersed this went into the hands of Sir Charles Tennant. But the "Gipsy Fortune Teller," of which we give an engraving, is at Knowle. The figures of the gipsy and the lover in the plumed hat, who holds the girl in his arms, are by no means remarkable, but the hysterical girl herself, trying to disguise her uneasiness, is full of character. It was very seldom that Reynolds could get away from his women of fashion in the grand

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and Her Daughter, Georgiana Dorothy Cavendish, Afterwards Countess of Carlisle.

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Digitized by Google

"Collina" (Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick)

From an engraving by George Zobel after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Digitized by Google

"The Cherub Choir" (Five Portraits of Lady Isabella Gordon).
From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

world or in Bohemia, to paint ideal pictures.

Sir Joshua was so full of imagination that he delighted in posing his sitters in some character. This, too, was a fashion of the time, which several other painters affected. A good instance of it is his beautiful picture of Eliza Ann Linley, the young singer and reigning belle of Bath, who made a runaway match with Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The Linley sisters, whose father was a composer, were known as "the nightingales." When Betty Linley, as she was called, was only sixteen, she was so beautiful that she was besieged by suitors. One of these, a man named Matthews, was almost successful in win-

"The Gipsy Fortune Teller."
From an engraving by W. Ward after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Digitized by Google

Isabella Anne, Marchioness of Hertford.

From an engraving by J. Scott after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

ning the young girl's interest. Sheridan, who was a friend of the family, warned her against him, and persuaded her to elope with himself. Although she was such a child, Miss Linley had already sung in concerts in London, and had attracted the attention of King George. She had a delicate beauty and a most pathetic expression. Sir Joshua first met her at the house of a Mr. Coote, who gave musical parties, and it is this Mr. Coote's children who appear as the angels attending St. Cecilia in the picture engraved on page 567. The purity of the young singer's face is admirably shown in the

Digitized by Google

"L'Allegro" (Mrs. Hale).

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Digitized by Google

painting. Mrs. Sheridan was often spoken of among her friends as "the saint." Her countenance has no insipidity, no smiling self consciousness. The picture belonged to the Marquis of Lansdowne's collection at Bowood, but it is now the property of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild.

Another of Sir Joshua's fanciful pictures is not so successful from the viewpoint of the stern art critic as it is to the eye of the casual observer. This is the portrait of Mrs. Hale as "L'Allegro." Here, with all the central figure's grace, we find the affectation which the "St. Cecilia" entirely lacks.

Among the bevy of beauties whom Sir Joshua painted he appears to have walked unscathed. It is true that many of his sitters were by no means so lovely in real life as he represented them. Women of the stage were in the habit of going to him to sit for the throat, hands, and feet of his court ladies. But there was a fellow artist to whom Sir Joshua is said to have lost his

"Saint Cecilia" (Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan)

From an engraving by Thomas Watson after the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Jackson.

From an etching by T. K. Sherwin after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

heart. This was Angelica Kauffmann. But while "Miss Angel," as she was called in England, was talented and beautiful, she had some attributes which were not exactly celestial. She was a sentimental woman and a consummate coquette, who was yet cold enough to keep an eye upon the main chance in matrimonial matters. The flirtation came to nothing. We find Angelica, at middle age, in Rome, coquetting with Goethe, who used to read her his poetry, and at last marrying an adventurer.

Sir Joshua never had another love affair. He died a bachelor at an advanced age.

Digitized by Google

Two Valentines.

I

HIS TO HER.

Her heart gates what soft word will win,
And bid them backward swing,
That waiting love may enter in
With blissful triumphing?

Therein a cruel sentinel
Unceasing watch doth keep;
Oh, but to know some potent spell
To seal his eyes with sleep!

Then might the eager love slip by
In silent, secret wise,
And lo, straightway would open lie
The path to paradise!

II

HERS TO HIM.

To every close, sequestered cell,
Though wisely it be watched and well,
There is an "open sesame"
To win its warded secrecy.

But not to him who waits and waits,
Doubtful and dumb without the gates,
To no decisive action stirred,
Is given the barrier moving word.

Nor doth insidious stealth avail,
Howe'er so subtly it assail;
But backward swiftly swings the bar,
If brave and bold love's avatar!

Clinton Scollard.

Digitized by Google

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE MOST PROMINENT AND IMPORTANT OF THE PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES ORGANIZED BY THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES—ITS RAPID GROWTH, ITS PRACTICAL WORK, AND SOME OF ITS LEADING MEMBERS.

THE society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the largest of the patriotic associations organized by the women of the United States, was founded in Washington six years ago. From the time of its inception there has never been any doubt of its success or of its usefulness. The interest evinced on all sides has been extraordinary, and the society's progress along patriotic and practical lines has been consistent and uninterrupted. In the phraseology of its constitution, the objects of the organization are:

"To perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence, by the acquisition and protection of historical spots and the erection of monuments; by the encouragement of historical research in relation to the Revolution, and the publication of its results; by the preservation of documents and relics, and of the individual services of Revolutionary soldiers and patriots; and by the promotion of celebrations of all patriotic anniversaries. Also, to carry out the injunction of Washington, 'To promote institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge;' and to cherish, maintain and extend the institutions of American freedom, to foster true patriotism, and to aid in

Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, the Present President of the Society.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent of the New York City Chapter.
From a photograph by Prince, New York.

securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty." An unwritten aim is to preserve the history of the women of the Revolution, and to bring to light as many interesting facts concerning them as possible.

Any woman is eligible for admission to the society, provided she has reached the age of eighteen years, is personally acceptable, and can prove by documentary or other reliable evidence her lineal descent from a man or woman who rendered material aid to the cause of independence. No indirect descent is recognized, nor any family tradition unsupported by proof.

The society is divided into chapters or local circles, which are under the immediate control of their own officers and the general supervision of the parent organization. There are now some two hundred and

Mrs. Albert G. Brackett, Vice President Presiding.
From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

Digitized by Google

twenty five of these local branches established in the United States, with others, actual and prospective, in Halifax, Switzerland, and Paris. The New York City Chapter, naturally one of the most important, has lately distinguished itself by establishing a chair of American history at Barnard College, the coeducational annex of Columbia, the old King's College of Revolutionary times. This is probably the most important service to the cause of education yet rendered by any one of the patriotic orders.

The Chicago Chapter is the oldest in the society, being one month the senior of the New York branch. It is also the largest, numbering over four hundred members, and is noted for the energy and progressiveness characteristic of the city in which it is located. The Saratoga Chapter is another that deserves special mention. It recently demonstrated its enthusiasm for patriotic projects by playing hostess to a large and representative joint gathering of Sons, Daughters, and Children of the American Revolution.

The Late Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, First President of the Society.
From a photograph by Merritt, Washington.

The most characteristic feature of the society's proceedings is its Continental Congress, which convenes annually for the week including Washington's birthday, in the national capital. Delegates come from all portions of the country to represent their respective chapters, to elect the National Society's officers, and to transact the accumulated business of the year. The visiting Daughters arrive on Monday of the

Digitized by Google

appointed week, and meet in the evening for a reception at Willard's Hotel, this being the prologue to the official opening of the congress on the following morning at the Church of Our Father. This gathering is always a remarkable one, and the most casual visitor is likely to be impressed by the manner and bearing of the fair patriots. The delegates are grouped by States and Territories in the body of the church, the gallery being reserved for visiting Daughters and their friends or for any one caring to witness the proceedings of the congress. Every member present at the meeting wears a distinguishing badge or satin ribbon, the color denoting the office held. A Daughter who holds no special rank wears the society's color, colonial blue; the national officer, red, white and blue; an honorary officer, plain white; chapter regents, red; delegates from the various local chapters, red and white; alternates, white and blue.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton, Vice President.

Among the subjects discussed at the last congress was a definite plan for the erection of permanent headquarters in Washington, a building to be known as Continental Hall, and to cost $200,000. Designs were exhibited showing the arrangement of its proposed apartments, offices, museum, statuary hall, and relic rooms for the thirteen original colonies, as well as a fine library. Another topic considered by the convention was the movement for a national university, which has several times been brought before Congress. The Daughters of the American Revolution are enlisted in its support on general grounds, and especially because Washington favored the founding of a great national seat of learning, and in his will bequeathed a sum of money to form the nucleus of an endowment fund. Whenever the project shall be realized, the Daughters propose that their share in it shall be the establishment of a chair of American history.

Mrs. Philip Hichborn, Vice President in Charge of Organization.

Digitized by Google

Miss Eugenia Washington, Honorary Vice President.
From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

of other members. Any representative is sure of a cordial welcome from her colleagues, no matter where chance may place her.

Although the Sons of the American Revolution were opposed to admitting women to membership in their organization, they readily extended the right hand of fellowship to the sister society, and the two orders constantly work more or less in unison. It has been publicly suggested by a Son that they should unite and form one association, and there is a possibility, perhaps a probability, that such a consolidation will eventually take place.

The first president of the Daughters of the American Revolution was the late Mrs. Ben-

The official seal, affixed to all of the society's documents, is a circle containing a Revolutionary dame at her spinning wheel, with thirteen stars above her, surrounded by the legend, "Daughters of the American Revolution, 1776–1890," and the motto, "Home and Country." The insigne consists of a badge, the design a spinning wheel and distaff. The wheel is of gold, and is nearly an inch in diameter. Its tire is of blue enamel, and opposite the ends of the thirteen spokes are the same number of golden stars. Underneath the wheel is a distaff filled with silver flax, on the back of which is the name of the owner and her registration number. The insigne may be used as a pin, or attached to a bit of the society ribbon, colonial blue and white. It is quite commonly worn by the Daughters, as it serves at once as an introduction and a recommendation of the bearer to the kind offices

Mrs. John W. Foster, Late President of the Society.

Digitized by Google

jamin Harrison, at that time the lady of the White House. So just and tactful was her rule that her name and memory are revered by every member of the society. An evidence of this regard is the fine portrait of Mrs. Harrison by Daniel Huntington, presented by the society, and now hanging in the Executive Mansion. She was an eminently patriotic woman, keenly alive to the useful possibilities of the organization and to the importance of its practical work. She carried it successfully through the formative period, that most trying time of all, when there were no precedents to guide her in dealing with the many difficulties encountered. Her Revolutionary descent was traced from

Mrs. Charles S. Johnson, Vice President.
From a photograph by Clinedinst, New York.

Miss Fedora Wilbur,
Assistant Historian.

her father's grandfather, John Scott, who served as commissary general of the Pennsylvania State troops.

It has been the rule, hitherto, that the wives of the nation's highest officers should be chosen to fill the chief offices of the society. Mrs. Harrison was succeeded as president general by Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, and she by Mrs. John W. Foster, the wife of President Harrison's secretary of state. After a year's service Mrs. Foster declined a renomination, and Mrs. Stevenson resumed her tenure of the office, to which she has now been elected three times. She is universally popular, and under her administration the society has prospered uninterruptedly. Alike in point of personality, social position, and ancestry, she is well qualified for leadership among the Daughters. She is directly descended from no less than three gallant soldiers of the Revolution—Captain James Speed, Joshua Fry, and Dr. Thomas Walker. Mrs. Foster can also claim three Revolutionary great grandfathers, all of them officers in the colonial forces. As an executive officer of the

Mrs. De B. Randolph Keim, First Vice President General.
From a photograph by Merritt, Washington.

Digitized by Google

society she was so successful that her place might have been exceedingly difficult to fill had not her predecessor consented to serve again.

At the society's last continental congress a new office was created, that of vice president general presiding, whose incumbent fills the chair whenever the president general may be absent. This is a highly responsible position, most satisfactorily filled by Mrs. Rose Field Brackett, who possesses the alertness and self possession which are the best characteristics of a born leader. But perhaps the most arduous post in the association is that held by Mrs. Philip Hichborn, wife of the chief naval constructor, who is the vice president in charge of organization, her duty being to form new chapters. This is a task that requires a great deal of tact and good judgment, for both of which qualities Mrs. Hichborn is noted.

Mrs. Roberdean Buchanan, Recording Secretary.
From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

Among the other vice presidents four of the best known and most popular are Mrs. James Robert McKee, daughter of Ex President Harrison; Mrs. Levi P. Morton, wife of the late Governor of New York; Mrs. de Benneville Randolph Keim, whose husband is a well known journalist; and Mrs. F. W. Dickins, wife of Commander Dickins of the United States navy. Three ladies who should be mentioned as founders of the society are Miss Eugenia Washington, who is a great grandniece of George Washington, Miss Mary Desha, and Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth. The youngest national officer is Miss Fedora Isabel Wilbur, the assistant historian. Two others who have served the society with unvarying zeal are Mrs. Charles Sweet Johnson and Mrs. Roberdean Buchanan. Finally it may be noted that one of the most brilliant and representative women in the whole society is Mrs. Donald McLean, regent of the New York City Chapter.

Carolyn Halstead.

Mrs. F. W. Dickins, Vice President.
From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

Digitized by Google

THE old towns of the Mississippi River possess a wealth of romance which Eastern and Northern people never learn. The quaint houses set back in their walled gardens have held generation after generation of brave men and beautiful women. Here many of the best families of French blood knew the slow sound of the convent bell; and even where the young girls were not of Catholic parentage, the French ideas dominated in their training. They were brought up like flowers hidden away in shaded gardens until they were ready to be shown to the world. They married among themselves,

Mrs. Albert Swasey, of St. Louis.

From a photograph by Parsons, St. Louis.

Digitized by Google

Miss Blanche E. Wright, Queen of the Denver Festival of Mountain and Plain.

From a photograph by Rose & Hopkins, Denver.

Digitized by Google

keeping to the society of their own friends, until their cliques became more exclusive than the Faubourg St. Germain.

But since St. Louis has grown to be one of the most important cities of America, with affiliations all over the world, her beautiful women have become famous. One of the most noted of these is Mrs. Albert Swasey, who was Miss McNeal of Memphis, Tennessee. Mrs. Swasey is the great granddaughter of President Polk, and has been known as a belle throughout the South both before and since her marriage.

When Denver held her carnival, last fall, she tried to be as eclectic as possible. The celebration was called the "Festival of Mountain and Plain," and the decorations were of yellow and white to represent gold and silver, that in this debatable political ground there might be no cause for offense. The queen was chosen with the same tact that was shown in every other arrangement. The selection of Miss Blanche Wright was so generally approved that the citizens built her a float at a cost of a thousand dollars. Miss Wright is the daughter of one of Denver's best known citizens, Mr. R. R. Wright. She has a tall and queenly figure, and a typical blonde beauty. Her merriment and gaiety of spirit have made her popular not only in her own circle, but all over Denver. Miss Wright is a clever musician, and has done much to make music one of the fads of Denver society.

Mrs. Arthur Kinsolving, of Brooklyn, who was Miss Sallie Bruce, of Virginia, is one of the many lovely Southern girls who have married Northern men. She is the daughter of Seddon Bruce, of Staunton Hall, Charlotte County. Her grandfather was one of the real old Virginia planters, being in his day the greatest tobacco grower in the world. Mrs. Kinsolving's family tree carries several names that have been famous in the history of the Old Dominion. Her mother was a daughter of General Joseph E. Anderson, and her grandmother on the maternal side was a famous toast before the war as Miss Pegram of Richmond. The first wife of Thomas Nelson Page was Mrs. Kinsolving's aunt, and her husband's brother is the Episcopal Bishop

Mrs. Arthur Kinsolving, of Brooklyn.
From a photograph by Davis, Richmond.

Digitized by Google

of Texas. The Bruce family is noted for its beautiful women. Those famous White Sulphur belles of a few years ago, Miss Sophie and Miss Kate Bruce, were Mrs. Kinsolving's cousins.

Another famous Virginia beauty is the Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy, who was Amélie Rives of Castle Hill.

Whether fate depends upon personality or environment is a subject social philosophers never weary of discussing. The palmist who can tell a woman's character from her hand—and we must all allow that the owner of a long, slender fingered hand has not the same characteristics as those that belong to the woman whose fingers are short and knotty—makes his reputation by predicting her future through her temperament. The motto of these seers is "Character is Fate." It is probable that Miss Amélie Rives' nurse knew that she was not going to have a humdrum life. As a little girl she was full of a vivacity, a restlessness, and a spirit which made "Miss Omly," as the servants called her, known through three Virginia counties for her "ways."

The Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy, Formerly Miss Amélie Rives.

They were very sweet ways, sometimes. She was loved as much as admired by all of her humble friends; but sometimes one of her innumerable cousins would shake a warning head over some new vagary. She painted pictures, she rode, she wore short corduroy skirts and had a pack of dogs always at her heels, and it was a short day in which she did not supply the neighborhood with something to talk about.

At last, she wrote a short story called "A Brother to Dragons," which made her a reputation among literary critics. The editor of the old and solid monthly which

Digitized by Google

Miss Jeannie Williams, of Buffalo.

From the portrait by Hubert Herkomer.

Digitized by Google

Miss Augusta Wareing-Whitney.
From a photograph by Dupont, Brussels.

published her story anonymously, journeyed down into Virginia to see her and to get more manuscript from the same source. He expected to meet a scholarly woman. What he found was a beautiful young girl in a red satin ball gown, who seemed to have her heart in the frivolities of the hour. A few more stories followed, tales full of picturesque imagination, but lacking the essential something which can make a piece of fiction great. Then she astonished the world with the very first of the so called erotic novels, "The Quick or the Dead." Were this to appear today, it would not cause a ripple. Ten years ago audacity was looked upon with uplifted eyebrows. Now, audacity of that sort is too common.

Miss Rives first became Mrs. John Armstrong Chanler, and is now the wife of a well known London portrait painter, whose father was a Russian and whose mother an American. Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy has exhibited a collection of pictures in New York this winter. One portrait of Mr. Gladstone is quite notable.

Miss Jeannie Williams, of Buffalo, has the distinction of being one of the few women whom Hubert Herkomer expressed a desire to paint. Miss Williams is a brunette with an exquisite creamy complexion. She is a daughter of Charles H. Williams, a lawyer prominent in western New York, and is one of the society leaders of Buffalo. Most of Miss Williams' childhood was spent in

Digitized by Google

Europe. Herkomer saw her, two years ago, and asked permission to paint her portrait.

Another young American who has attracted attention abroad is Miss Wareing-Whitney. Miss Whitney has one of the tallest family trees in America, tracing her lineage to John Nott, Lord Mayor of London in 1363. She makes her home in Brussels. We show her photograph in the gown she wore at her presentation to King Leopold, who spoke of her as "*le divin sourire*" ("the heavenly smile").

The Blue Grass beauty is a creation in herself. The limestone of Kentucky, the blue skies, the temperate atmosphere, give a health, a fine texture of skin to a woman which can scarcely be seen in any other part of the country. But there is something else about your genuine Kentucky girl which makes her unmistakable. This is her air of being reined up. She carries her head in the air. She reminds you of the race horse that bears her colors on to victory. The stranger humbly wonders which of the two splendid creatures learned the beautiful trick from the other.

Miss Elsie Gaylord, of Louisville.

Miss Elsie Gaylord, of Louisville, is a typical Kentucky girl. She is the beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother, and last season, when she made her début, she was known as "Kentucky Belle."

The daughter of Ex President Harrison has inherited much of her father's executive ability. During the Harrison administration, Mrs. McKee was the dominating spirit in most of the White House enter-

Digitized by Google

Mrs. James R. McKee, Daughter of Ex. President Harrison.

From the portrait by Charles Ayer Whipple.

Digitized by Google

tainments, and showed herself a clever and tactful woman of the world. Since then she has been a leading official of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and in arious ways has maintained her position in the public eye.

It was no less a person than Victoria, Queen of England, who, leaving Buckingham Palace one day for a visit to Stafford House, the town place of the young Duchess of Sutherland, said to her fair hostess,

"I come from my house to your palace."

It is not always, however, that the mantle of riches and renown falls upon such worthy—or such beautiful—shoulders as those of the Duchess of Sutherland. She is the half sister of the Countess of Warwick, who was Miss Maynard. Her mother's second husband was the Earl of Roslyn, and the Duchess of Sutherland and the Lady Algernon Gordon were the children of this marriage. These three women are perhaps the most noted wits and beauties in English society today.

The Duchess of Sutherland.

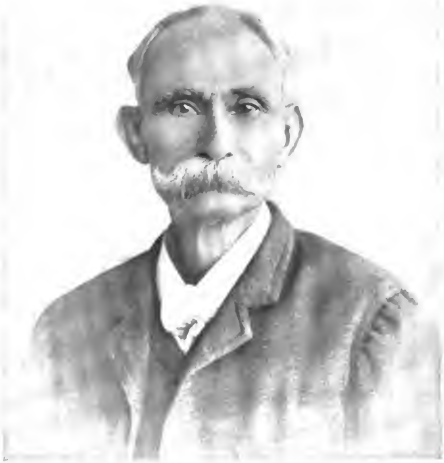
From a photograph by Walery, London.

Digitized by Google

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A VETERAN REVOLUTIONIST.

One of the many puzzles of the situation in Cuba, at the time of writing, is afforded by Maximo Gomez, general in chief of the insurgents. During the first year of the destructive warfare into which the luckless Queen of the Antilles has been plunged, Gomez was here, there, everywhere. He swept through the island, leaving devastation in his trail. He was a terror to Campos and Weyler, who never knew at what point he would strike next. His headquarters were in the saddle, and there was stirring news from them almost every day. Then, suddenly, he seemed to drop into innocuous desuetude. Maceo was hemmed in and slain in the west, the Spaniards appear to have tightened their grip upon the central provinces, but no sign came from the Napoleon of the revolution, as his admirers have called him.



Maximo Gomez, Commander in Chief of the Cuban Insurgents.

Whether Gomez' achievements are over or not, his career has been a remarkable one. It has been brim full of adventure, even if, as seems probable, not all the stories told of him are true. He was born in San Domingo of Spanish stock, and is said to have been educated in Spain, and to have seen his first military service there. Then we hear of him in the Central American republic of Costa Rica, where he figured in politics, and was a candidate for the presidency. He was in Cuba when the revolution of 1868 broke out, and he plunged into it, fighting throughout the ten years of hostilities that followed, and becoming a general of the rebel forces. During this war the Spaniards invented the "trocha" as a device for severing and repressing the insurgents, but Gomez used to pass their fortified lines just as easily as he did last year. He could not prevent the ultimate

Digitized by Google

failure of the rebellion, and had to flee to Jamaica. In 1885 he and Maceo were associated in an attempt to start a new rising, which was quickly suppressed. Two years ago Gomez and Jose Marti were more successful, and the blaze they kindled flashed from end to end of the island, with results that the world knows.

Joseph H. Manley.
From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

AN OLD CAMPAIGNER IN POLITICS.

Joseph H. Manley is an old hand at politics. For a long time he was Mr. Blaine's campaign manager, and the office was no sinecure. Mr. Blaine was perpetually threatened with elective office, and Mr. Manley was kept busy seeing that the calamity was not averted. In this occupation he gained personal knowledge of every prominent politician in the United States, and from his wide acquaintance and varied experience he became invaluable to the Republican organization in campaign times. His voice was heard in the national committee, of which he has been a member for many years; and he has helped to bear the brunt of many notable battles for his party. He has not been a seeker after the fruits of office, for he has held but one appointive position—that of postmaster at Augusta, Maine.

As the chief henchman of Blaine, Mr. Manley was long regarded as being, by the logic of the situation, an opponent of another great political leader from the same State—Thomas B. Reed. After Mr. Blaine's death, however, the enmities that had grown out of the disappointments of that brilliant statesman's career were buried;

Digitized by Google

and last year, when Mr. Reed became a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination, Mr. Manley, as the national committeeman from Maine, took his interests in hand. He made the speaker's room at the Capitol his headquarters, and managed the campaign as he had so often managed those of Mr. Blaine. The result is a matter of recent history. Mr. Manley was somewhat unfairly criticised when, shortly before the St. Louis convention made its choice, he publicly admitted what was evident to almost everybody—that Mr. McKinley was certain of the nomination. During the ensuing campaign he did good service as a member of Mr. Hanna's executive committee.

Major Thaddeus Clarkson, Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

From a photograph by Lancaster, Omaha.

THE GRAND ARMY'S COMMANDER.

Outside of the great political offices, there is probably no more important post in the country than the headship of the Grand Army of the Republic, with its membership of more than three hundred and fifty thousand, and its activity and influence in public affairs.

Major Clarkson, of Omaha, the present commander of this remarkable organization, was one of the very first men who volunteered for duty at the outbreak of the civil war. President Lincoln's proclamation was not two hours old when he enlisted in Battery A of the First Illinois Artillery. His first service was with Grant at Cairo. Later he took part in Steele's campaign in Arkansas, and saw fighting almost constantly throughout the war in the West, winning his way from the ranks to a major's commission.

Born at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania—the home of Thaddeus Stevens, after whom he was named—Major Clarkson settled in Omaha after the war. President Harrison appointed him postmaster of the Nebraska city, and he retained the office until about two years ago. He has taken a warm inter-

Digitized by Google

James A. Mount, Governor of Indiana.
From a photograph by Lacey, Indianapolis.

est in the development of the Grand Army, and served in several of its minor offices before his election to the national commandership at last year's encampment in St. Paul.

INDIANA'S NEW GOVERNOR.

Indiana remains true to her predilection for a farmer as her chief magistrate, James A. Mount, whom she chose at the last election, being a genuine tiller of the soil. It is the boast of the new Governor that he can swing a scythe or wield a corn knife with any man in the State.

It was his fellow farmers who made Mount governor. His popularity with the grangers of the Hoosier State, gained through several years of lecturing at farmers' institutes, insured his nomination against all combinations of town bred politicians, and brought about his election by some three thousand more votes than Major McKinley secured in the State.

Mount's life has been very much like that of other men in the central West who have made the most of their opportunities. Born fifty three years ago on a farm, he began life for himself on rented ground, did two years' work at an academy in one, served in the war, married, and reared three children. His home, won from the soil by hard labor, is not far from Crawfordsville, and is one of the model farms of Indiana.

A BAYARD IN NEW YORK POLITICS.

There are some men who can unite business and politics without making a wire pulling expedient of the former or a mere commercial transaction of the latter. Cornelius N. Bliss is one of these men. For several years his name has been prominently associated with the doings of the Republican party in New York, and yet so dignified has been his attitude in every relation that his opponents have never found a peg on which to hang a caricature. It is doubtless owing to this fact that his personality is much less generally known than is usually the case with a man whose name appears so frequently in the papers.

Mr. Bliss is on the sunny side of sixty, and was a New England boy who came to New York to enter the wholesale dry goods business in season to take the tide in that industry at its flood. There were many other clever young men in it at the same period of rapid development, when the opening up of new centers of population in the West presented a vast market to the Eastern supply depots, but not all of them had the shrewdness to handle the opportunity with proper judgment. It was a

Digitized by Google

time to lose one's head over the glittering plenty of the present, when to keep it meant a more bountiful reward in the future. Mr. Bliss shows in his firm lips and keen, clear eye the well balanced brain that weighs wide possibilities.

committee and an ardent supporter of McKinley, Mr. Bliss' name has been frequently mentioned by the press in connection with a cabinet position. But should such an honor be offered him it is probable that it would be declined.

Cornelius N. Bliss.
From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

The house of Bliss, Fabyan & Company is a tower of strength in the dry goods district, and the wealth of its chief has accumulated until now it is reputed to be beyond the ten million point. And yet he lives in the same unostentatious house on lower Madison Avenue that became his home twenty years ago. He indulges in neither fast horses nor a yacht, and if he has a hobby, it is to take an active part in church affairs. At the Broadway Tabernacle he was one of the late Dr. Taylor's closest friends.

Treasurer of the Republican national

His family consists of a wife, a grown up daughter, and a son who is in his senior year at Harvard. As has been intimated, they live very quietly. Almost their only expensive amusement is a box at the opera, which they share with Mr. Bliss' partner, M. C. D. Borden.

THE NEXT VICE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

With the approach of each Presidential inauguration, official society in Washington prepares to greet a new régime. The fact that Mrs. McKinley is an invalid will ren-

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Garret A. Hobart.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

der Mrs. Hobart's position one of particular importance to this side of the incoming administration. The next Vice President's wife is well fitted to be a social leader. She has long been accustomed to the part. She was the daughter of a rich and prominent lawyer, and her husband has known both how to make a fortune and how to use one. She has read and traveled, and is a woman of accomplishments and of the world. She has been called the most popular hostess of New Jersey.

Mrs. Hobart—or Miss Jennie Tuttle, as she was then—met her husband when he was a promising young law student in her father's office. She was very young when she married him in 1869. Her only surviving child is a thirteen year old boy, a namesake of his father.

Mr. Hobart's political career has been a matter of deep interest to his clever wife. She has generally accompanied him at the gatherings of his party, and knows most of the prominent public men of the day. She can keep a secret and smooth away a misunderstanding, and wherever the dinner table can aid her she knows how to use its influence.

NEW YORK'S LATE GOVERNOR.

We salute the Hon. Levi Parsons Morton—he deserves the overworked prefix if any-

Digitized by Google

Levi P. Morton, Vice President of the United States and Governor of New York.

From the portrait by Charles Ayer Whipple.

Digitized by Google

body does—on his return to private life. Mr. Morton is well past seventy, and it is not likely that he will hold office again. Indeed, there is no office that he would care to accept. The Presidency, for which he may have cherished a momentary aspiration, proved to be beyond his reach. He would have graced that high position, as he has graced every position that he has held—a seat in Congress, the Vice Presidency, the American ministry at Paris, and the chief magistracy of the Empire State. In public life he has shown himself to be an able, upright, conscientious gentleman. In business, he has won millions by honorable effort, and has been a financial prop to the government at a critical point in its history. In all the relations of private life he has been singularly fortunate. It is a record upon which he can look back with well deserved satisfaction. To call his a typical American career is a compliment to the American type.

Mr. Morton has set a high standard before his successors at Albany. When first elected Governor, he fixed his working hours in the executive chamber at from ten in the morning to one in the afternoon. These limits he gradually extended until he was generally to be found at his desk from nine to five, and frequently later. His attention to business was thorough, his influence upon legislation always for good. His administration was guided by public spirit, not by machine politics. With a full measure of tact and suavity he combined a sturdy independence. One of his last official acts was to negative a strongly backed petition for the pardon of a notorious political "boss."

We respectfully salute the retiring Governor of New York, and trust that his successor will fill his place worthily. To do so, Mr. Black will have to make a good record.

ABOUT PROMINENT PEOPLE.

America is not the only country of rapid political promotions. A dozen years ago M. Hanotaux, whose vigorous and somewhat "jingoistic" policy has made him the most popular foreign minister France has had for a long time, was struggling for a footing in journalism or as a teacher. The Sorbonne paid him thirty dollars a month to lecture to a small history class, and the *République Française* printed an occasional article of his. Then he obtained a government clerkship in the foreign department; and a meeting with Jules Ferry in the *République* office brought him to the notice of that influential minister, with the result that he was appointed to a subordinate post in the French embassy at Constantinople. His next step was to a seat in the chamber of deputies, and today he ranks as one of the leaders of the Third Republic.

* * * *

It is literally true to say that Mr. Gladstone has left an indelible mark upon the House of Commons. Upon the table between the two "front benches" upon which sit the leaders of the opposing parties at Westminster, there are always set two brass bound oaken despatch boxes. Each of these bears indentations caused by the Grand Old Man's signet ring—witnesses to the tremendous force with which he used to bring down his clinched fist upon the boxes, when speaking from the government side of the table or from that of the opposition.

* * * *

Mr. Gladstone, who celebrated his eighty seventh birthday on the 29th of December, is younger than a former American Congressman and cabinet minister whose old age is as vigorous as that of the great English statesman. Colonel Richard W. Thompson, of Terre Haute, Indiana, who was a Whig leader in the days of Jackson and Clay, who was the close friend of Lincoln, and who served as secretary of the navy under Hayes, will be eighty eight if he lives to the 9th of next June.

Senator Morrill of Vermont, the patriarch of Congress, is nearly a year younger than Colonel Thompson, his eighty seventh birthday falling upon the 14th of April next. He is quite a youngster compared to the oldest member of the English Parliament, Mr. Charles P. Villiers, of Wolverhampton, who was born January 3, 1802.

* * * *

A full, clear voice does much for the popularity of those whose business it is to make themselves heard in public, whether from the stage, the platform, or the pulpit. The doctrines of the newly appointed Archbishop of Canterbury have sometimes been criticised as lax, but his stentorian tones have won him the favor of many an auditor. A farmer from the west country of England who heard Dr. Temple preach one day, declared: "I du love the bishop; he hollers proper!"

* * * *

Cecil Rhodes is not only a confirmed bachelor, like many other great men, but also a confirmed woman hater—a weakness rare among great men. Many utterances of his sentiment on the subject of the gentler sex have been reported, but none so out-

Digitized by Google

"And I have heard of your doings with girls," said John. "What are you going to do for this one?"

"Exactly what I please."

"Take care. You know what the girl is. It's precisely such girls—at this moment she is tottering on the brink of hell, Lord Robert. If anything further should happen—if you should disappoint her—she is looking to you and building up hopes—if she should fall still lower and destroy herself body and soul ——"

"My dear Mr. Storm, please understand that I shall do everything or nothing for the girl exactly as I think well, don't you know, without the counsel or coercion of any clergyman."

There was a short silence, and then John Storm said quietly, "It is no worse than I expected. But I had to hear it from your own lips, and I have heard it. Good day."

He went back to the hospital and asked for Glory. She was with Polly in the housekeeper's room. Polly was catching flies on the window (which overlooked the park) and humming "Sigh no more, ladies." Glory's eyes were red with weeping. John drew Glory aside.

"I have written to Mrs. Callender, and she will be here presently," he said.

"It's useless," said Glory. "Polly will refuse to go. She expects Lord Robert to come for her, and she wants me to call on Mr. Drake."

"But I have seen the man myself."

"Lord Robert?"

"Yes. He will do nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Nothing, or worse than nothing."

"Impossible!"

"Nothing of that kind is impossible to men like those."

"They are not so bad as that, though, and even if Lord Robert is all you say, Mr. Drake ——"

"They are friends and housemates, Glory, and what the one is the other must be also."

"Oh, no, Mr. Drake is quite a different person."

"Don't be misled, my child. If there were any real difference between them ——"

"But there is; and if a girl were in trouble or wanted help in anything ——"

"He would drop her, Glory, like an old lottery ticket that has drawn a blank and is done for."

She was biting her lip, and it was bleeding slightly.

"You dislike Mr. Drake," she said, "and that is why you cannot be just to him. But he is always praising and excusing you, and when any one ——"

"His praises and excuses are nothing to me. I am not thinking of myself. I am thinking ——" He had a look of intense excitement and his speaking was abrupt and disconnected. "You were splendid this morning, Glory, and when I think of the girl who defied the Pharisee being perhaps herself the victim —— The man asked me what my standing was, as if that —— But if I had really had a right, if the girl had been anything to me, if she had been somebody else and not a light, shallow, worthless creature, do you know what I should have said to him? 'Since things have gone so far, sir, you must marry the girl now, and keep to her, and be faithful to her, and love her, or else I ——'"

"You are flushed and excited and there is something I do not understand ——"

"Promise me, Glory, that you will break off this bad connection."

"You are unreasonable. I cannot promise."

"Promise that you will never see these men again."

"But I must see Mr. Drake at once and arrange about Polly."

"Don't mention the man's name again; it makes my blood boil even to hear you speak it."

"But this is tyranny; you are worse than the canon; and I cannot bear it."

"Very well; as you will. It's of no use struggling. What is the time?"

"Six o'clock, nearly."

"I must see the canon before he goes to dinner."

His manner had changed suddenly. He looked crushed and benumbed.

"I am going now," he said, turning aside.

"So soon? When shall I see you again?"

"God knows—I mean—I don't know," he answered in a helpless way.

He was looking around as if taking a mental farewell of everything.

"But we cannot part like this," she said. "I think you like me a little still, and ——"

Her supplicating voice made him look up into her face for a moment. Then he turned away, saying "Good by, Glory." And with a look of utter exhaustion he went out of the room.

Glory walked to a window at the end of the corridor that she might see him when he crossed the street. There was just a glimpse of his back as he turned the corner with a slow step and his head on his breast. She went back crying.

Digitized by Google

"I could fancy a fresh herring for supper, dear," said Polly. "What do you say, housekeeper?"

John Storm went back to the canon's house a crushed and humiliated man. "I can do no more," he thought. "I will give it up." His old influence with Glory must have been lost. Something had come between them—something or some one. "Anyhow, it is all over and I must go away somewhere."

To go on seeing Glory would be useless. It would also be dangerous. As often as he was face to face with her he wanted to lay hold of her and shake her and say, "You must do this and this, because it is my wish and direction and command, and it is *I* that say so." In the midst of God's work how subtle were the temptations of the devil!

But with every step that he went plod, plodding home there came other feelings. He could see the girl quite plainly, her fresh young face so strong and so tender, so full of humor and heart's love, and all the sweet beauty of her form and figure. Then the old pain in his breast came back again, and he began to be afraid.

"I will take refuge in the church," he thought. In prayer and penance and fasting he would find help and consolation. The church was peace—peace from the noise of life, and strength to fight and to vanquish. But the church must be the church of God—not of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

"Please ask the canon if he can see me immediately," said John Storm to the footman, and he stood in the hall to wait for the answer.

The canon had taken tea that day in the study with his daughter Felicity. He was reclining on the sofa, propped up with velvet cushions, and holding the teacup and saucer like the wings of a butterfly in both hands.

"We have been deceived, my dear" (sip, sip), "and we must pay the penalty of the deception. Yet we have nothing to blame ourselves for—nothing whatever. Here was a young man from heaven knows where bent on entering the church. True, he was merely the son of a poor lord who had lived the life of a hermit, but he was also the nephew, and presumably the heir, of the prime minister of England." (Sip, sip, sip.) "Well, I gave him his title. I received him into my house. I made him free of my family—and what is the result? He has disregarded my instructions, antagonized my supporters, and borne himself towards me with an attitude of defiance if not disdain. Another cup, my child."

Felicity poured out a second cup of tea for her father, and sympathized with him. She wondered how he could have tolerated the young man so long.

"I had my reasons, dearest; but as I tell you, I have been deceived—repeatedly deceived. For example, I did not know until he told me little more than a month ago that before coming to me he had finally quarreled with his father—a most culpable and indeed compromising instance of concealment—and that down to the day of his arrival he had never so much as set eyes on his uncle."

Felicity was not surprised. The young man had no conversation, and his reticence was quite embarrassing. Sometimes when she had friends and asked him to come down, his silence—well, really——

"We might have borne with these little deficiencies, my dear, if the prime minister had been deeply interested. But he is not. I doubt if he has ever seen his nephew since that first occasion. When I called at Downing Street about the time of the sermon he seemed entirely undisturbed. 'The young man is in the wrong place, my dear canon; send him back to me.' That was all."

"Then why don't you do it?" said Felicity.

"It is coming to that, my child; but I must be discreet, I must watch my opportunity. Blood is thicker than water, you know, and after all——"

It was at this moment the footman entered the room to ask if the canon could see Mr. Storm.

"Ah, the man himself!" said the canon, rising. "Jenkyns, remove the tray." Dropping his voice, "Felicity, I will ask you to leave us together. After what occurred this morning at the hospital anything like a scene——" Then aloud, "Bring him in, Jenkyns. Say something, my dear. Why don't you speak? Come in, my dear Storm. You'll see to that matter for me, Felicity. Thanks, thanks! Sorry to send you off, but I'm sure Mr. Storm will excuse you. Good by for the present."

Felicity went out as John Storm came in. He looked excited, and there was an expression of pain in his face.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but I need not detain you long," he said.

"Sit down, Mr. Storm, sit down," said the canon, returning to the sofa.

But John did not sit. He stood by the chair vacated by Felicity, and kept beating his hat on the back of it.

Digitized by Google

"I have come to tell you, sir, that I wish to resign my curacy."

The canon glanced up with a stealthy expression and thought, "How clever of him! To resign before he is told plainly that he has to go—that is very clever."

Then he said aloud, "I am sorry, very sorry. I'm always sorry to part with my clergy. Still—you see I am entirely frank with you—I have observed that you have not been comfortable of late, and I think you are acting for the best. When do you wish to leave me?"

"As soon as convenient—as early as I can be spared."

The canon smiled condescendingly. "That need not trouble you at all. With a staff like mine, you see—— Of course you are aware that I am entitled to three months' notice?"

"Yes."

"But I will waive it; I will not detain you. Have you seen your uncle on the subject?"

"No."

"When you do so please say that I always try to remove impediments from a young man's path if he is uncomfortable—in the wrong place, for example."

"Thank you," said John Storm, and then he hesitated a moment before stepping to the door.

The canon rose and bowed affably. "Not an angry word," he thought. "Who shall say that blood does not count for something?"

"Believe me, my dear Storm," he said aloud, "I shall always remember with pride and pleasure our early connection. It will continue to be a source of satisfaction to me that I was able to give you your first opportunity, and if your next curacy should chance to be in London I trust you will allow us to maintain the acquaintance."

John Storm's face was twitching and his pulses were beating violently, but he was trying to control himself.

"Thank you," he said; "but it is not very likely——"

"Don't say that you are giving up orders, dear Mr. Storm, or perhaps that you are only leaving our church in order to unite yourself to another. Ah, have I touched on a tender point? You must not be surprised that rumors have been rife. We cannot silence the tongues of busybodies and mischief makers, you know. And I confess, speaking as your spiritual head and adviser, it would be a source of grief to me if a young clergyman who has eaten the bread of the establishment, and of my own living as well, were about to avow himself the subject and slave of an Italian bishop."

John Storm came back from the door.

"What you are saying, sir, requires that I should be plain spoken. In giving up my curacy I am not leaving the Church of England; I am only leaving you."

"I am so glad, so relieved."

"I am leaving you because I cannot live with you any longer, because the atmosphere you breathe is impossible to me, because your religion is not my religion or your God my God!"

"You surprise me. What have I done?"

"A month ago I asked you to set your face as a clergyman against the shameful and immoral marriage of a man of scandalous reputation, but you refused; you excused the man and sided with him. This morning you thought it necessary to investigate in public the case of one of that man's victims, and you sided with the man again—you denied to the girl the right even to mention the scoundrel's name."

"How differently we see things! Do you know, I thought my examination of the poor young thing was merciful to the point of gentleness! And that, I may tell you—notwithstanding the female volcano who came down on me—was the view of the board and of his lordship the chairman."

"Then I am sorry to differ from them. I thought it unnecessary and unmanly, and brutal and even blasphemous!"

"Mr. Storm! Do you know what you are saying?"

"Perfectly, and I came to say it."

His eyes were wild, his voice was hoarse; he was like a man breaking the bonds of a tyrannical slavery.

"You called that poor child a prostitute because she had wasted the good gifts which God had given her. But God has given good gifts to you also—gifts of intellect and eloquence with which you might have raised the fallen and supported the weak, and defended the down trodden and comforted the broken hearted—and what have you done with them? You have bartered them for benefices, and peddled them for popularity; you have given them in exchange for money, for houses, for furniture, for things like this—and this—and this. You have sold your birthright for a mess of pottage, therefore *you* are the prostitute."

"You're not yourself, sir; leave me," and crossing the room the canon touched the bell.

"Yes, ten thousand times more the prostitute than that poor fallen girl with her taint of blood and will. There would be no

Digitized by Google

such women as she is to fall victims to evil companionship if there were no such men as you are to excuse their betrayers and to side with them."

"You're mad, sir! But I want no scene here——"

"You are the worst prostitute on the streets of London, and yet you are in the church, in the pulpit, and call yourself a follower of the One who forgave the woman and shamed the hypocrites, and had not where to lay his head!"

But the canon had faced about and fled out of the room.

The footman came in answer to the bell, and finding no one but John Storm he told him that a lady was waiting for him in a carriage at the door.

It was Mrs. Callender. She had come to say that she had called at the hospital for Polly Love, and the girl had refused to go to the home at Soho.

"But whatever's amiss with ye, man?" she said. "You might have seen a ghost!"

He had come out bareheaded, carrying his hat in his hand.

"It's all over," he said. "I've waited weeks and weeks for it, but it's over at last. It was of no use mincing matters, so I spoke out." His red eyes were ablaze, but a great load seemed to be lifted off his mind, and his soul seemed to exult. "I have told him I must leave him, and I am to go immediately. The disease was dire and the remedy had to be dire also."

The old lady was holding her breath and watching his flushed face with strained attention.

"And what may ye be going to do now?"

"To become religious in something more than the name; to leave the world altogether with its idleness and pomp, and hypocrisy and unreality."

"Get yoursell some flesh on your bones first, man. It's easy to see you've no been sleeping or eating these days and days together."

"That's nothing—nothing at all. God cannot take half your soul. You must give yourself entirely."

"Eh, laddie, laddie I feared me this was what ye were coming til. But a man cannot bury himself before he is dead. He may bury the half of himself, but is it the better half? What of his thoughts—his wandering thoughts? Choose for yourself, though, and if you must go—if you must hide yourself forever, and this is the last I'm to see of you—you may kiss me, laddie—I'm old enough, surely. Go on, James, man, what for are you sitting up there staring?"

When John Storm returned to his room he found a letter from Parson Quayle. It was a good natured, cackling epistle, full of sweet nothings about Glory and the hospital, about Peel and the discovery of ancient runes in the graveyards of the treen chapels, but it closed with this postscript:

You will remember old Chalse, a sort of itinerant beggar and the privileged pet of everybody. The silly old gawk has got hold of your father and has actually made the old gentleman believe that you are bewitched! Some one has put the evil eye on you—some woman it would seem—and that is the reason why you have broken away and behaved so strangely! It is most extraordinary. That such a foolish superstition should have taken hold of a man like your father is really quite astonishing, but if it will only soften his rancor against you and help to restore peace we may perhaps forgive the distrust of Providence and the outrage on common sense. All's well that ends well, you know, and we shall all be happy.

XX.

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED—a man, a clergyman, answers to the name of John Storm. Or rather he does not answer, having allowed himself to be written to twice without making so much as a yap or a yowl by way of reply. Last seen six days ago, when he was suffering from the sulks, after being in a deil of a temper with a helpless and innocent maiden who "doesn't know nothin'" that can have given him offense. Any one giving information of his welfare and whereabouts to the said H. and I. M. will be generously and appropriately rewarded.

But soberly, my dear John Storm, what has become of you? Where are you and what ever have you been doing since the day of the dreadful inquisition? Frightful rumors are flying through the air like knives, and they cut and wound a poor girl woefully. Therefore be good enough to reply by return of post—and in person.

Meantime, please accept it as a proof of my eternal regard that after two knockdown blows received in silence I am once more coming up smiling. Know, then, that Mr. Drake has justified all expectations, having compelled Lord Robert to provide for Polly, who is now safely ensconced in her own country castle somewhere in St. John's Wood, furnished to hand with servants and vassals complete. Thus you will be charmed to observe in me the growth of the prophetic instinct, for you will remember my positive prediction that if a girl were in trouble, and the necessity arose, Mr. Drake would be the first to help her. Of course he had a great deal to say that was as sweet as syrup on the loyalty of my own friendship also, and he expended much beautiful rhetoric on yourself as well. It seems that you are one of those who follow the impulse of the heart entirely, while the rest of us

Digitized by Google

divide our allegiance with the head; and if you display sometimes the severity of a tyrant of our sex, that is only to be set down as another proof of your regard and of the elevation of the pedestal whereon you desire us to be placed. Thus he reconciles me to the harmony of the universe, and makes all things easy and agreeable.

This being the case, I have now to inform you that Polly's baby has come, having hastened his arrival (it's a man, bless it!) owing either to the tears or the terrors of the Crocodile. And being on night duty now, and therefore at liberty from six thirty to eight thirty, I intend to pay him my first call of ceremony this evening, when anybody else would be welcome to accompany me who might be willing to come to his shrine of innocence and love in the spirit of the wise men of the east. But lest anybody *should* inquire for me at the hospital at the first of the hours aforesaid, this is to give warning that the White Owl has expressly forbidden all intercourse between the members of her staff and the discharged and dishonored mother. Set it down to my spirit of contradiction that I intend to disregard the mandate, though I am only too well aware that the poor discharged and dishonored one has no other idea of friendship than that of a loyalty in which she shares but is not sharing. Of course woman is born to such selfishness as the sparks fly upward; but if I should ever meet with a man who isn't I will just give myself up to him, body and soul and belongings, unless he has a wife or other incumbrance already and is booked for this world, and in that event I will enter into my own recognizances and be bound over to him for the next.

GLORY.

At six thirty that evening Glory stood waiting in the portico of the hospital, but John Storm did not come. At seven she was ringing at the bell of a little house in St. John's Wood that stood behind a high wall, and had an iron grating in the garden door. The bell was answered by a good natured, slack looking servant, who was friendly and even familiar in a moment.

"Are you the yonng lady from the hospital? The miss told me about you. I'm Liza, and come up stairs. Yes, doing nicely, thank you, both of 'em is—and mind your head, miss."

Polly was in a little bandbox of a bed room, looking more pink and white than ever against the linen of her frilled pillow slips. By the bedside a woman of uncertain age in deep mourning, with little twinkling eyes and fat cheeks, was rocking the baby on her knee and babbling over it in words of maudlin endearment.

"Bless it, 'ow it do notice! Boo-loo-loo!"

Glory leaned over the little one, and pronounced it the prettiest she had ever seen.

"Syme 'ere, miss. There ain't sech another in all London! It's jest the sort of baby you can love. Poor little thing, it's quite took to me already, as if it wanted to enkirridge you, my dear."

"This is Mrs. Jupe," said Polly, "and she's going to take baby to nurse."

"Boo-loo-loo-boo! And a nice new cradle's awaiting of it afront of the fire in my little back parlor. Boo-loo!"

"But surely you're never going to part with your baby?" said Glory.

"Why, what do you suppose, dear? Do you think I'm going to be tied to a child all my days, and never be able to go anywhere, or do anything, or amuse myself at all?"

"Jest that. It'll be to our mootual benefit, as I said when I answered your advertisement."

Glory asked the woman if she was married and had any children of her own.

"Me, miss? I've been married eleven years, and I've allus prayed the Lord to gimme childring. Got any? On'y one little girl; but I want to adopt another from the birth, so as to have something to love when my own's growed up."

Glory supposed that Polly could see her baby at any time, but the woman answered doubtfully—

"Can she see baby? Well, I would rather not, certingly. If I tyke it I want to feel it is syme as my very own, and do my dooty by it, pore thing; and if the mother were coming and going I should allus feel as she had the first claim."

Polly showed no interest in the conversation until Mrs. Jupe asked for the name of her "friend" in lieu of eighty pounds that were to be paid down on delivery of the child.

"Come, myke up your mind, my dear, and let me tyke it away at once. Give me his name, that's good enough for me."

After some hesitation, Glory gave Lord Robert's name and address, and the woman prepared the child for its departure.

"Don't tyke on so, my dear. 'Tain't sech a great crime to have a baby, and many a lydy of serciety has done worse."

At the street door Glory asked Mrs. Jupe for her own address, and the woman gave her a card, saying if she ever wanted to leave the hospital it would be easy to help such a fine looking young woman as she was to make a bit of living for herself.

Polly recovered speedily from the troubles of the child's departure, and presently assumed an easy and almost patronizing tone towards Glory, pretending to be amused

Digitized by Google

and even a little indignant when asked how soon she expected to be fit for business again, and able to do without Lord Robert's assistance.

"To tell you the truth," she said, "I was as much to blame as he was. I wanted to escape from the drudgery of the hospital, and I knew he would take me when the time came."

Glory left early, vowing in her heart she would come no more. When she changed her omnibus at Piccadilly the Circus was full of women.

"Letter for you, nurse," said the porter as she entered the hospital. It was from John Storm:

DEAR GLORY—I have at length decided to enter the brotherhood at Bishopsgate Street, and I am to go into the monastery this evening. It is not as a visitor that I am going this time, but as a postulant or novice, and in the hope of becoming worthy in due course to take the vows of lifelong consecration. Therefore I am writing to you probably for the last time, and parting from you perhaps forever.

Since we came up to London together I have suffered many shocks and disappointments, and I seem to have been torn in ribbons. My cherished dreams have proved to be delusions; the palaces I had built up for myself have turned out to be tawdry pasteboard, gilt and rubbish; I have been robbed of all my jewels or they have shown themselves to be shingle stones. In this condition of pain and shame and disillusionment I am now resolved to escape at the same time from the world and from myself, for I am tired of both alike, and already I feel as if a great weight had been lifted off.

But I wish to speak of you. You must have thought me cantankerous, and so I have been sometimes, but always by conviction and on principle. I could not countenance the fashionable morality that is corrupting the manhood of the laity, or tolerate the toleration that is making the clergy thoroughly wicked; I could not without a pang see you cater to the world's appetites or be drawn into its gaieties and frivolities; and it was agony to me to fear that a girl of your pure if passionate nature might perhaps fall a victim to a mere gamester in life's follies—a mere actor indulging a pastime—a mere cheat.

And what you tell me of your friend's altered circumstances does not relieve me of such anxieties. The man who has deceived a girl once is likely to deceive her again. Short of marriage itself, such connections should be cut off entirely, whatever the price and penalty. When they are maintained in relations of liberty the victim is sure to be further victimized, and her last state is always worse than the first.

However, I do not wish to blame anybody, least of all you, who have done everything for the best, and especially now when I am parting from you for life. You have never realized how much you have been to me, and I doubt if I knew it myself until today. You know how I was brought up—with a solitary old man—God be with him—who tried to be good to me for the sake of his ambitions, and to love me for the sake of his revenge. I never knew my mother, I never had a sister, and I can never have a wife. You were all three to me, and yourself besides. There were no women in our household, and you stood for women in my life. I have never told you this before, but now I tell it as a dying man whispers his last secret with his parting breath.

I have written my letters of farewell—one to my father, asking his forgiveness if I have done him any wrong, one to my uncle with my love and thanks, and one to your good old grandfather, giving up my solemn and sacred trust of you. By my departure some difficulties will be removed, and for the rest I have come to see that everything is done by the spirit and nothing by the flesh, and that by prayer and fasting I can help and protect you more than by counsel and advice. Thus everything is for the best.

The Benedictine rule, under which the brothers live in community, forbids them to write and receive letters, or even to think of the world outside, and now that I am on the eve of that new life, memories of the old one keep crowding on me as on a drowning man. But they are all of one period—the days when we were at Peel in your sweet little island, before the vain and cruel world came in between us when you were a simple, merry, happy girl and I was little more than a happy boy, and we went plunging and plowing and laughing through your bright blue sea together.

But earth's joys grow very dim and its glories are fading. That also is for the best. I have my Koh-i-noor—my desire to depart and surrender my life to God.

JOHN STORM.

"Anything wrong, nurse? Feeling ill, ain't ye? Only dizzy a bit? Unpleasant news from home, perhaps?"

"No, something else. Let me sit in your room, porter."

She read the letter again and again until the words seemed blurred and the lines irregular as a spider's web. Then she thought, "We cannot part forever like this. I must see him again, whatever happens. Perhaps he has not yet gone."

It was now half past eight, and time to go on duty, but she went up stairs to Sister Allworthy and asked for an hour's further leave. The request was promptly refused. She went down stairs to the matron and asked for half an hour only, that she might see a friend away on a long journey, and that was refused too. Then she tightened her quivering lips, returned to the porter's room, fixed her bonnet strings before the

Digitized by Google

scratched pierglass, and boldly walked out of the house.

It was now quite dark, and the fashionable dinner hour of Belgravia; and as she hurried through the streets many crested and coroneted carriages drew up at the great mansions and discharged their occupants in evening dress. The canon's house was brilliantly lighted, and when the door was opened in answer to her knock she could see the canon himself at the head of his own detachment of diners coming down stairs with a lady in white silk chatting affably on his arm.

"Is Mr. Storm at home?"

The footman in powdered wig and white cotton gloves answered haltingly, "If it is—er—anything about the hospital, miss, Mr.—er—Golightly will attend."

"No, it is Mr. Storm himself I wish to see."

"Gorn!" said the footman, and he shut the door in her face.

She had an impulse to hammer on the door with her hands and command the flunky to go down on his knees and beg her pardon. But what was the good? She had no time to think of herself now.

As a last resource she would go to Bishopsgate. How dense the traffic seemed to be at Victoria! She had never felt so helpless before.

It was better in Bishopsgate Street, and as she walked westward in the direction indicated by a policeman every step brought her into quieter streets. She was now in that part of London which is the world's busiest market place by day, but is shut up and deserted at night. Her light footsteps echoed against the shutters of the shops. The moon had risen, and she could see far down the empty street.

She found the place at last. It was one of London's weather beaten old churches shouldered by shops on either hand, and almost pushed back by the tide of traffic. There was an iron gate at the side, leading by an arched passage to a little courtyard that was bounded by two high blank walls, by the back wall of the church, and by the front of a large house with a small doorway and many small windows, all barred like the windows of a prison. In the middle of the courtyard there was a tree with a wooden seat about its trunk.

And being there she felt afraid, and almost wished she had not come. The church was dimly lighted, and she thought perhaps the cleaners were within. But presently there was a sound of singing, in men's voices only, and without any kind of musical accompaniment. Just then the clock in the steeple struck nine and chimes began to play—

> Days and moments quickly flying.

The singing came to an end, and there was some low, inarticulate droning and then a general "Amen." The hammer of the bell continued to beat out its hymn, and Glory stood under the shadow of the tree to collect her thoughts.

Then the sacristy door opened, and a line of men came out. They were in long black cassocks, and they crossed the courtyard from the church to the house with the measured and hasty step of monks, and with their hands clasped at their breasts. Almost at the end of the line, walking with an old man whose tread was heavy, there was a younger one who was bare headed, and who did not wear the cassock. The moon threw a light on his face, which looked pale and worn. It was John Storm.

Glory made a faint cry, a gasp, and he turned round as if startled.

"Only the creaking of the sycamore," said the superior. And then the mysterious shadows took them; they passed into the house, the door was closed, and she was alone with the chimes—

> Days and moments quickly flying
> Blend the living with the dead.

Glory's strength had deserted, and she went away as she came. When she got back to Victoria she felt for the first time as if the noise of her own little life had been swallowed up in the turmoil of London, and she had gone down to the cold depths of an icy sea.

It was a quarter to ten when she returned to the ward, and the matron, with her dog on her lap, was waiting to receive her.

"Didn't I tell you that you could not go out tonight?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Glory.

"Then how did you dare to go?"

Glory looked at her unwaveringly with glittering eyes that seemed to smile, whereupon the matron picked up her dog, gathered up her train, and swept out of the ward saying—

"Nurse, you can leave me at the end of your probation; and you need never cross the doors of this institution again."

Then Glory, who had all night wanted to cry, burst into a peal of laughter. The ward sister reproved her, but she laughed in the woman's fat face, and would have given worlds to slap it.

There was not a nurse in the hospital who showed more bright and cheerful spirits

Digitized by Google

when the patients were being prepared for the night. But next morning, in the gray dawn, when she had dragged herself to bed, and was able at length to be alone, she beat the pillows with both hands and sobbed in her loneliness and shame.

XXI.

BUT youth is rich in hope, and at noon, when Glory awoke, the thought of Drake flashed upon her like light in a dark place. He had compelled Lord Robert to assist Polly in a worse extremity, and he would assist her in her present predicament. How often he had hinted that the hospital was not good enough for her, and that some day and somewhere fate would find other work for her and another sphere. The time had come; she would appeal to him, and he would hasten to help her.

She began to revive the magnificent dreams that had floated in her mind for months. No need to tell the people at home of her dismissal and disgrace; no need to go back to the island. She would be somebody in her own right yet. Of course she would have to study, to struggle, to endure disappointments, but she would triumph in the end. And when at length she was great and famous she would be good to other poor girls; and as often as she thought of John Storm in his solitude, in his cell, though there might be a pang, a red stream running somewhere within, she would comfort herself with the thought that she too was doing her best, she too had her place, and it was a useful and worthy one.

Before that time came, however, there would be managers to influence and engagements to seek, and perhaps teachers to pay for. But Drake was rich and generous and powerful; he had a great opinion of her talents, and he would stop at nothing.

Leaping out of bed she sat down at the table as she was and wrote to him.

DEAR MR. DRAKE—Try to see me tonight. I want your advice immediately. What do you think? I have got myself "noticed" at last, and I am to leave at the end of my term. So things are urgent, you see. I "wave my lily hand" to you.

GLORY.

P. S.—To save time I suggest the hour and the place: eight o'clock—St. James' Park—by the bridge going down from Marlborough House.

Drake received this note as he was sitting alone in his chambers smoking a cigarette after drinking a cup of tea, in that hour of glamour that is between the lights. It seemed to bring with it a secret breath of passion out of the atmosphere in which it had been written. At the first impulse it went up to his lips, but at the next moment he was smitten by the memory of something, and he thought, "I will do what is right; I will prove myself an honorable man."

He dined that night with a group of civil servants at his club in St. James' Street, but at a quarter to eight, notwithstanding some playful bantering, he put on his overcoat and turned towards the park. The autumn night was soft and peaceful; the stars were out and the moon had risen; a fragrant mist came up from the lake, and the smoke of his cigar was hardly troubled by the breeze that pattered the withered tassels of the laburnums. Big Ben was striking eight as he reached the end of the little bridge, and almost immediately afterwards he was aware of soft and hurrying footsteps approaching him.

Glory had come down by the Mall and Constitution Hill. The whispering of the big white trees in the moonlight was like company, and she sang to herself as she walked. Her heart seemed to have gone into her heels since yesterday, for her step was light and sometimes she ran a few paces. She arrived out of breath as the great clock was striking, and seeing the figure of a gentleman in evening dress by the end of the bridge she stopped to collect herself.

Her hand was hot and a little damp when Drake took it, and her face was somewhat flushed. She had all at once become ashamed that she had come to ask him for anything, and she took out her pocket handkerchief and began to roll it in her palms. He misunderstood her agitation, and trying to cover it he offered his arm and took her across the bridge, and they turned westward down the path that runs along the margin of the lake.

"Mr. Storm has gone," she said, thinking to explain herself.

"I know," he answered.

"Is it generally known, then?"

"I had a letter from him yesterday."

"Was it about me?"

"Yes."

"You must not mind if he says things, you know."

"I don't, Glory. I set them down to the egotism of the religious man. The religious man cannot believe that anybody can live the moral life and act on principle except from the religious impulse. I suppose he has warned you against me, hasn't he?"

Digitized by Google

"Well—yes."

"I'm at a loss to know what I've done to deserve it. But time must justify me. I am not a religious man myself, you know, though I hate to talk of it. To tell you the truth, I think the religious idea a monstrous egotism altogether, and the love of God merely the love of self. Still, you must judge for yourself, Glory."

"Are we not wasting our time a little?" she said. "I am here—isn't that proof enough of my opinion?" And then in an agitated whisper she added, "I have only half an hour, and I want to ask your advice, you know. You remember what I told you in my letter?"

He patted the hand on his arm and said, "Tell me how it happened."

She told him everything, with many pauses, expecting every moment that he would break in upon her and say, "Why didn't you box the woman's ears?" or perhaps laugh and assure her that it did not matter in the least, and she was making too much of a mere bagatelle. But he listened to every syllable, and after she had finished there was silence for a moment. Then he said, "I'm sorry—very sorry; in fact, I am much troubled about it."

Her nerves were throbbing hard, and her hand on his arm was twitching.

"If you had left of your own accord after that scene in the board room it would have been so different—so easy for me to help you."

"How?"

"I should have gone to my chief—he is a governor of many hospitals—and said, 'A young friend of mine, a nurse, is uncomfortable in her present place, and would like to change her hospital.' It would have been no sooner said than done. But now—now there is the black book against you, and God knows if—— In fact, they have laid a trap for you, Glory, intending to get rid of you at the first opportunity, and you seem to have walked straight into it."

She felt stunned. "He has forgotten all he has said to me," she thought. In a feeble, expressionless voice, she asked—

"But what am I to do now?"

"Let me think."

They walked some steps in silence. "He is turning it over," she thought. "He will tell me how to begin."

He stopped, as if seized by a new idea.

"Did you tell them where you had been?"

"No," she replied in the same weak voice.

"But why not do so? There is hope in that. The chaplain was your friend—your only friend in London, so far as they know. Surely that is an extenuating circumstance so plausible——"

"But I cannot——"

"I know it is bitter to explain—to apologize—and if I can do it for you——"

"I will not allow it!" she said. Her lips were set and her breath was coming through them in gusts.

"It is a pity to allow the hospitals to be closed against you. Nursing is a good profession, Glory—even a fashionable one. It is true womanly work, and——"

"That was what he said."

"Who? John Storm? He was right. Indeed, he was an entirely honorable and upright man, and——"

"But *you* always seemed to say there were other things more worthy of a girl, and if she had a mind to——but no matter. We needn't talk about the hospitals any longer. I shall never go back to them, whatever happens."

He looked down at her. She was biting her lips, and the tears were gathering in her eyes.

"Well, well, never mind, dear," he said, and he patted her hand again.

The moon had begun to wane, and out of the dark shadows they walked in they could see the lines of houses lit up all around.

"Look," she said, with a feeble laugh, "in all this great busy London is there nothing else I'm fit for?"

"You are fit for anything in the world, my dear," he answered.

Her nerves were throbbing harder than ever. "Perhaps he doesn't remember," she thought. Should she tell him what he said so often about her talents, and how much she might be able to make of them?

"Is there nothing a girl can do except go down on her knees to a woman?"

He laughed, and talked some nonsense about the kneeling. "Poor little woman, she doesn't know what she is doing," he thought.

"I shouldn't mind what people thought of me," she said, "not even my own people, who have been brought up with such narrow ideas, you know. They might think what they like, if I felt I was in the right place at last—the right place for me, I mean."

Her nervous fingers were involuntarily clutching at his coat sleeve. "Now any other man——" he thought.

She began to cry. "He *won't* remember," she told herself. "It was only his way of being agreeable when he praised me

Digitized by Google

and predicted such wonderful things. And now his good breeding will not allow him to tell me there are hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of girls in London as likely to——"

"Come, you mustn't cry, Glory. It's not so bad as that."

She had never seemed to him so beautiful, and he wanted to take her in his arms and comfort her.

"I had no one but you to come to," she murmured in her confusion. But she was thinking, "Why didn't you stop me before? Why have you let me go on all these months?"

"I must try to think of something, and I'll speak to my friend Rosa—Miss Macquarrie, you know."

"You are a man," said Glory, "and I thought perhaps——" But she could not speak of her fool's paradise now, she was so deeply ashamed and abased.

"That's just the difficulty, my dear. If I were not a man I might so easily help you."

What did he mean? The frogs kept croaking at the margin of the lake, disturbed by the sound of their footsteps.

"Whatever you were to tell me to do I should do it," she said in the same confused murmur. She was ruining herself with every word she uttered.

He drew up and stood before her, so close that she could feel his breath on her face. "My dear Glory," he said passionately, "don't think it isn't terrible to me to renounce the happiness of helping you, but I must not, I dare not, I will not take it."

She could scarcely breathe for the shame that took sudden hold of her.

"Heaven knows I would give anything to have the joy of looking after your happiness, dear, but I should despise myself forever if I took advantage of your circumstances."

Good God! What did he think she had been asking of him?

"I am thinking of yourself, Glory, because I want to esteem you and honor you, and because your good name is above everything else—everything else in the world."

Her shame was now abject. It stifled her, deafened her, blinded her. She could not speak, or hear, or see.

He took her hand, and pressed it.

"Let me go," she stammered.

"Stay—do not go yet!"

"Let me go, will you?"

"One moment——"

But with a cry like the cry of a startled bird she disappeared in the shadow of the trees.

He stood a moment where she had left him, tingling in every nerve, wanting to follow her, and overtake her, and kiss her, and abandon everything. But he buttoned up his overcoat and turned away, telling himself that whatever another man might have done in the same case, he at least had done rightly, and that men like John Storm were wrong if they thought it was impossible to act on principle without the impulse of religion.

Meanwhile Glory was flying through the darkness and weeping in the bitterness of her disappointment and shame. The big trees overhead were all black now and very gaunt and grim, and the breeze was moaning in their branches.

"I had disgrace enough already," she thought; "I might have spared myself a degradation like this."

Drake had supposed that she came to plead for herself tonight as she had pleaded for Polly a week ago. How natural that he should think so! How natural and yet how hideous!

"I hate him! I hate him!" she thought.

John Storm had been right. In their heart of hearts these men of society had only one idea about a girl, and she had stumbled on it unawares. They never thought of her as a friend and an equal, but only as a dependent and a plaything, to be taken or left as they liked.

"Oh, how shameful to be a woman, how shameful, how shameful!"

And Drake had renounced her! In the hideous tangle of his error he had renounced her! For honor's sake, and her own sake, and for sake of his character as a gentleman—renounced her! Oh, there was somebody who would never have renounced her whatever had happened, and yet she had driven him away, and he was gone from her forever

"I hate myself! I hate myself!"

John Storm was right, and Drake in his different way was right, too, and she only had been to blame in what had happened. But fate was laughing at her, and the jest was very, very cruel.

"No matter. It may all prove to be for the best," she thought. She would be the stronger for this experience—the stronger and the purer, too, to stand alone and to face the future

She got back to the hospital just as the great clock of Westminster was chiming the half hour, and she stood a moment on the

Digitized by Google

steps to listen to it. Only half an hour had passed, and yet all the world had changed!

XXII.

It was the last day of Glory's probation, and, dressed in the long blue ulster in which she came from the Isle of Man, she was standing in the matron's room waiting for her wages and discharge. The matron was sitting sideways at her table, with her dog snarling in her lap. She pointed to a tiny heap of gold and silver and to a foolscap paper which lay beside it.

"That is your month's salary, nurse, and that is your certificate. The certificate has given me a deal of trouble. I have done all I could for you. I have said you were bright and cheerful, and that the patients liked you. I trust I have not committed myself too far."

Glory gathered up the money, but left the certificate untouched.

"You need not be anxious, ma'am; I shall not require it."

"Have you got a situation?"

"No."

"Then where are you going next?"

"I don't know—yet."

"How much money have you saved?"

"About two months' wages."

"Only three pounds altogether!"

"It will be quite sufficient."

"What friends have you got in London?"

"None—that is——no, none whatever."

"Then why don't you go back to your island?"

"Because I don't wish to be a burden upon my people, and because earning my living in London doesn't depend on the will or the whim of any woman."

"That's just like you. I've tried to be your friend, and yet—— I dare say you've not even told your people why you are leaving the hospital."

"I haven't—I haven't told them yet that I'm leaving at all."

"Then I've a great mind to do it for you. A venturesome, headstrong girl who flings herself on London is in danger of ruin itself."

"You needn't trouble yourself, ma'am," said Glory, opening the door to go.

"Why so?" said the matron.

Glory stood at her full height and answered, "Because if you said that of me there is nobody in the world who would believe you."

Her box had been brought down to the hall, and the porter, who wished to be friendly, was cording it.

"May I leave it in your care, porter, until I am able to call for it?"

"Certainly, nurse. Sorry you're goin'. I'll miss your face, too."

"Thank you. I'll call for letters also."

"There's one just come."

It was from Aunt Anna, and was full of severe reproof and admonition. Glory was not to think of leaving the hospital; she must try to be content with the condition to which God had called her. But why had her letters been so few of late? And how did it occur that she had never told them about Mr. Storm? He had gone for good into that strange brotherhood, it seemed. Not Catholic, and yet a monastery. Most extraordinary! They were all eagerly waiting to hear more about it. Besides, the grandfather was anxious on Glory's account. If half they heard was true, the dangers of London——

The house doctor came down to say good by. He had always been as free and friendly as Sister Allworthy would allow. They stood a moment at the door together.

"Where are you going to?" he asked.

"Anywhere—nowhere—everywhere; to 'all the airts the wind can blaw.'"

It was a clear, bright morning, with a light, keen frost. On looking out Glory saw that flags were flying on the public buildings.

"Why, what's going on?" she said.

"Don't you know? It's the ninth of November—Lord Mayor's Day."

She laughed merrily. "A good omen. I'm the female Dick Whittington! Here goes for it! Good by, hospital nursing. By by, doctor."

She dropped him a playful courtesy at the bottom of the steps, and then tripped along the street.

"What a girl it is!" he thought. "And what is to become of her in this merciless old London?"

She had taken less than a score of steps from the hospital when great blinding teardrops leaped from her eyes, and ran down her cheeks, but she only dropped her veil and walked on boldly.

XXIII.

The Society of the Holy Gethsemane, popularly called the Bishopsgate Fathers, was one of the many conventual institutions of the English church which came as a sequel to the great upheaval of religious feeling known as the Tractarian movement at Oxford. Most of them gave way under the pressure of external opposition, some of

Digitized by Google

them broke down under the strain of internal dissension, and a few lived on as secret brotherhoods, in obedience to a rule which was never divulged by their members, who were said to wear a cord next to the skin and to whip themselves with the lash of discipline.

Of these conventual institutions, the Society of the Holy Gethsemane had been one of the earliest, and it was now quite the oldest, although it had challenged, not only the traditions of the reformed church, but the spirit of the age itself, by establishing itself at the very doors of that bank of Europe, the Stock Exchange of London.

Its founder and first superior had been a man of iron will, who had fought his way through congresses and ecclesiastical courts and popular anger, and even family persecution, which had culminated in an effort of his own brother to commit him to an asylum as a lunatic. His first disciple and most stanch supporter had been the Rev. Charles Frederic Lamplugh, thirty years of age, a fellow of Corpus, newly called to orders after an earlier career which had been devoted to the world, and, according to rumor, nearly wrecked in an affair of the heart.

When the community had proved its legal right to exist within the establishment, and public clamor had subsided, this disciple was despatched to America, and there he established a branch brotherhood, and became great and famous. At the height of his usefulness and renown he was recalled, and this exercise of monastic authority provoked a universal outcry among his admirers. But he obeyed; he left his fame and glory in America and returned to his cell in London, and was no more heard of by the outer world until the founder of his order died, when he was elected by the brothers to the vacant place, and Father Lamplugh became the father superior.

At the time of John Storm's arrival at Bishopsgate Street the father was a man of seventy, so gentle in his manner, so sweet in his temper, so pious in his life, that when he stepped out of his room to greet him, it seemed as if he brought the air of heaven in the rustle of his habit, and to have come from the holy of holies.

"Welcome! welcome!" he said. "I knew you would come to us; I have been expecting you. The first time I saw you I said to myself, 'Here is one who bears a burden; the world cannot satisfy the cravings of a heart like that; he will surrender it some day.'"

John's throat was choking him, and he made no answer. Having been there before, though in retreat only, he entered at once into the life of the brotherhood. It was arranged that he was to spend two or three months as postulant, then to make the vow of a novice for one year, and finally, if he proved his vocation, to seal and establish his calling by taking the life vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

(To be continued.)

DO NOBLE THINGS—NOT DREAM THEM.

THE dreamer sighed:
"My starved heart craves a work to do,
My idle hands employment woo.
Oh, for the din and clash of war,
For valorous deeds and cannons' roar!"
But as he dreamed brave souls fell, score on score,
And duty knocked in vain upon his door.

Again he sighed:
"Oh, for a name! a name that long
Would wake the nation's heart to song;
Sweep through the land, from east to west,
Nor fade till all the world's at rest."
But as he dreamed of glory far and wide,
Unrecognized, fame lingered at his side.

And still he sighs:
"If love into my life would creep,
And hush my weary heart to sleep,
With crooning song and dewy kiss,
My soul would sing for purest bliss!"
He dreams while, unseen, Cupid pleadeth near,
With drooping wings and mingled smile and tear.

Lizzie English Dyas.

Digitized by Google

RICHELIEU.

THE HISTORIC FIGURE OF THE FAMOUS PRIEST, STATESMAN, AND SOLDIER, AND THE PART HE PLAYED IN THE MAKING OF MODERN FRANCE.

"WHEN I have once made up my mind, I go straight to the point. I mow down everything that stands in my way, and then I cover it all with my red cassock!" In these words, from his own lips, we have the keynote of the career of Armand Jean du Plessis, Cardinal Duc de Richelieu, who from 1624 to 1642 held the kingdom of France in the hollow of his hand, and whose indomitable will ruled not only his inferiors, the people, but his superior, the king.

Looking back along the restless, mercurial history of France, one finds no figure which stands out more strongly in relief than that of Richelieu, soldier, prelate, and statesman, the masterful servant and the subservient master of Louis XIII. Stern and relentless in his public life, he is a man who has been much misjudged. The words quoted above, while nothing but the truth, are not the whole truth, for in Richelieu's mind self was distinctly a subordinate consideration. The thought of France and of France's welfare was first, last, and always his guiding star. His will dominated the king's not as a result of merely selfish ambition, but because he realized that without such domination Louis must become a puppet in the hands of less scrupulous ministers. Richelieu did indeed mow down, but where he destroyed he invariably rebuilt, and always to the advantage of the country; while what he covered with his red cassock, according to his ominous metaphor, was well and wisely covered, before it could bring France to a fate as bloody as its own. "I pray God," he said upon his death bed, "to condemn me if ever I meant aught save the welfare of religion and the state."

There is much to admire in the stern personality which, with this purpose in mind, allowed no merciful impulse to interfere with the consummation of his large designs. Richelieu may have had moments of irresolution and of fierce self arraignment of which the world knew nothing, seeing only that to all appearance his determination never wavered. None of his actions has been more severely criticised than the execution of Cinq-Mars and De Thou, two months before his death; but it was no personal vindictiveness that dictated the tragic order. It is easy to forget the circumstances, blinded by the halo of romance which time has thrown around the fate of these ill starred noblemen; but history brands their secret compact with Spain as a traitorous conspiracy and points out the ruin it would have brought upon France but for the intervening hand of the merciless cardinal.

Nor is it surprising that, openly attacked and secretly plotted against, the victim of slanderers who had the sovereign's ear, the target at which the arrows of every conspirator in France were aimed, Richelieu should have become a cynic, bitter of heart and of tongue. Twice in the course of his career he found himself an exile from the court, and twice was he reinstated. Once it was by the good offices of Marie de Médicis; the second time, after he had quarreled with that powerful mediator, he was restored to power by the force of his influence over Louis, a force that even absence could not lessen. When, for the third time, his position was assured, the cardinal spared no one who had been instrumental in securing his downfall. Richelieu's supplanter, Marillac, became an exile from France, and his more influential brother, the Marshal de Marillac, was executed. The de Médicis herself, feared and hated throughout the kingdom, learned that not even she could hope to contend successfully against the iron prelate. Small wonder, indeed, that, knowing of such perils as these, at once France's and his own, and seeing in firmness the only salvation for both, Richelieu forgot the meaning of the word mercy, and thenceforward fully trusted no one.

"Show me six lines written by the most honest man in the world, and I will find enough therein to hang him," he said to his secretaries, and when one of them, hoping to trap him, wrote upon a card: "One and two are three," the cardinal proved his

Digitized by Google

"A Concert at Richelieu's Palace."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by J. Leisten.

Digitized by Google

readiness by the immediate comment, "Blasphemy against the Holy Trinity. One and two make one!"

Henry IV, the great father of Richelieu's weak master, once declared: "I wish the Spanish language to be heard only in Spain, the German only in Germany, but wherever French is spoken ought to belong to me," and it was much the same ambition which prompted Richelieu to say, "The aim of my ministry has been this—to reëstablish the natural limits of Gaul, to identify Gaul with France, and wherever ancient Gaul extended to establish a new one." The spectacle, at the time of the cardinal's death, of England rent by revolution, Austria crushed to the dust, Spain and Portugal separated and weakened, while France was strong and tranquil, and mistress of three added provinces, proved how near he came to realizing his ideal.

Busied though he was with affairs of state and with the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," Richelieu found time to exert an abiding influence in other fields. He founded the Academy, today the golden goal upon which every French litterateur fixes eager eyes, and he enlarged and reorganized the Sorbonne, now the most famous university in the republic. What is more surprising still, considering his manifold duties, he completed the *Mémoires* which first appeared in 1823, and two other autobiographical works.

For Richelieu was a supreme exponent of the theory that only the busiest of men can find time for more work. As was the case also with Napoleon, no feature of court life, no detail of a campaign, however insignificant, was too trivial to engage his attention; and no undertaking or combination of undertakings was vast enough to daunt him. For instance, it was while planning to bring about the extinction of feudalism and the abasement of Austria—a dual task sufficiently imposing—that he entered upon the war against the French Calvinists and their English allies which was terminated by the fall of the Protestant stronghold of La Rochelle.

To Richelieu Europe was a mighty chessboard, and the time allowed for play was all too short. His attention to the game never relaxed from the moment when, as deputy

Richelieu's Tomb in the Sorbonne.

Digitized by Google

Armand Jean du Plessis, Cardinal Duc de Richelieu.
From the portrait by de Champaigne.

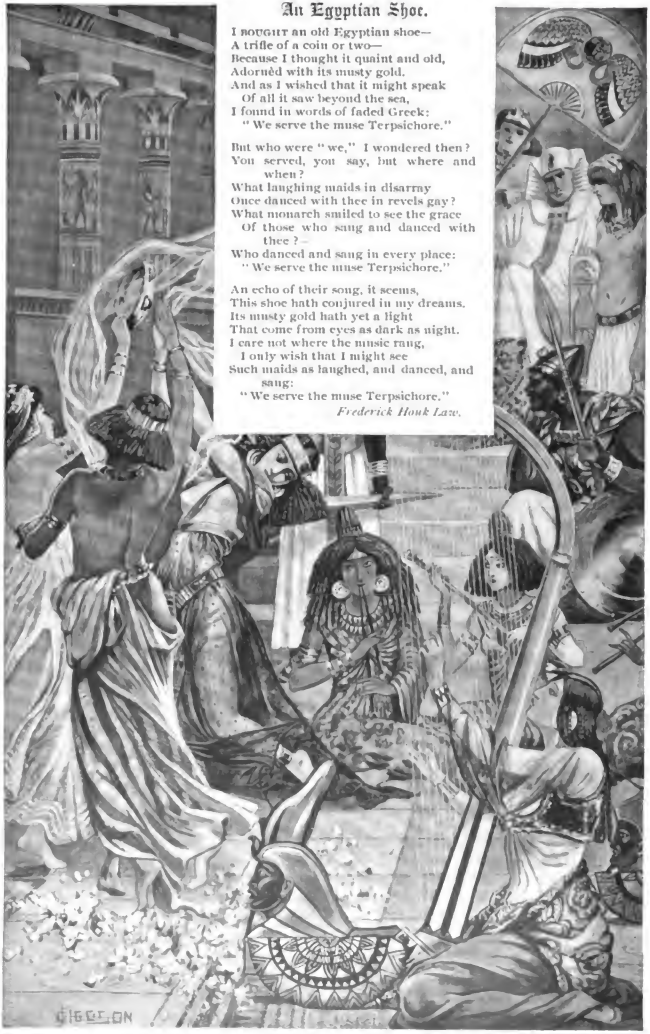
to the States General, he moved the first pawn, until death said "Checkmate," and, with half his schemes still incomplete, the iron cardinal laid aside forever the power that had overawed a kingdom and a king.

It was a curious thing that during all these years, freely spent in the service of his royal master, Richelieu should have found in that master his greatest stumbling block. Louis was never more than lukewarm in his support of his premier, and again and again his smoldering dislike burst forth into the flame of active enmity. But Richelieu's loyalty to the Bourbon monarchy—in which he saw the cause of France—never faltered or grew faint.

Much that was admirable in Richelieu's character has been blotted out by time and prejudice, and much that was evil has been magnified by the same agencies. But even time and prejudice cannot wholly efface the memory of the enduring loyalty of this man who lies in his tomb in the Sorbonne, unloved in death as in life.

Philip Rodney Paulding.

Digitized by Google



An Egyptian Shoe.

I bought an old Egyptian shoe—
A trifle of a coin or two—
Because I thought it quaint and old,
Adorned with its musty gold.
And as I wished that it might speak
Of all it saw beyond the sea,
I found in words of faded Greek:
"We serve the muse Terpsichore."

But who were "we," I wondered then?
You served, you say, but where and when?
What laughing maids in disarray
Once danced with thee in revels gay?
What monarch smiled to see the grace
Of those who sang and danced with thee?
Who danced and sang in every place:
"We serve the muse Terpsichore."

An echo of their song, it seems,
This shoe hath conjured in my dreams.
Its musty gold hath yet a light
That come from eyes as dark as night.
I care not where the music rang,
I only wish that I might see
Such maids as laughed, and danced, and sang:
"We serve the muse Terpsichore."

Frederick Houk Law.

Digitized by Google

THE QUEEN OF CONTRALTOS.

Is it because the soprano voice is more fragile that its possessors are, as a rule, less amenable to that which makes for peace and good will than are contraltos? Opera companies are frequently almost rent asunder by internal discords; sopranos secede and new ones take their places, but the contraltos stand out above the tumult like unto an immovable rock in the midst of a tossing sea.

For almost a decade Jessie Bartlett Davis has been a never failing tower of strength to the Bostonians. Other women may be called prima donnas by virtue of the rôles they sing, but one would be quite safe in saying that Mrs. Davis is the leading favorite of them all. Her name is better known than that of any other contralto in the land, and her reputation rests not on the exceptional quality of her voice alone, but also on her sterling abilities as an actress. She possesses the magnetism without which none can scale beyond the middle heights of fame, and she has acquired this because she loves her work and throws herself unreservedly into it.

Mrs. Davis is not singing today for the money she makes by it, considerable though the sum may be. Her husband is associated in the management of two prosperous theaters in Chicago and St. Louis, and is abundantly able

Jessie Bartlett Davis.

From her latest photograph by Dupont, New York.

Digitized by Google

Violet Vanbrugh.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

to give her all that heart could wish. Each summer she goes back to him and her boy and her beautiful Western home, and is happy as wife and mother; but with returning autumn the longing for her art fills her soul once more, and another season of pleasure is given to thousands of her fellow men and women.

It will doubtless be news to many that Mrs. Davis' first appearance in New York was made in conjunction with Adelina Patti. She replaced some one else as *Siebel* in "Faust," and was so much in awe of Patti that when she came to sing the romanza she dared not look the *Marguerite* in the face. She made a success, nevertheless, and received tempting offers to devote herself to the study of grand opera. She declined them, and declares that she has never regretted her decision.

Our portrait this month shows Mrs. Davis as *Teresa*, the peasant girl of "In Mexico," one of the Bostonians' new productions which failed to score. Before this reaches the reader's eye the new opera, "The Queen of the Buccaneers," by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith, makers of "The Wizard of the Nile," will have been tested. If that meets the fate of "Mexi-

Digitized by Google

co," the company will play a repertoire of the standard favorites, light and grand opera—"Robin Hood," "Carmen," "Trovatore," and so forth.

THE BOURCHIERS.

Arthur Bourchier was the first successor to John Drew at Daly's, appearing here in the fall of 1892. He has steadily progressed in his art ever since. A member of the young actor managers' coterie of London, his "Chili Widow" held the boards at the Royalty Theater for three hundred nights. Although we are somewhat astounded over this latter fact after seeing the very slender consistency of the play itself, all the more credit reflects on Mr. Bourchier's cleverness in making so much out of so little. His *Sir Reginald* is an extremely neat piece of work throughout.

He began to act when a boy at school, and at Oxford was active in amateur theatricals among the undergraduates. Already determined to adopt the stage as a profession, he complied with his father's wishes and remained to take his degree, after which he accepted an offer from Mrs. Langtry, and made his first professional appearance as *Jaques* in "As You Like It." He regards the amateur stage as the best available school for a life calling in this field.

Arthur Bourchier.

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

His wife, Violet Vanbrugh, who accompanies him on his tour, is the daughter of an English clergyman, and has already visited America with the Kendals in 1891. The Baroness Burdett Coutts is her godmother and takes a lively interest in her artistic career. Mrs. Bourchier's first appearance was made in 1888 at Toole's Theater. After her engagement with the Kendals ended, she was for a while with Irving at

Digitized by Google

Minnie Dupree.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Kellie & Co., Boston.

the Lyceum, where on one occasion she took Ellen Terry's place as *Rosamond* in "Becket." Latterly she has played leads with her husband in the Royalty company, which is an excellent one.

It may be stated, for the enlightenment of the public, that Bourchier is pronounced "Bowcher," and Vanbrugh "Vanbrer." "The Chili Widow" received excellent press notices on its opening in New York, but, strange to say, the public did not respond with the alacrity it had displayed under like conditions when "My Friend from India" was produced at the same house two months previously.

ONE OF THE TWO CLEVER "VAGRANTS."

Bad play as "Two Little Vagrants" is, one is inclined to forgive Charles Frohman for producing it, for the sake of the artistic work done by Jessie Busley and Minnie Dupree in the

Digitized by Google

William Gillette.

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

Digitized by Google

Christie MacDonald.
From a photograph by Prince, New York.

two name parts. Mention has already been made in this place of Miss Busley's *Fan Fan*, and herewith is presented a portrait of Miss Dupree in her own proper person, showing the amount of personal pride in appearance that must be sacrificed before she can make up as *Fan Fan's* sickly but true hearted comrade, *Claude*. Her rendition of this by no means easy rôle is a really remarkable one; the sinking of her identity is complete. Whatever success the piece has in this country is directly attributable to Mr. Frohman's keen judgment in casting these two boys.

Minnie Dupree is a member of the extensive contingent of San Francisco girls who have gone on the stage. She began to act in 1887 with John A. Stevens' company; she has played with Nat Goodwin and Richard Mansfield, and made a genuine hit as *Susan McCreery* in Gillette's "Held by the Enemy." Last season she was with "Burmah," and at the opening of the present one played lead in "The Great Northwest." Rumor runs that she is about to marry and retire, but it may be that her triumph as *Claude* will keep her before the public for another year at least.

OUR LEADING ACTOR PLAYWRIGHT.

William Gillette on the stage and William Gillette off the stage are one and the same. The monumental coolness and utter disregard of danger, so characteristic of him before the footlights, are equally characteristic of him in his own personality. That other almost equally marked characteristic—the quick, nervous movement of the eye, which flashes a realization of his peril in intense situations when his whole manner otherwise indicates ignorance of it, is likewise conspicuous in his individuality.

A just estimate of Gillette as author and actor must place him very nearly, if not quite, at the head of the profession in America. There are more versatile actors, but they are not playwrights as well, and there is no actor author that begins to be his equal, while there are few playwrights pure and simple who do such uniformly sterling work as he.

It would be difficult to conceive of a more intense play than "Secret Service," and yet its swift action is not abnormally overdrawn. Every situation is possible, rational. It covers only the time taken to play it. All the dramatic situations are crowded into a space of three hours; yet in these three hours there occurs a series of incidents which, expanded into a narrative, might fill volumes. The action is quick, absorbing, intense—so intense that the audience almost forgets to breathe.

Mr. Gillette is about forty years old, and is a native of Hartford, Connecticut. His father was a prominent politician, and it was with a shock of scarcely agreeable surprise that the family realized the son's predilection for the stage. He was nineteen when he secured a very small part in "Across the Continent," and later appeared as the foreman of the jury with John T. Raymond in "The Gilded Age." The run of this piece over, he drifted to New Orleans and obtained another foothold within the boundaries of the coveted realm by offering to act

Digitized by Google

for nothing. This led to some rough experiences on the road, and it was not until he began to write his own plays that he emerged from the obscurity that is the lot of the majority of those who venture into any field of artistic endeavor. His "Professor," produced at the Madison Square Theater, was not a glowing success, but it paved the way for his association with Mrs. Burnett in the dramatization of "Esmeralda," and for his first war drama, "Held by the Enemy." An adaptation from the German, "The Private Secretary," kept him busy playing the name part for several seasons, and then came a serious illness which threatened to end everything.

He retired to a patch of woods in North Carolina, built himself a log house of two rooms, furnished them cozily with reminders of his busy life, and here he became a hermit for a whole winter, doing his own work and recovering his lost health. He returned to the stage with "Too Much Johnson," written during his exile. This, by the way, is his favorite play.

Gillette is booked to give two of his plays in London during the coming season—"Too Much Johnson" and "Secret Service." It will be his first appearance in England.

John Hare.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

CHRISTIE MACDONALD.

While an effort should always be made to fill each rôle in a production with the player whom nature has best adapted to its requirements, the public finds undoubted pleasure in seeing familiar figures in fresh garb. Will he or she do as well in the new character as in the old? Determining that question constitutes one of the charms of the stock system, and to a certain extent some of our stars favor us with a like opportunity. John

Digitized by Google

Drew's company has presented rather widely different plays with almost the same list of players. So, too, has Francis Wilson, who has benefited from the services of Lulu Glaser and Christie MacDonald for more than three seasons.

Emmie Owen.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

We have pictured Miss Glaser several times in these pages, and this month we give a portrait of Miss MacDonald, who plays *Lucinde* in "Half a King." She is a native of Nova Scotia, and her people, although musical, are so far from being professionally inclined that they almost succeeded in inducing her to leave the stage. After she had come to New York with the Pauline Hall opera company, she gave the two weeks' notice in deference to their wishes. But just at this critical period in her career she chanced to meet Francis Wilson, who had "The Lion Tamer" in rehearsal. He had heard her sing, liked her voice, and offered her an engagement as understudy. The temptation to be beneath the Wilson banner was too strong to be resisted, and the stage retained a useful member. The next season she played *Marie*, the peasant girl in "Erminie," later created *Bob*, the valet in "The Devil's Deputy," and in last season's "Chieftain" was a capital *Mrs. Grigg*. Her work in "Half a King" is excellent, and receives a generous share of the admiration aroused by Mr. Wilson's present offering.

WHY ENGLAND GRUMBLES.

London theater goers have been complaining about the plethora of the froth in musical jingles recently served up to them. But the absence of Willard, Hare, Tree, and the Bourchiers in this country leaves a vacant space which the "comedy with music" people have lost no time in preëmpting. It looks as if,

Digitized by Google

Elsie Arnould.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

during the winter, when our theatrical season is at its height and the best London months have not begun, America is likely to drain England of every sterling dramatic attraction she possesses. Irving is almost the only one of the greater lights left her this winter.

It is a happy commentary on the critical discernment of our theater goers that John Hare was encouraged to repeat his visit so soon. He plays a line of parts lacking the surface glitter of "leads," and hence the appreciation of his work is evidence of a discriminating, intelligent taste that must be especially gratifying to its object, modest by nature though he be.

Hare's success is legitimately earned, every atom of it. An idea of the hard work which won it for him is obtained through a remark Chevalier recently made to an interviewer: "To the training I received with John Hare I attribute much of my later success. Through him I learned the inestimable value of complete and unswerving preparation, leaving nothing to chance, not so much as a spot of make up or the glimmer of a grimace."

Mr. Hare returns to us this year with an entirely different repertoire, including Pinero's "Hobby Horse," and with many new faces in his company.

Harking back for a moment to the aching void in the English capital, "The Belle of Cairo," at the Court Theater, is one of the latest of the "jingly" offerings. It enlists the services of John Peachey (the some time *Columbus* here in "1492") and the much discussed May Yohe, who is credited with being a native of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. To entertainments of this class in the British capital belong the subjects of two of our portraits, Elsie Arnould and Emmie Owen. Miss Owen was at one time a member of Doyley Carte's company at the Savoy. She is a clever dancer.

Digitized by Google

Edward S. Abeles.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

and lately appeared in the new and resplendent Empire ballet, "Monte Cristo."

A YOUNG ACTOR OF PROMISE.

The story that tells how the successful farce, "My Friend from India," came into the glare of the footlights is rather an interesting one. Messrs. Smyth and Rice were considering a society comedy, with which to inaugurate their partnership, when one day a friend of Mr. Smyth brought him a play in which he had an interest, with a request that he should read it and give his opinion. There was no question of their using it; it was to be merely an act of neighborly courtesy. That night Smyth asked Rice to listen to a play he had promised to look over, and with a sigh over the martyrdom to which they were about to subject themselves, they began the task. The first act completed, "What do you think of it, Rice?" the reader inquired.

"Well, not so very bad," was the response.

"I don't care much for it," Smyth rejoined, as he resumed the reading.

At the close of the second act Mr. Rice was mildly enthusiastic, and when the entire play was finished, he was inclined to think pretty well of it. But Mr. Smyth was not favorably impressed. Mr. Rice went home, and the matter was dropped. During the evening, however, incidents of the play kept recurring to him, and finally he sat down and read it all over again, with the result that the next day he was in treaty for its purchase.

We give a portrait of Edward S. Abeles, the clever leading juvenile of "My Friend from India." He is a native of St. Louis, and was a protégé of the late John Cockerill. His early bent was towards the law, and he was admitted to the bar, but the stage lured him into more picturesque, if less dignified fields. He spent some time with Palmer's stock company, "Lady Windermere's Fan" being one of the early plays in which he appeared. Afterwards he was *Charley* in "Charley's Aunt."

His work as *Charles Underholt* in his present environment has already been commended in this department. He is a versatile as well as

Digitized by Google

an able fellow. Both words and music of the quaint little negro song in the third act are his work, and his imitation of Mansfield's *Baron Chevrial* is capital.

THE LYCEUM AND ITS PLAYERS.

Everybody goes to the Lyceum—it is the thing to do. Sothern's annual opening of the house is always anticipated with interest, and the return of the Lyceum stock, following Sothern, is always looked forward to as an event of the amusement season. This year the Lyceum stock returned at the usual time, but it wasn't the Lyceum stock. No Le Moyne, no Kelcey, no Fritz Williams, no Isabel Irving! Lovers of the old troupe looked at the stage, looked at the program—and an expression of inquiry, of disappointment, of dissatisfaction was on every face.

The Lyceum, more than any other playhouse in town, has the atmosphere of the home, and for the old familiar faces of the company one cherishes a feeling akin to warm friendship. The season opened with few favorites remaining in the cast; and to make matters worse, the play itself, "The Courtship of Leonie," had little merit. But bad as the situation was, it was not without hope. Dan Frohman's name was still at the head of the house bill. It was his clever management that had gained the Lyceum its coveted place in the affections of New Yorkers. He had given us the old favorites—he would give us new favorites. There were two in this first bill

Mary Mannering.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

Digitized by Google

who were full of promise—Mary Mannering and Joseph Wheelock, Jr., taking the places of Isabel Irving and Fritz Williams. These two very soon won the good will of the audience. The favorable impression made in "Leonie" was sustained and strengthened in "The Late Mr. Castello"—a comedy, by the way, which is exceptionally bright and sparkling.

Miss Mannering has a good voice and a great deal of reserve dramatic power. She is an English girl, whom Mr. Frohman discovered during his tour of the British Isles last summer. It was at a suburban town, and she was playing the same rôle of *Sadie* in "The Late Mr. Castello." On the morning after her American début, she received very flattering notices in the daily press, and as she has proved that she possesses versatility as well as power, there is small doubt of her winning a position in the front rank of the leading women in the metropolis.

Isabel Irving still remains under the Frohman régime, and is at present on tour with "The Prisoner of Zenda," playing *Flavia* to Howard Gould's *Rassendyll*. "The First Gentleman of Europe," a dramatization of a novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett, is to be the next production of the home company.

It is possible that by the time this reaches the reader's eye there may be a new accession to the Lyceum roster in the person of Mrs. Jack Bloodgood, a young woman hitherto prominent in New York society, who has made up her mind to begin with a "thinking part" and work her way up. Among our portraits

Mrs. McEnery Wynne.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

Digitized by Google

this month is that of another recruit from society's realm—Mrs. McEnery Wynne, a belle of New Orleans and the daughter of Ex Governor McEnery. After studying for a year at the Sargent school, she obtained an engagement with the Georgia Cayvan company.

FOOTLIGHT CHAT.

When Wallack's Theater passed into the hands of Mr. Palmer, it was a matter of universal regret that he saw fit to change its name. "Wallack's" had been associated with all that was pleasing and refining in New York theatricals; for forty years it had been the name of all others to conjure by in stagedom; he with whom it was so fondly associated had but recently passed away, and to blot out the most fitting memorial of him that could be devised, seemed not only sentimentally unjust, but commercially a mistake.

* * * *

And yet Mr. Palmer had surely earned the right to have his way in the matter. He stood for the best interests of the drama as one of the arts, at a period when there were many who won a wide following by debasing it to sordid ends. In the old Union Square house he gave New York a series of productions whose fame crossed the Atlantic when that was not a common achievement; and later, at the Madison Square, he brought out people and plays that are still a throbbing factor in the stage of today, either in themselves or their outreaching influence. Certainly, then, A. M. Palmer deserved to have his name above the doors of a theater, but it was a pity this could not have been brought about without first obliterating that of Lester Wallack.

* * * *

Mr. Palmer's present reverses are to be deeply deplored, and we sincerely hope that he may speedily emerge from them. We cannot afford to lose from active participation in stage affairs one who has always borne clean hands, but out of Mr. Palmer's misfortune this good has come: the theater that Lester Wallack built and loved, once more bears his name. In consummating this act of justice Mr. Theodore Moss, the present manager, has won the good wishes not only of all New Yorkers, but of the thousands scattered throughout the land to whom "Wallack's" meant an evening of unalloyed enjoyment.

* * * *

Mr. Moss went into the Wallack service as an office boy, eventually became treasurer, and finally confidential adviser. Now that he is in entire control of the house, he has happily linked the past with the present by printing on his program four notable Wallack dates—September 8, 1852, the opening of the original theater of the name at Broadway and Broome Street; September 25, 1861, the inaugural of the Thirteenth Street house; January 4, 1882, when a performance of "The School for Scandal" began the career of the present Thirtieth Street edifice; December 7, 1896, the resumption of the Wallack title with E. S. Willard in an able performance of "The Rogue's Comedy," Henry Arthur Jones' successor to his ill starred "Michael and His Lost Angel." Mr. Jones sometimes makes a mistake in choice of theme, but he is always to be depended on for beauty of treatment. And in "The Rogue's Comedy" his skill has not failed him. Glaring improbabilities are gilded by a beauty of language and forcefulness of situation that compel undeviating attention and frank praise. Mr. Willard has brought an efficient company, and his engagement was a happy opening attraction for the new era at Wallack's.

* * * *

How are the "Mighty" fallen! The Gilbert Parker play, which was to be Mr. Tree's *pièce de resistance* during his American tour, fell into flat failure on its New York production. Now that the verdict has been registered, it is rather amusing to read a suggestion to literary men sent as a Tree press notice before the piece was presented. Here it is:

If a novelist aspires to write his own play, he cannot do better than to adopt the expedient which has been employed by Mr. Gilbert Parker. Before "The Seats of the Mighty" was written chapter by chapter, as a novel, the play, which is soon to be produced in America and England, was clearly outlined act by act, and scene by scene. Starting with this original dramatic scheme, which differs materially from the plot of the story, the author has not been embarrassed by the difficulties with which novelists are ordinarily beset when they attempt to dramatize their own works.

Arguing from experience as Mr. Parker must now know it, it would be far better for an author to be so doubtful about the proper way to turn a story into a play that he would be obliged to take time to think it out effectively.

* * * *

New Yorkers had to thank the failure of "The Seats of the Mighty" for the opportunity of seeing Mr. Tree's *Svengali*. The praise this received must have gone far toward healing the previous hurt. The English version of "Trilby" differs slightly from the original one as produced by Mr. Palmer. The last act is laid in the studio again instead of at the hotel, and Mr. Tree himself poses for the portrait of *Svengali*, which is placed on a draped easel. The change is not for the better, and the production as a whole suffered by comparison with the original one. Special interest was awakened by the appearance as *Zou Zou* of Gerald du Maurier, the late novelist's son, who promises to be an actor of no mean power. His advent on the scene, the first night, was the signal for long continued applause—a tribute to the memory of his father's genius.

Kate Rorke's *Trilby* was far from being, to the eye, the picture made so familiar by the author's penciled portrayal. She did one thing, however, which Virginia Harned refrained from doing, when she appeared in the first act with bare feet. In "The Dancing Girl," on the other hand, Miss Rorke omitted a piece of business which Miss Harned made

Digitized by Google

very effective—rolling down the stairway in the scene where her father curses her.

* * * *

Not since "The Amazons" have we had a comedy so deftly combining ingenuity of situations and cleverness of repartee as Sydney Grundy's "Late Mr. Castello." In "A Pair of Spectacles," Mr. Grundy showed us what he could do in the line of high comedy; his "Sowing the Wind" revealed the possession of a firm touch in emotional work, and "Castello" ranks him with Pinero in lighter vein, thus crowning his versatility. Jones, Pinero, Grundy—this is the English trio whose work always repays careful attention. Mr. Grundy is a ready writer, and is said to be drawing royalties from no less than eighteen plays.

"The Wife of Willoughby," the curtain raiser used at the Lyceum with "Castello," is a tragic little romance, in striking contrast with the piece that follows. It is the work of two young Americans—Theodore Burt Sayre and Helen Bogart—and was noticed in these pages last May, in describing its reception at the Empire School of Acting. Very well written, and with more than ordinary attention devoted to providing it with "business" as well as dialogue, this miniature romance of love and renunciation contains matter enough for three acts.

Mr. Sayre is just past his majority, and it is to be remarked that his play called forth more favorable comment from the press than any American production of the Lyceum stock company since "White Roses" was presented four years ago.

* * * *

Is it not a mistaken idea, after all, that the general playgoing public prefers women in tights, and a so called "French flavor," in their burlesques? Here is "The Girl from Paris," for example. The one number that arouses more enthusiasm than all the others put together is "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note." It is sung by Josephine Hall, made up as an English slavey, with all that is pleasing in her appearance suppressed, and relates the agony aroused by the musical attempts of a girl who cannot sing, but insists on trying to do so. Miss Hall, who will be remembered as *Katherine Lawrence* in Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy," renders the song with splendid vigor, and is easily the star of the evening, if the comparative amount of applause received be taken as the rating.

May Irwin's unequivocal success is another case in point. She is neither pretty nor coquettish, and her plays are far from being Parisian models of the undressed, and yet she survives and flourishes in stellar radiance, while beautiful women and younger ones, as well as "shows" whose suggestiveness was thought to promise "big money," have languished by the wayside.

* * * *

May Irwin should feel more flattered by the success of "Courted into Court" than over any other triumph of her career. The piece itself falls far short of "The Widow Jones" in mirth giving merit, and it is entirely owing to Miss Irwin's personal magnetism that the Bijou is packed night after night with laughing multitudes. Nevertheless, "Courted into Court" is a diverting hodge podge, and had it not been preceded by the never to be forgotten "Widow," it would doubtless be dubbed a first rate vehicle for the exploitation of Miss Irwin's peculiar talents. A very pretty and original effect is obtained at the beginning of the second act by the use of the two pianos in adjoiuing rooms, played by John C. Rice and Miss Irwin as the accompaniment to her song "Ma Lulu," which is first favorite after "Crappy Dan."

The company is the same excellent one we saw last season. Rice is the man of all others to play opposite to May Irwin. He carries about him that same blunt, every day atmosphere which constitutes the star's greatest charm, and which one never thinks of as acting. But it is acting, and acting of the most difficult kind. It is the old story of the clown's sober face beneath the masking chalk.

* * * *

Sarah Bernhardt has just given "Camille" a run of three months at her Paris theater, the Renaissance, by adding a novel feature to the time worn piece—if a return to the past may be called a novelty. She dressed the characters in the costumes of fifty years ago—in the styles of 1845, seven years before the piece was written.

Charles Frohman has elected to try a somewhat similar experiment at his Garden Theater, where the result will doubtless be made known by the time these lines are read. "Heartsease," with which Palmer's Chicago house—the Great Northern—opened, did not prove a winner as a modern play, so its authors have put its scene a hundred years back, to the time of knee breeches and powdered wigs. With Henry Miller as the star, together with Grace Kimball, Nelson Wheatcroft, and other good names in the cast, and a scenic outfitting of elaborate description, the revised piece will have all the possible external aids to success. The result will be awaited with special interest by stage folk. If to move the period of a play's action will turn fiasco into fortune, we may look for a bull market in dates.

In this connection it may not be inopportune to suggest that the only way to save some productions from the gross improbability underlying them, is to revise in the opposite direction, and by placing the action a hundred years ahead, defy the critics to prove that such things may not one day come to pass, whether they have ever already done so or not.

* * * *

If there must needs be a weak spot in a play, it is better to have it in the middle of the evening. Should it occur early, the audience, having no foundation on which to build hopes, lose interest at the outset, while a poor climax sends them home with a feeling of disgust at the entire performance. We do not say that Martha Morton has remembered this in writing

Digitized by Google

"A Fool of Fortune" for Mr. Crane, because she is conscientious enough always to do her best; but the fact remains that the second act is decidedly inferior to the other two. These other two, however, especially the last, are so clever that "A Fool of Fortune" readily falls into line with the notable successes of the season, and thrusts upon Miss Morton the distinction of having turned out three winners in succession for the same star.

It is stated that when Mr. Crane learned he was to die in the last act, he rebelled outright, and declared that such a breaking away from all traditions governing his line of plays would never do at all. But when the author persisted that this was the only proper conclusion, he finally yielded; and the death scene is spoken of as the most effective episode of the sort that our stage has lately seen.

In *Elisha Cuningham* Mr. Crane has a rôle which gives him considerably more to do than to be simply Mr. Crane. It involves a depiction of two strangely contrasted phases in a business man's career, and the action is convincing throughout. Effie Shannon, his new leading woman, brings her attractive presence and finished art to the embodiment of *Cuningham's* elder daughter, while the younger enlists the services of Dallas Tyler, a new name in the field of ingenues, and one that promises to become a favorite.

* * * *

"Under the Red Robe" suffers by comparison with "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "An Enemy to the King." It is too evident that Mr. Rose, the adaptor, was hampered by Mr. Weyman, the author. One suspects that the turning of this novel into a drama was no plain sailing, as soon as he notes that two of the acts have two scenes each. Nevertheless, Mr. Rose has done good work, and there are many thrilling moments in his play. Unfortunately, there are not enough of them.

The Empire company are, for the most part, efficient interpreters, but Mr. Frohman might see more money pouring into his coffers had he followed his brother Dan's example and cast the play with a star. *Gil de Berault* dominates the evening, and with a favorite "matinée hero" to personate him, a larger clientage could be reached than by the simple drawing power of the piece itself. Stock companies are more profitable in society or emotional plays than in other styles of drama.

Before dismissing "Under the Red Robe," it will be of interest to mention that Robert Edeson, who plays the *Lieutenant* so cleverly, and who will be remembered for his clever work of quite another sort in "Thoroughbred," has been selected by Mr. Frohman as leading man for the Maude Adams company.

* * * *

Richard Mansfield will lose his reputation for eccentricity if he does not have a care. He has actually had the good sense to drop from his repertoire pet productions of new plays which the public does not like. "Castle Sombras" follows in the wake of "Rodion the Student," and during the recent extended metropolitan engagement at the Garden Theater, Mr. Mansfield delighted his many admirers by appearing mostly in those rôles which have deservedly won him fame. Of these *Baron Chevrial* in "A Parisian Romance" is perhaps the most interesting, because it was this that first brought him into prominence at the old Union Square Theater. Everybody wants to see "Jekyll and Hyde," at least once, by reason of its uniqueness; but the favorite of them all appears to be "Beau Brummell." "Richard III," however, seems to have taken a spurt, judging by the big audiences it drew, and "Prince Karl" is by no means a back number. "Arms and the Man" ought to belong to this list, but for some inscrutable reason Archibald Gunter is preferred before Bernard Shaw. "The First Violin" is underlined as the next new presentation; we shall probably see it this spring.

* * * *

It is very probable that the present winter will hear the last word spoken on the subject of objectionable theater hats. The echoes of battle quickly die away when the *casus belli* no longer exists. To the New York *Herald* belongs the honor of striking the decisive blow and opening the way to victory. By making the question a subject for universal discussion, courage was imparted to the faint hearted to request the removal of offending headgear. The movement spread to other cities until now obstructing millinery is the exception instead of the rule it once was. Fancy the astonishment of a theater goer two years ago to have a woman seated in front of him turn around with the polite remark: "If my hat annoys you, I shall be glad to remove it." Yet this is what is heard at our playhouses very frequently today.

Another thing: the bonnetless audience is a much better looking one than any other. Thus, this fact having been proved by experience, there is no danger of the reform dying the death of a fad.

* * * *

Everybody knows that a successful play is one of the most remunerative forms of literary work. It may also be said to give, in many instances, the best returns for the least expenditure of effort on the part of its original deviser. For instance, there is now on the boards a highly prosperous farce whose last act is made up almost entirely of situations not invented by the man whose name figures as sole author of the piece. The leading man is responsible for one of them, one of the managers thought out another, the "realizer" invented a third, and so on. At least one of these situations has received almost as much praise as the wholly original effect reached by the playwright in the second act, which only goes to show how easy it is to erect a passing fair superstructure when you have a good, strong foundation. It is better to have the idea for one thoroughly unique situation than to possess literary style and a facility in dialogue.

Digitized by Google

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THIS YEAR'S "CARMEN."

If Mme. Calvé had held any doubts as to her place in the hearts of the American people, or at least that portion of it which goes to the Metropolitan Opera House, she must have had them all set at rest by her reception this year.

The house was packed with a crowd of music lovers on the *qui vive*. Not only was Calvé to make her first appearance this year, but Eames was to sing with her. Up to that moment the American singer had been the favorite of the season's audiences. The two prima donnas are perfect foils to each other, and each gains by singing with the other, although Mme. Calvé undoubtedly possesses "Carmen." When the violins began the familiar strains which precede *Carmen's* entrance the house broke into enthusiastic applause, and when she appeared the orchestra was drowned for a moment by the hand clapping.

It was with no expectation of seeing a new *Carmen* that the audience welcomed the singers, although it was a novelty to have Calvé and Eames on the same stage, and a new tenor, M. Salignac, was introduced to the public. But Calvé is so original, such a dramatic genius, that she cannot keep the same ideal of a character from year to year. Her new *Carmen* is more exuberant than the one we knew before. As she plays the title rôle, the opera is a performance which cannot fail to be popular even with those to whom music cannot appeal. She is an actress of great temperament, of finished expression, and her voice grows more magnificent year by year.

All comparisons apart, Mme. Eames also advances in the favor of the public with every appearance. As *Elizabeth* in "Tannhäuser" or as *Michaela* in "Carmen" she is great, powerful, and beautiful. Her progress in her art seems to have been by leaps and bounds. She is maturing.

Thomas Salignac, the new *Don Jose*, is one of the singers who have come to New York frankly stating that they seek the approval of this public, because it is beginning to mean so much in Europe. He is a young Frenchman who has sung for the past two years at the Opéra Comique. He was born in Marseilles, and is only twenty eight years old. He created the tenor rôle in Saint-Saëns' opera of "Phryne." He began his musical education as a violinist, and played in the opera house in his native town. He had a very modest appreciation of his vocal powers until he heard some of the tenors who sang before him. Then, convinced that his own voice was worth cultivating, he went up to Paris to study. He won the first prize at the Conservatoire, and made his début at the Opéra Comique three years ago. He sang there for two seasons, but mostly in light rôles.

Salignac shows that he has been a musician. His appearance here has given him something of the reputation he came after. Like Mme. Calvé, he is almost as much of an actor as a singer. He is too small, but yet his stage presence is pleasing. His voice is good, and may be great when it is fully developed. His high notes are particularly fine.

Taking the performance altogether, this year's "Carmen" is a thing to stir the blood of the most jaded opera goer.

THE MUSICAL ART SOCIETY.

Mr. Frank Damrosch does almost as notable work with the Musical Art Society as that of his brother, Walter Damrosch, in German opera. At its December concert the society gave some fine examples of classical composition. One was the mass which Palestrina dedicated to Pope Marcellus II. and called the "Missa Papæ Marcelli." The "concerto grosso" by Bach, which was the second number on the program, has a remarkable position in musical literature. It is the last of a set of six which Bach wrote in 1721 for Christian Ludwig, Margrave of Brandenburg. This prince was very fond of music, and kept a private orchestra, for which Bach was in the habit of writing. These six pieces were called "concerti grossi" because they were written for many instruments, to distinguish them from the ordinary concerto for an instrumental solo with accompaniment.

The Musical Art Society goes into the history of music. This concerto was written for some musical instruments, such as the viola da gamba, which has been out of use for more than a century, but through the kindness of Mr. Morris Stewart, who has a collection of archaic instruments, the society was able to play the piece correctly.

THE GERMAN OPERA STARS.

It was suggested as a reason for Colonel Mapleson's failure that the Academy of Music was not a fashionable house. Did not the cause lie deeper than that? Last year Walter Damrosch brought over a company of expensive artists to sing German opera, and put them on the Academy stage with successful results. Is not the difference to be found in the point from which the two managers are viewed?

People are compelled to believe in Walter Damrosch as an artist who works for art's sake, something as Wagner himself worked. He has a unique position as a manager and conductor. This year his opera company appears to be on a firmer foundation than ever before. It has never made money; that does not seem to have been the primary object; but every year it convinces a larger public that its artistic rank is of the highest. Much of the company's

Digitized by Google

time, this winter, has been spent in Philadelphia, where Mr. Damrosch was guaranteed against loss for the season. After that he has planned a tour as far west as St. Louis. The Missouri city has been a disastrous stopping place for the last two years, but has also given Mr. Damrosch a guarantee. When at last the company is heard in New York, it will be in the Metropolitan Opera House.

For his Philadelphia season Mr. Damrosch secured the help of Calvé, Eames, Melba, Plançon, Salignac, and several others of the Metropolitan singers. But his strongest card is the return of Lili Lehmann. This lady, who holds one of the most dignified positions in the artistic world, has not been heard here for five years. The hard work of her last American season sent her home a nervous invalid, and for some time it was feared that she would never sing in public again; but gradually she has been making her way back to the stage, until she was able to appear last summer at Bayreuth, where she sang *Brunnhilde* on the stage on which she first appeared in Wagnerian opera twenty years ago as one of the *Rhine Maidens*. She will be welcomed gladly in New York, where her greatest triumphs were won with Seidl as conductor.

Mme. Lehmann's husband is Paul Kalisch, who used to appear here with his wife at the Metropolitan. In recent years his voice is said to have developed wonderfully. He now sings such rôles as *Tristan* and *Tannhäuser*, and is one of the tenors at the Berlin opera house. His father is the Kalisch who edits *Kladderadatsch*, the well known comic German paper. The elder Kalisch gave his son a very expensive education as an architect, but Mme. Patti upset his career in that direction by advising him to cultivate his voice.

Mme. Eames considers Lehmann the very finest possible Wagnerian singer, and points to her as an example of an artist who has not sacrificed her voice to the heavy music because she has sung it with great intelligence.

There was a good deal of speculation as to the filling of Klafsky's place. Frau Mohor-Ravenstein is spoken of as the occupant of the vacant position, but it would appear that Lehmann quite covers the ground as the company's chief prima donna. Mohor-Ravenstein made her début at Mannheim ten years ago as *Elizabeth*. Later she sang *Isolde* and *Brunnhilde* under the management of Weingartner, who is now one of the directors at Berlin. Last summer he gave it as his opinion that Mohor-Ravenstein is the finest *Brunnhilde* on the operatic stage.

Mr. Damrosch did not bring Max Alvary back, but gives us, in his rôles, a new tenor, Ernst Kraus. Herr Kraus, who is young, handsome, and more than six feet tall, is from the royal opera in Berlin. Carl Sommer, a baritone popular in Germany, will also be with the Damrosch company.

When his singers reach New York, early in March, Mr. Damrosch intends to signalize the return of Lili Lehmann by giving a cycle of Wagnerian opera, beginning with the "Flying Dutchman" and ending with the Nibelungen Trilogy. The seldom seen "Rheingold" will be given with all of the mechanical effects which are used at Bayreuth.

PLANÇON'S PERSONALITY.

Any one who has not heard Pol Plançon sing "The Two Grenadiers" has missed a point in his musical education. It is a song of which the tall, handsome Frenchman is particularly fond, and he often gives it at Sunday concerts, and when he is heard at semi private affairs. It is worth while to get close to him, so that the vibrations of his big voice may catch you.

Plançon is one of the most popular men among the great singers. He is absolutely without pretense, and is always more than kind to any new aspirant for operatic honors. He fairly irradiates health and enthusiasm and happiness. His voice is as powerful as a cathedral organ, and a thousand times more thrilling. To see him and Mme. Calvé on the same stage is a treat. It has been rumored about New York that Plançon was to marry an American society woman; but other people say that he is the hero of a different story, which was published a few months ago. According to this romantic tale, an opera singer who at any rate answers to the French basso's description is deeply in love with a German princess who is deaf.

THE SUNDAY CONCERTS.

The Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan have a clientele peculiarly their own. The prices are the same as for a theater ticket, and many people who love music cannot afford the opera. Mmes. Eames and Calvé are the favorites among the prima donnas. The substantial people who go for their weekly musical treat thoroughly like both of these artists. They approve of Eames' finished voice, of her beauty and her personality; and Calvé can charm anywhere, at any time. She, like Eames, has grown tremendously. Melba still remains the magnificent piece of machinery she always was. It is her nightingale throat to which people listen. Melba, as Melba, is cold, calm, and utterly uninteresting, but she can sing!

The selections from the operas which are given at the concerts are as carefully conducted and sung as if the stage were full of scenery and the house of boxholders; and indeed much of the popular reputation of the singers is made upon these nights.

YALE'S PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

Yale's professor of music is a young composer who is making an effort to bring something original out of this country, and to set it, from the beginning, on a level with the work that is being done abroad. Horatio W. Parker, whose position at the New Haven university corresponds to the chair Mr. McDowell holds at Columbia, was at one time director of music for Trinity Church, in New York. He is more

Digitized by Google

widely known as a composer of choral than of instrumental music, although he has produced quite as much work in the latter form. Much of it was done while he was studying in Germany, for since his return most of his time has been given to church music. Mr. Parker's greatest work is the "Hora Novissima," which was first performed by Trinity's choral society in 1893. It displayed an astonishing learning and skill for so young a composer. The next year Theodore Thomas played it at the Cincinnati Musical Festival, and the same season it was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. Mr. Parker has written a number of things since then, among which "The Dream King and His Love" is perhaps the best known. Of late he has been devoting himself to his classes at Yale, and doing little composing.

Mr. Parker is an American of an old Massachusetts family, and is now only a little past thirty. His mother was his first teacher, and after her he studied with Stephen Emery and George Chadwick in Boston, until he went to Munich.

With McDowell and Parker endeavoring to show the value of music in a broad culture, something should be done for the art in America.

MARTINUS SIEVEKING.

They say that Sieveking is a pupil of Sandow, that he went to the music hall Hercules to learn to have perfect control of his muscles. At any rate, by whatever means his skill was attained, he is a pianist who gives a very pleasant impression. He has not the personal charm and the power of driving an audience to frenzy that makes Paderewski such a wonder, but he is a most complete and satisfying artist. His rendering of the Chopin Impromptu, which Du Maurier tells us *Trilby* sang, leaves us still more skeptical of its being, even in fiction, a possible performance for the human voice.

Mr. Sieveking has a simplicity of manner that is delightful. When we heard him in New York he came back again and again in response to the applause which followed him from the stage after every number, and played some of the most charming of his selections. His warm reception seemed to touch him as much as if it were an entirely unknown compliment, although we all know with what enthusiasm he has been heard abroad. He is a Hollander, hailing from Amsterdam.

A REAL PRODIGY.

Little Huberman, the musical wonder of the winter, is heard to much better advantage in a drawing room than on the stage. He has suffered at some of his concerts through the people who "assist" him. It would be much better if he could be heard entirely alone. He shows such temperament, such passion in his playing that other performers fall flat.

Although it appears to be proven that he is only fourteen years of age, he has the face and figure of a much older boy. His marked, heavy features in some ways suggest Liszt. His expression has the fire of genius, and tells of entire confidence in himself—a confidence which great critics have justified. The boy may be said to have trained himself, and he is thoroughly original even in the interpretation of old themes. He gives them a broad and liberal treatment, which shows that he is not merely a precocious child, but a virile genius, one that delights in finding the best technical expression. He is like a man in his art, proving again that musical genius is a thing apart from the general intellect.

THE OLD DAYS OF OPERA.

Arditi, who was the best known conductor here in the old days of opera, has written a book of reminiscences. From it we turn to the memories of Diego De Vivo, who was an impresario of long ago, and we find that what has remained in the minds of these men is not the echoes of grand arias, the triumphs of art, but the gossip of personalities. Perhaps that is what this day most wants. A past and gone song cannot be recalled half so easily as an incident.

De Vivo tells of the fierce fight of 1865-6 between the elder Bennett, of the *Herald*, and Max Maretzek, who was then the lessee of the Academy of Music. These were the days when "L'Africaine" was a new opera, and Carrozi-Zucchi created the title rôle, and when Clara Louise Kellogg was the original American *Marguerite* in "Faust." Jacob Grau was the friend of Mr. Bennett, and in the *Herald's* good old way, he was sent to Europe to pick up singers for a rival opera company, regardless of expense. Marietta Gazzaiga, one of the greatest dramatic sopranos who ever visited this country—she had been here in 1857 to open the Philadelphia Academy of Music—Brignoli, the incomparable, and Boschetti, who was the first diva to sing *Marguerite* when it was produced at La Scala in Milan, were all brought back by Grau. Boschetti was a lovely young French girl whom Gounod had selected to create his great character, and De Vivo, who has seen them all, says she was the one ideal *Gretchen*. Pollini, the great German impresario with whom poor Klafsky had so much trouble, two years ago, before she could come to us in her last season, was the second basso of the Grau-Bennett company.

De Vivo remembers the great season when Tamberlik—whom he calls the finest dramatic and heroic tenor of the age—Italo Campanini and Victor Maurel, both young and in the first bloom of their fame, Ilma di Murska, the Hungarian, then fresh from her great successes in London, were all here. That was 1873-4, long called the "artistic year," for Salvini was here as well as Lucca and Nilsson. Campanini, who is remembered by all who heard him in those days as the most thrilling of tenors, was getting five hundred dollars a night. A few months ago, a broken old man, he was singing at second rate vaudeville performances here in New York.

Digitized by Google

LITERARY CHAT

THE LATEST "REALIST."

The reading word is periodically set agog by the appearance of a book which deals with questionable things and which is called an immoral, a realistic, or a problem novel, according to the reader's point of view. Among English and American writers Hardy, George Moore, Sarah Grand, and James Lane Allen have been contributors to the list of such novels, and have been duly taken to task therefor; but in the work of each of these there has been some redeeming quality which made unqualified condemnation impossible. "Tess" and "Esther Waters" were undeniably true pictures of life, "The Heavenly Twins" was distinguished by a surpassing cleverness, and "Summer in Arcady" disarmed criticism by its delicacy and its author's evident ability to handle mire with a silver spoon. It has remained for the young Italian novelist, Gabriele d'Annunzio, to write immoral books which are neither true to life, clever, nor delicate—which are, in short, immoral for immorality's sake.

D'Annunzio's latest production, "The Triumph of Death," is incomparably the foulest thing in the fiction of the day. The most lenient reader must fail to discover one redeeming feature in this story. It is "a return to the manners and morals of the poultry yard" with a vengeance.

In the interest of ordinary decency, it seems that the time has come to call a halt. Endless excuses have been made for the realists, and the public has been gradually trained to accept their work as indicative of the emancipation of thought, and as the natural result of modern broad mindedness. The critics have been afraid to protest lest they be dubbed narrow and puritanical, and so the close of the nineteenth century is seeing a vast army of novels which offend against every principle of honor, morality, and purity. Against this pest the champions of moral hygiene seem powerless, and the most earnest of reformers is apparently blind to the pernicious influence which such a book as "The Triumph of Death" is bound to exert.

We are not intolerant of any work which has a clearly defined or even an alleged moral purpose. We are quite ready to believe in the sincerity of Mr. Thomas Hardy's intentions, but we protest vehemently against the unutterable bestiality of Gabriele d'Annunzio. Emile Zola, who knows life, may stir about in the cesspools, from which he invariably brings something of value; Grant Allen may sit upon his hilltop and throw mud into the plain. We have patience even with these apostles of realism. But with the revolting productions of this young Italian who exults in depicting life which is immeasurably lower than the animals, who lacks power, virility, and purpose, whose mind can be described by but one word—nasty—we have no patience.

To paraphrase a recent remark made by a clever New York woman, the morals of Signor d'Annunzio need to be plentifully besprinkled with disinfectant. At present he presents to the intelligent world the spectacle of an unclean minded boy. His work is unpardonable, insufferable, and a public nuisance.

"MISS AYR" BY MISS MAGRUDER.

Not long ago some one said of Miss Julia Magruder: "She has a multitude of good ideas, which she invariably injures and oftentimes ruins when she attempts to write them down;" and this, or something very similar, is what the average reader will say on finishing "Miss Ayr of Virginia." Considering Miss Magruder's experience, and the fact that she has scored several undeniable successes, there is a crudity in her style, an apparent inability to find the exact expressions for her ingenious conceptions that is surprising and, withal, disappointing. She is known to the world as a woman of singular charm, a brilliant and magnetic talker. For those who have been thrown in contact with her, even once, a perusal of her latest book will be, more than anything else, a proof of the truth that lies in the saying that the rarest bird in the literary aviary is the author who can talk and write with equal fluency and power. In Miss Magruder's style there is something almost amateurish, and her work is continually suggestive of neglected or unperceived opportunities. The very best that can be said of "Miss Ayr of Virginia" is that it is mildly interesting.

These little stories manifest other indications, too, that the true literary touch is lacking. Their author has an almost schoolgirlish regard for large, athletic looking men, and women of unparalleled beauty, which may endear her to the hearts of impressionable damsels, but which, nevertheless, is a trifle monotonous. A New York illustrator, speaking of his work, once said: "I wish the public was not so partial to pretty girls. I am gradually losing my ability to put character into a face, through sheer necessity of making each one beautiful." That is the way with Miss Magruder's characters, except that here it is Miss Magruder and not the public that is to blame. Each new heroine is more beautiful than the last, and one begins positively to pine for a commonplace countenance to break the sequence.

No review of "Miss Ayr of Virginia" can be complete without at least passing mention of the wonderful kitten which figures in the story entitled "The Masked Singer." This admirable creature changes both its gender and its

Digitized by Google

name in the short space of four pages, appearing first as "Minnie" and cropping up a little later as "Tommy"—a metamorphosis which is, on the whole, the most masterly thing accomplished by Miss Magruder in "Miss Ayr."

A BOOK OF MANNERS.

The author (whom we suspect to be Mr. Walter Germain) of a small anonymous volume entitled "The Complete Bachelor" prefaces his work with something very like an apology:

I suppose that a book of this character needs some excuse. The world is full of volumes written on etiquette, and, in adding another to the number, my plea for filling the want long felt may seem ridiculous. But I have an excellent reason, and that is, that in all treatises of this character I have found the bachelor sadly neglected.

This is all very well, but it does not save "The Complete Bachelor" from being like all other books of its class, though in a lesser degree, unsatisfactory. Two questions at once arise in connection with such a book; first, whether or not there exists a need for it, and second, whether or not it supplies that need.

It has been said that the tenderest and most refined love affair that the world has ever known would have seemed a thing of hopeless vulgarity if minutely reported in the columns of a daily paper, and much the same rule applies to the ethics of dress and deportment. There are some subjects with which words are impotent to deal, and some kinds of information which should be gradually absorbed rather than deliberately acquired. The moment one begins to speak of manners, manners become vulgar, for what one should do and say under certain conditions *va sans dire*. All the rules in the world will not avail anything if a man has not the first requisite—the training that makes him a gentleman almost whether he will or no. The man of the world does not consider the wherefore of his actions or argue upon the propriety of this or that; he does certain things and leaves certain others undone instinctively, because the cue is in the air and his education has made him susceptible to almost imperceptible hints and influences. This subtle sensitiveness is what no book can accomplish. It is in the blood. Without it all the rules in the world are insufficient, and with it all are superfluous.

And yet "The Complete Bachelor" is, in its way, a remarkable book, for it is written by one who knows. There is no single statement to which one may take exception, nor is there the slightest trace of snobbishness or affectation. These are the observations of a man whose instincts are of the best. Nevertheless, there should be a law against discussing the proprieties. What possible good can it do? We can hardly believe there are club members who need to be told that one does not bow to a woman from the club window or mention her name in the billiard room. And surely there can be no need of stating that a gentleman does not dance without gloves!

But as an illustration of the fact that, whether it is called or uncalled for, the points given in "The Complete Bachelor" are correct, we quote as follows:

There is no form of refusing wine, if it is against your scruples to drink it. Do not thus force your personal prejudices on your host by making any demonstration, such as putting your finger over the glass or shaking your head at the butler. Let him fill your glasses but do not drink the contents. The question of waste is not to be considered.

This matter has been discussed *ad nauseam*, but never as reasonably as here; for the author of "The Complete Bachelor" describes exactly what a gentleman's instinct would suggest. But this is a book presumably written for men possessed of the instinct, and therefore why is it written at all?

"QUOTATIONS FOR OCCASIONS."

Cleverness has a way of cropping up in the most unexpected places, but to find any evidence thereof in a book of quotations is indeed a noteworthy experience. The rule is that works of reference are exceedingly dry reading; but a signal exception to the rule is "Quotations for Occasions" by Katharine B. Wood. Emerson has said that "next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it," and, since Emerson was never far wide of the truth, it is only fair to say that Miss Wood, in compiling "Quotations for Occasions," has placed herself on a level with a large number of people justly famous for the aptness of their *mots*. Naturally we demand of a book of reference that it shall be accurate and, as far as possible, exhaustive. If these conditions are complied with, we are not apt to ask or expect more. Therefore, when such a volume proves not only exact but entertaining, not only complete but clever, it has all the elements of a pleasant surprise.

To the making of her book Miss Wood has brought a surprising familiarity with appropriate material, an ability to select judiciously, and, what is most unusual, a keen perception of *double entente* which makes of the collection a delightful series of apt and telling plays upon words and meanings. What her object has been is concisely stated in a prefatory note:

So far as is known to the writer, no such compilation is in existence, but the custom of using appropriate quotations on dinner menus, cards, invitations, etc., is growing, and of the many who desire to use such citations, not all know just where to find them. This book is intended to lessen the labor of search . . . The reader, however, is warned not to be too sure that the author of any quotation had in mind the subject to which it is applied here.

But this perversion of meanings is what makes "Quotations for Occasions" an exceptionally clever piece of compilation. Take, for instance, the division devoted to golf, in

Digitized by Google

which appears the following from "King Lear":

Fathers that bear bags shall see their children kind.

—which is most probable.

Witness this, also, from "Antony and Cleopatra":

Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us.

These are none the less apt because Shakspere was not thinking of golf.

A few more extracts from "Quotations for Occasions" will serve to show how shrewd is Miss Wood's sense of applicability. All through the book a little strain of sarcasm lends pungency and point. Apropos of black coffee—

Although the last, not least. *King Lear.*

Of a wedding breakfast—

Clubs cannot part them. *As You Like It.*

Of champagne—

Cold and dry. *Paradise Lost.*

Of punch—

And damn'd be he that first cries "Hold, enough!" *Macbeth.*

Of tennis—

Players that offer service. *Taming of the Shrew.*

And so forth. Altogether this is a charming and exceedingly able piece of work.

A WORK OF GENIUS.

To several unjustly suspected persons add an equal number of guilty but unsuspected ones, a generous handful of revolting and entirely impossible crimes, a scheme or two involving some eight or ten billions of dollars, a deserted mansion, and a beautiful and persecuted damsel. Stir these together vigorously, so that no one may have the most remote idea of what you are endeavoring to say, and draw out to an interminable length. Besprinkle plentifully with "Ha!" "All is lost," and "I will foil them yet," and upset ten pounds of exclamation points into the mixture—and you have a novel, "Checked Through," by Colonel Richard Henry Savage, of international fame; a novel to bring tears of rage and envy to the eyes of Archibald Clavering Gunter, Laura Jean Libbey, and Albert Ross.

A man might be content to die after having accomplished "Checked Through," and other men might be content to have him do so. It is a book of wild and wonderful beauty which no words can fitly describe. Its linger longer luridness holds the reader in thrall, its accurate dealing with legal technicalities puts Pollock, Blackstone, and Coke to the blush, its handling of the mysteries and tenderness of young love has no parallel outside the prospectus of a matrimonial bureau.

Where is Colonel Savage? Why does he not come forth and let us see more of him, that we may kill the fatted calf? We would fain raise altars to his genius and wreathe his brow with the laurel and the bay. It is hard, bitterly hard, that after finishing "Checked Through" we cannot come at its author, albeit we seek and yearn for him, with intentions in our hearts.

Let us have more of these novels. The winter season is advancing, and fuel is running low. Let us, in the chill of these long evenings, creep close to the fire and eagerly peruse "Checked Through," learning of love and law and literature from a master. And, when, suddenly aroused from our absorption, we find our fire going out, shall we then despair? Never! Have we not still "Checked Through"?

MISS CORELLI'S SCOLDING HABIT.

A statute is still in force in certain of our States, under which a person may be arrested, convicted, and punished on the charge of being "a common scold." Since the appearance of her last book, "The Murder of Delicia," nothing but the fact that a similar law in England is obsolete has saved Miss Marie Corelli from this untoward fate. It appears that even esoteric novelists have a mission, and this it is (in part) in the words of *Delicia* herself:

To make tyrants tremble and unsert false judges in authority——to strip hypocrisy of its seeming fair disguise, and to brand liars with their name writ large for all the world to see!

The particular tyrant, false judge, hypocrite, and liar whom Miss Corelli attacks in "The Murder of Delicia" is the man who marries for money, allows his wife to support him, and engages in intrigues upon the sly. Incidentally she desires to demonstrate that a famous woman is not necessarily unwomanly, and for this dual purpose the murder of *Delicia* is accomplished in two hundred and seventy odd pages—exceedingly odd! Briefly, the story is of a trusting wife and an unfaithful husband, and it runs upon pleasantly familiar lines—innocence and bliss, disillusion, recrimination, separation. There is nothing new about it, not even the personality of the heroine. *Delicia* is the same ravishingly beautiful, brilliantly clever, irreproachably virtuous young novelist who figured in "The Sorrows of Satan," and who probably bears a strong resemblance to Miss Corelli's idea of herself; there is the same British Public which occupies in Miss Corelli's books the position held by the chorus in the "Medea" of Euripides, surveying the scenes and crying "Alas, unfortunate female!" and "Wonderful are the decrees of the gods!" We must remember, however, that all this is with a purpose—the unmasking of the vicious husband; and in this connection we may be pardoned for asking if there are a sufficient number of such men to make Miss Corelli's sermon worth while. To preach at individuals is sheer waste of breath. One must know that one's words are directed at a class, if any lasting good is to be accomplished. Respect for the English nation compels us to the belief that men like *Lord Carlyon* are few and far between, and therefore we say that Miss Marie Corelli is yielding unduly to the scolding habit and rapidly becoming unbearable. First it is society, then the critics, then the papers, then

Digitized by Google

husbands. Scold! Scold! Scold! Verily it is growing tiresome.

What is the matter with Miss Corelli? Her books have astonishing sales, and she has hosts of admirers. Why not be content with this, and cease lamenting the utter worthlessness of everybody in society except the great and wonderful and altogether more-divine-than-human woman novelist?

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AND DR. JIM.

Richard Harding Davis, about whom so many pleasing anecdotes have been told, rushed into print a few months ago with a wholesale denial of all newspaper stories regarding his manifestations of a "fatuous conceit" and a desire to snub former associates among reporters. To give Mr. Davis his due, it was a manly and straightforward letter for which no one could help admiring him, and it is quite possible that he had been slandered by people envious of his success; but the result of his protest is, to say the least, amusing. Newspaper men have fairly tumbled over each other in a frantic attempt to extol Mr. Davis, and to prove themselves guiltless of envy by representing him as a paragon.

Mr. Davis' version of Jameson's celebrated ride will probably be on the book stands when this appears. Like all men of imagination, he finds plain facts rather stupid things. Sometimes matter of fact travelers write letters from Egypt or Central America or some other place which Mr. Davis has made famous by recording, and contradict his stories. They might just as well write letters denouncing Turner's skies. If you don't want to look through Mr. Davis' glasses the remedy is in your own hands. And so we warn all and sundry that if they sympathize with the calm, cold judgment which sent Dr. Jameson and his raiders into Holloway Jail they would better save their fifty cents, and let Mr. Davis' new book alone. He and the poet laureate of England think that "Doctor Jim" was a hero, and that his raid was a glorious expedition.

We believe it was the late Mr. Bunner who said, "Davis must have been born with his gift of ignorance. No man at his age could possibly have acquired it." But in this case Mr. Davis had plenty of information concerning the celebrated raid into the Transvaal. He got his facts from the men who made it; and no doubt the local color will be vivid and in the right place. He can make local color even when he has seen the place he writes of, and in this instance he does not suffer from such a disadvantage. If his book is not interesting, write us down as a false prophet.

A LADY WITH TWO COUNTRIES.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is back in America again, intending to stay for some time at her home in Washington. Her husband, the well known oculist, Dr. Burnett, lives there, and her son Vivian, who was the original of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, is at an American university.

Mrs. Burnett's talent has undergone a most remarkable change since she was first introduced to the world. Then she was young, sensitive, full of temperament, feeling most intensely everything she wrote. She was a poor girl, the daughter of gently born and bred English people who had met with adversity in what was to them a new country. She dreamed, built air castles, and wrote them down, selling berries in the beginning to get stamps to mail her manuscript. When she was still a very young girl she married young Dr. Burnett. He was delicate, and lame, and she earned the money which gave him his education in Paris and made him a specialist. Mrs. Burnett has always said of herself that the maternal instinct was her strongest passion. She loves to care for what she loves, and her books show it as well as her life.

During the babyhood of her boys she was separated from them only for very short intervals. It was during one of these that her eldest son, Lionel, contracted the disease from which he died, taking out of the world with him something that could never be again in his mother's heart and life. After his death she bought the residence in London where she now spends the greater part of the year. It was the cellars of this house that gave her the idea for the central scene of "A Lady of Quality."

Mrs. Burnett has lost some of her earlier delicacy, and very much of her earlier humor. Her books are fuller of dramatic situations, but an elusive charm has evaporated. She is more of a play writer than a novelist in these days. She paints with a broader brush, she rushes up to climaxes.

No American writer has ever taken a better position in English society than Mrs. Burnett, unless it was Washington Irving. She is a lion at the great houses, during the season. But this is due as much to her personality as to her books.

LITERARY RECIPROCITY.

We have a contemporary who evidently has a sense of humor, and is willing that the rest of the world should enjoy the spectacle that tickles him. The New York *Tribune* said the other day:

Mr. G. W. Cable is said to be contemplating a visit to London for the purpose of giving public readings from his works. This is diverting news. The authors who come from Great Britain to read here have seemed to have everything their own way. Retaliation has been rare—in fact, practically unknown. Now for the tide to be turned, with Mr. Cable on the crest of the first wave, is something to make the cynical observer of "authors' readings," in which tenth rate, as well as second rate, novelists have their fling at us, chortle gaily and look forward to a delightful settlement of an old score. London could not expect to go free forever.

We wonder if England will take Mr. Cable, with his wonderful Creole dialect, as seriously as some patient people have taken the canny Scot with his burr. Mr. Cable reading

Digitized by Google

aloud from his works in London would certainly pay off some of our deepest grudges against the *literati* of Grub Street. They say that when a man can't make money in England he comes over here. We wonder if it will work the other way.

HOW WRITERS WRITE.

The way in which authors work is a topic of unfailing interest to thousands of readers—perhaps because literature is supposed to be a trade at which any one may gain bread, or even distinction, if he be clever enough to catch the trick of doing it, no capital being required except a pad, a pen and ink, and leisure. The recipe for novel writing seems to be as perennially fresh as news, or as directions for preparing dishes for the table are to the readers of the "woman's page."

We enjoy hearing that Conan Doyle and Sir Walter Besant scorn to use a typewriter, and write out their copy of from one to two thousand words every day with their own hands. We also like to know that Captain Charles King has grown so indolent with affluence that he talks his army tales into a phonograph, and sends the cylinders off to copyists.

Dr. Doyle makes a novel exactly as a cook goes about making a pudding. He first selects his materials, and makes a list of them; then he goes to market in the libraries. He reads everything bearing upon each of the subjects on his list. Dr. Doyle believes that the novel which lives is one that is based upon facts.

Rider Haggard, like Captain King, tries to get through his work with as little labor as possible, dictating everything to a secretary, and making few corrections.

Stanley Weyman writes very slowly and corrects constantly. He says that in his experience stories often leave the lines mapped out for them, and some minor character, which has been considered of small importance, usurps the place of the original hero before the author realizes it.

Thackeray used to speak to his intimates of his methods of work, and whenever he found it necessary to go over anything he would lament the fact. Concerning the chapter in "The Virginians" which somebody else was said to have written, he declared: "I wrote that chapter; I rewrote it four times, and every time it was worse."

IN BRIEFER MENTION.

A literary journal has been writing to a number of authors asking for the motives that inspired their latest books. The experiment was not altogether a success—chiefly because of the writers addressed only a few are known to the general public—but the replies are interesting and suggestive. They vary in length from twelve words to four hundred, and differ as widely in character as in extent. It is noticeable that the most prominent men use the fewest words, and out of the whole list only one author has the daring to mention money as a consideration. This is Amelia E. Barr, who says quite frankly: "My reason for writing 'The Knight of the Nets' was—Cash." What it is to have the courage of one's convictions!

* * * *

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the young colored writer whose verse is attracting favorable notice, is the child of slave parents, both his father and mother having been the property of Kentucky planters before the war. He was educated at the high school of Dayton, Ohio, and shortly after graduation began submitting his poems to the editors of the prominent magazines. He is one of the very few men of his race who have won a genuine reputation in literature. His verse has a singular charm, which is partly the result of its simplicity and directness and partly of its author's command of negro dialect. His more serious work, however, is done apart from dialect, and while he cannot be considered a great poet, no writer whose poems are as natural and melodious as his is likely to go begging for a hearing.

* * * *

The poems of Mr. Robert Loveman, whose work is familiar to readers of this magazine, have been collected to the number of a hundred and more, and published in a volume which is a model of unpretentious but satisfactory book making. Mr. Loveman is one of our minor poets whose verse has a quality all its own. Its prime characteristic is brevity, the vast majority of these poems being of four or eight lines; and it is distinguished also by a certain forceful vividness of phrasing that lends it a peculiar vigor. But Mr. Loveman is one of the most uneven poets whose work has come to our notice. At times he will write a quatrain that shows signs of something nearly akin to genius, and again there will be four lines of simple inanity. Witness the contrast between—

> Weak from its war with giant strife,
> A struggling truth lay down to die;
> A poet loved it back to life
> And gave it immortality.

and—

> I lingered listening 'neath the tree,
> The summer sky above me,
> And when a sunbeam kissed a leaf
> It whispered low, "I love thee."

* * * *

Mr. Oliver Herford, the author of "Pen and Inklings" and numerous other clever skits, was accosted the other day by a man whose face was absolutely strange to him. He seemed to know Mr. Herford, however, and tapped him joyously upon the shoulder.

"Why, Oliver," he said, "don't you remember me?"

Mr. Herford, who is famous among his friends for apt repartee, surveyed the man a moment, and then answered gravely:

"I don't remember your face or your name, but your manner is familiar!"

* * * *

When Samuel L. Clemens started around the world upon his lecturing tour, he neglected, probably with aforethought, to leave any ad-

Digitized by Google

dress with his friends. In this manner, no doubt, he expected to escape the annoying letters of autograph fiends and other irritating correspondence; but the chief result was that he disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. From time to time vague hints cropped up in the daily papers indicating his presence at Melbourne, or Tokio, or Hong Kong; but no one knew whither letters might be sent with any prospect of overtaking the wanderer.

Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. Francis Wilson were discussing their friend's evanescence one day, and determined to write him a joint letter. The epistle was forthwith concocted, signed "Brander Matthews, by F. W.—Francis Wilson, by B. M.," and addressed "To Mark Twain—The Lord Knows Where!" The devisers of this ingenious scheme dropped their effort in the post. Two months later the answer arrived from India, where Mr. Clemens was then lecturing. The world is a fairly small place after all!

* * * *

That a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, is proved by the savage attack upon Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" published in a certain prominent and laboriously humorous English weekly. Amid the general chorus of commendation this harsh note is particularly discordant. It is difficult to see why Mr. Barrie and *Tommy*, with whom the great public has been so much pleased, should be thus ferociously assailed. The suspicion of personal animus is always justifiable in such a case. Critics, of course, are entitled to express their opinions, but where the reviewers are practically unanimous in praising a book, and one man suddenly arises and writes of it with the most unqualified scorn and contempt, there is usually "something behind." Mr. Barrie seems to have at least one enemy. However, if there is any truth in the report that his American publishers paid him ten thousand pounds for the rights of "Sentimental Tommy," he can afford to laugh at the most vehemently adverse of criticisms.

* * * *

The play writing fever has struck the novelists. They read of the great sums made by Du Maurier and Anthony Hope, and after they have looked over their own stock of stories for play material, they try their hand at writing a novel that can be dramatized. Even Mrs. Humphry Ward is said to be at work on a small play. Mrs. Ward has never excelled as a dramatic writer. She is thoughtful and analytic, but when she has a dramatic situation she handles it as if it frightened her. Sir Walter Besant, Marion Crawford, and a host of other people as well known, have made the managers understand that they have a new line of wares for sale.

* * * *

The difference between a good novel and a good play is so striking that we are hardly expecting a revolution on the stage from the incursion of story writers. The heroine will probably continue to be oppressed, the hero to have "obstacles," the adventuress to wear good clothes and say clever things to the villain in his patent leather shoes, just as if the wise readers of human nature who can charm us in novels had never thought of taking up a new line of work. Writing for the stage is something like painting for it. It takes a bold brush, one that understands more about large effects than delicate shadings. The best novel will often make the stupidest play, and vice versa. The two talents seem to lie far apart.

For example, Henry James' new book, "The Other House," of which we have already spoken, would make a play powerful enough for the solver of the deepest problem dramas, while as a novel it is far beneath the delicate art that made him famous. He will doubtless make money out of it—which begins to appear as the ideal of most writers.

* * * *

Zola has been defeated again in his standing candidacy for the Academy. A more sensitive man might have stood out of the way years ago, and let people forget that it had ever been his ambition to become an Academician; but Zola prefers to make the famous body of French scholars ridiculous by allowing the civilized world to see them elect mediocrities in his place.

This time the chairs of Alexandre Dumas and Léon Say were to be filled. Many literary leaders have died in France lately, and there were already three new members who had not made their initial speeches, and who were not very likely to reflect any special glory on France when they did. The Academy needs strong, red blood. It was universally supposed that if Zola was not to be elected, Becque, the dramatic author, who has written "Corbeaux" and "La Parisienne," would be the choice; but André Theuriet was chosen to fill Dumas' chair, and Albert Vandal that of Léon Say.

* * * *

It is only necessary to review the names of the men who never wore the green coat with the palms to see how stupid is the Academy's claim to stand as the representative of French literature. Balzac, perhaps the greatest novelist not only of France, but of the world, never was elected to the Academy, although his books were, like Zola's, works of philosophy as well as brilliant fiction. Nor was Flaubert, the leader of the younger school of French writers, almost their creator. The Goncourts, Alphonse Daudet, and other illustrious names have never been enrolled among the Immortals. On the other hand, many of the living members are not known outside of their own country, and some are passed over in Paris as nobodies. Of the new men, Theuriet is a very gentle and commonplace person whose works are harmless, and nobody knows who Vandal is.

Some enemy of Zola's recently published a volume of extracts from the novelist's works, giving all the most offensive and risqué passages. It was scarcely a fair method of attack.

Digitized by Google

ETCHINGS

TO KATE.

(In Lieu of a Valentine.)

Sweet Love and I had oft communed;
We were, indeed, great friends,
And oft I sought his office, near
Where Courtship Alley ends.

I used to sit with him, and smoke,
And talk of your blue eyes,
And argue how I best might act
To make your heart my prize.

He always seemed to have much time
To hear me tell my joy,
So that I came to deem him but
An idle, lazy boy.

But on St. Valentine his day,
I found him hard at work,
As if he had a mighty task
And did not dare to shirk;

And o'er his head there hung a card
That made me haste away;
It bore these words—
Please make it short.
This is my busy day!

And so, sweet maiden, if I send
No valentine, you see
The reason here: Love could not waste
His precious time on me!

Ellis Parker Butler.

HER FIRST SMILE.

I smiled at her. She looked at me
And dropped her eyes half angrily;
But far within the depths of blue—
So faint that only Cupid knew—
I caught a smile born all for me,
That whispered of what was to be.

Silas McChesney Piper.

A LYRIC FOR A LUTE.

Bring the lute at vespertide,
Ope the sunset casement wide,
Let the breath from locust boughs
Blow across our weary brows,
While the daytime's vague unrest
Still shall lie on evening's breast,
Hushed by tones that softly slip
From thy dulcet lute and lip.

Bring the lute at vespertide,
Let the songs be true and tried,
Olden themes and olden lays,
Tender tunes of bygone days;
Let them quaver, fall and rise
Through the faintly star set skies,
Echoing the bells that chime
In the ivy towers of time.

Bring the lute at vespertide,
Lo, a spirit by our side,
Crowned with mingled rose and rue,
Dim with dust and damp with dew—
Memory! Oh, sing, and so
We will restward gently go,
Drifting down sleep's silver streams
To the peaceful port of dreams.

Clarence Urmy.

LOVE AND DUTY.

Still will the limners of the present time
Persist in painting Eros as of old,
Forgetful of our fierce, inclement clime—
No wonder that so often Love grows cold.

Through winter's blasts, *sans* breeches, shirt, or coat,
Poor shivering Cupid naked always goes;
And that, perhaps, is why the poet wrote
Of "love that never found its earthly close!"

Henry R. Follett.

FIRST LOVE.

Oh, could we in age maturer
Feel that grander, nobler, purer,
True devotion youth discovers
Ere with knowledge grown too wise;
When the heart alone transgresses
In the innocent caresses
Of the love that makes us lovers
And the love that never dies.

Broken vows love's troths may sever,
Yet it lives, lives on forever
And no heart that thrill recovers
Which the first love sanctifies;
For the dawn that wakes our senses
To life's sweetest recompenses
Is the love that makes us lovers
And the love that never dies.

Ah, first love in its completeness,
Undefiled by its own sweetness,
Where a sacred memory hovers
O'er its kiss and perfum'd sighs;
There that gleam of memory peeping
Through the past is ever weeping
For the love that made us lovers
And the love that never dies.

R. J. Smith.

THE HOUSE OF LOVE.

My lover built a house for me,
And roofed it with his tender smile,
And walled it with his stalwart arms,
A little while—a little while.

He warmed it with his flaming heart,
And windowed it with kisses sweet,
And floored it with the rosy dreams
That stretched beneath my happy feet.

Digitized by Google

But when a deathly storm arose,
And choked the fire and rent the floor,
My flowering windows streamed with dark,
That flowed with sunny light before.

So now a houseless wanderer
I linger underneath the sky;
My house of love is left a wreck
Within the vale of memory—

Is left a wreck; but night once more
Enroofs me with a tender smile,
And gives me back my rosy floor
A little while—a little while.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

ALCHEMY.

I READ, once in an idle hour,
Some lines about a maiden's hair,
That clustered richly, fold on fold,
Above a brow serenely fair;
And when the sunlight lingered there
It turned its dun to gold.

Would that a like transmuting power
Might work its charm for me some day,
When bills crowd in, and friends are cold;
Might flood my room with mellow ray,
And, drifting all the cloud away,
Turn every dun to gold!

Philip Morse.

SNARED.

WHEN first I met sweet Nell,
My lad,
When first I met sweet Nell—
My friend he warned: "There danger lies,
Right in her sparkling, roguish eyes,
And you must heed it well."

I laughed at his alarms,
My lad,
I laughed at his alarms.
I made my bow and smiled at ease—
Pretended she was hard to please
For one who had few charms.

But now my grievous plight,
My lad,
But now my grievous plight
The situation alters. Lo!
She laughs to see me suffer so
And I sleep not at night.

For "nay" she will not say,
My lad,
And "yea" she will not say;
All day I grovel at her feet,
And swear that e'en her taunts are sweet,
And cannot go away.

Tom Hall.

THE BRAGGART.

OUT from a tomb crept vice with hideous leer;
"I am Heredity," he said, "whom all men fear.
I sleep, but die not; when fate calls I come,
And generations at my touch succumb."
A lofty shape rose sudden in his path,
It cried "You lie!" and struck at him in wrath.
Heredity, the braggart, stark and still,
Fell prostrate at the feet of mighty Will.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

SUCCESS.

'TIS not alone through toil and strength of soul
That life's success is always to be won,
(For see, how many fail to reach the goal,
Though struggling till their weary lives are done);
But there must be the gift aright to choose
The path which nature for each life ordains;
Else may the giant through misguidance lose
That which the weaker fellow mortal gains.

Clifford Howard.

ON A PORTRAIT OF A LADY WHO SANG IN GRACE CHURCH CHOIR SIXTY YEARS AGO.

SIXTY summers ago! Ah, well,
Sixty summers, and all that lingers
Of her is a comb of tortoise shell,
And the ivory fan from the slender fingers.
A portrait, too, where the lady lifts
Shy eyes, and I yearn with a vague desire
To travel back where my fancy drifts
To a voice that was raised in the old Grace choir.

Quaint and pretty the singer seems,
And curious queries rise and mingle;
Did she inherit her girlish dreams,
Was she married, or was she single?
Did she walk with Willis, and did she stray
In the promenade where the marble spire
Lifts itself over old Broadway?
Answer, ye lips of a silent choir!

Some white heads may remember yet
If she of the jaconet muslin gown,
With the Naples bonnet and quaint *frizette*,
Set wild the dandies of Greenwich town.
Perhaps she sorrowed when Kossuth came
At the tale of Hungary's trial by fire;
Perhaps for his land and his honored name
A prayer was breathed in the old Grace choir.

Perhaps in the dance of a staid quadrille
She moved to the old step's stately measure,
And drank, as a Puritan maiden will,
Almost sadly, her cup of pleasure.
Oh, blood of the mothers of Cromwell's day!
Oh, steel of the soul of a Puritan sire!
And then to hear, 'mid the organ's play,
That sweet voice raised in the old Grace choir!

But all that linger of her are these:
A fan, a portrait, a tortoise comb;
And her spirit is wafted to dreamless seas—
God knows how far!—from her Greenwich home.
And yet I have heard—I can see you smile—
Borne on the hymns of a world's desire,
And filling chancel, and nave, and aisle,
The ghost of a voice up there in the choir.

Joseph Dana Miller.

Digitized by Google

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE.

In all that goes to make a well rounded out magazine, MUNSEY'S is stronger today than ever before. It is more carefully edited, and is richer in its artistic and literary contents.

Hall Caine's story, "The Christian," is, we believe, the strongest novel of the year. It is attracting a great deal of attention everywhere.

In this issue there begins another serial, "Corleone," the latest of Marion Crawford's remarkable novels of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the contemporary society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of a Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the Mafia plays a powerful part—a tale of love and of adventure, quite as remarkable in its way as Mr. Hall Caine's story, though on entirely different lines.

Another noteworthy feature of MUNSEY'S during the present year will be the series of richly illustrated articles upon "Famous Portrait Painters." The engravings published with these articles are made from costly and carefully selected originals. They will form a collection of great value and interest, and will include an entire gallery of the famous beauties of bygone days.

These are only three of the countless good things that will appear in MUNSEY'S during 1897. No intelligent reader can afford to do without it.

OUR NEW MAGAZINE.

THE event of the new year, in the magazine world, is the birth of THE PURITAN, the new monthly issued by the publisher of MUNSEY'S. Very seldom, if ever, has a magazine reached, in its first month of existence, such a position as that already held by THE PURITAN. Its reception by the reading public has been phenomenal—sensational, we might have said, if this latter word had not certain unpleasant associations.

Probably you have seen a copy of THE PURITAN, for the new magazine has penetrated into almost every corner of the land. If not, lose no time in ordering it from your newsdealer or from the publisher, Frank A. Munsey, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York. Its price is what MUNSEY'S has made the standard price for high class American magazines—ten cents a month, one dollar a year.

THE EXPANSION OF NEW YORK.

ONE of the events of 1897 will be the birth of a new American city—the largest city in America, the second in the world. The importance of the incident may perhaps be a matter of sentiment rather than practical results. Will Brooklyn and New York be greater and better as one city than as two? Will they grow more rapidly and expand their industry and commerce more widely? Will they be better cleansed, better policed, better paved, better supplied with water, gas, sewers, rapid transit, and other public necessities? Will there be any perceptible change in their condition? And if there is a noticeable improvement, to put the sordid but all important modern question, will it pay?

It would be difficult to give any very positive and definite answers to these questions. Generally speaking, the unification of local governments should tend toward increased efficiency and economy, but it will also bring new dangers, and it would be rashly optimistic to predict any very high percentage of improvement. And yet the advance of the American metropolis to its proper rank among the world's cities is an interesting and even an inspiring event, and may be productive of good results, material and moral, that cannot now be set down in figures.

FOR IDLE HANDS TO DO.

IT was an undoubted hardship that such articles as stoves and mats should be manufactured by the convicts of New York State and sold in competition with the products of free labor. It is a grave evil that, in consequence, almost all work in the prisons should have been stopped. It is universally agreed that regular labor is the best thing a prisoner can have, and total idleness the very worst.

Is there no solution of the difficulty? Certainly there are fields of employment in which convict labor would not compete with that of workingmen, and yet would be of great service to the community. One—a wide one—is the building of fortifications about New York and other ports. Another—an almost unlimited one—is the making of good roads.

FAILURES AND THEIR MORAL.

THE new year began inauspiciously, in the world of business, with an epidemic of bank failures in certain parts of the country. In some cases there were the usual sad accompaniments of suicide and disgrace brought upon men who had hitherto been honored in their communities.

When such incidents occur—and their periodical recurrence seems to be inevitable—there are always attempts to lay the blame upon prevalent financial or political conditions. Our banking laws caused it, the victims assert, or our currency system was responsible; and their plea is accepted by the thoughtless, and becomes an excuse for needless and mischievous agitation. But closer inspection will reveal that, practically without exception, every disaster was caused by dishonesty or culpable

Digitized by Google

mismanagement. How could it be otherwise, when for each recent failure there are in the United States something like two hundred solvent banks?

No political or legislative reform that can be proposed or enacted would be so valuable as the general strengthening of the sense of individual responsibility. No law or series of laws can prevent crime and folly from reaping their reward.

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY IN VERSE.

THERE used to be a "Wisconsin school" of poetry, and perhaps there is still. If there is, we do not know whether to charge it with the quatrain inscribed upon the great bell which Milwaukee has hung in the steeple of her new city hall:

> When I sound the time of day
> From this grand and lofty steeple,
> Deem it a reminder, pray,
> To be honest with the people.

This is good sentiment, even if scarcely good verse. It is far more practical and up to date than the

> Funera plango,
> Fulgura frango,
> Sabbata pango,

of Longfellow's bells of Strassburg. Whatever may be said of the Wisconsin school of poetry, the Wisconsin school of politics would appear to be sound—that is, if it lives up to the excellent motto thus set before it.

THE TASTE FOR BOOKS.

A BOOK store in the business part of down town New York recently went out of existence, and its proprietor advertised his feelings by announcing that "the fact that a two hundred and fifty thousand volume book store cannot live where four hundred liquor saloons thrive is a disgrace to the imperial city of New York." Such incidents have been used as the text of many sermons on the decline of book reading in America. The daily papers and the magazines, we are told, are threatening to drive books out of common use. We take our literature in scraps, and cannot spare time for the solid food that lies between covers.

Yet it seems premature to toll the knell of books. The publishers have not heard that they are obsolete. Libraries, public and private, continue to multiply. A good new book is surer of a hearing today than ever before. An English writer who died the other day left nearly a quarter of a million dollars as the result of a single successful novel. Badly located or managed book stores may fail where saloons flourish, but others survive and prosper in spite of the competition of the news stands and the department stores. Books are cheaper now than they have ever been, and more of them are sold.

Another complaint is that recent books—fiction, essays, biographies—have taken on a light and scrappy character. Fed by periodical literature, certain critics say, writers follow its style unconsciously—or consciously, perhaps, in the chase after popularity. This is probably true to some extent; in a great degree it is a matter for congratulation rather than otherwise. These are great days for popular literature. Books—or at least most books—are no longer for the learned few. They seek and find the widest audience, and it is one of the blessings of the nineteenth century that such is the case.

THE DECEITFULNESS OF APPEARANCES.

MODERN society is continually engaged in an attempt to keep up with the procession. The chosen few, whose lines are cast in pleasant places, and whose fortunes are denoted by seven figures, march complacently in the van. Behind them labors a striving host, panting and struggling, and wishing that dignity would permit of giving up a race so unequal. To the outsider the spectacle is at once absurd and pathetic. It would be so much more dignified to live according to one's means, instead of according to the means of one's neighbors; but this is what the poor but ambitious society woman cannot be made to see.

One of the results of this state of things is the increasing employment of temporary accessories. Were a list to be published of the New York hostesses whose entertainments partake of the nature of a masquerade, there would be consternation in Gotham. At present many of them are merely suspected—not yet proven guilty—and, after all, society is loyal to its creed of "no questions asked." Even if we knew the facts we might sometimes forgive the sinner for the sake of her courage. The employer of temporary accessories risks her reputation every hour of her life.

To be explicit, a temporary accessory is something useful or ornamental, or both, which figures at a society function but is not the property of the hostess—in other words, a hired man, woman, or article which arrives half an hour before the dinner or the dance, and which the guests believe (or pretend to believe) indicates their entertainer's secure financial standing. Naturally this definition does not refer to such things as orchestras or awnings. It could hardly be expected that these should be private property. But nowadays palms, pianos, sterling silver, and cut glass, to say nothing of rugs, bric-à-brac, and linen, can be rented, and often are.

In the light of this revelation, certain mysteries become clear—how, for instance, a woman with a six or eight thousand dollar income can transform her house and her table into presentable copies in miniature of those of her millionaire friend. That stately liveried menial at the door and his comrades further on, that bower of palms and rubber trees, that glitter of crystal facets and gleam of sterling dishes—the whole impressive effect has been hired for the night!

It is a new exemplification of the old proverb which tells us that appearances are very, very deceitful.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

"A Neapolitan Princess"

From the painting by Laura Le Riux.

Digitized by Google

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI. MARCH, 1897. No. 6.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

THE MOVEMENT OF THE CONTEMPORARY WORLD OF ART—PAINTERS AND PICTURE EXHIBITIONS, WITH A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS OF REPRESENTATIVE CANVASES.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMICIANS.

The recognition that American art has been receiving in London is both remarkable and gratifying. Two years ago, when John S. Sargent was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, we hazarded the remark that it was by no means impossible that that dignified body might be destined to have another American born president, as it had in the days of Benjamin West. Mr. Sargent has taken one step, at least, toward verifying the forecast, by his promotion to the full rank of Academician at the election held in January. At the same time the lesser title of "A. R. A." was conferred upon J. J. Shannon, the American portrait painter, and Alfred Parsons, who, though an Englishman, is probably better known

"In the Hayfield"

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clement & Co., Successors) after the painting by André Brouillet.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"A Reverie."

From the painting by William A. Bouguereau.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"Good Night!"

From the painting by Alonzo Perez.

to the American public than to that of his own land.

There are now four members of the Royal Academy whom we claim as Americans, though all of them are pretty firmly settled across the Atlantic. Mr. Sargent, indeed, has never been here except as a visitor; he was born and brought up in Italy, trained in Paris, and has lived eleven years in London. Mr. Shannon hails from Amsterdam, New York, but London was his art school and is his home. George H. Boughton, born in England, came to America as a child, received his training in New York, and is still a member of our National Academy, though he went back to his native country thirty years ago. Edwin A. Abbey, too, though he maintains close

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"Meddlesome Cupid."

From the painting by Jean Aubert.

relations with us still, has resided in England for nearly twenty years.

THE ART OF A GENERATION AGO.

Many of the recent picture exhibitions have been more important, but few more interesting, than one held in the brown stone house that stands immediately opposite the building in which are the publication offices of this magazine. The old mansion, one of the few still left on a part of Fifth Avenue that was once the center of fashion, was the residence of the late Marshall Roberts, one of the great New York

Digitized by Google

"War's Victims."

From the painting by Jaroslav Cermak.

Digitized by Google

merchants of his day. Its neighbor, on the site covered by the great business building in which this is written, was the old Belmont house; and in each there was a picture gallery of some note.

Mr. Roberts has long been dead, his widow has remarried and settled in England, and the other day his art treasures were opened to the public and auctioned off. They were a typical collection of what was regarded, a generation ago, as the best modern art; and it was both interesting and pleasant to reflect upon the rapid progress American taste has made since then. The most important item was Leutze's "Washington Crossing the Delaware," made familiar by countless engravings. This huge canvas—a fine and dignified composition, in spite of its anachronism in the introduction of the Stars and Stripes—was bought for $16,100 by Mr. John S. Kennedy, who announced his intention of presenting it to the Metropolitan Museum. With the exception of a Troyon, a Diaz, and a few others, the rest of the Marshall pictures were of a sort that are in small demand today, and they brought very modest prices.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"Saint Cecilia"

From the painting by Ad. La Lyre.

THE SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

The two exhibitions that are—or ought to be—the foremost American picture displays of the year, will be held almost simulta-

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"A Sailor's Sweetheart."

From the painting by Marcus Stone, R. A.—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"The Awakening."

From the painting by Mlle. F. Chardenon.

Digitized by Google

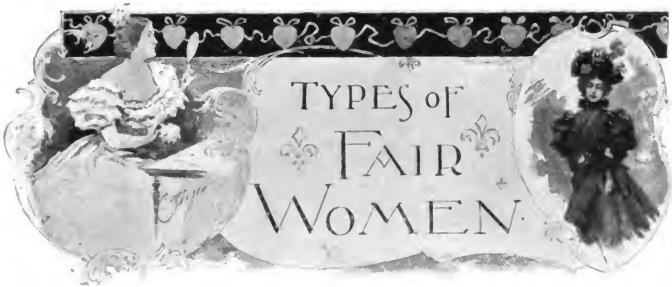
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Feodora."

From the painting by N. Sichel—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

neously, as usual. The Society of American Artists invites the public to its handsome quarters on West Fifty Seventh Street from the 28th of March to the 1st of May; the National Academy's "varnishing day" is April 1, and its doors close on May 15.

Digitized by Google



THE marriages of American girls to foreigners have become so common as to lessen the interest which once attached to these international unions. Much less frequent are those in which the bridegroom is American and the bride European. It is said that the comparatively few English, French, and German women who have married men from this side of the Atlantic have done much to spread the fame of the goodness, patience, and generosity of the typical American husband. Certain it is that the European woman looks with wonder upon her American sister who marries abroad when she might count upon a more perfect appreciation at home.

Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick.
From a miniature by Amalia Kuerner.

Mme. Donald Harper is well known to the American colony in Paris as the French

Digitized by Google

Mme. Donald Harper.
From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

wife of one of its leading members. It was only six years ago that Mr. Harper settled in the capital on the Seine, to practise law there. He met M. Bernard, who was himself in some degree American, having been born in Charleston, and who had a daughter, then only fifteen, but already beautiful enough to interest Mr. Harper. As a child, Mlle. Bernard had gone to a school in Florence, and while there had become the constant companion of the Princess Alicia de Bourbon, daughter of Don Carlos. The marriage of the young French girl to her American husband was one of the most unique ceremonies the transatlantic colony remembers. It was an exact reproduction of a Parisian wedding of the *ancien régime*. Mme. Harper was called the prettiest bride of the season. Her home is in the Boulevard St. Germain, overlooking the gardens of the Luxembourg.

Mrs. Thomas S. Martin.
From a photograph by Davis, Richmond.

Among the beautiful foreigners whose portraits are given herewith we put two American women who are no less worthy of distinction. Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago, is a social leader not only in the Lake City,

Digitized by Google

but in the many places in which a family of such wealth and connections is known. Before her marriage she was Miss Hammond, a famous Chicago beauty. Her miniature, painted last year by Amalia Küssner, and reproduced here, is considered a very successful portrait; but her face has a charm of color and of varying expression that cannot be adequately interpreted in black and white.

Mrs. Thomas S. Martin, who was Miss Lucy Day of Wright County, Virginia, was noted as a Southern belle before she became the wife of Senator Martin a few years ago. If Mrs. Harper's wedding was typical of the old French families, that of Miss Day was an equal reminder of other years in the Old Dominion. She was married in Smithfield Church, the oldest house of worship in Virginia; and gathered about her were relatives and cousins and old retainers of the house until it was like a bit of feudal times, when each clan could bring together a regiment. Since her marriage her social duties have been many, but she has kept up the reputation of an old Virginia home.

The viceregal courts of the English colonies often show a remarkable gathering of beauties, usually of greatly varied types; but the men whose duties have taken them from one court to another say that not in all Europe, nor anywhere else, is there a finer "beauty show" than may be seen in Dublin during the season.

The Countess of Limerick.
From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Lady Sophie Scott, the younger daughter of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Cadogan, is familiarly known in the Irish capital as "the princess." During last season she was the center of attraction at all the viceregal functions, and her mother's constant companion in her many and arduous duties, yet she found time to be seen twice a week in the hunting field, where she rode with the enthusiasm characteristic

Digitized by Google

Lady Sophie Scott.
From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

of the Cadogan family. The Cadogans are telling Irish people that they themselves are descended from a certain William Cadogan who left Dublin a few hundred years ago. On the maternal side, the present earl is also descended from Hans Sloane, who was court physician to Queen Anne, who purchased the parish of Chelsea, now the family's very valuable possession, and who founded the British Museum.

It was not until after Easter of last year that Dublin discovered that its "princess" was soon to be married to Sir Samuel Scott. The wedding, in the last week of June, was one of the brilliant events of the year. The Prince and Princess of Wales and all the available royalties were present, and the gifts were more elaborate than those at most royal weddings.

Most Irish women are great huntresses. The young Countess of Limerick, who is the eldest child of Mr. Burke-Irwin, a stipendiary magistrate of Dublin, was noted as a young girl for her beauty and for her remarkable interpretations of Chopin upon the piano. After her marriage to the Viscount Glentworth, about six years ago, she became one of the prominent members of the viceregal court, and famous as a daring rider to hounds. In her love of sport, and in her wit, she shows herself as true a daughter of Erin as in her great blue eyes and abundant black hair. Her home was at Kildare Castle until the old Earl of Limerick died, last year, when her husband succeeded to the title, and took up his residence in County Limerick. They have two lovely children. The Duchess of York is the godmother of the little girl, and Princess Edward of Saxe Weimar undertook the same responsibility for the son and heir.

Mrs. Croker's name is familiar to most

Digitized by Google

American novel readers, and they will be interested to learn that the authoress has taken her daughter, Eileen Croker, now Mrs. Whitaker, as the model for more than one of her heroines. It was during Lord Houghton's régime that Miss Croker made her début at the Irish court, where she was at once recognized as one of the belles of the season. She is unusually fair for an Irish girl, with almost golden chestnut hair, and the true "milk and roses" complexion. Her father, Colonel John Croker of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, settled in Dublin when he retired from service. It was an open secret that had young Miss Croker been ambitious for a coronet, she could have been a peeress; but she married an Irish captain, Albert Whitaker, whose name is well known in the sporting and hunting world. They have a delightful home in London, where Mrs. Whitaker is as much admired as she was in Ireland.

Mrs. A. E. Whitaker.

From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Digitized by Google

THE CHRISTIAN.*

By Hall Caine,

Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I—XXIII.

THE central figures of the story are John Storm and Glory Quayle, and its opening scene is laid in the Isle of Man. John Storm is the only son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Earl of Erin, prime minister of England. The two noblemen are estranged through jealousy, both having loved John's mother. Lord Storm brings up his son for a career in public life, and is bitterly disappointed when the young man decides to enter the church.

Near Lord Storm's place at Knockaloe, in the Isle of Man, is Glenfaba, the house of Parson Quayle, the bishop's chaplain, whose only son marries a Frenchwoman, the daughter of an actress. Both the young people die, leaving a little girl, Glory, to the care of her grandfather. At twenty Glory determines to earn her own living, and when young Storm, whom she has known since she was a baby, goes to London to his curacy at All Saints', Belgravia, she accompanies him and obtains a position as hospital nurse. In London Glory forms associations which cause Storm much uneasiness. Polly Love, an associate of hers at the hospital, comes to grief through Lord Robert Ure, whose friend Drake proves to have been Glory's playmate years ago. The directors dismiss Polly, but ignore Lord Robert's complicity, in spite of John Storm's emphatic protest. The utter worldliness and heartlessness of Canon Wealthy, the vicar of All Saints', and of his associates, is a severe shock to the earnest young curate. Disillusioned and sorely distressed at his apparent inability to accomplish any good in such an environment, he resigns and enters a conventual institution known as the Society of the Gethsemane.

When Glory learns of his resolution, she breaks the hospital rules in a fruitless attempt to see him, and is dismissed in consequence. She bravely resolves to win a place for herself yet, and seeks the assistance of Drake. The latter misinterprets her motive, however, and she flees from him in grief and shame.

XXIII (*Continued*).

THE home of the brotherhood was one of those old London mansions in the heart of the city, which were built perhaps for the palaces of dignitaries of the church and were afterwards occupied as the houses and offices of London merchants and their apprentices, and have eventually descended to the condition of warehouses and stores, and tenement dwellings for the poor. Its structure remained the same, but the brothers made no effort to support its ancient grandeur. Nothing more simple can be imagined than the appointments of their monastery. The carved oak staircase was there, but the stairs were carpetless, and the paneled and parqueted hall was bare of ornament, except for a picture, in a pale oaken frame, of the head of Christ in its crown of thorns. A plain clock in a deal case was nailed up under the floral cornice, and beneath it there hung the text, "Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill? Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life." The old dining room was now the community room, the old kitchen was the refectory, the spacious bed rooms were partitioned into cells, and the corridors, which had once been covered with tapestry, were now coated with whitewash, and bore the inscription, "Silence in the passages."

In this house of poverty and dignity, of past grandeur and present simplicity, the brothers lived in community. They were forty in number and consisted of ten lay brothers, ten novices, and twenty professed fathers. The lay brothers, who were under the special direction of their own superior, the housekeeper, and were rarely allowed to go into the streets, had to clean the house, and bake the bread, and cook and serve the food which was delivered at the door; and thus, in that narrow circle of duty, they proved their piety by their devotion to a lot which condemned them to scour and scrub to the last day of life. The clerical brothers, who were nearly all in full orders, enjoyed a more varied existence, being confined to the precincts only during their novitiate, and then sent out at the will of the superior to preach in the churches of London or the country, and even despatched on expeditions to establish missions abroad.

The lay brothers had their separate retiring room, but John Storm met his clerical housemates on the night of his arrival. It was the hour of evening recreation, and they were gathered in the community room for reading and conversation. The stately old dining room was as destitute as the corridors of adornments or even furniture. Two or three straw armchairs stood on the

*Copyright, 1897, by Hall Caine.—**This story began in the November, 1896, number of* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Digitized by Google

clean white floor, a bookcase, containing many volumes of the Fathers, lined one of the paneled walls, and over the majestic fireplace there was a plain card with the inscription, "There be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake."

The brothers gathered about Storm and examined him with a curiosity which was more than personal. To this group of men detached from life the arrival of some one from the outer world was an event of interest. He knew what wars had been waged, what epidemics were raging, what governments had risen and fallen. He might not speak of these things, for it was against rule to discuss, for its own sake, what had been seen or heard outside, but they were in the air about him, and they were happening on the other side of the wall.

And he on his part also examined his housemates and tried to guess what manner of men they were, and what had brought them to that place. They were men of all ages, and nearly every school of the church had sent its representatives. Here was the pale face of the ascetic, and there the guileless eyes of the saint. Some were keen and alert, others were timid and slow. All wore the long black cassock of the community, and many wore the rope with three knots. They spoke little of the world outside, but it was clear that they could not dismiss it from their thoughts. Their talk was cheerful, and the father told stories of his preaching expeditions which provoked some laughter. They had no newspapers and no games, and there was no smoking.

The bell rang for supper, and they went down to the refectory. It was a large apartment in the basement, and it still bore the emblems of its ancient office. Over the great kitchen ingle there was yet another card with the inscription, "Neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things in common." A table scoured white ran round three sides of the room, the seats were forms without backs, and there was one chair—the father's chair—in the middle.

The supper consisted of porridge and milk and brown bread, and it was eaten out of plates and cans of tin. While it lasted one of the brothers, seated at a raised desk, read first a few passages of Scripture, and then some pages of a secular book. The supper was hardly over when the bell rang again. It was time for compline, the last service of the day, and the brothers formed in procession and passed out of the house across the courtyard into the church.

The little old place was dimly lighted, but the brothers occupied the chancel only. They sat in two companies at opposite sides of the choir, in three rows of stalls, the lay brothers in front, the novices next, and the fathers at the back. Each side had its leader in the recitation of the prayers. The Miserere was said kneeling, the psalms were sung with frequent pauses, each of the duration of the words "Ave Maria," producing the effect of a broken wail. The service was short and it ended with the absolution. There was another stroke of the bell and the brothers returned to the house in silence.

John Storm walked with the father, and returning through the courtyard, in the light of the moon that had risen while they were at prayers, he was startled by the sound of something.

"Only the creaking of the sycamore," said the superior.

He had thought it was the voice of Glory, but he had been hearing her cry throughout the service, so he dismissed the circumstance as a dream. Half an hour later the household had retired for the night, the lights were put out, and the Society of the Gethsemane was at rest.

John's cell was on the topmost floor, next to the quarters of the lay brothers. There was nothing above it but a lead flat, which was sometimes used by the religious as watch tower and breathing place. The cell was a narrow room with bare floor, a small toilet table, one chair, a praying stool and crucifix, and a stump bed, having a straw pillow and a crimson coverlet marked with a large white cross.

"Here," he thought, "my journey is at an end. This is my resting place for life."

The mighty hand of the church was on him and he felt a deep peace. He was like a ship that had been tossed at sea and was lying quiet in harbor at last.

Without was the world, the fantastic world, the world forever changing; within were gentle if strict rule and customs securely fixed. Without were the ceaseless ebb and flow of the financial tide; within were content and sweet poverty and no disturbing fears. Without were struggle and strife and the fever of gain; within were peace and happiness and the grand mysteries which God reveals to the soul in solitude.

He began to pass his life in review and to think, "Well, it is all over at all events. I shall never leave this place. Friends who forgive me, good by! And foes who are unforgiving, good by to you too!"

And the world, the great, vain, cruel,

Digitized by Google

hypocritical world, farewell to it also! Farewell to its pomp and its glory! Farewell to life and liberty and—love!

The wind was rustling the leaves of the tree in the courtyard, and he could not help but hear again the voice he had heard when crossing from the church. His eyes were closed, but Glory's face, with its curling and twitching lip and its laughing and liquid eyes, was printed on the darkness.

"Ave Maria," he murmured, and saying this again and again he fell asleep.

Next morning the daylight had not quite dawned when he was awakened by a knock at his door and a low voice saying, "Benedicamus Domino!"

It was the father, who had made it his rule to rouse the household himself, on the principle of "the first shall be last, and the last first."

"Deo gratias," he answered, and the voice went on through the corridor. Then the bell rang for lauds and prime, and John left his cell to begin his life as Brother Storm.

XXIV.

THOUGH it was against the nature of the order to indulge in particular friendships, yet in obedience to the order of nature he made friends among the brothers. His feeling for the superior became stronger than love and approached to adoration, and there were certain of the fathers to whom his heart went out with a tender sympathy. The housekeeper was a man of hard, closed soul, very cantankerous and severe, but they were gentle and timid men for the most part, with a wistful outlook on the world.

It was due in part to the proximity of his cell to the quarters assigned to the lay brothers that his two closest friendships were made among them. One was with a great creature like an overgrown boy, who kept the door of the monastery by day and alternated that duty with another by night. He was called Brother Andrew, for the lay brothers were known by their Christian names, and he was one of those characterless beings who are happy only when they have merged their individuality in another's and joined their fate to his. He attached himself to John from the first, and as often as he was at liberty he was hanging about him, ready to fetch and carry in his shambling gait, which was like the roll of an old dog. The expression of his beardless face was that of a boy, and he had no conversation, for he always agreed with everything that was said to him.

The other of John's friendships was with the lay brother whom he had known outside, the brother of Polly Love; but this was a friendship of slower growth, impeded by a tragic obstacle. John had seen him first in the refectory on the night of his arrival and observed in his face the marks of suffering and exhaustion. At various times afterwards he had seen him in the church and encountered him in the corridors, and had sometimes bowed to him and smiled; but the brother had never once given sign of recognition. At length he had begun to doubt his identity, and one morning, going up stairs from breakfast side by side with the superior, he said:

"Father, is the lay brother with the melancholy eyes and the pale face the one whom I knew at the hospital?"

"Yes," said the father; "but he is under the rule of silence."

"Does he know what has become of his sister?"

"No."

It was the morning hour of recreation, and the father drew John into the courtyard and talked of Brother Paul.

Paul was much tormented by thoughts of the world without; and being a young man of a weak nervous system and a consumptive tendency, such struggles with the evil one were hurtful to him. Therefore, though it was the rule that a lay brother should not be consecrated until after long years of service, it had been decided that he should take the vows immediately, in order that Satan might yield up his hold of him, and the world might drag at him no more.

"Is that your experience?" said John. "When a religious has taken the vows are his thoughts of the world all conquered?"

"Yes, for he is like the sailor making ready for his voyage. As long as he lies in harbor his thoughts are of the home he has left behind him, but when he has once crossed the bar and is out on the ocean he thinks only of the place he is going to."

"But are there no backward glances, father? The sailor may write to the friends he has parted from—surely the religious may pray for them."

"As brothers and sisters of the spirit, yes; as brothers and sisters of the flesh, no. He is the spouse of Christ, my son, and all Christ's children are his kindred equally."

And as a last word the father begged of John to abstain from all reference to anything that had happened at the hospital, lest Brother Paul might hear of it and manifold evils be the result.

The warning seemed needless. From

Digitized by Google

that day forward he tried to avoid Brother Paul. In church and in the refectory he kept his eyes away from him. He could not see that worn face, with its hungry look, and not think of a captured eagle with a broken wing. It was with a shock that he discovered that their cells were side by side. If they came near to each other in the corridors he experienced a kind of terror, and was thankful for the rule of silence which forbade them to speak. Under the smoldering ashes there might be coals of fire which only wanted a puff to fan them into flame.

They came face to face at last. It was on the lead flat of the roof above their cells. John had grown accustomed to go there after compline that he might look on London from that eminence and thank God that he had escaped from its clutches. The stars were out, but the roof was dark, and the city lay like a great monster around and beneath. Something demoniacal had entered into his view of it. Down there was the river winding like a serpent through its sand, and here and there were the bridges like the scales across it, and farther west was the head of the great creature just beginning to be ablaze with lights.

"She is there," he thought, and then he was startled by a sound. Had he uttered the words aloud? But it was somebody else who had spoken. Brother Paul was standing by the parapet with his eyes in the same direction. When he became conscious that John was behind him he stammered something in his confusion, and then hurried away as if he had been detected in a crime.

"God pity him!" thought John. "If he only knew what has happened!"

Going back to his cell he began to think of Glory. By the broken links of memory he remembered, for the first time since coming into the monastery, the condition of insecurity in which he had left her. How uncertain her position at the hospital, how perilous her relations with her friend!

It would soon be forbidden him even to pray for her. The last prayer of the day for the brothers of the Gethsemane was the prayer before the crucifix by the side of the bed, "Thanks be to God for giving me the trials of this day." To this he added another petition, "And bless and protect her wheresoever she may be."

He ceased to frequent the roof after that, and did not go up to it again until the morning of the day on which he was to make his vows. By this time his soul had spent itself so prodigally in prayer that he had almost begun to regard himself as one who was already in heaven. The morning was clear and frosty, and he could see that something unusual was taking place in the world below. Traffic was stopped, the "circuses" were crowded, and processions were passing through the streets with bands of music playing and banners flying. Then he remembered what day it was—it was Lord Mayor's Day, the 9th of November—and once again he thought of Glory. She would be there, for her heart was light, and she loved the world and all its scenes of gaiety and splendor.

It was the day of his final preparation, and he was under the rule of silence, so he returned to his cell and shut the door. But he could not shut out the sounds of the streets. All day long the bands were playing and the horses prancing, and there was the tramp of many feet. And even in the last hour before the ceremony, when he was on his knees in front of the crucifix and the palms of his hands were pressed against his face, he could see the gay spectacle and the surging throngs—the men, the women, the children in every window, on every parapet, and Glory in the midst of them with her laughing lips and her sparkling eyes.

Night brought peace with it at length, and then the bell rang and he went down to service. The brothers were waiting for him in the hall, and they formed into line and passed into the church; first, Brother Andrew with the cross, then Brother Saul with the incense, and the other lay brothers with the candles, then the religious in their cassocks, and the superior in his cope, and John Storm last of all.

The altar was decorated as for a feast, and the service was strange but solemn. John had drawn up in writing a promise of stability and obedience, and this he placed with his own hand on the altar. Down to that moment he had worn his costume as a secular priest, but now he was to be robed in the habit of the order.

The father stood on the altar steps with the habit lying at his feet. He took it up and blessed it, and then put it on to John, saying, as he bound it with the cord, "Take this cord and wear it in memory of the purity of heart wherewith you must ever hereafter seek to abide in the love and service of our Lord Jesus."

At that moment a door was suddenly and loudly slammed to signify that the world was being shut out forever, and the choir

Digitized by Google

said the "Gloria Patri" and sang the hymn beginning—

> Farewell, thou world of sorrow,
> Unrest, and schism, and strife!
> I leave thee on the threshold
> Of the celestial life.

It was the occasion of Brother Paul's life vows also, and as John stood back from the altar steps the lay brother was brought up to them. He was very pale and nervous, and he would have stumbled but for the help of the housekeeper and Brother Andrew, who walked on either side of him.

Then the same ceremony was gone through again, but with yet more solemn accessories. The burial service was read, the De Profundis was sung, the bell was tolled, the "Ecce, quam Bonum" was intoned, and finally the chant was chanted—

> Dead to Him, then death is over,
> Dead and gone are death's dark fears.

John Storm was profoundly stirred. The heavens seemed to open to him and all the earth to pass away. It was difficult to believe that he was still in the flesh.

When he was able to collect himself he was on the roof again, but in his cassock now, and gripping the cord by which it was tied. The frosty air of the morning had thickened to a fog, the fog horns were blowing, and the mighty monster below seemed to be puffing fire from a thousand nostrils and bellowing from a thousand throats.

Some one had come up to him. It was Father Paul. He was talking nervously, and even pretending to laugh a little.

"I am so happy to see you here. And I am glad the silence is at an end, and I am able to tell you so."

"Thank you," said John, and he tried to pass him.

"I always knew you would come to us—that is to say, after the night I heard you at the hospital—the night of the nurse's ball, you remember, and the father's visit, you know. Still, I trust there was nothing wrong—nothing at the hospital, I mean——"

John was fumbling for the door to the dormer.

"Everybody loved you, too—the patients and the nurses and everybody! How they will miss you there! I trust you left everybody well—and happy and—eh?"

"Good night," said John from the head of the stair.

There was silence for a moment, and the brother said, in another voice:

"Yes, I understand you. I know quite well what you mean. It is a sin to speak of the outer world, and I have been trying to do so. We have taken the vows, too, and are pledged for life—I am, at all events. Still, if you could have told me anything —— But I am much to blame. I must confess my fault and do my penance."

John was diving down the stair and hurrying into his room.

"God help him!" he thought. "And me too! God help both of us! How am I to live if I have to hide this secret? Yet how is he to live if he is to learn it?"

He sat on the bed and tried to compose himself. Yes, Father Paul was an object for pity. In all the moral universe there was no spectacle more pitiable than that of a man who had left the world while his heart was still in it. What was he doing here? What had brought him? What business had such a one in such a place as this? And then his pitiful helplessness for all the uses of life and duty! Could it be right, could it be necessary, could it be God's wish and will?

Here was a man whose sister was in the world. She was young and vain, and the world was gay and seductive. Without a hand to guide and guard her what evils might not befall? She was sunk already in shame and degradation, and he had put it out of his power to save her. Whatever had happened in the past, whatever might happen in the future, he was lost to her forever and ever. The captured eagle with the broken wing was now chained to the wall as well. But prayer! Prayer was the bulwark of chastity, and God was in need of no man's efforts.

John fell to his knees before the crucifix. With the broken logic of reverie he was thinking of Glory, and Father Paul, and Polly, and Drake. They crossed his brain and weighed upon it, and went out and returned. The night was cold, but the sweat stood on his brow in beads. In the depths of his soul something was speaking to him and he was trying not to listen. He was like a blind man who had stumbled to the edge of a precipice and could hear the waves breaking on the rocks beneath.

When he said his last prayer that night he omitted the petition for Glory, as duty required him to do, and then found that all life and soul and strength had gone out of it. In the middle of the morning he awoke with a sense of fright. Was it only a dream that he was dead and buried? He raised his head in the darkness and stretched out his hand. No, it was true. Little by little he pieced together the incidents of the previous day. Yes, it had really happened.

Digitized by Google

"After all I am not like Paul—I am not bound for life," he told himself, and then he lay back like a child and was comforted.

He was ashamed, but he could not help it; he was feeling already as if he were a prisoner in a dungeon looking forward to his release.

XXV.

5A LITTLE TURNSTILE,
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON W. C.
Nov. 9, 18—

OH, yiz! Oh, yiz! Oh, yiz! This is to announce to you with due pomp and circumstance that I, Glory Quayle, am no longer at the hospital—for the present! Did I never tell you? Have you never noticed it in the regulations? Every half year a nurse is entitled to a week's holiday, and as I have been exactly six months today at Martha's Vineyard, and as a week is too short a time for a trip to the "Oilan'," * and as a good lady whose acquaintance I have made here had given me a pressing invitation to visit her——See?

Being the first day since I came up to London when I have been sole mistress of my own will and pleasure, I have been letting myself loose like Cæsar does the moment his mad little hoofies touch the grass. I must tell you all about it. The day began beautifully. After a spell of laughing and crying weather, and all the world sneezing and blowing its nose, there came a frosty morning with the sun shining and the air as bright as diamonds. I left the hospital between eleven and twelve o'clock, and, crossing the park by Birdcage Walk, I noticed that flags were flying on Buckingham Palace and church bells ringing everywhere. It turned out to be the birthday of the Prince of Wales and the Lord Mayor's day as well, and by the time I got to Storey's Gate bands of music were playing and people were scampering towards the Houses of Parliament. So I ran too, and from the gardens in front of Palace Yard I saw the Lord Mayor's show.

Do you know what that is, good people? It is a civic pageant. Once a year the city king makes a royal procession through the streets, with his soldiers and servants and keepers and pipers and retainers, bewigged and bepowdered and bestockinged pretty much as they used to be in the days before the flood. There have been seven hundred of him in succession, and his particular vanity is to show that he is wearing the same clothes still. But it was beautiful altogether, and I could have cried with delight to see these grave looking signors forgetting themselves for once and pretending they were big boys over again.

Such a sight! Flags were flying everywhere, and festoons were stretched across the streets with mottoes and texts such as "Unity is strength," and "God save the Queen," and other amiable if not original ideas. Traffic was stopped in the main thoroughfares, and the 'buses were sent by devious courses, much to the astonishment of the narrow streets. Then the crowds, the dense layers of potted people with white upturned faces, for all the world like the pictures of the round stones standing upright at the Giant's Causeway—it was wonderful!

And then the fun! Until the procession arrived the policemen were really obliging in that way. The one nearest me was as fat as Falstaff, and a slim cockney in front kept addressing intimate remarks to him and calling him Robert. The young impudence himself was just as ridiculous, for he wore a fringe which was supported by hair oil and soap, and rolled carefully down the right side of his forehead, so that he could always keep his left eye on it. And he did, too.

But the pageant itself! My gracious, how we laughed at it! There were Epping Forest keepers, and beefeaters from the Tower, and pipers of the Scots Guards, and ladies of the ballet shivering on shaky stools, and pretending to be "Freedom" and "Commerce," and last of all the city king himself, smiling and bowing at his subjects, and with his liegemen behind him in yellow coats and red silk stockings. Perhaps the most popular character was a Highlander in pink tights where his legs ought to have been, walking along as solemnly as if he thought it was a sort of religious ceremony, and he was out as an idol for an airing.

And then the bands! There must have been twenty of them, both brass and fife, and they all played the Washington March, but no two had the luck to fall on the same bar at the same moment. It was a medley of all the tunes in music, an absolute kaleidoscope of sounds; and mean time there was the clash of the bells from the neighboring belfries in honor of the prince's birthday, and the rattle of musketry from the Guards, so that when the double event was over I felt like the man whose wife presented him with twins—I wouldn't have lost either of them for a million of money, but I couldn't have found it in my heart to give a bawbee for another one.

The procession took half an hour to pass, and when it was gone, remembering the ladies in lovely dresses who had rolled by in their gorgeous carriages, looking not a bit cleverer or handsomer than other people, I turned away with a little hard lump at my heart and a limp in my left foot—the young cockney with the fringe had backed on my toe. I suppose they are feasting with the lords and all the nobility at the Guildhall tonight, and no doubt the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table will go in pies and cakes to the alleys and courts where hunger walks. I dare say little Lazarus in the Mile End Road is dreaming at this very moment of Dick Whittington and the Lord Mayor of London.

It must have been some waking dream of that sort that took possession of me also, for what do you suppose I did? Shall I tell you? Yes, I will. I said to myself, "Glory, my child, suppose you were nearly as poor as he was in

* Island

Digitized by Google

this great, glorious, splendid London, suppose (only suppose) you had no home and no friends, and had left the hospital, or perhaps even been turned away from it, and hadn't a good lady's door standing open to receive you, what would you do first, my dear?" To all which I replied promptly, "You would first get yourself lodgings, my child, and then you would just go to work to show this great, glorious London what a woman can do to bring it to her little feet."

I know! Grandfather is saying "Gough bless me, girl, you didn't try it, though?" Well, yes, I did—just for fun, you know, and out of the spirit of mischief that's born in every daughter of Eve. Do you remember that Manx cat that wouldn't live in the house, notwithstanding all the bribes and corruption of Aunt Rachel's new milk and softened bread, but went off by the back yard wall to join the tribe of pariah pussies that snatch a living how they may? Well, I felt like Rumpy for once, having three "golden sovereigns" in my pocket and a mind superior to fate.

It was glorious fun altogether, and the world is so amusing that I can't imagine why anybody should go out of it before he must. I hadn't gone a dozen yards in my new character as the daughter of Dick Whittington, before a coachman as fat as an elephant was shouting, "Where d'ye think ye're going of?" and I was nearly run down in the Broad Sanctuary by a carriage containing two brazen women in sealskin jackets, with faces so thick with powder and paint that you would have thought they had been quarreling on washing day and thrown the blue bag at each other's eyes. I recognized one of them as a former nurse who had left the hospital in disgrace, but happily she didn't see me, for the little hard lump at my heart was turning as bitter as gall at that moment, so I made some philosophical observations to myself and passed on.

Oh, my gracious, these London landladies! They must be female Shylocks, for the pound of flesh is the badge of all their tribe. The first one I boarded asked two guineas for two rooms, and lights and fires extra. "By the month?" says I. "By the month if ye like," says she. "Two guineas a month?" says I. I was out of that house in a twinkling.

Then I looked out a group of humbler thoroughfares not far from the Houses of Parliament, where nearly every house had a card fixed up on a little green blind. At last I found a place that would do—for my week, only my week, you know. Ten shillings and no extras. "I'll take them," said I with a lofty air, and thereupon the landlady, a grim person with the suspicion of a mustache, began to cross examine me. Was I married? Oh, dear no! Then what was my business? Fool that I was, I said I had none, being full of my Dick Whittingtonism and not choosing to remember the hospital, for I was wearing my private clothes, you know. But hoot! She didn't take unmarried young ladies without businesses, and I was out in the street once more.

I didn't mind it, not I indeed, and it was only for fun after all; but since people objected to girls without businesses I made up my mind to be a singer if anybody asked me the question again. My third landlady had only one room, and it was on the second floor back, but before I got the length of mounting to this airy elevation, I went through my examination afresh.

"In the profession, miss?"

"What profession?"

"The styge, of course."

"Well, ye—yes, something of that sort."

"Don't tyke anybody that's on the styge."

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I could have screamed, it was so ridiculous, but time was getting on, Big Ben was striking four, and the day was closing in. Then I saw a sign, "Home for Girls." "Wonder if it is a charity," thinks I; but no, it didn't look like that, so in I went as bold as brass and inquired for the manageress.

"Is it the matron you mean, miss?"

"Very well, the matron, then," said I, and presently she came up—no, not smiling, for she wasn't an amiable looking Christian, but I thought she would smother me with mysterious questions.

"Tired of the life, are you, my dear? It *is* a cruel one, isn't it?"

I stood my ground for some minutes, and then, feeling dreadfully thick in the throat and cold down the back, I asked her what she was talking about, whereupon she looked bewildered and inquired if I was a good girl, and being told that I hoped so, she said she couldn't take me in there, and then pointed to a card on the wall, which, simpleton that I was, I hadn't read before: "A home and rescue is offered to women who desire to leave a life of misery and disgrace."

I *did* scream that time, the world was so nonsensical. At one place, being "on the styge," I was not good enough to be taken in; at another I was not bad enough, and what in the name of all that was ridiculous was going to happen next? But it was quite dark by this time, the air was as black as a northwest gale, and I was "aweary for all my wings"; so forgetting Dick Whittington and only remembering the lady who had asked me to stay with her, I made a dart for Victoria Street and jumped into the first 'bus that came along, just as the hotels and the clubs and the great buildings were putting out the Prince of Wales' feathers as sign and symbol of the usual rejoicings within.

It was an Atlas omnibus, and it took me to Piccadilly Circus; and that being the wrong direction I had to change. But a fog had come down in the meanwhile, and lo, there I was in the middle of it!

Oh, Ananias, Azarias, and Misael! Do you know what a London fog is? It's smoke, it's soot, it's sulphur. It is darker than night, for it extinguishes the lights, and denser than the mist on the curragh and filthier than the fumes of the brick kiln. It makes you think that the whole round earth must be a piggery

Digitized by Google

copper, and that London has lifted the lid off. In the midst of this inferno the cabs crawl and the 'buses creep, and foul fiends who turn out to be merely men go flitting about with torches, and you grope and croak and cough, and the most innocent faces come puffing and snorting down on you like the beasts in the Apocalypse.

I thought it good fun at first, but presently I could only keep from crying by having a good laugh; and I was doing that and asking somebody the way to the Holborn omnibus when a policeman pushed me and said, "Come, move on, none of yer lyterin' abart here."

I could have choked, but remembering something I had seen on that very spot on the night of my first day out, I dived across the street and ran in spite of curses and collisions. But the "somebody," whoever he was, had followed me, and he put me into the right 'bus, so I got here at last. It took two mortal hours to do it, and after that spell of purgatory this house is like a blessed paradise, peopled with angels of mercy and grace as paradise ought to be.

The lady was very kind, and she made tea for me in a twinkling and slaughtered the fatted calf in the shape of a pot of raspberry jam. Her name is Mrs. Jupe, and her husband is something in a club, and she has one child of eleven, whose bedfellow I am to be; and here I am now with little Slyboots in our little bed room, feeling safe and sound and monarch of all I survey.

Good night, good people! Half an hour hence I'll be going through a mad march of the incidents of the day, turned topsy turvy according to the way of dreams. But wae's me! Wae's me! If it had all been true, if I had been really homeless and friendless and penniless, instead of having three "goolden" pounds in my purse, and Providence in the person of Mrs. Jupe to fall back upon! When I grow to be a wonderful woman and have brought the eyes of all the earth upon me, I am going to be good to poor girls who have no anchorage in London. John Storm was right—this great, glorious, brilliant, delightful London can be very cruel to them sometimes. It calls to them, beckons to them, smiles on them, makes them think there must be joy in the blaze of so many lights, and luxury and love by the side of so many palaces, and then——

But perhaps the mischief lies deeper down, and though I'm not going to cut my hair and wear a waistcoat and stand up for the equal rights of the sexes, I feel at this moment that if I were only a man I should be the happiest woman in the world, God bless me. Not that I'm afraid of London, not I indeed; and to show you how I long to take a header into its turbulent tides I hereby warn and apprise and notify you that perhaps I may use my week's holiday to find a more congenial employment than that of deputy White Owl at the hospital. I am not in my right place yet, Aunt Anna notwithstanding, so look out for revelations! To be or not to be, that is the question. Just say the word and I'll leave it to Providence, which is always a convenient legatee, and in any case—but wait, only wait and see what a week will bring forth!

Greet the island for me to the inmost core of its being. The dear little "Oilan'"! Now that I am so far away I go over it in my mind's eye with the idiotic affection of a mother who knows every inch of her baby's body and would like to gobble it. The leaves must be down by this time, and there can be nothing on the bare boughs but the empty nests where the little birdies used to woo and sing. My love to them, and three tremendous kisses for yourselves.

GLORY.

P. S. Oh, haven't I given you the "newses" about John Storm? There are so many things to think about in a place like London, you see. Yes, he has gone into a monastery—communication cut off—wires broken down by the "storm," etc. Soberly, he has gone for good seemingly, and to talk of it lightly is like picking a penny out of a blind man's hat. Of course it was only to be expected that a man with an upper lip like that should come to grief with all those married old maids and elderly women of the opposite sex. Canons to right of him, canons to left of him, canons in front of him—but rumor says it was John himself who volleyed and thundered. He wrote me a letter when he was on the point of going, saying how London had shocked and disappointed him, and how he longed to escape from it and from himself at the same time, that he might dedicate his life to God. It was right and true, no doubt, but wherefore could not I pronounce Amen? He also mentioned something about myself—how much I had been to him, for he had never known his mother, and had never had a sister, and could never have a wife. All which was excellent, but a mere woman like Glory doesn't want to read that sort of thing in a letter, and would rather have five minutes of John Storm the man than a whole eternity of John Storm the saint. His letter made me think of Christian on his way to the Eternal City; but that person has always seemed to me a doubtful sort of hero any way, taking Mrs. Christian into account and the various little Christians, and I can't pity him a pin about his bundle.

But this is like hitting a cripple with his crutch, John being gone and past all defending himself. When I think of it in the streets, I have to run to keep myself from doing something silly; and then people think I'm chasing an omnibus when I'm really only chasing my tears. I can't tell you much about the brotherhood. It looks like a cross between a palace and a penitentiary, and it appears that ritualism has gone one better than itself, and is trying to introduce the monastic system into the Church of England—which to an ordinary woman of the world seems well enough for the man in the moon, though the man in the moon

Digitized by Google

might have a different way of looking at things. They say the brothers are all celibates and live in cells, but I think I see a look in John Storm's eyes that warns me that he wasn't intended for that. To tell you the truth, I half blame myself for what has happened, and I am ashamed when I remember how jauntily I took matters all the time our poor John was fighting with beasts at Ephesus. But I am vexed with him, too, and if only he had waited patiently before taking such a serious step in order to hear *my* arguments—but no matter! A jackdaw isn't to be called a religious bird because it keeps a-cawing on a steeple, and John Storm won't make himself into a monk by shutting himself up in a cell.

Good night!

XXVI.

The house to which Glory had fled out of the fog was a little dingy tobacconist's shop opening on a narrow alley that runs from Holborn into Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was kept by the baby farmer whom she had met at the house of Polly Love, and the memory of the address thrust upon her there had been her only resource on that day of crushing disappointment and that night of terror and peril. Mrs. Jupe's husband, a coffee house waiter at a West End club, was a simple and helpless creature, very fond of his wife, much deceived by her, and kept in ignorance of the darker side of her business operations. Their daughter, familiarly called Booboo, a silent child with cunning eyes and pasty cheeks, was being brought up to help in the shop and to dodge the inspector of the school board.

On coming down stairs next morning to the close and dingy parlor at the back, Glory had looked about her as one who had expected something she did not see; whereupon Mrs. Jupe, who was at breakfast with her husband, threw up her little twinkling eyes and said,

"Now I know what she's a-lookin' for—it's the byby."

"Where is it?" said Glory.

"Gorn, my dear."

"Surely you don't mean ——"

"No, not dead, but I 'ad to put it out, pore thing."

"Ye see, miss," said Mr. Jupe, with his mouth full, "my missus couldn't nurse the byby and 'tend to the bizness as well, so as reason was ——"

"It brikes my 'eart to think it, but it made such a n'ise, pore darling ——"

"Does the mother know?" said Glory.

"That wasn't necessary, my dear. It's gorn to a pusson I can trust to tyke keer of it, and I'm trooly thenkful."

"It jests amarnts to this, miss—the bizness is too much for the missus as things is ——"

"I wouldn't keer if my 'ealth was what it used to be, in the dyes when I 'ad Booboo."

"But it ain't, and she's often said as how she'd like a young lydy to live with her and 'elp her with the shop."

"A nice lookin' girl might have a many chawnces in a place syme as this, my dear."

"Lawd, yus, and when I seen the young lydy come in at the door, strike me lucky, thinks I, this is the one."

"Syme 'ere, my dear. I reckernized ye the minute I seen ye, and if ye want to leave the hospital and myke a stawt, as you were saying last night ——"

Glory stopped them. They were on the wrong track entirely. She had merely come to lodge with them, and if that was not agreeable ——

"Well, and so ye shell, my dear, and if ye don't like the shop all at onct there's Booboo—she wants lessons ——"

"But I can pay," said Glory, and then she was compelled to say something of her plans. She wanted to become a singer, perhaps an actress, and to tell them the truth she might not be staying long, for when she got engagements ——

"Jest as you like, my dear, myke yourself at 'ome. On'y don't be in a hurry about engygements. Good ones ain't to be picked up by the childring in the streets these dyes."

Nevertheless it was agreed that Glory was to lodge at the tobacconist's, and Mr. Jupe was to bring her box from the hospital on coming home that night from his work. She was to pay ten shillings a week, all told, so that her money would last four or five weeks, and leave something to spare. "But I shall be earning long before that," she thought, and her resources seemed boundless.

She started on her enterprise instantly, knowing no more of how to begin than that it would first be necessary to find the office of an agent. Mr. Jupe remembered one such place.

"It's in a street off of Waterloo Road," he said, "and the nyme on the windows is Josephs."

Glory found this person in a fur lined coat and an opera hat, sitting in a room which was papered with photographs, chiefly of the nude and the semi nude, intermingled with sheafs of playbills that hung from the walls like ballads from the board of the ballad monger.

"Vell, vot's yer line?" he asked.

Digitized by Google

Glory answered nervously and indefinitely.

"Vot can you do then?"

She could sing and recite and imitate people.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "My terms are two guineas down and ten per cent on salary."

Glory rose to go. "That is impossible. I cannot ——"

"Vait a minute. How much have you got?"

"Isn't that my business, sir?"

"Touchy, ain't ye, miss? But if you mean bizness I'll tyke a guinea and give you the first chawnce what comes in."

Reluctantly, fearfully, distrustfully, Glory paid her guinea and left her address.

"Daddle doo," said the agent.

Then she found herself in the street. "Two weeks less for lodgings," she thought as she returned to the tobacconist's, but Mrs. Jupe seemed entirely satisfied.

"What did I tell ye, my dear? Good engygements ain't chasing nobody abart the streets these dyes, and there's that many girls now as can do a song and a dance and a recitashing ——"

Three days passed, four days, five days, six days, a week, and still no word from Mr. Josephs. Glory called on him again. He counseled patience. It was the dead season at the theaters and music halls, but if she only waited ——

She waited a week longer, and then called again and again, and yet again. But she brought nothing back except her mimicry of the man's manner. She could hit him off to a hair—his raucous voice, his guttural utterance, and the shrug of his shoulders that told of the Ghetto.

Mrs. Jupe shrieked with laughter. That lady's spirits were going up as Glory's came down. At the end of the third week she said, "I can't abear to tyke yer money no longer, my dear, you not doing nothink."

Then she hinted at a new arrangement. She had to be much from home. It was necessary. Her health was poor—an obvious fiction. During her absence she had to leave Booboo in charge.

"It ain't good for the child, my dear, and it ain't good for the shop, but if anybody syme as yerself would tyke a turn behind the counter ——"

Having less than ten shillings in her pocket, Glory was forced to submit.

There was a considerable traffic through the little Turnstile. Lying between Bedford Row and Lincoln's Inn, it was the usual course of lawyers and lawyers' clerks passing to and from the courts. They were not long in seeing that a fresh and beautiful face was behind the counter of the little dingy tobacco shop. Business increased, and Mrs. Jupe became radiant.

"What did I tell ye, my dear? There's more real gentlemen amooching rahnd here in a day than a girl would have a chawnce of meeting in a hospital in a twelvemonth."

Glory's very soul was sickening. The attentions of the men, their easy manners, their little liberties, their bows, their smiles, their compliments—it was gall and wormwood to the girl's still unbroken spirit. Nevertheless she was conscious of a certain pleasure in the bitterness. The bitterness was her own, the pleasure some one else's, so to speak, who was looking on and laughing. She felt an unconquerable impulse to sharpen her wit on Mrs. Jupe's customers, and even to imitate them to their faces. They liked it, so she was good for business both ways.

But she remembered John Storm, and felt suffocated with shame. Her thoughts turned to him constantly, and she called at the hospital to ask if there were any letters. There were two, but neither of them was from Bishopsgate Street. One was from Aunt Anna. Glory was not to dream of leaving the hospital. With tithes going down every year, and everything else going up, how could she think of throwing away a salary and adding to their anxieties? The other was from her grandfather, the old parson:

Glad to hear you have had a holiday, dear Glory, and trust you are feeling the better for the change. Must confess to being a little startled by the account of your adventure on Lord Mayor's day, with the wild scheme for cutting adrift from the hospital and taking London by storm. But it was just like my little witch, my wandering gipsy, and I knew it was all nonsense, so when Aunt Anna began to scold I took my pipe and went up stairs. Sorry to hear that John Storm has gone over to popery, for that is what it comes to, though he is not under the Romish obedience. I am the more concerned because I failed to make his peace with his father. The old gentleman seems to blame me for everything, and has even taken to passing me on the road. Give my best respects to Mrs. Jupe when you see her again, with my thanks for taking care of you. And now that you are alone in that great and wicked Babylon, take good care of yourself, my dear one. To know that my runaway is well and happy and prosperous is all I have left to reconcile me to her absence. Yes, the harvest is over and threshed and housed, and we have fires in the parlor nearly every day—which makes Anna severe sometimes, coals

Digitized by Google

being so dear just now and the turf so far away.

It was ten days overdue. That night in her little bed room, with its low ceiling and sloping floor, Glory wrote her answer:

But it isn't nonsense, my dear grandfather, and I really have left the hospital. I don't know if it was the holiday and the liberty or what, but I felt like that young hawk at Glenfaba—do you remember it?—the one that was partly snared, and came dragging the trap on to the lawn by a string caught round its leg. I had to cut it away, I had to, I had to! But you mustn't feel one single moment's uneasiness about me. An able bodied woman like Glory Quayle doesn't starve in a place like London. Besides, I am provided for already. The first morning after my arrival Mrs. Jupe told me that if I cared to take to myself the style and title of teacheress to her little Slyboots I had only to say the word and I should be as welcome as the flowers in May. It isn't exactly first fiddling, you know, and it doesn't bring an ambassador's salary, but it may serve for the present, and give me time to look about. You mustn't pay too much attention to my lamentations about being compelled by nature to wear a petticoat. Things being so arranged in this world, I'll make them do. But it does make one's head swim and one's wings droop to see how hard nature is on a woman compared to a man. Unless she is a genius or a jelly fish there seems to be only one career open to her, and that is a lottery, with marriage for the prizes, and for the blanks—— Oh, dear! Not that I have anything to complain of, and I hate to be so sensitive. Life is wonderfully interesting, and the world is such an amusing place that I've no patience with people who run away from it. If I were a man—but wait, only wait, good people.

XXVII.

JOHN STORM had made one other friend at Bishopsgate Street—the dog of the monastery. It was a bloodhound, and nobody seemed to know whence he came and why he was there. He was a huge, ungainly, and most forbidding creature, and partly for that reason, but chiefly because it was against rule to fix the affections on earthly things, the brothers never caressed him. Unnoticed and unheeded he slept in the house by day and prowled through the court by night, and had hardly ever been known to go out into the streets. He was the strictest monk in the monastery, for he eyed every stranger as if he had been Satan himself, and howled at all music except the singing in the church.

On seeing John for the first time he broadened his big jowl and stiffened his thick tail, according to his wont with all intruders, but in this instance the intruder was not afraid. John patted him on the head and rubbed him on the nose, then opened his mouth and examined his teeth, and finally turned him on his back and tickled his chest, and they were fast friends and comrades forever after.

Some weeks after the dedication they were in the courtyard together, and the dog was pitching and plunging and uttering deep bays which echoed between the walls like thunder at play. It was the hour of morning recreation, between terce and sext, and the religious were lolling about and talking, and one lay brother was sweeping up the leaves that had fallen from the tree, for the winter had come and the branches were bare. The lay brother was Father Paul; he made sidelong looks at John, but kept his head down and went on with his work without speaking. One by one the brothers went back to the house and John made ready to follow them, but Paul put himself in his way. He was thinner than before, and his eyes were red and his respiration difficult. Nevertheless he smiled in a childlike way, and began to talk of the dog. What life there was in the old creature still! And nobody had known there was so much play in it. But John took no notice of that.

"You are not feeling so well, are you?" said John.

"Not quite so well," he answered.

"The day is cold, and this penance is too much for you."

"No, it's not that. I asked for it, you know, and I like it. It's something else. To tell you the truth, I'm very foolish in some ways. When I've got anything on my mind I'm always thinking. Day and night it's the same with me, and even work——"

His breathing was audible, but he tried to laugh.

"Do you known what it is this time? It's what you said on the roof on the night of the vows, you remember. What you didn't say, I mean—and that's just the trouble. It was wrong to talk of the world, but if you had been able to answer me in a word, if you had been able to say 'Yes' when I asked if everybody was well, you would have done it, wouldn't you?''

"We'll not talk of that now," said John.

"No, it would be the same fault as before. Still——"

"How keen the air is! And your asthma is so troublesome! You must really let me speak to the father."

Digitized by Google

"Oh, that's nothing. I'm used to it. But if you know yourself what it is to be always thinking of anybody——"

John called to the dog, and it capered about him. "Good morning, Father Paul." And he went into the house.

The lay brother leaned on his besom and drew a long sigh that seemed to come from the depths of his chest.

John had hastened away lest his voice should betray him.

"Awful!" he thought. "It must be awful to be always thinking of somebody, and in fear of what has happened to her. Poor little Polly! She's not worthy of it, but what does that matter? Blood is blood and love is love, and only God is stronger."

A few days afterwards the air darkened and softened, and snow began to fall. Between vespers and evensong John went up on the roof to see London under its mantle of white. It was like an eastern city now, under an eastern moonlight, and he was listening to the shouts and laughter of people snowballing in the streets when he heard a labored step on the stair behind him. It was Father Paul coming up with a spade to shovel away the snow. His features were pinched and contracted, and his young face was looking old and worn.

"You really must not do it," said John. "To work like this is not penance, but suicide. I'll speak to the father and he'll——"

"Don't, for mercy's sake, don't!" said Paul. "Have some pity, at all events. If you only knew what a good thing work is for me—how it drives away thoughts and stifles —"

"But it's so useless, Father Paul. Look! The snow is still falling, and there's more to come yet."

"All the same, it's good for me. When I'm very tired I can sleep sometimes. And then God is good to you if you don't spare yourself. Some day, perhaps, He ll tell me something."

"He'll tell us everything in His own good time, Father Paul."

"It's easy to counsel patience. If I were like you are I should be counting the days until my time was over, and that would help me to bear things. But when you are dedicated for life——"

He stopped at his work and looked over the parapet, and seemed to be gazing into the weary days to come.

"Have you anybody of your own out there?"

"You mean any——"

"Any relative—any sister?"

"No."

"Then you don't know what it is; that's why you won't give me an answer."

"Don't ask me, Father Paul."

"Why not?"

"It might only make you the more uneasy if I told you what——"

The lay brother let his spade fall, then slowly, very slowly, picked it up again and said:

"I understand. You needn't say any more. I shall never ask you again."

The bell rang for evensong, and John hurried away. "Oh, if it were only some one who was deserving of it!" he thought. "Some one who was worthy that a man should risk his soul to save her!"

At supper and in church he saw Father Paul going about like a man in a waking dream, and when he went up to bed he heard him moving restlessly in his adjoining cell. The fear of betraying himself was becoming unbearable, and he leaped up and stepped out into the corridor, intending to ask the superior to give him another room elsewhere. But he stopped and came back. "It's not brave," he thought, "it's not kind, it's not human," and saying this again and again, as one whistles going by a haunted house, he covered his ears and fell asleep.

In the middle of the night, while it was still quite dark, he was awakened by a light on his face and the sense of some one looking down on him in his sleep. With a shudder he opened his eyes, and saw Father Paul, candle in hand, standing by the bed. His eyes were red and swollen, and when he spoke his voice was full of tears.

"I know it's a fault to come into anybody else's cell," he said; "but I would rather do my penance than endure this torture. Something has happened—I can see that quite well; but I don't know what it is, and the suspense is killing me. The certainty would be easier to bear; and I swear to you by Him who died for us that if you tell me I shall be satisfied. Is she dead?"

"Not that," said John by a sudden impulse, and then there was an awful silence.

"Not dead!" said Paul. "Then would to God that she were dead, for it must be something worse, a thousand times worse!"

John felt as if the secret had been stolen from him in his sleep; but it was gone, and he could say nothing. Father Paul's lips trembled, his respiration quickened, and he turned away and smote his head against the wall and sobbed.

"I knew it all the time," he said. "Her

Digitized by Google

sister went the same way, and I could see that she was going too, and that was why I was so anxious. Oh, my poor mother! My poor mother!"

For two days after that John saw no more of Father Paul. "He is doing his penance somewhere," he thought.

Meanwhile the snow was still falling, and when the brothers went out to lauds at 6 A. M. they passed through a cutting of snow which was banked up afresh every morning, though the day had not then dawned. On the third day John was the first to go down to the hall, and there he met Father Paul, with his spade in his hands, coming out of the courtyard. He looked like a man who was melting before a fire, like a piece of wax.

"I am sorry now that I told you," said John.

Father Paul hung his head.

"It is easy to see that you are suffering more than ever; and it is all my fault. I will go to the father and confess."

Between breakfast and terce John carried out this intention. The superior was sitting before a handful of fire, in a little room that was darkened by leather bound books, and by the flakes of snow which were falling across the window panes.

"Father," said John, "I am a cause of offense to another brother, and it is I who should be doing his penance." And then he told how he had broken the observance which forbids any one to mention anything relating to the world without.

The father listened with great solemnity. "My son," he said, "your temptation is a testimony to the reality of the religious life. Satan's rage against the home of consecrated souls is terrible, and he would fain break in upon it if he could with worldly thoughts and cares and passions. But we must conquer him by his own weapons. Your penance, my son, shall be of the same kind with your offense. Go to the door and take the place of the doorkeeper, and stay there day and night until the end of the year. Thus shall the evil one be made aware that you are the guardian of our house, and to be tampered with no more."

Brother Andrew was troubled when John took his place at the door that night, but John himself was unconcerned. He was doorkeeper to the household, so he began on the duties of his menial position. If any one knocked he answered "Praise be to God," then slid back the little grating in the middle of the door and looked out at the stranger. The hall was a chill place, with a stone floor, and he sat on a form that stood against one of its walls. His bed was in an alcove which had formerly been the cloak room, and a card hung over it with the inscription, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord." He had no company except big Brother Andrew, who stole down sometimes to cheer him with his speechless presence, and the dog, which was always hanging about him.

XXVIII.

It was at least some comfort to be out of the proximity of Father Paul. The sounds of the lay brother in his neighboring cell had brought back recollections of Glory, and he had more than he could do to conquer his thoughts of her. Since he had taken his vows and had ceased to mention her in his prayers, she had always been with him, and his fears for her fate had been pricked and goaded by the constant presence of Father Paul's anxieties

On the other hand, it was some loss that he could not go to the church. He remembered with a pang how happy he had been after a night of terrors when he had gone into God's house in the morning and cast his burden on Him with one yearning cry of "God bless all women and young children!"

It was now the Christmas season, and his heart tingled and thrilled as the brothers passed through the door at midday and talked of the women who attended the Christmas services. Were they really so calm as they seemed to be, and had they conquered their natural affections?

Sometimes during the midday service he would slide back the grating and listen for the women's voices. He heard one voice in all of them, but he knew it was only a dream. Then he would watch the snow falling from the little patch of dun colored sky crossed by bars, and tell himself that that was all he was to see of the world henceforth.

The sky emptied itself at last, and Father Paul came again to shovel away the snow. He was weaker than ever, for the wax was melting away. When he began to work his chest was oppressed and his face was feverish. John snatched the spade out of his hand, and fell to doing his work instead of him.

"I can't bear to see it, and I won't," he said.

"But the father ——?"

"I don't care—you can tell him if you like. You are killing yourself by inches, and you are a dying man any way."

Digitized by Google

"Am I really dying?" said Father Paul, and he staggered away like one who had heard his sentence of death.

John looked after him and thought, "Now what should I do if I were in that man's place? If the case were Glory's—and I fixed here as in a vise?"

He was ashamed when he thought of Glory in such a way, and he dismissed the idea, but it came back with mechanical obstinacy and he was compelled to consider it. His vows? Yes, it would be death to the soul to break them. But if she were lost who had no one but him to look to—if she went down to wreck and ruin, then the fires of hell would be as nothing to his despair.

Father Paul came to him next day and sat on the form by his side, and said:

"If I'm really dying, what am I to do?"

"What would you like to do, Father Paul?"

"I should like to go out and find her."

"What good would there be in that?"

"I could say something that would stop her and put an end to everything."

"Are you sure of it?"

A wild light came into his eyes, and he answered, "Quite sure."

John played the hypocrite and began to counsel patience.

"But a man can't live without hope and not go mad," said Father Paul.

"We must trust and pray," said John.

"But God never answers us. If it were your own case what would you do? If some one outside were lost?"

"I should go to the father and say, 'Let me go in search of her.'"

"I'll do it," said Father Paul.

"Why not? The father is kind and tender, and he loves his children."

"Yes, I *will* do it," said Paul, and he made for the father's room.

He got to the door of the cell, and then came back again. "I can't," he said. "There's something you don't know. I can't look in his face and ask."

"Stay here and I'll ask for you," said John.

"God bless you!" said Paul.

John made three hasty strides and then stopped.

"But if he will not——"

"Then—God's will be done!"

It was morning, and the superior was reading in his room.

"Come in, my son," he said, and he laid his book on his lap. "This is a book you must read some day—the 'Inner Life of Père Lacordaire.' Most fascinating! An inner life of intolerable horror until he had conquered his natural affections."

"Father," said John, "one of our lay brothers has a little sister in the world, and she has fallen into trouble. She has gone from the place where he left her and God only knows where she is now. Let him go out and find her."

"Who is it, my son?"

"Father Paul—and she is all he has, and he cannot help but think of her."

"This is a temptation of the evil one, my son. Father Paul has newly taken the vows, and so have you. The vows are a challenge to the powers of evil, and it is only to be expected that he who takes them will be tested to the uttermost."

"But, father, she is young and thoughtless. Let him go out and find her and save her, and he will come back and praise God a thousand times the more."

"The temptations of Satan are very subtle, they come in the guise of duty. Satan is tempting our brother through love, and you also through pity. Let us turn our backs on him."

"Then it is impossible?"

"Quite impossible."

When John returned to the door Father Paul was standing by the alcove, gazing with wet eyes on the text hanging above the bed. He saw his answer in John's face, and they sat down on the form without speaking.

The bell rang for service, and the religious began to pass through the hall. As the father was crossing the threshold Father Paul flung himself down at his feet and clutched his cassock, and made a frantic appeal for pity.

"Father, have pity upon me and let me go!"

The father's eyes became moist, but his will remained unshaken. "As a man I ought to have pity," he said, "and as the father of all of you I should be kind to my children; but it is not I who refuse you, it is God, and I should be guilty of a sin if I let you go."

Then Paul burst into mad laughter, and the religious gathered round and looked at him in astonishment. There was foam on his lips and fire in his eyes, and he threw up his hands and fell back fainting.

The father made the sign of the cross on his breast, and his lips moved in silence for a moment. Then he said to John, who had raised the lay brother in his arms:

"Leave him there. Damp his forehead and hold his hands;" and turning to the religious he added, "I ask the prayers of

Digitized by Google

the community for our poor brother. Satan is fighting for his soul. Let us wrestle in prayer that we may expel the spirit that possesses him."

At the next moment John was alone with the unconscious man, except for the dog, which was licking his forehead; and looking after the superior he told himself that such unlimited power over the body and soul of another the Almighty could have meant for no man. The love of God and the fear of the devil had swallowed up the love of man and stifled all human affections. Such religion must have hardened the best man ever born, and left nothing to distinguish him from the brute. As for the poor broken creature lying there so still, his vows had been made to heaven, and to heaven alone his obedience was due. The nature within him had spoken too loudly, but there were laws of nature which it was a sin to resist. Then why should he resist them? The cry of blood was the voice of God, or God had no voice and He could speak to no man. Why should he not listen?

Father Paul recovered consciousness and raised his head. The waves of memory flowed back upon him, and his eyes flamed and his lip trembled.

"I will go if I have to break my vows," he said.

"No need for that," said John.

"Why so?"

"Because I will let you out at night and let you in again in the morning."

"You?"

"Yes, I. Listen!"

And then these two crushed and fettered souls, bound by no iron bonds, confined by no bolts and bars, but only under the shadow of the supernatural, sat together like prisoners in a dungeon planning their escape.

"The father locks the outer gate himself," said John. "Where does he keep the key?"

"In his own room on a nail above his bed," said Paul.

"Who is the lay brother attending to him now?"

"Brother Andrew."

"Brother Andrew will do anything for me," said John.

"But the dog?" said Paul. "He is always in the court at night, and he barks at the sound of a step."

"Not my step," said John. "I will send you to some one who can find your sister. You'll tell her you come from me."

They could hear the singing in the church, and they paused to listen.

"When I come back in the morning I'll confess everything and do my penance," said Paul.

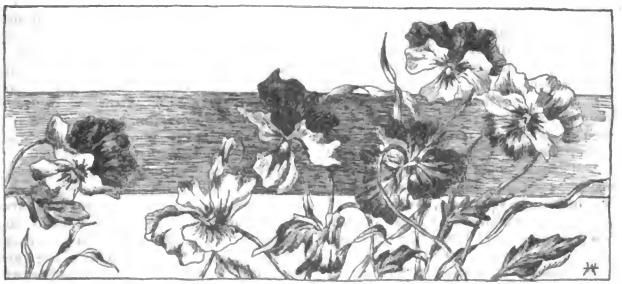
"And I too," said John.

The sun had come out with a sudden gleam, and the thawing snow was dripping from the tree in drops like diamonds. The singing ceased, the service ended, and the brothers came back to the house. When the father entered, Paul was clothed in his right mind and sitting quietly on the form.

"Thank God for this answer to our prayers!" he said. "But you must pray without ceasing lest Satan should conquer you again. Until the end of the year say your 'Hail Mary' in the church every night alone from compline to midnight."

Then turning to John he said with a smile. "And you shall be like the anchoret of old to this household, my son. We monks pray by day, but the anchoret prays by night. Unless we know that in the dark hours the anchoret guards the house, who shall rest on his bed in peace?"

(To be continued.)



Digitized by Google

THROUGH THE CLEARING HOUSE.

THE CENTER OF THE FINANCIAL SYSTEM OF AMERICA—THE TREMENDOUS MAGNITUDE AND REMARKABLE SIMPLICITY OF THE NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE'S OPERATIONS, AND THE PART THEY PLAY IN THE COMMUNITY'S EVERY DAY BUSINESS.

HAVE you any idea, dear madam—the omniscient male, of course, knows all about it—when you fill out a check in the dainty check book your bank provides, and give it to your butcher, baker, or candlestick maker for his wares, that it becomes one drop in the financial tide which daily surges to and fro through an institution known as a clearing house? Almost all checks pass through some clearing house, but the one in New York is the parent of all the others in this country, and its operations are so magnificent in amount, and so methodical in execution, that they become almost picturesque.

When your check leaves your hands it is crisp and fresh, and bears no mark save the printing and the work of your own pen. When eventually it comes back to you, with others of its kind, it is apt to show creases, and its back is covered with cabalistic stamps and signatures, which perhaps mean nothing to you, but to the educated eye give a detailed history of its movements. In its journey the clearing house is a most important station, in fact a terminus where all the lines of financial travel intersect, and, by a simple system of switching, everything they carry is turned in the right direction to reach its ultimate destination.

You may have given your check to one of the great dry goods shops in payment of a bill. With other checks, it goes into their bank deposit (after having been indorsed) and is taken to their bank. If this happens also to be your bank, your check is simply charged to your account, and is held until you bring your bank book to be written up, when it is returned to you with the other checks you have issued. Should the dry goods man's bank not be your bank, however, all his checks on other banks, including your own, are heaped in a drawer with hundreds of other checks, which then become "items" for the clearing house.

In early days, even when there were as many as fifty seven banks in New York, these "items" were sorted out, and the next morning the bank's porter started out with his valise and visited each of the fifty six other banks in turn. At the close of the day each bank had received all the checks on itself from the other banks; once a week a balance was struck between the banks, and each one paid or received in cash the difference between the checks which it had presented and the checks which it had received.

As the city grew and the number of banks increased, this system became more and more unendurable. The long journeys of the porters, the inevitable delays, the risk of transporting through the streets so many large sums of money, and the fact that some unscrupulous banks (for there are such things) took advantage of the week's delay in settling, made the system impossible. London had long had a clearing house, and the idea, with improvements suggested by Yankee ingenuity, was introduced here in 1853.

Your check, bearing only the dry goods man's indorsement, is now reposing among the "items for exchanges" in the bank where he keeps his account. During the afternoon the items for the clearing house, deposited during the day, are sorted into pigeon holes, each one bearing a number. This number on the pigeon hole where your check with others on the same bank is placed, represents the name of your bank, for in clearing house matters each bank is known by a number instead of by its name, which sometimes is cumbrous or confusing. Every check has first been stamped with the number of the bank in which it has been deposited, and which is sending it to the clearing house. Besides this it is stamped with the words "Indorsement guaranteed," if your dry goods man has permitted it to be indorsed for deposit by any one but himself. This is the third mark on the back, and means that the bank

Digitized by Google

which so stamps it becomes responsible for the correctness of the indorsement. At the close of business on the day on which your check was deposited, all the checks are taken from the pigeon holes, the contents of each receptacle are listed on a slip of paper, the amounts are carefully added, and the slip attached to a large envelope containing the checks themselves.

So far, the process is much the same as that which existed before the establishment of the clearing house. Each bank has its checks on other banks sorted and ready for presentation to all the other banks for payment. There are in the clearing house association sixty six banks, and therefore each bank would have at least sixty five parcels of checks to be presented to other banks, and sixty five settlements to be made by the payment or receipt of the difference in the total amounts. As these banks are scattered all over town, it can be imagined that the settlements involved a large amount of daily journeying by the sixty six bank porters, and an unnecessary amount of bookkeeping.

The first improvement achieved by the establishment of the clearing house was the providing of one objective point for all these journeys, instead of sixty six. The next was the payment or receipt of one sum, instead of sixty five, in settlement of the difference between what each bank owed to all the others and what all the others owed to it. Just how this is accomplished is best shown by a history of one day's operations of the clearing house.

Today, after having moved twice, the New York Clearing House Association owns and occupies one of the handsomest buildings in the metropolis. Its architectural beauties are obscured by its location in the narrow confines of Cedar Street, just off from Broadway. With the exception of the ground floor, which is occupied by the Chase National Bank, the entire building is given over to the uses of the association. Its basement is filled with a practically impregnable system of vaults protected by ingenious safeguards against every kind of attack. In addition to all that human watchfulness can do, mechanical devices, electrical appliances, and even an arrangement for submerging the strong boxes in water, are provided to keep safe from thief, mob, or enemy the treasures on which, to a considerable extent, rests the whole commercial fabric of our country. On the second floor are the handsome executive offices and the council room of the association. The third floor is given up entirely to the daily business of the exchanges, and

"One of the handsomest buildings in New York."

Digitized by Google

here everything is subordinate to the quick and convenient despatch of the interchange of checks between the banks.

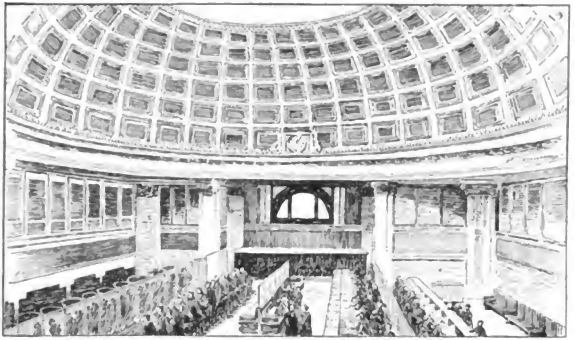
We have left your check reposing, with other checks against your bank, in one of the sixty five envelopes which your dry goods man's bank has ready for the clearing house. These sixty five envelopes are placed in their proper order in a leather box somewhat resembling a dress suit case, and are ready for their journey to Cedar Street. Here they are taken by the bank's delivery clerk a little before ten in the morning, for the exchanges are made promptly at ten, and any clerk who is a fraction of a minute late brings down on his bank a fine of two dollars. With him goes a settling clerk, or perhaps two, who must be in their places at the same moment. All these pilgrims and all these checks from the sixty six widely scattered banks meet in the exchange room on the third floor of the clearing house. It is a handsome and well proportioned chamber, roofed by an imposing dome, and contains nothing but the small gallery devoted to the manager of the clearing house and separate desks for each of the sixty six banks. These desks are arranged in rows with broad passages between.

At exactly ten o'clock the settling clerks are at the desks of their respective banks, and each delivery clerk with his case of envelopes is standing before the desk of the bank he represents. He has already handed to the accountants of the clearing house a memorandum, prepared beforehand, showing the total amount of the checks he has brought with him, and should there be an error in this his bank is fined three dollars. He also carries a sheet on which, opposite the name of a bank, is placed the amount of the checks contained in each envelope.

Just before ten, Mr. Sherer, the manager of the clearing house, or Mr. Gilpin, the assistant manager, arises at his desk in the gallery, from which he has a clear survey of the floor, and with his gavel brings the clerks to order. He then makes any announcements that are necessary. Precisely at ten he rings a gong, and then begins the march which ends when every bank has delivered its envelopes of checks to every other bank. Each delivery clerk advances one desk at a time—which step or two represents a journey to another bank—hands to the settling clerk the proper envelope of checks with its memorandum of the items and a duplicate memorandum of the total, receives the clerk's receipt on the sheet he carries with him, and then advances to the next desk to repeat the same process. This is done until he has visited each of the other sixty five desks, and finds himself once more in front of the desk of his own bank. His leather case is empty, but he holds sixty five receipts for its contents, and it is quickly filled with the sixty five envelopes of checks which have been handed in to his settling clerk by the

"With him goes a settling clerk, or perhaps two."

Digitized by Google



"A handsome and well proportioned room, roofed by an imposing dome."

other delivery clerks. This circuit of the desks has taken about eight minutes.

Your check is in one of the sixty five envelopes in the case with which the delivery clerk is now hurrying back to your bank. There they are all scanned to see that there are no forgeries, that the indorsements are correct, and, quite as important as anything else, compared with the accounts on which they are drawn to see if there are sufficient funds to meet them. Of course, dear madam, you would not knowingly give a check when you had not enough money in your bank to pay it, but it is quite possible you have made a mistake in keeping your check book—a great many well meaning people do—and in that case your check is sent back, not to the clearing house, but to the bank that sent it there. That bank learns from the indorsement who deposited it, and sends it back to your dry goods man, deducting the amount from his account. Then you receive a more or less severe summons from him to come down and explain, and make good the amount. You are inclined to be angry with the dry goods man and the bank, and—when you have corrected your check book—with yourself. When you have made your blushing apologies to the dry goods man

"With his gavel he brings the clerks to order."

Digitized by Google

"Each delivery clerk advances one desk at a time."

and to the bank, you learn that sending the check back marked "Short" or "No funds" was not an intentional insult aimed at you personally, but a quite usual and very necessary commercial procedure.

The checks, yours among them, have now reached the banks on which they were drawn, but the settling clerks are still at their desks in the clearing house, each one with a sheet before him bearing the amounts and totals of the checks brought from his own bank, and, in another column, the amounts of the checks in the envelopes handed to him. This column he adds up, and the difference between the two totals shows what the other banks owe to his bank, or what his bank owes to them—if his figures are correct. But human nature is prone to error, and the settling clerks may go over and over their figures until a quarter to eleven. Each settling clerk has sent to the manager a memorandum of what the clearing house owes to his bank, or what his bank owes to the clearing house. If the totals of the amounts owed to the clearing house and owed by it agree, the manager strikes his gavel and announces, "Proof is made." If they do not agree, he announces the amount thus: "The difference is ten hundred and ten dollars and twenty cents." Then every clerk goes hard to work, for some bank has already incurred a fine for the mistake. If the error is not found by a quarter past eleven, the fine will be doubled, and by noon, quadrupled. At last some unlucky clerk finds that he has taken a three for a five, or has forgotten to carry a one, and sends a correction of his footings to the desk. The gavel comes down, with: "Proof is made. Bank Sixty Three is fined for error in footing of amount received."

Proof made, the clerks return and report the amounts for which their respective banks are debtor or creditor at the clearing house. If the bank is debtor, which means that checks against it have been sent to the clearing house greater in amount than its checks against other banks, it must pay the difference before half past one of the same day. A moment's delay subjects the bank to a fine, and its failure to make the payment at all would mean that the bank had broken, but the association keeps so close a watch on its members that such an occurrence is hardly possible. The weak bank would have been suspended or expelled from the clearing house before it could have reached that extreme condition. A bank may pay its difference in either of two ways. The first and usual method is with actual legal tender currency delivered to the clearing house. The other is in certificates issued by the clearing house against gold or other legal tenders deposited in the vaults in its basement. These certificates are issued in units of $10,000 each, but if one should be lost—as several were the other day—it would be of no use to the finder, as they only pass current between the banks themselves.

It has been shown that the clearing house is a saver of time and travel, but it is also a saver in the handling of money. Let us say that Bank A owes Bank B $100,000 in its daily exchanges, and Bank C owes Bank A $100,000, and Bank D owes Bank C the same amount. Under the old system the

Digitized by Google

$100,000 would have traveled from Bank D to C, thence to A, and thence to B. As things are, the money travels from Bank D to the clearing house and from there to Bank B.

Of course there are more than sixty six banks in New York, but the smaller banks and the trust companies are regarded, for clearing house purposes, simply as large depositors in the banks which are members of the association, differing from an individual depositor only in the fact that their items are kept more or less separate, and that the association reserves a right to know something about their solvency.

The main reason for the existence of the clearing house is the function here described — the speedy exchange of checks and immediate settlement of balances; but it goes further than this. It exercises a sort of supervisory watchfulness over the affairs of its members, and bonds them all together in mutual helpfulness in time of commercial distress. The United States government is one of its members, and when the Treasury, embarrassed by the sudden strain of civil war, could look nowhere else for money, the New York clearing house successfully tided it over its pressing need. Created only for purposes of local convenience, it has become the mainstay of American finance in time of panic, and more than once has averted disaster to the whole business community.

James S. Metcalfe.

AN OLDEN DREAM.

Do you recall the roses white
  That blossomed in the long ago?
I still can see the petals light
  That fell and flaked your locks below.
Beneath the swaying vine that night
  You heard my passion, half afraid;
No blossoms now are e'er so bright,
  For memory's roses never fade.

Oh, say, do you recall the song
  You sang beneath the summer moon?
The lay was neither loud nor long;
  'Twas even then an old, old tune;
Yet often mid the careless throng
  Within my heart its echo sighs,
And sings and sings when life goes wrong—
  For memory's music never dies.

Long years have passed. Again with you
  I linger in the stilly night;
Above the darkness and the dew
  The faithful stars are shining bright.
The tears that fill your eyes of blue
  Proclaim you too have known regret;
Sweetheart, let's make the old dream true—
  Though late, we may be happy yet!

Samuel Minturn Peck.

Digitized by Google

MME. LEHMANN'S RETURN.

When Mme. Lili Lehmann welcomed her old friends, and many new ones, at her Sunday concert in the Metropolitan Opera House, upon her arrival here, she proved that all the stories of her voice's wonderful maturity were true. She is undoubtedly the great singer of Wagnerian opera, and Mr. Damrosch is to be congratulated upon securing her services.

It was no new triumph for Mme. Lehmann. She knows and loves New York, as it knows and loves her. She had not been heard here since 1892. It was just after the management decided to return to Italian opera, and Mme. Lehmann, who had been the favorite of the preceding seasons, was retained as a concession to the many patrons who did not approve of the change. But her health failed, and she was not heard in opera until last year at Bayreuth. She has the spirit of the German music drama as no other prima donna knows it.

Lili Lehmann

From a photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.

MR. CHAPMAN'S MAINE FESTIVAL.

Men have gone out into the world and made fortune and fame, and come back to their birth-

Digitized by Google

place with all sorts of gifts and endowments, but it remained for William R. Chapman to make a unique present to his own State. He has given it an artistic awakening.

Mr. Chapman's work in New York is so well known that it needs only a mention. His Apollo and Rubinstein clubs are factors in the musical world, and he has today under his baton more singers than any one man in this country. A few years ago, he went back to his birthplace in Maine, and bought the old family homestead, at Bethel. He added to it, filled the stables with horses, and made an ideal summer home. The people of Maine were his people, and with his energetic nature, which has inspired so much work in others, he was like a bit of musical leaven in the community. He heard some of the Maine voices, and decided that Annie Louise Cary, Mme. Nordica, and Emma Eames did not carry away all of the sweet voices when they left their native State. The idea of a festival came to him, and he began talking about it. When Mr. Chapman talks he usually arouses enthusiasm, but in this case the people were like timber laid ready for the blaze. He made a tour of the State, organizing choral societies and an orchestra in every town, until now more than fifteen hundred people are rehearsing for the great festival to be held in Lewiston next October.

William R. Chapman.

From a photograph by Power, New York.

Mme. Nordica will be the chief prima donna, although there will be a number of famous singers. Mr. Chapman gives his services as an organizer, rehearser, and conductor. With his usual practical sense, he has engaged Mr. Homer W. Chase as business manager, with the result that every ticket has been sold for

Digitized by Google

the entire series of the festival, nine months in advance. The program is a most attractive one. It covers three evenings and two matinées. The first night, with Nordica as soloist, will be devoted to the highest types of classical music. The second evening will be an opera night. Mr. Chapman is always original, and in the anvil chorus from "Il Trovatore" he will have a band of Maine smiths on the stage. The third night will be given up to lighter music—popular airs and national songs. The first matinée will be given exclusively to Maine composers and singers, and this is expected to be a very characteristic performance.

Marie Delna.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

A NEW PARISIAN SINGER.

Many singers who have come to this country are graduates of the Opéra Comique in Paris, and we have sometimes had to suffer from that fact. The stage of that famous house is so much smaller than the huge space of the Metropolitan, that what appears a great voice there is lost to us. It was the case with Sibyl Sanderson, and we are fearing that Marie Delna will have the same experience when she gets here.

For the past four years, Delna has been more talked about than any singer in Paris. She has been under contract with the director of the Opéra Comique ever since she made her appearance there in 1892. She has a fine mezzo soprano voice, which appears to be perfectly natural. Some critics have insisted that her method was so bad that, while beautiful effects were produced, she would ruin her voice. Their prophecy has not yet been verified.

Digitized by Google

Marie Decca.

From a photograph by Lemer, Harrisburg.

Minnie Methot.

From a photograph by Place & Cover, Chicago.

She is the daughter of a suburban restaurant keeper. The guests at her father's place heard her sing for their amusement, and suggested that she should be taught. She was sent to Laborde, who was at one time Calvé's teacher, and from that point her advance has been constant. She has been compared to Calvé more than to any other singer. It is probable that

Mme. de Pasquale.

Digitized by Google

Marie Engle.

From her latest photograph—Copyright by Aimé Dupont, New York.

next year will bring her voice to the great American market.

A GRANDDAUGHTER OF WACHTEL.

Those who saw the only photograph which Mme. Klafsky had taken in this country, asked who her handsome companion was. It was a face not so well known as it is likely to be. Mme. Minnie Methot, who is being prepared for the operatic stage by Herr Otto Lohse, the husband of Mme. Klafsky, is the grand-daughter of Theodore Wachtel, the famous German tenor. She studied for two years in Paris, under the most famous teachers, constantly singing in concerts during her years of training. Her most successful appearance was in Wagnerian rôles. She traveled for two seasons with Remenyi, the violinist, and is now with Camilla Urso.

Mme. Methot has sung with the Apollo Club and many of the prominent New York musical organizations, beside being one of the favorite singers at society events She will probably make her début in opera next year.

LESSER LIGHTS AT THE METROPOLITAN.

In the crowd of great singers in the Metropolitan company many people get an idea that in opera, as in the theater, it is only the star who counts. There are some singers whose names are constantly seen on programs, and who yet lack, set as they are by the side of the four or five first favorites, the consideration they should have from the public.

Mme. Bauermeister is one of these. No clearer, sweeter voice than hers ever comes before this public, and it is likely that the management would be willing to resign almost any one of the great singers rather than Bauermeister. She has a beautiful, perfectly trained voice, and she is ready at a moment's notice to take anybody's part.

Marie Engle is another singer who is popu-

Mme. Bauermeister.

From her latest photograph—Copyright by Aimé Dupont, New York.

lar with audiences. She has been here for several seasons, and does most satisfying work. In concert, or in a gathering which was not so great, either of these singers would make a conspicuous name.

Mme. Mantelli delighted her audiences in "La Favorita." Her *Leonora* was one of the best performances she gave. Donizetti's score is so simple, so melodious, that it came like a suave surprise to the opera goers who have tuned their ears for the newer fashioned music. Mme. Mantelli has made two reputations for herself. She sang as a prima donna in Europe, years ago, and gave promise of being one of the greatest singers in the world. Then she married an Italian nobleman, and settled down to a domestic life. Her home was a center of all that was musical and artistic. After years of retirement, financial disaster came, and she came back to the stage, to stand beside those who had never stopped to rest.

Mme. Mantelli.

From her latest photograph—Copyright by Aimé Dupont, New York.

Digitized by Google

In some cases her voice shows the lack of those years.

AMERICAN CONCERT SINGERS.

It is a difficult thing to carry an opera company about the country, and when it goes it is not always successful. The prices must be much higher than those asked for a concert, and the audiences do not always see the greater advantages offered them. People outside of the large cities are better educated in concert music than in opera, just as they are competent judges of black and white drawings, but go far at sea in looking at a painting. As a consequence, concerts are popular, and America is turning out some remarkable concert singers and performers.

Mme. Van der Veer Green is among the most popular of these singers. She has appeared with almost every one of the great musical societies in America and in England. Her voice is a mezzo contralto, and it is used with thorough understanding. Like Gerster, Eames, Calvé, and so many other great vocalists, she is a pupil of Mme. Marchesi.

Mme. Marie Barna is another concert singer who becomes a general favorite wherever she is heard. Her real name is Bernard, and she is a Californian who went to Paris to study. Sir Augustus Harris heard her there, less than

Marie Barna as "Salome."

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Digitized by Google

Marie Van der Veer Green.

From a photograph by the Carbon Studio, New York.

six months after she had begun her studies with Marchesi, and engaged her for London. In the changes which came about with his death, she abandoned the idea of grand opera for the moment, and went into concert. She has been heard with Sousa's band, and with several of the musical clubs. In April she is to appear in "Faust" at Rome.

Mme. Marie Decca is better known in almost every other city in America than in New York. She is the daughter of Judge Johnston of Washington, and the granddaughter of General Thomas L. Hamer, who appointed General Grant, a raw boy, to a cadetship at West Point. Mme. Decca took her stage name from the fact that her favorite song begins with the notes D, E, C, C, A. She is also a pupil of Marchesi.

A pair of singers who have met with great success in concert, particularly through the South, are Signor and Mme. de Pasquali. Mme. de Pasquali is a pupil of Sanger, and married her husband while he was singing with Damrosch. He has a fine high tenor, and has added to his wife's voice by his training.

Digitized by Google

THE PLAINT OF THE VENETIAN LOVER.

FRANCESCA sings to her guitar,
  Soft fingering the strings,
And sweet its tone, but sweeter far
  The songs Francesca sings;
And oh, so lithe her [illegible]ers are,
I would that I w[illegible]r!

But, listening, I discover this,
  The while the hours go by—
A flirt, a flirt Francesca is,
  Her slave, her slave am I;
No need her soft guitar to be,
She sings to and she plays on *me!*

Millicent Catell.

Digitized by Google

"Nature" (The Calmady Children).

From an engraving by Thomas G. Appleton after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

II.—SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

THE THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, AND HIS REIGN AS THE FASHIONABLE PORTRAIT PAINTER OF HIS DAY IN THE LONDON OF GEORGE IV'S TIME.

A PORTRAIT painter who becomes the favorite limner of a court holds a unique position. To be successful, he must necessarily be a close student of human nature, for that makes a great part of his art; and no one, unless it be a physician, sees the great at such close range. They show their real personalities to the man who records them on canvas, giving up to him some of themselves, and forcing an intimacy upon him.

Holbein, Vandyke, and Lawrence were all men who, at different eras, became closely allied to a court circle through their art. Lawrence's father was an innkeeper in the west of England. When the boy was only five years old, he used to put him on a table in the tap room and show him off to his customers. The youthful prodigy was equally good at spouting poetry and drawing chalk portraits. Once David Garrick visited the place and patted him on

Digitized by Google

"Hope" (Lady Leicester).

From an engraving by Henry Meyer after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Digitized by Google

Elizabeth, Countess Grosvenor.

From an engraving by Henry T. Greenhead after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

the head with "Bravely done, Tommy! Whether will ye be, a painter or a player, eh?"

It was his father who decided for him. People would pay for the chalk drawings the boy made. He early learned to manage colored crayons, and the elder Lawrence moved about from town to town, wherever he could get sitters for the child to draw. It was at this time that he made the pastel portrait of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, which still hangs at Chiswick House, in the room where Charles Fox died. It is not so beautiful as the other pictures of the duchess. Lawrence had not learned to flatter then.

It was in 1787 that the young painter went up to London. The portrait which made him the fashion, setting all London to talking about him, was that of Nelly Farren, the actress who afterward became Lady Derby. Gainsborough was dead,

Digitized by Google

Master Lambton.

From an engraving by George H. Phillips after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

Digitized by Google

Reynolds had lost his eyesight, and Romney was the painter of a limited few. The king and the queen, and the young Prince of Wales, became Lawrence's patrons. George III even went so far as to have the laws of the Royal Academy overruled, and made him an associate at twenty one. The flattery he received was too much for him. His head was turned, and he began that period of extravagance which kept him in debt all the rest of his life.

The French Revolution had brought many changes, but probably the one that most affected young Lawrence was a complete revision of fashions. Powder was gone, and pomatum had come in. Glossy curls hung about the brows of women, their waists were under their arms, and their sleeves were like balloons. Lawrence loved these monstrosities, and delighted in gay colors. He was always a trifle theatrical. He had the art which is almost certain to please the fashionable.

And yet, excepting Reynolds, no English portrait painter has been happier in portraying children. Their beauty, their sprightliness, seemed to touch some ability which a fashionable woman's personality was never able to reach. The picture of the two romping Calmady children, which has been engraved over and over under the title of "Nature" is the best example of his work in this field, although it has been criticised as too much "painted." The shadows are blue and purple, and the whole picture is full of color.

Master Hope.

From an engraving by Samuel Cousins after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Digitized by Google

The Countess Gower.

From an engraving by Gaujean after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Digitized by Google

Lady Peel.

From an engraving by W. Geller after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Lawrence often painted a mother with a child in her arms. The finest is the full length portrait of Lady Gower with her little daughter Elizabeth, which is now at Stafford House. It has been engraved so often that it is perhaps the best known of his pictures. "Lady Peel," which is said to have been designed as a companion to Rubens' "Chapeau de Paille," is one of Lawrence's later works. Mr. Peel, as the famous English premier was then, was the painter's friend and admirer, and gave him more orders than any other patron except the king himself. A great deal was written concerning the portrait of the statesman's wife—who was a Miss Julia Floyd, daughter of General Sir John Floyd—which seems absurd now. It was called

Digitized by Google

"alive with poetry," and "the highest achievement of art." To us, today, it is an excellent portrait, but scarcely a work of genius.

Miss Fanny Kemble.

From an engraving by Thomas G. Appleton after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

"The loveliest of Lawrence's heads" is what Leslie calls the portrait of Lady Grosvenor, who afterwards became the Marchioness of Westminster, and whose son is the present Duke of Westminster. In her old age, only fifteen years ago, she told her impressions of the artist who painted her in her heyday, and in doing so she gave a naïve description of the manners of the time. "I do not think," she said, "he ever beguiled the time by repeating poetry. It would have been more amusing if he had done so. His manner was what is called extremely 'polished,' and he had a tinge about him of the time of George IV."

Lawrence had the reputation of having

Digitized by Google

The Luttrell Sisters

From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

broken more than one heart. He was always very handsome, from the time when he came up to London with his chestnut curls on his shoulders, until the day he died. He was the devoted friend of the Kemble family, and was constantly at the house of Mrs. Siddons, of whom he painted some well known portraits. Mrs. Siddons had two daughters, and Lawrence made love first to one and then the other, until he broke the heart of the one who was ready to marry him, and alienated himself from the household. But when Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Siddons' niece, was winning her first successes, he painted her portrait, and as it is simpler and more natural than most of his work, it is one of his very best pictures. At the time of her début, Lawrence wrote:

Her face is not regularly handsome, but she has a fine and flexible brow, with eyes and hair like Mrs. Siddons in her finest time. She is blessed with a Kemble understanding—for

Digitized by Google

it is peculiar to her family—and has likewise literary talent. The genius of both John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons is recalled by this daughter of their brother Charles.

Lawrence's allegorical pictures were much admired in his day. It was a fashion to depict an English lady as a goddess or muse, and nobody saw the ludicrous side of it. It was an age of more romance than we know, and of more artificiality; and perhaps, with all of his theatric impulses, Sir Thomas was not altogether to blame.

TWO ROSES.

A ROSE leaned over a garden wall,
And sighed for the street and the town,
As it watched another rose go by
Pinned fast to a coat of brown.

And the garden rose drew back its head,
And bloomed for the birds and the bees;
But the rose on the coat was kissed by lips
That had drunk strong wine to the lees.

And the rose that sighed had angel hands
Make its grave in the fragrant sod,
Nor dreamed that the other rose had died
A stranger to man and to God!

Clarence Urmy

Digitized by Google

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A DAUGHTER OF TENNESSEE.

A conspicuous figure in Southern society is Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, of Nashville, president of the woman's board of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition. Though of striking appearance, beautiful and gracious, the daughter of an old and honored family, Mrs. Kirkman's prominence comes chiefly from her cultured attainments, and her place on the board of exposition managers is wholly due to her executive ability.

Mrs. Kirkman is the daughter of Caswell Macon Thompson, only son of the late Jacob Thompson, secretary of the interior under President Buchanan, and afterwards member of the cabinet of the Confederate States. As a girl she spent four years in Cuba with her grandparents. Returning to Memphis she began her education with the Episcopal sisters of St. Mary. Her studies were continued at Fairmount College, and at sixteen she was sent abroad—to school in Paris and to travel.

From the hour of her début in Memphis Katherine Thompson was an acknowledged belle throughout the South. At White Sulphur and Old Point, in the Carolinas in summer and Florida and New Orleans in winter, her beauty and accomplishments made her popular. She became the wife of Van Leer Kirkman, a prominent son of Tennessee, in 1886, and lives now at Oak Hill, five miles from Nashville. Her home is as famous for its hospitality as the land about it is noted for its blue grass.

A SILVER SENATOR.

Senator John P. Jones of Nevada, who has just been reëlected to the United States Senate for another period of six years, is one of the interesting figures in the upper house of Congress. He was a warm per-

Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, President of the Woman's Board of the Tennessee Centennial.

From a photograph by Thaxe, Nashville.

Digitized by Google

sonal friend of Senator Conkling, and formerly belonged to the stalwart wing of the Republican party. Of recent years he has been one of the strongest "silver men" in the country, and last year he withdrew from his old party and supported Mr. Bryan for the Presidency. Mr. Jones is a very able man, and has probably made more speeches on the financial question than all of the other members of the Senate put together. He is a profound scholar, and has the ability to marshal an imposing array of facts in support of his argument. He was a delegate to the Brussels monetary conference which met during the administration of President Harrison. Before that body he spoke for three days, the printed report of his speech containing over two hundred thousand words. A representative of the Rothschilds made the remark that if there were many more men in America with Senator Jones' capacity for talking, the advocates of the gold standard would do well to surrender at once.

Mr. Jones is a very popular man in Washington. When he first entered the Senate he was several times a millionaire. Subsequently he lost most of his wealth, but it is said that recently he has been fortunate in his investments, and is once more a very rich man.

John P. Jones, United States Senator from Nevada.
From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

MR. AND MRS. OLNEY.

When Richard Olney was made a member of President Cleveland's cabinet four years ago, he was practically unknown in the field of national politics. Politicians inquired, with a touch of sarcasm, who this Boston lawyer might be. Today that inquiry is not heard, for Mr. Olney has succeeded in impressing the country with his individuality to such an extent that most public men are fully advised as to his personality and characteristics.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Richard Olney.
From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

Mr. Olney entered the cabinet as attorney general. In that capacity he found little opportunity of distinguishing himself. At the death of Judge Gresham, however, he was promoted to the state portfolio, and the public soon learned that a strong and vigorous man was at the head of the department that controls our relations with other governments.

Mr. Olney is credited with the formulation of the vigorous foreign policy of the Cleveland administration, particularly as shown in the Venezuela arbitration and Cuban matters. History will doubtless consider his greatest achievement the negotiation of the treaty between Great Britain and this country for the settling by international arbitration of all disputes which may arise in future between the two nations. Whether or not this treaty is ratified by the Senate at the present session of Congress, it is safe to say that public sentiment will in the near future compel the conclusion of an agreement on similar lines, and the credit due Mr. Olney will not be withheld from him.

Ex-President Harrison, though politically opposed to Mr. Olney, frankly stated in a recent interview that he thought Mr. Cleveland's appointee had made a great secretary of state, and political prophets do not hesitate to predict that Richard Olney is a man whose prominence will not end when he gives up his present office on the 4th of March. It is not impossible that he will be heard of when the rival parties review their Presidential timber in 1900.

In a social capacity the wife of the secretary of state has made an impression as marked as her husband's prominence in

Digitized by Google

politics, and it is with sincere regret that her many friends note her coming retirement. Life at the capital was not a new experience to Mrs. Olney when she took up her residence there nearly four years ago. She first came to Washington in the late fifties, as a budding society girl, the daughter of Judge Thomas, Congressman from Massachusetts.

Mrs. Olney is a woman of charming personality, and, like her distinguished husband, dislikes notoriety. In official society she has ranked next to Mrs. Cleveland, and her duties have obliged her to give many dinners and countless receptions. In these she has been assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Minot of Boston. Another married daughter lives in Germany.

Mrs. Olney is an anti woman suffragist. She thinks that women can find sufficient work in their own homes. She approves of athletic sports, in moderation, for her sex, and believes that girls should learn some useful work, in case they should be thrown upon their own resources. The woman who is able to support herself has Mrs. Olney's admiration. Her opinion of herself, expressed not long ago, is that she is of domestic tastes, and not a "new woman."

Richard Olney, the Retiring Secretary of State.
From a photograph by Notman, Boston.

In Washington the Olneys' residence is in the most fashionable neighborhood, surrounded by distinguished people. The building is odd looking, but it has the reputation of being the most tastefully furnished house in the city. The home of the Olneys is on Beacon Street in Boston. In the summer they live at Falmouth, Cape Cod, not far from Buzzard's Bay, where

Digitized by Google

President Cleveland spends his summer holidays.

THE ENGLISH LAUREATE.

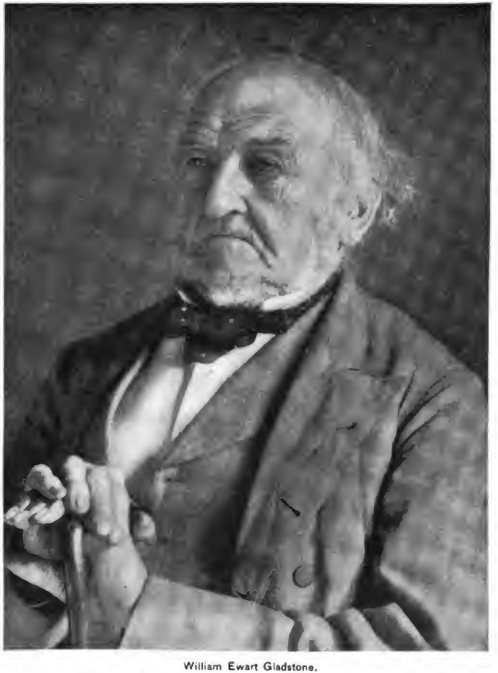
Ben Jonson, the first official laureate of the British court, drew an annual salary of a hundred pounds, with "a terse of Canary Spanish wine from the cellars of Whitehall" once a year. The grant of wine has since been changed to an extra allowance of twenty seven pounds, and the duties of the office have also become mythical and perfunctory. In former times the laureate was supposed to set forth his sovereign's virtues in appropriate verse; but in Southey's day the requirement had fallen to a complimentary ode on the king's birthday, and even this dropped into innocuous desuetude when the laurel passed to the veteran Wordsworth.

When Lord Salisbury appointed Mr. Austin to the post left vacant by Tennyson's death, people said that Alfred the Great had been succeeded by Alfred the Little. The present laureate is an elderly country gentleman, of good family but of small fortune—it is said that one of his claims to the appointment was his need of its modest salary—who was known as a respectable but not brilliant performer both in prose and in verse. The publicity thrust upon him during the last two years has doubtless helped the sale of his several published volumes, but has not heightened his literary reputation. Indeed, his most notable production seriously imperiled such repute as he previously possessed, for his celebrated ballad on Dr. Jameson's disastrous raid was greeted with little approval and much ridicule. It was not only bad ethics but—a worse sin, for a poet—bad verse.

Alfred Austin, the English Poet Laureate.
From his latest photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

In his last book, "England's Darling," Austin turned to a safer theme, the adventures of his royal namesake Alfred, the first great Saxon ruler of England. His work was mildly commended by the critics, and received perhaps one tenth as much public attention as Mr. Kipling's latest volume. Its best passages were its laudations of

Digitized by Google



William Ewart Gladstone.

From his latest photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

Britain's historic glories, a favorite subject of its author's, whose patriotism is of the stalwart—not to say jingoistic—type. A year ago, at the time of the Venezuela imbroglio, he declined to join with nearly all the prominent literary men of England in a pacific message to their fellows of the United States, stigmatizing as "savoring of timorous complaisance" an action which others regarded as graceful and sensible.

THE GRAND OLD MAN.

William E. Gladstone is still the "grand old man" of England. His influence is felt throughout the British Empire, though he has retired from public life and holds no official position. He is one of the most remarkable men of the nineteenth century, perhaps the most remarkable. To him is really due the credit of forcing the powers of Europe to take action in putting a tardy stop to the outrages in Armenia.

When James G. Blaine was in Europe in 1887 he met Mr. Gladstone frequently, and was entertained by him. "I remember," said Mr. Blaine, a short time before his death, "my first meeting with Gladstone. It was at the home of a mutual friend in London. Mr. Gladstone fairly fired at least twenty five or thirty questions at me regarding America, and without waiting for me to reply, proceeded to tell me what he thought of us. I met him afterwards, perhaps half a dozen times, but I never had an opportunity to answer any of the questions he had asked. A conversation with Gladstone, so far as my personal experience went, consisted in listening to what he had to say.

Digitized by Google

However, there is no denying the fact that he is one of the greatest men of this generation, and entitled to a very high place in history."

MR. BRICE OF NEW YORK AND OHIO.

Calvin S. Brice, of Ohio, who will be succeeded in the United States Senate on March 4 by Joseph B. Foraker, is a great

Calvin S. Brice, the Retiring United States Senator from Ohio.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

believer in the saying that the road to men's hearts is through their digestive organs. He has done some of the most costly entertaining that the American capital has ever known; and that most of it has been for political effect, those who know the Senator's disposition readily believe, as he never cared for society before he went into politics.

He is generally credited with an irrepressible aspiration to the Presidency. If he is as successful in this ambition as he has been in business, he will occupy the White House some day. He began life as the son of a Presbyterian minister in a small Ohio town. In war time, while he was still a college student, he recruited a company of his own, and served as captain until the end of the contest. His army service gives Captain Brice a claim to membership in associations of veterans, and he appeared not long ago as a "comrade" of the Grand Army of the Republic. This affiliation was ascribed, of course, to his desire for political advancement.

Though a lawyer by profession, Mr. Brice made his enormous wealth in Wall Street and in railroad speculations. A lover of money, he has the reputation of being its master rather than its man. He came prominently before the public as the manager of Mr. Cleveland's unsuccessful campaign for reëlection nine years ago, but has not been in favor at court during the past four years. He is a patron of the arts, being a stockholder of the Metropolitan Opera House and a director in the Carnegie Music Hall. While in Washington he lives in the mansion once occupied by Daniel Webster, now known as the Corcoran House, in

Digitized by Google

Dr. Max Nordau, the Author of "Degeneration"
From his latest photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

honor of W. W. Corcoran, who died there. He has a handsome residence on Fifth Avenue in New York, and during the summer season he leases a villa at Newport.

THE DISCOVERER OF DEGENERACY.

Dr. Max Nordau, the author of "Degeneration," "How Women Love," "Bubbles," and other strictly degenerate and sensational works, spends his days in paying professional visits, receiving calls from literary admirers, and writing for the newspapers. His home is at No. 34 Avenue de Villiers, Paris. The question of Nordau's sanity, which has been seriously considered by eminent mental specialists, such as Dr. Spitzka, gives readers of his works an added interest in his philosophy. It is said that he prefers violet ink, and affects to signalize the extreme concentration of his thoughts by the smallness of his writing, using an extra fine pen for the purpose, and by the crowding of his lines. Such habits Dr. Nordau himself characterizes, in "Degeneration," as evidence of "ego mania." There will be few readers of what he writes who will not convict him out of his own mouth.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S PREMIER.

John Sherman, who is now in his seventy fifth year, has been in public life for nearly half a century. As early as 1844 he was a delegate to the Whig convention which nominated Henry Clay for the Presidency, and since 1861 he has served, with the exception of four years, in the Senate of the United States. The years of his absence from the Senate saw him acting as secretary of the treasury in the cabinet of President Hayes. But for this interruption in his Senatorial career he would have broken all previous records for continuous service, and been dean of the Senate.

Though advanced in years, Mr. Sherman is still in the full possession of all his faculties. Indeed, it is said by his friends and associates that he is better equipped today for intellectual and even for physical work

Digitized by Google

John Sherman, Secretary of State.
From the portrait by Charles Ayer Whipple.

than at any time during his long public career. He has permitted it to be known that he has accepted President-elect McKinley's invitation to the chief post in his cabinet. Mr. Sherman will take the state department full of experience, and with continued health he will surely round out his career in public life with credit to the administration and to himself.

Mr. Sherman will be the oldest man to hold office as secretary of state for many years. The rule has been to retire most of our public men when they reach the respectable age of three score and ten, and Congress, some years ago, passed a law compelling all officers of the army and navy to go upon the retired list at sixty two. Europe does not discriminate against valu-

Digitized by Google

able public servants on account of their age, nor does she fix an arbitrary period at which a man is expected to retire to private life to write reminiscences. The premiers of Europe have usually been old men. Bismarck, Gladstone, Crispi, and others at the head of their respective governments, have conducted the most important and delicate negotiations at an age when public men are supposed in this country to have outlived their usefulness. It cannot be said that in the case of Mr. Sherman we are emulating the customs of European governments, though we seem to be changing our opinions on this point. There are in the Senate today several men who are well along in the eighties, and, so far as can be observed, they are rendering as efficient, if not better, service to their constituents than their young colleagues.

Mr. Sherman has often considered withdrawing to private life, but each time held to his calling. A few years ago, when he undertook the writing of his memoirs and the editing of the letters of his brother, General Sherman, he was pressed for time and at the point of giving up his Washington life; but certain political conditions which developed in Ohio caused him to hold to his seat in the Senate. Healthy of body and strong of mind, there is no apparent reason, old as he is, why John Sherman should not be able to serve the McKinley administration as secretary of state with vigor and success.

ABOUT PROMINENT PEOPLE.

"I attribute my success in life," said C. P. Huntington, the railway magnate, the other day, "to the fact that I never spent any time watching clocks. I was born and raised on a farm. As a boy I observed that the man who was always on the lookout to see if it was not time to quit never made any headway. When I was at work, I never paid any attention to the time. I kept at the particular thing I was doing until I had finished it. The man who will stop in the middle of a row, and throw down his hoe, simply because six o'clock has arrived, is not worth his salt. I have made it a rule of my life to promote my employees who do not work with their eyes on the clock. I have found it to be a pretty good rule, too."

* * * *

Everybody has heard the story of the late Jay Gould's start in life as a peddler of a patent mouse trap. This same humble article gave another well known American the beginning of his career. When Hiram S. Maxim was a sixteen year old boy in a Maine village, he devised an automatic trap to catch the mice in his father's grist mill, so arranged that each victim set the trap for another capture. Needing a clock spring for his model, he was unable to procure one, but found that a strip from a crinoline would serve. The village storekeeper sold crinolines for thirty cents, and it took young Maxim ten days to earn the money to buy one. The trap, when finished, was a great success, and first attracted notice to its inventor's remarkable mechanical gifts.

From that earliest invention Mr. Maxim went to scores of more important ones, the best known being the machine gun that bears his name. He lives in London now, and is the head of a large manufacturing concern, the Maxim-Nordenfeldt Company. His attention is principally devoted, just now, to horseless carriages and flying machines.

* * * *

John C. Reid, who died in New York recently, was managing editor of the New York *Times* for nearly twenty years. To Mr. Reid was given the credit—or perhaps the discredit—for starting the movement which placed Rutherford B. Hayes in the White House.

Reid was sitting at his desk in the *Times* office on election night in 1876, feeling very blue and despondent over the apparent defeat of the Republican party. He was an intense partisan, and firmly believed that the success of the Democrats would be a real calamity to the country. For the hundredth time he scanned the election bulletins, and made calculations on a piece of paper. "It is no use," he exclaimed in disgust; "the jig is up. Tilden has won."

Just then a messenger boy entered the office with a telegram addressed to the managing editor. Mr. Reid opened it listlessly, but as his eyes took in the contents of the telegram his manner changed. He became at once the alert, energetic editor. The telegram which produced this transformation was from William H. Barnum, of Connecticut, the chairman of the Democratic national committee, and read as follows: "Have you received any positive information about South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana?"

Reid's mind acted quickly. "If Barnum wants to know that," he argued, "he is not sure himself; and without those three States, Tilden cannot win. We have at least a faint chance—one in a thousand, yes, in a million—but we will take it."

Digitized by Google

For the next few minutes Mr. Reid moved with great rapidity. It was after one o'clock, and the paper was just about going to press. "Hold the forms back," was the first order. "We must change our leader. Say that the result is in doubt, with the chances in favor of Hayes." This attended to, telegrams were despatched to special correspondents of the *Times* in South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana, giving minute instructions as to watching the count in their respective States. Then Mr. Reid started up town to find "Zach" Chandler and William E. Chandler, the managers of the Hayes campaign. They were at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It was before the days of rapid transit, and the only way of getting up town, except by cab, was by the Sixth Avenue surface cars, which took nearly an hour to go from the Astor House to Twenty Third Street. No cab was on hand, and Mr. Reid was forced to patronize the street car. Speaking of it years afterwards, he said that that ride up town was the longest in the history of his life. It was after three o'clock when he reached the hotel, where he found the Republican headquarters closed, and both of the Chandlers in bed. They had given up the fight, believing that Tilden's election was certain. Reid finally succeeded in routing out William E. Chandler, and hurriedly gave him all the facts in his own possession, laying especial stress on the significance of the Barnum inquiry. The New Hampshire politician saw the point instantly. Together they went around to "Zach" Chandler's room, and got him out of bed. At four o'clock in the morning there was sent over the wires the famous telegram: "Hayes has 185 electoral votes, and is elected." The rest is history. The electoral commission, a few months later, seated Mr. Hayes in the White House. If Senator Barnum's query had not been sent to Mr. Reid, Samuel J. Tilden might have been President.

William E. Chandler is about the only survivor of the leading characters in that interesting drama.

* * * *

Any woman who calls upon Ellen Terry may be invited to keep her fingers busy with knitting or sewing while she talks with her hostess. One of Miss Terry's fads is to keep in her sitting room a basket full of stockings and other garments which, when completed, she distributes among her poorer neighbors; and she often cajoles her friends into helping her charitable work.

* * * *

Two recent recruits for the League of American Wheelmen are Rear Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, and the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst. Speaker Reed—who has long been a cyclist—is quoted as saying, in answer to the question what he considered the most important problem of the hour, "How to dodge bicycles."

* * * *

Chauncey M. Depew was asked recently to write an article on the art of oratory, or the art of the orator. He declined. "There is no art in oratory," he said; "or, to put it in another way, the true orator employs no art. A man is either an orator or he isn't. No amount of art can make a man an orator if he is not one naturally. Orators, I should say, are like poets; they are born, not made."

Dr. Depew was asked if he meant to include the campaign spellbinders in his classification of orators.

"Hardly," he answered, laughing; "yet the political spellbinder is of some use. He makes all hands grateful when a campaign is over, no matter which side may have had the luck to win."

* * * *

"I dictate the majority of my public speeches to my stenographer in advance of their delivery," Dr. Depew added, changing the subject, "but if I had the time I should prefer to write them out by hand. I do not think it possible to acquire a good literary style through dictation, for you cannot give an article a complete finish without revision; but in this rapid age one is forced to dictate. Take the speech I delivered at the Albany legislative centennial, for instance. It contained over eight thousand words. I dictated it all in two sittings of an hour each. Had I tried to write it out by hand, I should probably have been at it a whole week. The busy man is forced to dictate, but the professional writer, particularly the novelist, should avoid it as much as possible.

"My memory is peculiar. I cannot for the life of me commit a page of anything to memory verbatim, but let me once dictate an article or speech I can reel it off afterwards with scarcely the change of a word. I can repeat conversations almost word for word, even though they may have taken place thirty or forty years ago. It is a fact, I assure you. I imagine that I should be an uncomfortable man in any legislative body, as I could never forget any of the speeches that were made within my hearing. That might prove unfortunate for the other fellows, I fancy, on many occasions."

Digitized by Google

CORLEONE.*

By F. Marion Crawford,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Don Orsino," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I—V.

CORLEONE is the title of the Pagliuca d'Oriani family, to whom a sadly diminished estate descends at the death of the spendthrift prince who had been head of the house. Besides the widow of the dead nobleman's brother, Donna Maria Carolina, there are her three sons—Tebaldo, Francesco, and Ferdinando—and a daughter, Vittoria, who has spent the greater part of her seventeen years in a convent at Palermo. Brought up in obscurity and almost in poverty, the brothers are ill fitted to assume their new station in life, but with the exception of Ferdinando, who remains at Camaldoli, their Sicilian homestead, the family move to Rome, where they are received in the society of the Italian capital.

In Rome Vittoria meets Orsino Saracinesca, who is greatly attracted by the young girl's sweetness and beauty. Orsino is the eldest son of Giovanni, Prince of Sant' Ilario, and his wife Corona. The monotony of this young patrician's existence palls on him, and he gladly accepts the chance of employment offered by his cousin, the Marchese di San Giacinto, who wishes to purchase Camaldoli, in order to further a scheme for a new railroad, and asks Orsino to take charge of the property.

Meantime Aliandra Basili, a young Sicilian singer who has won the affections of both Tebaldo and Francesco Pagliuca, comes to Rome for the opera season. The two brothers meet in her dressing room at the Argentine theater, and their rivalry culminates in an open rupture.

VI.

"WHAT strange people there are in the world," said Corona Saracinesca to her husband, on the morning after the dinner at which the Corleone family had been present.

Giovanni was reading a newspaper, leaning back in his own especial chair in his wife's morning room. It was raining, and she was looking out of the window. There are not many half unconscious actions which betray so much of the general character and momentary temper, as an idle pause before closed window panes, and a careless glance down into the street or up at the sky. The fact has not been noticed, but deserves to be. Many a man or woman, at an anxious crisis, turns to the window, with the sensation of being alone for a moment, away from the complications created by the other person or persons in the room, free, for an instant, to let the features relax, the eye darken, or the lips smile, as the case may be—off the stage, indeed, as a comedian in the side scenes. With almost all people, there is a sudden change of sensation in first looking out of the window. One drums impatiently on the panes, another bites his lip, a third grows very still and grave, and one, perhaps, smiles suddenly, and then glances back to the room, fearing lest his inward lightness of heart may have betrayed itself.

Corona had nothing to conceal from Giovanni nor from herself. She had realized the rarest and highest form of lasting human happiness, which is to live unparted from the single being loved, with no screen of secret to cast a shadow on either side. Such a life can have but few emotions, yet the possibility of the very deepest emotion is always present in it, as the ocean is not rigid when it is quiet, as the strong man asleep is not past waking, nor the singer mute when silent.

Corona had been moving quietly about the room, giving life to it by her touch, where mechanical hands had done their daily work of dull neatness. She loosened the flowers in a vase, moved the books on the table, pulled the long lace curtains a little out from under the heavy ones, turned a chair here and a knickknack there, set the little calendar on the writing table, and moved the curtains again. Then at last she paused before the window. Her lids drooped thoughtfully and her mouth relaxed, as she made the remark which caused Giovanni to look up from his paper.

"What strange people there are in the world!" she exclaimed.

"It is fortunate that they are not all like us," answered Giovanni.

"Why?"

"The world would stop, I fancy. People would all be happy, as we are, and would shut themselves up, and there would be universal peace, the millennium, and a general cessation of business. Then would come the end of all things. Of whom are you thinking?"

* *Copyright, 1896, by F. Marion Crawford.*

Digitized by Google

"Of those people who came to dinner last night, and of our boys."

"Of Orsino, I suppose. Yes—I know——" He paused.

"Yes," said Corona thoughtfully.

Both were silent for a moment. They thought together, having long been unaccustomed to think apart. At last Giovanni laughed quietly.

"Our children cannot be exactly like us," he said. "They must live their own lives, as we live ours. One cannot make lives for other people, you know."

"Orsino is so apathetic," said Corona. "He opens his eyes for a moment and looks at things as though he were going to be interested. Then he closes them again, and does not care what happens. He has no enthusiasm like Ippolito. He is young, yet he acts like a man who has seen everything, done everything, heard everything, and tasted everything. He does not even fall in love."

Corona smiled as she spoke the last words, but her eyes were thoughtful. In her heart, no thoroughly feminine woman can understand that a young man may not be in love for a long time, and may yet be normally sensible.

"I was older than he when you and I met," observed Giovanni.

"Yes—but you were different. Orsino is not at all like you."

"Nor Ippolito either."

"There is more of you in him than you think, Giovanni, though he is so gentle and quiet, and fond of music."

"The artistic temperament, my dear—very little like me."

"There is a curious tenacity under all that."

"No one has ever thwarted him," objected Giovanni. "Or, rather, he has never thwarted anybody. That is a better way of putting it."

"I believe he has more strength of character than the other three together. Of course, you will say that he is my favorite."

"No, dear. You are very just. But you are more drawn to him."

"Yes—strangely more—and for something in him which no one sees. It is his likeness to you, I think."

"Together with a certain femininity."

Giovanni did not speak contemptuously, but he had always resented Ippolito's gentle grace a little. He himself and his other three sons had the strongly masculine temperament of the Saracinesca family. He often thought that Ippolito should have been a girl.

"I suppose he will never be put into any position which can show his real character," said Corona, "but I know I am right."

They were silent for a few minutes. Presently Giovanni took up his paper again, and Corona sat down at her table to write a note. The rain pattered against the window, cheerfully, as it does outside a room in which two happy people are together.

"That d'Oriani girl is charming," said Corona, after writing a line or two, but not looking round.

"Perhaps Orsino will fall in love with her," observed her husband, his eyes on the newspaper.

"I hope not!" exclaimed Corona, turning in her chair, and speaking with far more energy than she had yet shown. "It is bad blood, Giovanni—as bad as any blood in Italy, and though the girl is charming, those brothers—well, you saw them."

"Bad faces, both of them. And rather doubtful manners."

"Never mind their manners! But their faces! They are nephews of poor Bianca Corleone's husband, are they not?"

"Yes. They are his brother's children. And they are their grandfather's grandchildren."

"What did he do?"

"He was chiefly concerned in the betrayal of Gaeta—and took money for the deed, too. They have always been traitors. There was a Pagliuca who received all sorts of offices and honors from Joaquin Murat and then advised King Ferdinand to have him shot when he was caught at Pizzo in Calabria. There was a Paglinca who betrayed his brother to save his own life in the last century. It is a promising stock."

"Why did we ask those people to dinner, after all?" inquired Corona thoughtfully.

"Because San Giacinto wished it, I suppose. We shall probably know why in two or three years. He never does anything without a reason."

"And he keeps his reasons to himself."

"It is a strange thing," said Giovanni. "That man is the most reticent human being I ever knew, and one of the deepest. Yet we are all sure that he is absolutely honest and honorable. We know that he is always scheming, and yet we feel that he is never plotting. There is a difference."

"Of course there is—the difference between strategy and treachery. But I am sorry that his plans should have involved bringing the Corleone family into our house. They are not nice people, excepting the girl."

Digitized by Google

"My father remarked that the elder of those brothers was like an old engraving he has of Cæsar Borgia."

"That is a promising resemblance! Fortunately, the times, at least, are changed."

"In Sicily, everything is possible."

The remark was characteristic of Giovanni, of a Roman, and of modern times. But there was, and is, some truth in it. Many things are possible today in Sicily which have not been possible anywhere else in Europe for at least two centuries, and the few foreigners who know the island well can tell tales of Sicilians which the world at large would hardly accept even as fiction.

VII.

During the ensuing weeks Orsino saw Vittoria d'Oriani repeatedly, at first by accident, and afterwards because he was attracted by her, and took pains to learn where she and her mother were going, in order to meet her.

It was spring. Easter had come very early, and as happens in such cases, there was a revival of gaiety after Lent. There were garden parties, a recent importation in Rome, there were great picnics to the hills, and there were races out at the Capannelle; moreover, there were dances at which the windows were kept open all night, until the daylight began to steal in and tell tales of unpleasant truth, so that even fair women drew lace things over their tired faces as they hurried into their carriages in the cold dawn, glad to remember that they had still looked passably well in the candle light.

At one of these balls, late in the season, Orsino knew that he would meet Vittoria. It was in a vast old palace, from the back of which two graceful bridges crossed the street below to a garden beyond, where there were fountains, and palms, and statues, and walks hedged with box in the old Italian manner. There were no very magnificent preparations for the dance, which was rather a small and intimate affair, but there was the magnificent luxury of well proportioned space, which belonged to an older age; there was the gentle light of several hundred wax candles, instead of the cold glare of electricity or the pestilent flame of gas; and all night long there was April moonlight outside, in the old garden, whence the smell of the box, and the myrtle, and of violets, was borne in fitfully through the open windows with each breath of moving air.

There was also, that night, a general feeling of being at home and in a measure free from the oppression of social tyranny, and from the disturbing presence of the rich social recruit, who was sown in wealth, so to say, in the middle of the century, and who is now plentifully reaped in vulgarity.

"It is more like the old times than anything I remember for years," said Corona to Gianforte Campodonico, as they walked slowly through the rooms together.

"It must be the wax candles and the smell of the flowers from the garden," he answered, not exactly comprehending, for he was not a sensitive man, and was, moreover, considerably younger than Corona.

But Corona was silent, and wished that she were walking with her husband, or sitting alone with him in some quiet corner, for something in the air reminded her of a ball in the Frangipani palace, many years ago, when Giovanni had spoken to her in a conservatory, and many things had happened in consequence. The wax candles and the smell of open air flowers, and the glimpses of moonlight through vast windows, may have had something to do with it; but surely there are times and hours when love is in the air, when every sound is tuneful, and all silence is softly alive, when young voices seek each the other's tone caressingly, and the stealing hand steals nearer to the hand that waits.

There was no one to prevent Orsino Saracinesca from persuading Vittoria to go and sit down in one of the less frequented rooms, if he could do so. Her mother would be delighted, her brothers were not at the ball, and Orsino was responsible to no one for his actions. She had learned many things since she had come to Rome, but she did not understand more than half of them, and what she understood least of all was the absolute power which Orsino exerted over her when he was present. He haunted her thoughts at other times, too, and she had acquired a sort of conviction that she could not escape from him, which was greatly strengthened by the fact that she did not wish to be free.

On his part, his mind was less easy, for he was well aware that he was making love to the girl with her mother's consent, whereas he was not by any means inclined to think that he wished to marry her. Such a position might not seem strange to a youth of Anglo Saxon traditions; for there is a sort of tacit understanding among the English speaking races to the effect that young people are never to count on each other till each has got the other up the steps of the

Digitized by Google

altar, that there is nothing disgraceful in breaking an engagement, and that love making at large, without any intention of marriage, is a harmless pastime especially designed for the very young. The Italian view is very different, however, and Orsino was well aware that unless he meant to make Vittoria d'Oriani his wife, he was doing wrong in his own eyes, and in the eyes of the world, in doing his best to be often with her.

One result of his conduct was that he frightened away other men. They took it for granted that he wished to marry her, dowerless as she was, and they kept out of his way. The girl was not neglected, however. San Giacinto had his own reasons for wishing to be on good terms with her brothers, and he made his wife introduce partners to Vittoria at dances, and send men to talk to her at parties. But as soon as Orsino came upon the scene, Vittoria's companion disappeared, whoever he happened to be at the time.

The Italian, even when very young, has a good deal of social philosophy when he is not under the influence of an emotion from which he cannot escape. He will always avoid falling in love with the wrong person, if he can.

"For what?" he asks. "In order to be unhappy? Why?"

And he systematically keeps out of the way of temptation, well knowing his own weakness in love matters.

But Orsino was attracted by the girl, and yielded to the attraction, though his manner of yielding was a domination over her whenever they met. His only actual experience of real love had been in his affair with the Comtess del Ferice, before her second marriage. She was a mature woman of strong character and devoted nature, who had resisted him and had sacrificed herself for him, not to him. He had been accustomed to find that resistance in her. But Vittoria offered none at all, a fact which gave his rather despotic nature a sudden development, while the absence of opposition made him look upon his disinclination to decide the question of marriage as something to have been ashamed of. At the same time, there was the fact that he had grown somewhat cynical and cold of late years, and if not positively selfish, at least negatively careless of others, when anything pleased him, which was not often. It is bad to have strength and not to use it, to possess power and not to exert it, to know that one is a personage without caring much what sort of a person one may be. That had been Orsino's position for years, and it had not improved his character.

On this particular evening he was conscious of something much more like emotion than he had felt for a long time. San Giacinto had lain in wait for him near the door, and had told him that matters were settled at last. They were to leave Rome within the week, to take possession of the Corleone lands. The deeds had been signed and the money had been paid. There were no further formalities, and it was time to go to work. Orsino nodded, said he was ready, and went off to find Vittoria in the ball room. But there was a little more color than usual under his dark skin, and his eyes were restless and hungry.

He was passing his mother without seeing her, when she touched him on the sleeve, and dropped Campodonico's arm. He started a little impatiently, and then stood still, waiting for her to speak.

"Has anything happened?" she asked rather anxiously.

"No, mother, nothing—that is——" He hesitated, glancing at Campodonico. "I am going to Sicily with San Giacinto," he added in a low voice.

Corona could not have explained what she felt just then, but she might have described it as a disagreeable chilliness creeping over her strong frame from head to foot. An hour later she remembered it, and the next day, and for many days afterwards; and she tried to account for it by telling herself that the journey was to make a great change in her son's life, or by arguing that she had half unconsciously supposed him about to engage himself to Vittoria. But neither explanation was at all satisfactory. She was not imaginative to that extent, as she well knew, and she at last made up her mind that it was an idle coincidence of the kind which some people call a warning, and remember afterwards when anything especial happens—though if nothing particular follows, they forget it altogether.

"Why are you going? Has it anything to do with the Corleone?" she asked, and she was surprised at the unsteadiness of her own voice.

"Yes. I will tell you some other time."

"Will you?"

"Yes, certainly."

She looked into his eyes a moment, and then took Campodonico's arm again. Orsino moved on quickly and disappeared in the ball room they had left, wondering inwardly at his mother's manner as much as she was then wondering herself, and attri-

Digitized by Google

buting it to her anxiety about his position with regard to Vittoria. Thinking of that, he stopped short in his walk just as he caught sight of the young girl in the distance, standing beside her mother. A man was before her, evidently just asking her to dance. Orsino watched them while he tried to get hold of himself and decide what he ought to do.

Vittoria came forward and swept out with her partner into the middle of the room. Orsino slipped back a little behind a group of people, so that she should not easily see him, but he watched her face keenly. Her eyes were restless, and she was evidently looking for him, and not thinking of her partner at all. As they came round to his side, Orsino felt the blood rise in his throat, and felt that his face was warm; and then, as they swung off to the other side of the room, he grew cool again, and asked himself what he should do, repeating the question rather helplessly. She came round once more, and just as he felt the same heat of the blood again, he saw that her eyes had caught his. In a flash her expression changed, and the color blushed in her face. A moment later she stopped, and remained standing with her partner so that Orsino could see the back of her head. She half turned towards him two or three times, instinctively; but she would not turn quite round so as to look at him. She knew that she must finish the dance before he could come to her.

But he, deeply stirred, and, at the same time, profoundly discontented with himself, suddenly left the room and went on till he stood all alone, out on one of the bridges which crossed the street to the garden at the back of the palace. The bridge was in the shadow, but the white moonlight fell full upon the fountain and the walks beyond; and moonlight has an extraordinary effect on people who do not habitually live in camps, or out of doors, at night. The sun shows us what is, but the moon makes us see what might be.

Orsino leaned against the stone parapet in the shadow, and made one of those attempts at self examination which every honorable man has made at least once in his life, and which, with nine men out of ten, lead to no result, because at such times the mind is in no state to examine anything, least of all itself. Indeed, no healthy minded man resorts to that sort of introspection unless he is in a most complicated situation, since such a man is normally always perfectly conscious of what is honorable and right, without any self analysis, or picking to pieces of his own conscience.

But Orsino Saracinesca was in great difficulty. He did not question the fact that he was very much in love with Vittoria, and that this love for a young girl was something which he had never felt before. That was plain enough, by this time. The real question was, whether he should marry her, or whether he should go away to Sicily with San Giacinto and try to avoid her in future until he should have more or less forgotten her.

He was old enough and sensible enough to foresee the probable consequences of marrying into such a family, and they were such as to check him at the outset. He knew all about the Pagliuca people, as his father did, and the phrase "the worst blood of Italy" was familiar to his thoughts. Vittoria's mother was, indeed, a harmless soul, provincial and of unusual manners, but not vulgar in the ordinary sense of the word. Vittoria's father was said to have been a very good kind of man, who had been outrageously treated by his elder brother. But the strain was bad. There were hideous stories of treachery, such as Giovanni had quoted to his wife, which were alone enough to make Orsino hesitate. And then, there were Vittoria's brothers, for whom he felt the strongest repulsion and distrust. In many ways it would have been wiser for him to marry a girl of the people, a child of Trastevere, rather than Vittoria d'Oriani.

He did not believe that any of the taint was on herself, that in her character there was the smallest shade of deceit or unfaithfulness. He found it hard to believe that she was really a Corleone at all. His arguments began from a premiss which assumed her practically perfect. Had he been alone in the world, he would not have hesitated long, for he could have married her and taken her away forever—he was deep enough in love for that.

But such a marriage meant that he should bring her brothers intimately into his father's house; that he and his own family must accept Tebaldo and Francesco Pagliuca, and possibly the third brother, whom he did not know, as near relations, to be called, by him at least, "thee" and "thou," and by their baptismal names. It meant that Vittoria's mother and his own should come into close terms of intimacy, for Maria Carolina would make the most of the connection with the Saracinesca. That thought was the most repugnant of all to the young man, who looked upon his mother as a being apart from the ordinary world and

Digitized by Google

entitled to a sort of veneration. Maria Carolina would not venerate anybody, he thought.

On the other side, there was his honor. He did not care what the young men might think, but he had certainly led the girl herself to believe that he meant to marry her. And he was in love. Compared with giving up Vittoria, and with doing something which seemed dishonorable, the accumulated wickedness of generations of the Corleone shrank into insignificance. There was a sort of shock in his mind, as he brought up this side of the question.

Had there been any difficulty to be overcome in winning Vittoria's own consent, it would have been easier to decide. But he knew that he had but a word to say, and his future would be sealed irrevocably in a promise which he never would break. And in a day or two he was to leave Rome for a long time. It was clear that he ought to decide at once, this very night.

His nature rejected the idea of taking advice, and, generally, of confiding in any one. Otherwise, he might have laid the matter before his mother, in the certainty that her counsel would be good and honorable. Or he might have told his favorite brother the whole story, and Ippolito would assuredly have told him what was right. But Orsino was not of those who get help from the judgment or the conscience of another.

It seemed to him that he stayed a long time on the bridge, thinking of all these things, for the necessity of finally weighing them had come upon him suddenly, since San Giacinto had given him warning to get ready for the journey. But presently he was aware that the distant music had changed, that the waltz during which he had watched Vittoria was over, and that a square dance had begun. He smiled rather grimly to himself as he reflected that he might stand there till morning, without getting any nearer to a conclusion. He turned his back on the moonlight impatiently and went back into the palace. In the distance, through an open door, he saw faces familiar to him all his life, moving to and fro rapidly in a quadrille. He watched them as he walked straight on towards the ball room, through the rather dimly lighted chamber with which the bridge communicated.

He was startled by the sound of Vittoria d'Oriani's voice, close beside him, calling him softly but rather anxiously.

"Don Orsino! Don Orsino!"

She was all alone, pale, and standing half hidden by the heavy curtain on one side of the door opening to the ball room. Orsino stood still a moment, in great surprise at seeing her thus left to herself in an empty room. Then he went close to her, holding out his hand.

"What is the matter?" he asked in a low voice, for several men were standing about on the other side of the open door, watching the dance.

"Nothing—nothing," she repeated nervously, as he drew her aside.

"Who left you here alone?" asked Orsino, in displeasure at some unknown person.

"I—I came here——" she faltered. "I slipped out—it was hot, in there."

Orsino laughed softly.

"You must not get isolated in this way," he said. "It is not done here, you know. People would think it strange. You are always supposed to be with some one—your partner, or your mother. But I am glad, since I have found you."

"Yes, I have found you," she said softly, repeating his words. "I mean —" she corrected herself hurriedly—"I mean you have found me."

Orsino looked down to her averted face, and in the dim light he saw the blush at her mistake—too great a mistake in speech not to have come from a strong impulse within. Yet he could hardly believe that she had seen him go out that way alone, and had followed in the hope of finding him.

They sat down together, not far from the door opening upon the bridge. The color had faded again from Vittoria's face, and she was pale. During some moments neither spoke, and the music of the quadrille irritated Orsino as he listened to it. Seeing that he was silent, Vittoria looked up sideways and met his eyes.

"It was really very warm in the ball room," she said, to say something.

"Yes," he answered absently, his eyes fixed on hers. "Yes—I dare say it was."

Again there was a pause.

"What is the matter?" asked Vittoria at last, and her tone sank with each word.

"I am going away," said Orsino slowly, with fixed eyes.

She did not start nor show any surprise, but the color began to leave her lips. The irritating quadrille went pounding on in the distance, through the hackneyed turns of the familiar figures, accompanied by the sound of many voices talking, and of broken laughter now and then.

"You knew it?" asked Orsino. "How?"

"No one told me; but I knew it—I suppose I guessed it."

Digitized by Google

Orsino looked away, and then turned to her again, his glance drawn back to her by something he could not resist.

"Vittoria," he began in a very low tone.

He had never called her by that name before. The quadrille was very noisy, and she did not understand. She leaned forward anxiously towards him when she spoke.

"What did you say? I did not hear. The music makes such a noise!"

The man was more than ever irritated at the sound; and as she bent over to him, he could almost feel her breath on his cheek. The blood rose in him, and he sprang to his feet impatiently.

"Come!" he said. "Come outside. We cannot even hear each other here."

Vittoria rose, too, without a word, and went with him, walking close beside him, and glancing at his face. She was excessively pale now; and all the golden light seemed to have faded at once, even from her hair and eyes, till she looked delicate and almost fragile beside the big dark man.

"Out of doors?" she asked timidly, at the threshold.

"Yes—it is very warm," answered Orsino, in a voice that was a little hoarse.

Once out on the bridge, in the shadow, over the dark street, he stopped, and instantly his hand found hers and closed all round it, covering it altogether.

Vittoria could not have spoken just then, for she was trembling from head to foot. The air was full of strange sounds, and the trees were whirling round one another like mad black ghosts in the moonlight. When she looked up, she could see Orsino's eyes, bright in the shadow. She turned away, and came back to them more than once; then their glances did not part any more, and his face came nearer to hers.

"We love each other," he said; and his face was warm and alive again.

She felt that she saw his soul in his face, but she could not speak. Her eyes looking up to his, she slowly bent her little head twice, while her lips parted like an opening flower, and faintly smiled at the sweetness of an unspoken word.

He bent nearer still, and she did not draw back. His blood was hot and singing in his ears. Then, all at once, something in her appealed to him, her young delicacy, her dawn-like purity, her exquisite fresh maidenhood. It seemed a crime to touch her lips as though she had been a mature woman. He dropped her hand, and his long arms brought her tenderly and softly up to his breast; and as her head fell back, and her lids dropped, he kissed her eyes with infinite gentleness, first the one and then the other, again and again, till she smiled in the dark, and hid her face against his coat, and he found only her silky hair to kiss again.

"I love you—say it, too," he whispered in her ear.

"Ah, yes! so much, so dearly!" came her low answer.

Then he took her hand again, and brought it up to his lips close to her face; and his lips pressed the small fingers passionately, almost roughly, very longingly.

"Come," he said. "We must be alone—come into the garden."

He led her across the bridge, and suddenly they were in the clear moonlight; but he went on quickly, lest they should be noticed through the open door from within. The air was warm and still and dry, as it often is in spring after the evening chill has passed.

"We could not go back into the ball room, could we?" he asked, as he drew her away along a gravel walk between high box hedges.

"No. How could we—now?" Her hand tightened a little on his arm.

They stopped before a statue at the end of the walk, full in the light, a statue that had perhaps been a Daphne, injured ages ago, and stone gray where it was not very white, with flying draperies broken off short in the folds, and a small, frightened face that seemed between laughing and crying. One fingerless hand pointed at the moon.

Orsino leaned back against the pedestal, and lovingly held Vittoria before him. He looked at her, and she smiled, her lips parting again, and just glistening darkly in the light as a dewy rose does in moonlight. The music was very far away now, but the plashing of the fountain was near.

"I love you!" said Orsino once more, as though no other words would do.

A deep sigh of happiness said more than the words could, and the stillness that followed meant most of all, while Vittoria gently took his two hands and nestled closer to him, fearlessly, like a child or a young animal.

"But you will not go away—now?" she asked pleadingly.

Orsino's face changed a little, as he remembered the rest of his life, and all he had undertaken to do. He had dreamily hoped that he might forget it.

"We will not talk of that," he answered.

"How can I help it, if it is true? You will not go—say you will not go!"

Digitized by Google

"I have promised. But there is time—or, at least, I shall soon come back. It is not so far to Sicily——"

"Sicily? You are going to Sicily?" She seemed surprised.

"I thought you knew where I was going——" he began.

"No—I guessed; I was not sure. Tell me! Why must you go?"

"I must go because I have promised. San Giacinto would think it very strange if I changed my mind."

"It is stranger that you should go—and with him! Yes—I see—you are going to take possession of our old place——"

Her voice suddenly expressed the utmost anxiety, as she sprang from one conclusion to another without a mistake. She pressed his hands tightly, and her face grew pale again with fear for him.

"Oh, please, please, stay here!" she cried. "If it were anywhere else—if it were to do anything else——"

"Why?" he asked, in surprise. "I thought you did not care much for the old place. If I had known that it would hurt you——"

"Me? No! It is not that—it is for you! They will kill you. Oh, do not go! Do not go!" She spoke in the greatest distress.

Orsino was suddenly inclined to laugh, but he saw how much in earnest she was.

"Who will kill me?" he asked, as if humoring her. "What do you mean?"

Vittoria was more than in earnest; she was almost in terror for him. Her small hands clung to his arm nervously, catching him and then loosing their hold. But she said nothing, though she seemed to be hesitating in some sort of struggle. Though she loved him with all the whole hearted impulses of her nature, it was not easy to tell him what she meant. The Sicilian blood revolted at the thought of betraying her wild brother, who had joined the outlaws, and would be in waiting for Orsino and his cousin when they should try to take possession of the lands.

"You must not go!" she cried, suddenly throwing her arms round his neck as though she could keep him by force. "You shall not go—oh, no, no, no!"

"Vittoria—you have got some mad idea in your head—it is absurd—who should try to kill me? Why? I have no enemies. As for the brigands, every one laughs at that sort of thing nowadays. They belong to the comic opera!" He let himself laugh a little at last, for the idea really amused him.

But Vittoria straightened herself beside him, and grew calmer, for she was sensible, and saw that he thought her foolishly afraid.

"In Rome the outlaws belong to the comic opera—yes," she answered gravely. "But in Sicily they are a reality. I am a Sicilian, and I know. People are killed by them almost every day, and the mafia protects them. They are better armed than the soldiers, for they carry Winchester rifles——"

"What do you know about Winchester rifles?" asked Orsino, smiling.

"My brothers have them," she said quietly. "And the outlaws almost all have them."

Vittoria was silent a moment, making up her mind what she should tell him. She was not positively sure of anything, but she had heard Francesco say lately that Camaldoli was a place easier to buy than to hold while Ferdinando was alive, and she knew what that meant, when coupled with the occasional comments upon Ferdinando's mode of life, which escaped in Francesco's incautious conversation at home. To a Sicilian, the meaning of the whole situation was not hard to guess. At the same time Vittoria was both desperately anxious for Orsino, and afraid that he might laugh at her fears, as he had done already.

"This is it," she said at last, in a low and earnest voice. "It has nothing to do with you or your cousin, personally, nor with your taking possession of Camaldoli, so far as I am concerned. But it is a wild and desolate place, and all through this year a large band of outlaws have been in the forests on the other side of the valley. They would never have hurt my brothers, who are Sicilians and poor, and who did not trouble them either. But you and your cousin are great people, and rich, and not Sicilians, and the mafia will be against you, and will support the brigands if they prevent you from taking possession of Camaldoli. You would be opposed to the mafia; you would bring soldiers there to fight the outlaws. Therefore they will kill you. It is certain. No one ever escapes them. Do you understand? Now you will not go, of course, since I have explained it all."

Orsino was somewhat puzzled, though it all seemed so clear to her.

"This mafia—what is it?" he asked. "We hear it spoken of, but we do not any of us really know who is the head of it, nor what it can do."

"It has no head," answered the young girl. "Perhaps it is hard to explain, be-

Digitized by Google

cause you are not a Sicilian. The mafia is not a band, nor anything of that sort. It is the resistance which the whole Sicilian people opposes to all kinds of government and authority. It is—how shall I say? A sentiment, a feeling, a sort of wild love of our country, that is a secret, and will do anything. With us, everybody knows what it is, and evil comes to every one who opposes it—generally death."

"We are not much afraid of it, since we have the law on our side," said Orsino, rather incredulously.

"You are not afraid because you do not understand," answered Vittoria, her voice beginning to express her anxiety again. "If you knew what it is, as we know, you would be very much afraid."

She spoke so simply and naturally that it did not occur to Orsino to be offended at the slight upon his courage.

"We shall take an escort of soldiers, to please you," he said, smiling, and drawing her to him again, as though the discussion were over.

But her terror for him broke out again. She had not told him all she knew, still less all she suspected.

"But I am in earnest!" she cried, holding herself back from him so that he could see her eyes. "It is true earnest, deadly earnest. They mean to kill you—in the end, they will! Oh, tell me that you will not go!"

"San Giacinto has bought the place——"

"Let him go, and be killed, then, and perhaps they will be satisfied! What do I care for any one but you? Is it nothing, that I love you so? That we have told each other? That you say you love me? Is it all nothing but words, mere words, empty words?"

"No, it is my whole life, dear——"

"Then your life is mine, and you have no right to throw it away, just to please your cousin. Let him get a regiment of soldiers sent there by the government to live in Santa Vittoria. Then after three or four years the brigands will be all gone."

"Three or four years!" Orsino laughed, in spite of himself.

"Ah, you do not know!" exclaimed Vittoria sadly. "You do not know our country, nor our people! You think it is like Rome, all shopkeepers and policemen, and sixty noble families, with no mafia! You laugh now—but when they have killed you I shall not live to laugh again. Am I your life? Then you are mine. What will there be without you, when they have killed you? And the Winchester rifles shoot so far, and the outlaws aim so straight! How can you be saved? Do you think it is nothing that I should know that you are going to your death?"

"It is an exaggeration," said Orsino, trying to soothe her. "Such things are not done in a civilized country, in the nineteenth century."

"Such things? Ah, and worse, far worse! Last year they buried a man up to his neck in the earth, alive, and left him there to die, in the woods not far from Camaldoli, because they thought he was a spy! And one betrayed some of the band last summer, and they did not kill him at once, but caught him and tortured him, so that it took him three days to die. You do not know. You laugh, but you do not know what people there are in Sicily, nor what Sicilians will do when they are roused. Promise me that you will not go!"

"Even if all you tell me were true, I should go," answered Orsino.

"Will nothing keep you from going?" asked the girl piteously.

"You will laugh at all this when I come back to you. You will wonder how you could have tried to frighten me with such tales."

She looked at him a long time in silence, and then her lip quivered, so that she quickly raised one hand to her mouth to hide it.

"It would have been better if I had never left the convent," she said, in a broken voice. "When they have killed you, I shall go back and die there."

"When I come back, we shall be married, love——"

"Oh, no—not if you go to Camaldoli—we shall never be married in this world."

The slight and graceful girl shook all over for a moment, and then seemed to grow smaller, as though something crushed her. But there were no tears in her eyes, though she pressed her fingers on her lips as if to force back a sob.

"Let us go back," she said. "I want to go home—I can pray for you, if I cannot save you. God will hear me, though you do not, and God knows that it will be your death."

He put his arm about her and tried to comfort her, but she would not again lift her face, and he kissed her hair once more, when they were again in the shadow on the bridge. Then they waited till no one was passing through the small room, and went in silently to find her mother. She stopped him at the door of the ball room.

"Promise me that you will not speak to

Digitized by Google

my mother, nor my brothers, about—about us," she said in a low voice.

"Very well. Not till I come back, if you wish it," he answered.

And they went in, amongst the people, unnoticed.

VIII.

VITTORIA realized that it was beyond her power to keep Orsino in Rome, and she was in great trouble. She had begged him not to speak of their betrothal, scarcely knowing why she made the request, but she was afterwards very glad that she had done so. To her, he was a condemned man, and her betrothal was a solemn binding of herself to keep faith with a beloved being who must soon be dead. She did not believe that she could really outlive him; but if Heaven should be so unkind to her, she had already made up her mind to return to the convent where she had been educated, and to end her days as a nun. The acute melancholy which belongs to the people of the far south as well as of the far north, of Norway and of Sicily or Egypt alike, at once asserted itself and took possession of her. The next time Orsino saw her he was amazed at the change. The color was all gone from her face, her lips were tightly set, and her brown eyes followed him with a perpetual mute anxiety. Her radiance was veiled, and her beauty was grievously diminished.

It was at a garden party in a great, old villa beyond the walls, two days after the dance. Orsino had not been able to see her in the mean time, and had wisely abstained from visiting her mother, lest in any way he should betray their joint secret. She was already in the garden when he arrived with Corona, who caught sight of Vittoria from a distance and noted the change in her face.

"Vittoria d'Oriani looks ill," said the princess, and she went towards her at once.

She was too tactful to ask the girl what was the matter, but she saw how Vittoria's eyes could not keep from Orsino, and she half guessed the truth, though her son's face was impenetrable just then. An old friend came up and spoke to her, and she left the two alone.

They quietly moved away from the more crowded part of the garden, walking silently side by side, till they came to a long walk covered by the interlacing branches of ilex trees. Another couple was walking at some distance before them. Orsino glanced down at Vittoria, and tried to say something, but it was not easy. He had not realized how the mere sight of her stirred him, until he found himself speechless when he wished to say many things.

"You are suffering," he said softly, at last. "What is it?"

"You know," she answered. "What is the use of talking about it? I have said all—but tell me only when you are going."

"Tomorrow morning. I shall be back in a fortnight."

"You will never come back," said Vittoria, in a dull and hopeless tone.

She spoke with such conviction that Orsino was silent for a moment. He had not the smallest belief in any danger, but he did not know how to argue with her.

"I have thought it all over," she went on. "If you try to live there, you will certainly be killed. But if you only go once, there is a chance—a poor, miserable, little chance. Let them think that you are coming up from Piedimonte, by way of Randazzo. It is above Randazzo that the black lands begin, all lava and ashes, with deep furrows in which a man can lie hidden to shoot. That is where they will try to kill you. Go the other way, round by Catania; it is longer, but they will not expect you, and you can get a guide. They may not find out that you have changed your plan. If they should know it, they could kill you even more easily on that side, in the narrow valley; but they need not know it."

"Nothing will happen to me on either side," said Orsino carelessly.

Vittoria bent her head and walked on in silence beside him.

"I did not wish to talk about all that," he continued. "There are much more important things. When I come back we must be married soon——"

"We shall never be married if you go to Sicily," answered Vittoria, in the same dull voice.

It was a fixed idea, and Orsino felt the hopelessness of trying to influence her, together with a pardonable impatience. The couple ahead of them reached the end of the walk, turned, met them, and passed them with a greeting, for they were acquaintances. Where the little avenue ended there was a great fountain of travertine stone, behind which, in the wide arch of the opening trees, they could see the Campagna and the Sabine mountains to the eastward.

Vittoria stopped when they reached the other side of the basin, which was moss grown, but full of clear water that trickled down an almost shapeless stone triton. The

Digitized by Google

statue and the fountain hid them from any one who might be coming up the walk, and at their feet lay the broad green Campagna. They were quite alone.

The young girl raised her eyes, and she looked already as though she had been in an illness.

"We cannot stay more than a moment," she said. "If people see us going off together, they will guess. I want it to be all my secret. I want to say good by to you—for the last time. I shall remember you always as you are now, with the light on your face."

She looked at him long, and her eyes slowly filled with tears, which did not break nor run over, but little by little subsided again, taking her grief back to her heart. Orsino's brows frowned with pain, for he saw how profoundly she believed that she was never to see him again, and it hurt him that for him she should be so hurt, most of all because he was convinced that there was no cause.

"We go tomorrow," he said. "We shall be in Messina the next day. On the day after that go and see my mother, and she will tell you that she has had news of our safe arrival. What more can I say? I am sure of it."

But Vittoria only looked long and earnestly into his face.

"I want to remember," she said, in a low voice.

"For a fortnight?" Orsino smiled lovingly, and took her hand.

"Forever," she answered very gravely, and her fingers clutched his suddenly and hard.

He still smiled, for he could find nothing to say against such possession of presentiment. Common sense never has anything effectual to oppose to conviction.

"Good by," she said softly. "Good by, Orsino."

She had not called him by his name yet, and it sounded like an enchantment to him, though it was a rough name in itself. The breeze stirred the ilex leaves overhead in the spring afternoon, and the water trickled down, with a pleasant murmur, into the big basin. It was all lovely and peaceful and soft, except the look in her despairing eyes. That disturbed him as he met it and saw no change in it, but always the same hopeless pain.

"Come," he said quietly, "this is not sensible. Do I look like a man who is going to be killed like a dog in the street, without doing something to help myself?"

Her eyes filled again.

"Oh, pray—please—do not speak like that! Say good by to me—I cannot bear it any longer—and yet it kills me to let you go!"

She turned from him and covered her eyes with her hands for a moment, while he put his arm round her reassuringly. Then, all at once, she looked up.

"I will be brave—good by!" she said quickly.

It was a silent leave taking after that, for he could not say much. His only answer to her must be his safe return, but as they went back along the walk, she felt that she was with him for the last time. It was like going with him to execution.

Orsino walked back to the city alone, thinking over her words and her face, and wondering whether there could be anything in presentiments of evil. He had never had any himself, that he could remember, and he had never seen anybody so thoroughly under the influence of one as Vittoria seemed to be.

Before dinner he went to see San Giacinto, whom he found alone in his big study, sitting in his huge chair before his enormous table. He was so large that he had his own private furniture made to suit his own dimensions. The table was covered with note books and papers, very neatly arranged, and the gray haired giant was writing a letter. He looked up as Orsino entered, and uttered a sort of inarticulate exclamation of satisfaction. Then he went on writing, while Orsino sat down and watched him.

"Do you happen to have a gun license?" asked San Giacinto, without looking up.

"Of course."

"Put it in your pocket for the journey," was the answer, as the pen went on steadily.

"Is there any game about Camaldoli?" inquired Orsino, after a pause.

"Brigands," replied San Giacinto laconically, and still writing.

He would have said "woodcock" in the same tone, being a plain man and not given to dramatic emphasis. Orsino laughed a little incredulously, but said nothing, as he sat waiting for his kinsman to finish his letter. His eyes wandered about the room, and presently they fell on a stout leather bag which stood by a chair near the window. On the chair itself lay two leathern gun cases obviously containing modern rifles, as their shape and size showed. With a man's natural instinct for arms, Orsino rose and took one of the weapons out of its case, and examined it.

"Winchesters," said San Giacinto, still driving his pen.

Digitized by Google

"I see," answered Orsino, feeling the weight, and raising the rifle to his shoulder as though to try the length of the stock.

"Most people prefer them in Sicily," observed San Giacinto, who had signed his name and was folding his note carefully.

"What do you want them for?" asked the younger man, still incredulous.

"It is the custom of the country to carry them down there," said the other. "Besides, there are brigands about. I told you so, just now."

San Giacinto did not like to repeat explanations.

"I thought you were joking," remarked Orsino.

"I never did that. I suppose we shall not have the luck to fall in with any of those fellows, but there has been a good deal of trouble lately, and we shall not be particularly popular as Romans going to take possession of Sicilian lands. We should be worth a ransom too, and by this time the whole country knows that we are coming."

"Then we may really have some excitement," said Orsino, more surprised than he would show at his cousin's confirmation of much that Vittoria had said. "How about the mafia?" he asked by way of leading San Giacinto into conversation. "How will it look at us?"

"The mafia is not a man," answered San Giacinto bluntly. "The mafia is the Sicilian character—Sicilian honor, Sicilian principles. It is an idea, not an institution. It is what makes it impossible to govern Sicily."

"Or to live there," suggested Orsino.

"Except with considerable tact. You will find out something about it very soon, if you try to manage that place. But if you are nervous, you had better not try."

"I am not nervous, I believe."

"No, it is of no use to be. It is better to be a fatalist. Fatalism gives you your own soul, and leaves your body to the chemistry of the universe, where it belongs. If your body comes into contact with something that does not agree with it, you die. That is all."

There was an admirable directness in San Giacinto's philosophy, as Orsino knew. They made a final agreement about meeting at the station on the following morning, and Orsino went home a good deal less inclined to treat Vittoria's presentiments lightly. It had been characteristic of San Giacinto that he had hitherto simply forgotten to mention that there might be real danger in the expedition to Canaldoli, and it was equally in accordance with Orsino's character to take the prospect of it simply and gravely. There was a strong resemblance between the two kinsmen, and Orsino understood his cousin better than his father or any of his brothers.

He had already explained to his mother what he was going to do, and she had been glad to learn that he had found something to interest him. Both Corona and Sant' Ilario had the prevailing impression that the Sicilian difficulties were more or less imaginary. That is what most Romans think, and the conviction is general in the north of Italy. As Orsino said nothing about his conversation with San Giacinto on that last evening, his father and mother had not the slightest idea that there was danger before him, and as they had both noticed his liking for Vittoria, they were very glad that he should go away just then, and forget her.

The old prince bade him good by that night.

"Whatever you do, my boy," he said, shaking his snowy old head energetically, "do not marry a Sicilian girl."

The piece of advice was so unexpected that Orsino started slightly, and then laughed, as he took his grandfather's hand. It was oddly smooth, as the hands of very old men are, but it was warm still, and not so feeble as might have been expected.

"And if you should get into trouble down there," said the head of the house, who had known Sicily seventy years earlier, "shoot first. Never wait to be shot at."

"It is not likely that there will be much shooting nowadays," laughed Sant' Ilario.

"That does not make my advice bad, does it?" asked old Saracinesca, turning upon his son, for the least approach to contradiction still roused his anger instantly.

"Oh, no!" answered Giovanni. "It is very good advice."

"Of course it is," growled the old gentleman discontentedly. "I never gave any one bad advice in my life. But you boys are always contradicting me."

Giovanni smiled rather sadly. It was not in the nature of things that men over ninety years old should live much longer, but he felt what a break in the household's life the old man's death must one day make, when the vast vitality should be at last worn out.

IX.

ORSINO travelled down to Naples with San Giacinto in that peculiar state of mind in which an unsentimental but passionate man finds himself when he is leaving the

Digitized by Google

woman he loves in order to go and do something which he knows must be done, which he wishes to do, and which involves danger and difficulty.

San Giacinto did not say much more about brigands, or the mafia, but he talked freely of the steps to be taken on arriving in Messina, in order to get a proper escort of soldiers from Piedimonte to Camaldoli, and it was perfectly clear that he anticipated trouble. Orsino was surprised to find that he expected to have four or five carabineers permanently quartered at Camaldoli, by way of protection, and that he had already applied in the proper quarter to have the men sent to meet him. Then he began to talk of the projected railway and of the questions of engineering involved.

Orsino felt lonely in his society, and it was a sensation to which he was not accustomed. It was long since he had known what it was to miss a woman's eyes and a woman's voice, and he had not thought that he should know it again. As the train ran on, hour after hour, he grew more silent, not wondering at himself, but accepting quite simply the fact that it hurt him to leave Vittoria far behind, and that he longed for her presence more and more. He could not help thinking how easy it would be for him to refuse to go on, and to take the next train back from Naples to Rome, and to see her tomorrow. He would not have done such a thing for the world, but he could not escape from the rather contemptible pleasure of thinking about it.

Late in the afternoon the steamer that was to take them to Messina got under way—an old fashioned, uncomfortable boat, crowded with people of all kinds, for the vessel was to go on to Malta on the next day. At the bad dinner in the dim cabin the tables were full, and many of the people were talking in the Maltese dialect, which is an astonishing compound of Italian and Arabic, perfectly incomprehensible both to Arabs and Italians. They stared at San Giacinto because he was a giant, and evidently talked about him in their own language, which irritated Orsino, though the big man seemed perfectly indifferent. Neither cared to speak, and they got through their abominable dinner in silence and went up to smoke on deck.

Orsino leaned upon the rail and gazed longingly at the looming mountains, behind which the full moon was rising. He was not sentimental, for Italian men rarely are, but like all his fellow countrymen, he was alive to the sensuous suggestions of nature at certain times, and the shadowy land, the rising moon, the gleaming ripple of the water, and the evening breeze on his face, brought Vittoria more vividly than ever to his mind. He looked up at San Giacinto, and even the latter's massive and gloomy features seemed to be softened by the gentle light and the enchantment of the southern sea. Unconsciously he was more closely drawn to the man of his own blood, after being jostled in the crowd of doubtful passengers who filled the steamer.

It was not in his nature to make confidences, but he wished that his friend and kinsman knew that he was in love with Vittoria, and meant to marry her. It would have made the journey less desolate and lonely. He was still young, as San Giacinto would have told him, with grim indifference, if Orsino had unburdened his heart at that moment. But he did not mean to do that. He leaned over the rail and smoked in silence, looking from the moon to the rippling water and back again, and wishing that the night were not before him, but that he was already in Messina with something active to do. To be doing the thing would be to get nearer to Vittoria, since he could return with a clear conscience as soon as it should be done. At last he spoke, in a careless tone.

"My grandfather gave me some advice last night," he said. "Never to marry a Sicilian girl, and always to shoot first if there were any shooting to be done."

"Provided that you do not marry the Corleone girl, I do not see why you should not take a Sicilian wife if you please," answered San Giacinto calmly.

"Why should a man not marry Vittoria d'Oriani?" inquired Orsino, startled to find himself so suddenly speaking of what filled him.

"I did not say 'a man' in general. I meant you. It would be a bad match. It would draw you into relationship with the worst blood in the country, and that is a great objection to it. Then she is a niece, and her brothers are nephews, of that old villain Corleone who married one of the Campodonico women. She died of unhappiness, I believe, and I do not wonder. Have you noticed that none of the Campodonico will have anything to do with them? They are disliked in Rome. But you would never be such an arrant fool as to go and fall in love with the girl, I suppose, though she is charming, and I can see that you admire her. Not very clever, I fancy—brought up by a museum of old Sicilian ladies in a Palermo convent—but very charming."

Digitized by Google

It was an unexpectedly long speech, on an unexpected theme, and it was fortunate that it contained nothing which could wound Orsino's feelings through Vittoria; for, in that case, he would have quarreled with his cousin forthwith, not being of a patient disposition. As it was, the young man glanced up sharply from time to time, looking out for some depreciatory expression. He was glad when San Giacinto had finished speaking.

"If I wished to marry her," said Orsino, "I should not care who her relations might be."

"You would find yourself caring a great deal afterwards, if they made trouble with your own people. But I admit that the girl has charm and some beauty, and it is only fools who need clever wives to think for them. Good night. We may have a long day tomorrow, and we shall land about seven in the morning. I am going to bed."

Orsino watched the huge figure as it bent low and disappeared down the companion, and he was glad that San Giacinto had taken himself off without talking any more about Vittoria. He stayed on deck another hour, watching the light on the water, and then went below. He and his cousin had a cabin together, and he found the old giant asleep on the sofa, wrapped in a cloak, with his long legs resting on a portmanteau and extending half across the available space, while he had widened the transom for his vast shoulders by the help of a camp stool. He slept soundly, almost solemnly, under the small, swinging oil lamp, and there was something grand and soldier-like about his perfect indifference to discomfort. In a corner of the cabin, among a quantity of traps, the two rifles stood upright in their leathern cases. It was long before Orsino fell asleep.

He was glad when they got ashore at last in the early morning. Messina has the reputation of being the dirtiest city in all Italy, and it has the disagreeable peculiarity of not possessing a decent inn of any sort. San Giacinto and Orsino sat down in a shabby and dirty room to drink some vile coffee which was brought up to them on little brass trays from a café at the corner of the street. San Giacinto produced a silver flask and poured a dose of spirits into his cup, and offered Orsino some; but the younger man had not been bred in the country, and had never acquired the common Italian habit of strengthening bad coffee with alcohol. So he consoled his taste with cigarettes.

San Giacinto found that it would be impossible to proceed to Camaldoli till the following day, and the two men spent the morning and most of the afternoon in making the necessary arrangements. It was indispensable to see the officer in command of the carabineers and the prefect of the province, and San Giacinto knew that it would be wiser to send certain supplies up from Messina.

"I suppose that some one is there to hand the place over?" said Orsino.

"Tebaldo Pagliuca said that we should make inquiries of an old notary called Basili, in Randazzo, as his brother, being displeased with the sale, would probably refuse to meet us. Basili is to have the keys, and will send a man with us. We shall have to rough it for a day or two."

"Do you mean to say that they have locked the place up and left it without even a servant in charge?" asked Orsino.

"Apparently. We shall know when we get there. I dare say that we may have to make our own coffee and cook our own food. It is rather a lonely neighborhood, and the people whom Ferdinando Pagliuca employed have probably all left."

"It sounds a little vague," observed Orsino. "I suppose we shall find horses to take us up?"

"That is all arranged. We shall go up in a carriage, with four or five mounted carabineers, who will stay with us till they are relieved by others. They will all be waiting at the town of Piedimonte, above the station. I dare say that ruffian has carried off the furniture, too, and we may have to sleep on the floor in our cloaks."

"It would have been sensible to have brought a servant with us."

"No. Servants get into the way when there is trouble."

Orsino lighted another cigarette and said nothing. He was beginning to think that the whole thing sounded like an expedition into an enemy's country. They were dining in a queer little restaurant built over the water, at the end of the town towards the Faro. It was evidently the fashionable resort at that time of year, and Orsino studied the faces of the guests at the other tables. He thought that many of them were like Tebaldo Pagliuca, though with less malignity in their faces; but now and then he heard words spoken with the unmistakable Neapolitan accent, showing that all were not Sicilians.

"They killed a carabineer close to Camaldoli last week," said San Giacinto, thoughtfully dividing a large slice of swordfish, which is the local delicacy. "One of them

Digitized by Google

put on the dead soldier's uniform, passed himself off for a carabineer, and arrested the bailiff of the Duca di Fornasco that night, and marched him out of the village. They carried him off to the woods, and he has not been heard of since. He had given some information against them in the winter, so they will probably take some pains to kill him slowly, and send his head back to his relations in a basket of tomatoes in a day or two."

"Are those things positively true?" asked Orsino, incredulous even now.

"The story was in the paper this morning, and I asked the prefect. He said it was quite exact. You see the rifles may be useful, after all, and the carabineers are rather more indispensable than food and drink."

Again Orsino thought of all that Vittoria had told him, and he realized that whether the wild tales were literally true or not, she was not the only person who believed them. Just then a long fishing boat ran past the little pier, close to the place where he was sitting at table. Six men were sending her along with her sharp stern foremost, as they generally do, standing to their long oars and throwing their whole strength into the work, for they were late, and the current would turn against them when the moon rose, as every one knows who lives in Messina. Orsino did not remember that he had ever seen just such types of men, bare headed, dark as Arabs, square jawed, sinewy, fierce eyed, with grave, thin lips, every one of them a fighting match for three or four Neapolitans. They were probably the first genuine Sicilians of the people whom he had ever seen, and they were not like any other Italians. San Giacinto watched them too, and he smiled a little, as though the sight gave him satisfaction.

"That is the reason why there is no salt tax in Sicily," he said. "That is also the reason why Italy is ruled by a single Sicilian, by Crispi. Good or bad, he is a man, at all events—and those fellows are men. I would rather have one of those fishermen at my elbow, in time of danger, than twenty bragging Piedmontese, or a hundred civilized Tuscans."

"But they are treacherous," observed Orsino.

"No, they are not," answered the older man thoughtfully. "They hate authority and rebel against it, and the mafia idea keeps them together like one man. Successful revolution is always called patriotism, and unsuccessful rebellion is always branded as treachery or treason. I have heard that somewhere, and it is true. But what we want in Italy is men, not ideas; action, not talk; honesty, not policy."

"We shall never get those things," said Orsino, who was naturally pessimistic. "Italian unity has come too late for a renascence, and too soon for a new birth."

San Giacinto smiled rather contemptuously.

"You are an aristocrat, my dear boy," he answered. "You want the clear wine without the filthy, fermenting must."

"I think we have the same name, you and I," observed Orsino.

"Yes, but I should be what I am, if I had been called Moscetti."

"And I?" inquired Orsino, his eyes kindling a little at the implied contrast of powers.

"If you had been plain Signor Moscetti, you would have been a very different kind of man. You would have worked hard at architecture, I suppose, and you would have acquired an individuality. As it is, you have not much more than the individuality of your class, and very little of your own. You are a product, whereas I was forced to become a producer when I was very young—a worker, in other words. Socially, I am a Saracinesca, like you; morally and actually, I have been a man of the people all my life, because I began among the people. I have made myself what I am. You were made what you are by somebody who lived in the twelfth century. I do not blame you, and I do not boast about myself. We like each other, but we are fundamentally different, and we emphatically do not like the same things. We are different kinds of animals that happen to be called by the same name."

"I tried to work once," said Orsino thoughtfully.

"A man cannot do that sort of work against the odds of sixty four quarterings and an unlimited fortune. But you had the instinct, just as I have it. You and I have more in common with those fishermen who just went by, than we have with most of our friends in Rome."

Orsino was silent, for he was not in the humor to argue about anything, and he saw the truth of much that his cousin had said, and felt a hopelessness about doing anything in the world with which he had long been familiar.

The sun had gone down, leaving a deep glow on the Calabrian mountains, on the other side of the straits, and the water rippled with the current like purple silk. To the left, the heights above Scilla were

Digitized by Google

soft and dreamy in a wine colored haze, and the great lighthouse shot out its white ray through the gathering dusk. To the right, the royal yards and topgallant rigging of the vessels in the harbor made a dark lace against the high, white houses that caught the departing twilight. It was near moonrise, and the breeze had almost died away. The lights of the city began to shine out, one by one, then quickly, by scores, and under the little jetty, where the two men sat, the swirling water was all at once black and gleaming as flowing ink. Far off, a boat was moving, and the oars swung against the single tholes with an even, monotonous knocking that was pleasant to hear.

Orsino poured out another glass of the strong black wine and drank it, for the air was growing chilly. San Giacinto did the same and lighted a cigar. They sat almost an hour in silence, and then went slowly back to their squalid hotel on the quay.

X.

On the following day Orsino and San Giacinto descended from the train at the little station of Piedimonte d'Etna, "the foot of Mount Etna," as it would be translated. It is a small, well kept station near the sea, surrounded by gardens of oranges and lemons, and orchards of fruit trees, and gay with vines and flowers, penetrated by the intense southern light. The sky was perfectly cloudless, the sea of a gem-like blue, the peach blossoms were out by thousands, and the red pomegranate flowers had lately burst out of the bud, in splendid contrast with the deep, sheeny green of the smooth orange leaves. The trees had an air of belonging to pleasure gardens rather than to businesslike orchards, and the whole coloring was almost artificially magnificent. It was late spring in the far south, and Orsino had never seen it. He had been on the Riviera, and in Sorrento, when the orange blossoms were all out, scenting the sea more than a mile from land, and he had seen the spring in England, which, once in every four or five years, is worth seeing; but he had not dreamt of such dazzling glories of color as filled the earth and sky and sea of Sicily. It was not tropical, for there was nothing uncultivated nor unfruitful in sight; it seemed as though the little belt of gardens he saw around him must be the richest in the whole world, and as though neither man nor beast nor flower nor fruit could die in the fluid life of the fragrant air. It was very unexpected. San Giacinto was not the kind of man to give enthusiastic descriptions of views, and the conversation on the previous evening had prepared Orsino's mind for the wild hill country above, but not for the belt of glory which Sicily wears like a jeweled baldric round her breast, hidden here and there as it were, or obliterated, by great crags running far out into the sea, but coming into sight again instantly as each point is passed.

In the heap of traps and belongings that lay at his feet on the little platform, the two repeating rifles in their leathern cases were very good reminders of what the two men had before them on that day and for days and weeks afterwards.

"Winchesters," observed the porter who took the things to the carriage behind the station.

"How did you know that?" asked Orsino, surprised at the man's remark.

"As if they were the first I have carried!" exclaimed the man, with a grin. "Almost all the signori have them nowadays. People say they will kill at half a kilometer."

"Put them inside," said San Giacinto, as they were arranging the things. "Put them on the back seat with that case."

"Yes, the cartridges," said the porter knowingly, as he felt the weight of the package.

"And God send you no need of them!" exclaimed the coachman, a big dark man with a stubbly chin, a broad hat, and a shabby velvet jacket.

"Amen!" ejaculated the porter.

"Are you going with us all the way?" asked San Giacinto of the coachman, looking at him keenly.

"No, signore. The master will drive you up from Piedimonte. He is known up there, but I am of Messina. It is always better to be known—or else it is much worse. But the master is a much respected man."

"Since he has come back," put in the porter, his shaven mouth stretching itself in a grim smile.

"Has he been in America?" asked Orsino idly, knowing how many of the people made the journey to work, earn money, and return within a few years.

"He has been to the other America, which they call Ponza," answered the man.

The coachman scowled at him, and poked him in the back with the stock of his whip, but San Giacinto laughed. Ponza is a small island off the Roman coast, used as a penitentiary and penal settlement.

"Did he kill his man?" inquired San Giacinto coolly.

"No, signore," said the coachman quiet-

Digitized by Google

ly. "He only gave him a salutation with the knife. It was a bad knife," he added, anxious for his employer's reputation. "But for that—the master is a good man! He only got the knife a little way into the other's throat—so much"—he marked the second joint of his middle finger with the end of his whip—"and then it would not cut," he concluded, with an apologetic air.

"The Romans always stab upwards under the ribs," said San Giacinto.

"One knows that!" answered the man. "So do we, of course. But it was only a pocket knife, and would not have gone through the clothes; and the man was fat. That is why the master put it into his throat."

Orsino laughed, and San Giacinto smiled. Then they got into the carriage and settled themselves for the long drive. In twenty minutes they had left behind them the beautiful garden down by the sea, and the lumbering vehicle drawn by three skinny horses was crawling up a steep but well built road, on which the yellow dust lay two inches thick. The coachman cracked his long whip of twisted cord with a noise like a quick succession of pistol shots, the lean animals kicked themselves up hill, as it were, the bells jingling spasmodically at each effort, and the dust rose in thick puffs in the windless air, under the blazing sun, uniting in a long, low cloud over the road behind.

San Giacinto smoked in silence, and Orsino kept his mouth shut and his eyes half closed against the suffocating dust. After the first half mile, the horses settled down to a straining walk, and the coachman stopped cracking his whip, sinking into himself, round shouldered, as southern coachmen do when it is hot and a hill is steep. From time to time he swore at the skinny beasts in a sort of patient, half contemptuous way.

"May they slay you!" he said. "May your vitals be torn out! May you be blinded! Curse you! Curse your fathers and mothers, and whoever made you! Curse the souls of your dead, your double dead, and your extra dead, and the souls of all the horses that are yet to be born!"

There was a long pause between each imprecation, not as though the man were thinking over the next, but as if to give the poor beasts time to understand what he said. It was a kind of litany of southern abuse, but uttered in a perfunctory and indifferent manner, as many litanies are.

"Do you think your horses are Christians, that you revile them in that way?" asked Orsino, speaking from the back of the carriage, without moving.

The man's head turned upon his slouching shoulders, and he eyed Orsino with curiosity.

"We speak to them in this manner," he said. "They understand. In your country, how do you speak to them?"

"We feed them better, and they go faster."

"Every country has its customs," returned the man stolidly. "It is true that these beasts are not mine. I should feed them better, if I had the money. But these animals consist of a little straw and water. This they eat, and this they are. How can they draw a heavy carriage up hill? It is a miracle. The Madonna attends to it. If I beat them, what do I beat? Bones and air. Why should I fatigue myself? There are their souls, so I speak to them, and they understand. Do you see? Now that I talk with you, they stop."

He turned as the carriage stood still, and addressed the spider-like animals again, in a dull, monotonous tone, that had something businesslike in it.

"Ugly beasts! May you have apoplexy! May you be eaten alive!" And he went on with a whole string of similar expressions, till the unhappy brutes strained and threw themselves forward and began to kick themselves up hill again spasmodically, as before.

It seemed very long before they reached the town, dusty and white under the broad, clear sun, and decidedly clean; spotless, indeed, compared with a Neapolitan or Calabrian village. Here and there among the whitewashed houses there were others built of almost black tufo, and some with old bits of effective carving in a bastard style of Norman-Saracen ornament.

The equine spiders entered the town at a jog trot. Orsino fancied that but for the noise of the bells and the wheels he could have heard their bones rattle as their skeleton legs swung under them. They turned two or three corners and stopped suddenly before their stable.

"This is the master," said the coachman as he got down, indicating a square built, bony man of medium height who stood before the door, dressed in a clean white shirt and a decent brown velveteen jacket. He had a dark red carnation in his buttonhole, and wore his soft black hat a little on one side.

In the shadow of the street near the door stood five carabineers in their oddly old fashioned yet oddly imposing uniforms and

Digitized by Google

cocked hats, each with a big army revolver and a cartridge case at his belt, and a heavy cavalry saber by his side. They were tall, quiet eyed, sober looking men, and they saluted San Giacinto and Orsino gravely, while one, who was the sergeant, came forward, holding out a note, which San Giacinto read, and put into his pocket.

"I am San Giacinto," he said, "and this gentleman is my cousin, Don Orsino Saracinesca, who goes with us."

"Shall we saddle at once, signor marchese?" asked the sergeant, and as San Giacinto assented, he turned to his men and gave the necessary order in a low voice.

The phantom horses were taken out of the carriage, and the two gentlemen got out to stretch their legs while the others were put in. The carabineers had all disappeared, their quarters and stables being close by; so near, indeed, that the clattering of their big chargers' hoofs and the clanking of accouterments could be plainly heard.

"The master is to drive us up to Camaldoli," observed Orsino, lighting a cigarette.

"Yes," replied his companion. "He is a smart looking fellow, but for my part I prefer the other man's face. Stupidity is always a necessary quality in servants. The master looks to me like a type of a *maffeuso*."

"With five carabineers at our heels, I imagine that we are pretty safe."

"For today, of course. I was thinking of our future relations. This is the only man who can furnish carriages between Camaldoli and the station. One is in his power."

"Why should we not have carriages and horses of our own?" asked Orsino.

"It is a useless expense at present," answered San Giacinto, who never wasted money, though he never spared it. "We shall see. In a day or two we shall find out whether you can have them at all. If it turns out to be possible, it will be because you find yourself on good terms with the people of the neighborhood."

"And turn *maffeuso* myself," suggested Orsino, with a laugh.

"Not exactly, but the people may tolerate you. That is the most you can expect, and it is much."

"And if not, I am never to move without a squad of carabineers to take care of me, I suppose."

"You had better go armed, at all events," said San Giacinto quietly. "Have your revolver always in your pocket, and take a rifle when you go out of the house. The sight of firearms has a salutary effect upon all these people."

The fresh horses had been put in, very different from the wretched creatures that had dragged the carriage up from the station, for they were lean indeed, but young and active. San Giacinto looked at them and remarked upon the fact as he got in.

"Of course!" answered the philosophical coachman; "the road is long and you must drive up as high as paradise. Those old pianos could never get any higher than purgatory."

"Pianos?"

"Eh—they have but three legs each, and they are of wood, like a piano," answered the man, without a smile. "You also heard the music they made with their bones, as we came along."

The master mounted to his seat, and at the same moment the carabineers came round the corner, already in the saddle, each with his canvas bread bag over his shoulder and his rifle slung by his stirrup. They were mounted on powerful black chargers, well fed, good tempered animals, extremely well kept, and evidently accustomed to long marches. The carabineers, foot and horse, are by far the finest corps in the Italian army, and are, indeed, one of the finest and best equipped bodies of men in the world. They are selected with the greatest care, and every man has to prove that neither he nor his father has ever been in jail, even for the slightest misdemeanor. The troopers and the men of the foot corps rank as corporals of the regular army, and many of them have been sergeants. In the same way each degree of rank is reckoned as equal to the next higher in the army, and the whole corps is commanded by a colonel. There are now about twenty five thousand in the whole country, quartered in every town and village in squads from four or five to twenty or thirty strong. The whole of Italy is patrolled by them, day and night, both by high roads and bridle paths, and on the mainland they have effectually stamped out brigandage and highway robbery. But in Sicily they are pitted against very different odds.

The road rises rapidly beyond Piedimonte, winding up through endless vinelands to the enormous yoke which unites Etna with the inland mountains. Orsino leaned back silently in his place, gazing at the snow covered dome of the volcano, from the summit of which rose a thin wreath of perfectly white smoke. From time to time San Giacinto pointed out to his companion

Digitized by Google

the proposed direction of his light railway, which was to follow the same general line as the carriage road. The country, though still cultivated, was lonely, and the barren heights of Etna, visible always, gave the landscape a singular character. To the westward rose the wooded hills, stretching far away inland, dark and mysterious.

They halted again in the high street of a long, clean village, called Linguaglossa, and some of the carabineers dismounted and drank from a fountain, being half choked with the dust. The master of the vehicle got down and dived into a quiet looking house, returning presently with a big, painted earthenware jug full of wine, and a couple of solid glasses, which he filled and held out, without a word, to San Giacinto and Orsino. The wine was almost black, very heavy and strong. They quenched their thirst, and then the man swallowed two glasses in succession. San Giacinto held out some small change to him to pay for the drink. But he laughed a little.

"One does not pay for wine in our country," he said. "They sell a pitcher like this for three sons at the wineshops, but this is the house of a very rich signore, who makes at least a thousand barrels every year. What should one pay? One sou? That is as much as it is worth. A man can get drunk for five sons here."

"I should think so! It is as strong as spirits," said Orsino.

"But the people are very sober," answered San Giacinto. "They have strong heads, too."

They were soon off again, along the endless road. Gradually the vinelands began to be broken by patches of arid ground, where dark stone cropped up, and the dry soil seemed to produce nothing but the poisonous yellow spurge.

It was long past noon when the dark walls and the cathedral spire of Randazzo came into sight. They found Basili's house, and the notary, whose daughter was already famous in Rome, was at work in his dingy study, with a sheet of governmental stamped paper before him. He was a curious compound of a provincial and a man of law, with regular features and extremely black eyebrows, the rest of his hair being white. Orsino thought that he must have been handsome in his youth.

Everything was prepared according to the orders San Giacinto had written. Basili handed over a big bunch of keys, most of which were rusty, while two of them were bright, as though they had been recently much used. He hardly spoke at all, but looked at his visitors attentively, and with evident curiosity. He called a man who was in readiness to go with them.

"Shall we find anybody at the house?" inquired Orsino.

"Not unless some one has been locked in," was the answer. "Nevertheless, it might be safer not to go straight to the door, but to get under the wall, and come up to it in that way. One never knows what may be behind a door until it is open."

San Giacinto laughed rather dryly, and Orsino looked hard at Basili to discover a smile.

"But, indeed," continued the notary, "there are too many bushes about the house. If I might be so bold as to offer my advice, I should say that you had better cut down the bushes at once. You will have time to begin this evening, for the days are long."

"Are they unhealthy?" inquired Orsino, not understanding in the least.

"Unhealthy? Oh, no. But they are convenient for hiding, and there are people of bad intentions everywhere. I do not speak of Don Ferdinando Pagliuca, believe me. But there are persons of no conscience, who do not esteem life as anything. But I do not mean to signify Don Ferdinando Pagliuca, I assure you. Gentlemen, I wish you a pleasant journey, and every satisfaction, and the fulfilment of your desires."

He bowed them out, being evidently not inclined to continue the conversation, and they drove on again, the man whom he had sent with them being beside the padrone on the box. He had a long, old fashioned gun slung over his shoulder, evidently loaded, for there was a percussion cap on the nipple of the lock.

Orsino thought Randazzo a grim and gloomy town in spite of its beautiful carved stone balconies and gates, and its Saracen-Norman cathedral, and he was glad when they were out in the country again, winding up through the beginning of the black lands. San Giacinto looked about him, and then began to get out one of his Winchesters without making any remark. Orsino watched him as he dropped the cartridges one by one into the repeater and then examined the action again, to see that all was in working order.

"You understand them, I suppose?" he asked of Orsino.

"Yes, of course."

"Then you had better load the other," said the big man quietly.

Digitized by Google

"As you please," answered Orsino, evidently considering the precaution superfluous, and he got out the other rifle with great deliberation.

They were going slowly up a steep hill, and the carabineers were riding close behind them at a foot pace. The two gentlemen could, of course, not see the road in front. The padrone and Basili's man were talking together in a low tone in the Sicilian dialect.

Suddenly, with a clanging and clattering, two of the troopers passed the carriage at a full gallop up the hill. The sergeant trotted up to San Giacinto's side, looking sharply ahead of him. Basili's man slipped the sling of his gun over his head in an instant, and laid the weapon across his knees, and Orsino distinctly heard him cock the old fashioned hammer. San Giacinto still had his rifle in his hand, and he leaned out over the carriage to see what was ahead.

There was nothing to be seen but the two carabineers charging up the steep road at a gallop.

"There was a man on horseback waiting at the crest of the hill," said the sergeant. "As soon as he saw us he wheeled and galloped on. He is out of sight now. They will not catch him, for he had a good horse."

"Have you had much trouble lately?" asked San Giacinto.

"They killed one of my men last week and used his uniform for a disguise," answered the soldier gravely. "That fellow was waiting there to warn somebody that we were coming."

The troopers halted when they reached the top of the hill, looked about, and made a sign to the sergeant, signifying that they could not catch the man. The sergeant answered by a gesture which bade them wait for the carriage.

"Touch your horses, Tato," he said to the padrone, who had neither moved nor looked round during the excitement, but who immediately obeyed.

The carriage moved quickly up the hill, till it overtook the carabineers. Then San Giacinto saw that the road descended rapidly by a sharp curve to the left, following a spur of the mountain. No one was in sight, nor was there any sound of hoofs in the distance. To the right, below the road, the land was much broken, and there was shelter from sight for a man and his horse almost anywhere for a mile ahead.

When Orsino had finished loading the rifle, he looked about him, and saw for the first time the black lands of which Vittoria had spoken, realizing the truth of what she had said about the possibility of a man hiding himself in the fissures of the lava, to fire upon a traveler in perfect security. With such an escort he and his companion were perfectly safe, of course, but he began to understand what was meant by the common practice of carrying firearms.

It is impossible to imagine anything more hideously desolate and somberly wild than the high ground behind Mount Etna. The huge eruptions of former and recent times have for ages sent down rivers of liquid stone and immeasurable clouds of fine black ashes, which have all hardened roughly into a conformation that is rugged but not wholly irregular, for the fissures mostly follow the downward direction of the slope, westward from the volcano. All over the broad black surface the spurge grows in patches during the spring, and somehow the vivid yellow of the flowers makes the dark stone and hardened ash look still darker and more desolate. Here and there, every two or three miles, there are groups of deserted huts built of black tufo, doorless and windowless, and almost always on the edge of some bit of arable land that stretches westward between two old lava beds. The distances are so great that the peasants move out in a body to cultivate these outlying fields at certain times of the year, and sleep in the improvised villages until the work is done, when they go back to the towns, leaving the crops to take care of themselves until harvest time. In the guerrilla warfare which breaks out periodically between the carabineers and the outlaws, the stone huts are important points of vantage, and once or twice have been the scene of hard fought battles. Being of stone, though roughly built, and being pierced with mere holes for windows, they are easily defended from within by men armed with repeaters and plentiful ammunition.

After the little excitement caused by the pursuit of the unknown rider, two of the troopers rode before the carriage, and three followed it, while all got their rifles across their saddle bows, ready for action. They knew well enough that as long as they kept together, even a large band of brigands would not attack them on the open road, but there were plenty of narrow places where the earth was high on each side, and where a single well directed volley might easily have killed many of the party. Since the outlaws' latest invention of shooting the carabineers in order to disguise themselves in their uniforms, the troopers were more

Digitized by Google

than ever cautious and on the alert against a surprise.

But nothing happened. The single horseman had disappeared altogether, having probably taken to the broken land for greater safety, and the carriage jogged steadily on across the high land, towards its destination, with a regular jingling of harness bells, and an equally rhythmic clanking of sabers.

"A little quicker, Tato," said the sergeant to the padrone, from time to time, but no one else said anything.

Both San Giacinto and Orsino were weary of the long drive when, at an abrupt curve of the road, the horses slackened speed, to turn out of the highway, to the right.

"There is Camaldoli," said Tato, turning round to speak to them for the first time since they had started. "You can see the Druse's tower above the trees, and the river is below."

So far as the two gentlemen could see there was not another habitation in sight, though it was no very great distance to the village of Santa Vittoria, beyond the next spur of Etna. The ancient building, of which only the top of one square black tower appeared, was concealed by a dense mass of foliage of every kind. Below, to the right and towards the mountain stream which Tato called a river, the land was covered with wild pear trees, their white blossoms all out and reflecting the lowering sun. Nearer the building, the pink bloom of the flowering peaches formed a low cloud of exquisite color, and the fresh green of the taller trees of all kinds made a feathery screen above and a compact mass of dark shadow lower down. The narrow drive was thickly hedged with quantities of sweetbrier and sweet hawthorn, which increased as the road descended, till it filled everything up to a man's height and higher. The way was so narrow that when the carabineers tried to ride on each side of the carriage, they found it impossible to do so without being driven into the tangle of thorns at every step. The whole party moved forward at a quick trot, and Orsino understood what Basili the notary had said about the bushes, so that even he laid his rifle across his knees and peered into the brambles from time to time, half expecting to see the muzzle of a gun sticking through the green leaves and white flowers.

The avenue seemed to be about half a mile long. In the middle of it the trees were so thick as to make it almost gloomy, even in the broad afternoon daylight. The road was rough and stony.

Suddenly the horse of one of the carabineers ahead stumbled and fell heavily, and the other trooper threw his horse back on its haunches with an exclamation. Almost at the same instant, the sharp crack of a rifle rang through the trees on the right; and the bullet, singing overhead, cut through the branches just above the carriage, so that a twig with its leaves dropped upon Orsino's knees. Another shot, fired very low down, struck a spoke of one of the carriage wheels, and sent the splinters flying, burying itself somewhere in the body of the vehicle. Another and another followed, all fired either too high or too low to strike any of the party. As the shots all came from the same side, however, the sergeant of carabineers sprang to the ground and plunged into the brush on that side, his rifle in his hand, calling to his men to follow him. San Giacinto stood and knelt on the cushion of the carriage, though he knew that he could not fire in the direction taken by the carabineers, lest he should hit one of them by accident.

"Keep a lookout on your side, too!" he cried to Orsino. "Shoot anybody you see, and do not miss. They may be on both sides, but I think not."

Strangely enough, from the moment the soldiers entered the brush, not another shot was fired. Clearly the assailants were beating a hasty retreat.

At that moment something black stirred in the bushes on Orsino's side. Instantly his rifle was at his shoulder, and he fired. San Giacinto started and turned round, bringing up his own weapon at the same time.

"I believe I heard something fall," said Orsino, opening the door of the carriage. Tato had disappeared. Basili's man had followed the soldiers into the brush.

In an instant both the gentlemen were in the thicket, Orsino leading, as he followed the direction of his shot.

XI.

ORSINO'S gloved hand trembled violently as he pushed aside the tangle of sweetbrier, trying to reach the place where the man upon whom he had fired had fallen.

"Let me go first," said San Giacinto. "I am bigger and my gloves are thicker."

But Orsino pushed on, his heart beating so hard that he felt the pulse in his throat and his eyes. He had been cool enough when the bullets had been flying across the carriage, and his hand had been quite steady when he had aimed at the black something

Digitized by Google

moving stealthily in the bushes. But the sensation of having killed a man, and in such a way, was horrible to him. He pushed on, scratching his face and his wrists above his gloves, in the sharp thorns. The bushes were more than breast high, even to his tall figure, but San Giacinto could see over his head.

"There!" exclaimed the giant suddenly. "There he is—to your right—I can see him!"

Orsino pushed on, and in another moment his foot struck something hard that moved a little, but was not a stone. It was the dead man's foot in a heavy shooting boot.

They found him quite dead, not fallen to the ground, but half sitting and half lying in the thorns. He had fallen straight backwards, shot through the temples. The eyes were wide open, but without light, the handsome face perfectly colorless, and the silky, brown mustache hid the relaxed mouth. His rifle stood upright in the bush as it had fallen from his hand. His soft hat was still firmly planted on the back of his head.

Orsino was stupefied with horror and stood quite still, gazing at the dead man's face. San Giacinto looked down over his shoulders.

"He looks like a gentleman," he said, in a low voice.

The chill of a terrible presentiment froze about Orsino's heart. As he looked, the handsome features became familiar, all at once, as though he had often seen them before.

"We had better get him out to the road," said San Giacinto. "The carabineers may identify him. The sooner the better, though you were perfectly justified in shooting him."

He laid his hand upon Orsino's shoulder to make him move a little, and the young man started. Then he bit his trembling lip and stooped to try to lift the body. As he touched the velveteen coat, the head fell suddenly to one side, and Orsino uttered an involuntary exclamation. He had never moved a dead man before.

"It is nothing," said San Giacinto quietly. "He is quite dead. Take his feet."

He pushed past Orsino and lifted the head and shoulders, beginning to move towards the road at once, walking backwards and breaking down the bushes with his big shoulders. They got him out upon the road. The carriage horses were standing quite still, with their heads hanging down, as though nothing had happened. They had plunged a little at first. In the road before them stood the trooper who had been thrown, holding his own and another charger by the bridle.

The cause of the accident was clear enough. A pit had been treacherously dug across the road and covered with sticks and wood, so as to be invisible. Fortunately the horse had escaped injury. The others were tethered by their bridles to the back of the carriage. In the brush, far to the right, the tall bushes were moving, showing where the other four carabineers were searching for the outlaws who had fired, if, indeed, there had been more than one.

They laid the dead man in the middle of the road, on the other side of the ditch, out of reach of the horses' feet, and the trooper watched them without speaking, though with a satisfied look of approval.

"Do you know him?" asked San Giacinto, addressing the soldier.

"No, signor marchese. But I have not been long on this station. The brigadiere will know him, and will be glad. I came to take the place of the man they killed last week."

Orsino looked curiously at the young carabineer, who took matters so quietly, when he himself was struggling hard to seem calm. He would not have believed that he could ever have felt such inward weakness and horror as filled him, and he could not trust himself to speak, yet he had no reason to doubt that he had saved his own life or San Giacinto's by firing in time.

"I see why the other ones fired so wildly," said San Giacinto. "They were afraid of hitting their friend, who was to do the real work alone, while they led the carabineers off on a false scent on the other side. This fellow felt quite safe. He thought he could creep up to the carriage and make sure of us at close quarters. He did not expect that one of us would be on the lookout."

"That is a common trick," said the soldier. "I have seen it done at Noto. It must have been a single person that fired, and this man was also alone. If he had been with a companion, the gentleman's shot would have been answered, and one of you would have been killed."

"Then it was the other man who was waiting on horseback in the road to warn this one of our coming?"

"Evidently, signor marchese."

Still Orsino stood quite still, gazing down into the dead man's face, and feeling very unsteady. Just then nothing else seemed

Digitized by Google

to have any existence for him, and he was unaware of all outward things excepting that one thing that lay there, limp and helpless, killed by his hand in the flash of an instant. And as he gazed, he fancied that the young features in their death pallor grew more and more familiar, and at his own heart there was a freezing and a stiffening, as though he were turning into ice from within.

The sergeant and the troopers came back, covered with brambles, hot and grim, and empty handed.

"Did any of you fire that other shot?" he asked, as soon as he was in the road.

"I did," said Orsino. "I killed this man."

The sergeant sprang forward, and his men pressed after him to see. The sergeant bent down and examined the dead face attentively. Then he looked up.

"You have killed rather an important person," he said gravely. "This is Ferdinando Pagliuca. We knew that he was on good terms with the outlaws, but we could not prove it against him."

"Oh, yes," said Tato, the padrone, suddenly appearing again. "That is Don Ferdinando. I know him well, for I have often driven him. Who would have thought it?"

Orsino had heard nothing after the sergeant had pronounced the name. He almost reeled against San Giacinto, and gripped the latter's arm desperately, his face almost as white as the dead man's. Even San Giacinto started in surprise.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DREAMS OF OTHER DAYS.

How oft, how oft, we know not why,
There comes unbid, with heart born sigh—
With mystic yearning, fraught with tears—
From our the mist enshrouded years,
  The vision of a vanished life,
    That for a moment meets the gaze
  Beyond the realm of mortal strife—
    A dream, a dream of other days.

A breath, a note, a whispered song
Amid the world's discordant throng,
And lo, the soul in fond rejoice
Calls back to earth a once loved voice;
  A voice once heard—but where, ah, where
    Amid life's dark, forgotten ways?
  Alas, it dies upon the air—
    A dream, a dream of other days.

And now, as in a vision near
There comes a form, an image clear;
A face—a dear, remembered face;
A loving hand in love's embrace.
  'Tis but the murmur of a stream,
    A shadow in the twilight haze,
  That wakes within the heart a dream—
    A dream, a dream of other days.

Oh, strange the dreams that stir the soul,
Uncalled, unheld by earth's control;
That wake within the wondering mind
A yearning vague and undefined!
  Have they within our lives had birth,
    But hide forgot in memory's maze?
  Or does the soul thus bring to earth
    The life, the dreams, of other days?

Clifford Howard.

Digitized by Google

STORIETTES

ON THE BOULEVARD.

EUGENIA paced the length of the porch with a fine stride, her shoulders thrown back and her arms folded behind her. Her Uncle Dick, who was smoking, with his feet on the railing, regarded her with a gaze speculative and inquiring. He knew that attitude. It meant an inward cyclone of some sort, and from some cause.

"What's up?" he hazarded.

"Marriage," said Eugenia, "is a thing for weak minded women to embrace as a last resort—women without capabilities, or any mental resources, or any ambition—women without wits."

"Ye gods!" her Uncle Dick gasped. He had looked for something decisive, but for nothing so vitriolic. "What's the matter? Did you have anything deranging for breakfast—mince pie or Welsh rarebit——"

"I had an egg on toast," said Eugenia, frowning. "What woman of high aims or strong purposes will deliberately tie herself down to the slavery of a married life? She knows perfectly well beforehand that she will be weighted down and belittled and fairly destroyed by wretched, harassing cares and duties. Duties! It isn't the word. A woman's highest duty——"

"Where did you learn all that? You're all upset about something or other," said her Uncle Dick, altering the position of his legs. He continued to look at her meditatively. Eugenia was twenty one, and handsome. "I'll wager," he added, "that you'll be married in six months."

"Not in six years, nor sixty!" said Eugenia. "I shall find my vocation, and I shall follow it. I shall leave it to others to pin their minds down to contemptible little trivialities that are perfectly incompatible with any true view of life. The greatest women, those who rise above the herd, live single and concentrate their powers——"

"Name a few," said her Uncle Dick.

"Rosa Bonheur," said Eugenia promptly; and paused.

"Women have never set a river on fire, anyhow," said her Uncle Dick; "but nine tenths of those that *have* done anything have been married, and some of those that haven't been were not any better than they ought to be."

Eugenia cast a scathing look at him, and her Uncle Dick chuckled.

"Concentrate their powers," Eugenia pursued, "on something worth while; something worth the efforts of a rational being. What man deserves the sacrifice of all a woman's talents and energies? I say what man? Show me one that is not utterly selfish and narrow and sordid, and bound down to the earth by his little, petty, small minded interests. Show me one that is not untruthful and double faced and disloyal and heartless. You can't, for he doesn't exist. There isn't a man living that's worth a moment's serious consideration from any woman with brains enough to free herself from old superstitions. Not one!"

Her Uncle Dick sank low in his chair, with his arms dropped and his head tumbled sidewise, in token of his crushed and abject abasement as a member of his sex. Eugenia did not smile; she swept majestically past him.

"I am going for a drive," she proclaimed.

"I tell you you've got malaria, or appendicitis, or something," said her Uncle Dick, "and I'll bet you'll be married within——"

Eugenia closed the door.

She bowled down the drive in her dog cart, a few minutes later, her groom behind her. It was a sumptuous morning of red and yellow leaves and gilding sunlight. It seemed as if its calm and sweetness must filter in and make an end of the tumultuousness in Eugenia's soul; but it did not. She sat ominously erect, her lips tightly closed, and two severe lines between her eyes. She kept the whip in her hand, and touched up her spirited horse to a smart trot. A vivid red rose in her cheeks; she drank in the cool air with a sort of fierceness. She drove up the avenue; at the entrance to the boulevard she hesitated.

"He'll be here, as likely as not," she murmured, and added scornfully, "What if he is? I needn't speak to him."

The boulevard was populous. Far up its broad vista thronged the spick and span equipages of air takers and pleasure seekers, and trig riders trotted in the bridle path. It was exhilarating, inspiring; but Eugenia remained as phlegmatic as the man behind her.

A yellow wheeled road cart came alongside, and the young man who drove it turned, lifting his hat slightly, in a manner at once distant and tentative. Eugenia acknowledged the salute with a bow that was all but indiscernible, and sat yet stiffer. If she had been cold before, she was frigid now. The groom, who had good powers of observation and deduction, almost felt chilled. She touched her whip to her horse.

The yellow cart kept up with her, however. It took up too much of the road, but its driver was careless of that. When Eugenia urged her horse he urged his. It threatened to be a brush. Eugenia looked straight ahead. The groom put his hand over his mouth and grinned.

Suddenly Eugenia's horse gave a jump. A piece of paper had blown across the drive and under his feet. Eugenia tightened the lines quickly. There was small danger, and had

Digitized by Google

there been more the groom was ready to spring to the rescue; but the young man in the road cart instantly jumped out of it, and caught the startled horse by the bit.

"I thought he was going to run," he said.

"Thank you. I think there was no danger," said Eugenia, looking over his head.

"I—I know he's mettlesome," said the young man. His excuses sounded lame. He looked embarrassed and anxious. He kept his eyes on Eugenia's unmovingly. Even the groom wriggled with uneasiness; and Eugenia, feeling the force of that compelling gaze, dropped her austere eyes to his in a wavering way, and then let them sink lower. That was nothing; but he came nearer with a brightened look.

"Do you want to drive my mare for a little, Hughes?" he said with cheerful boldness. "I think I'll take a turn with Miss Farnham, if she will allow me."

He stepped in beside Eugenia and took the lines from her. The man transferred himself to the road cart, and fell behind them. It was done in a quarter of a minute.

"Mr. Russell!" said Eugenia.

"I don't answer to that name, from you," said the young man. "Eugenia—see here, dear——"

"Mr. Russell," Eugenia repeated in a blistering way.

"Eugenia," said the young man firmly, "I say this has gone far enough. It's been two weeks, hasn't it? Two weeks! And what was it about, anyhow? Just nothing at all."

"Nothing?" said Eugenia, with a tremble in her voice—a tremble of indignation and of tears. "Nothing! If you call it nothing to be unjust and unreasonable and harsh and horrible—as you were——"

"So were you, dear. We didn't mean it, though, either of us. Did we now? Come!"

"But you said——"

"Well, that was only because *you* said——"

"I had good reason to."

"You didn't have an atom. How could you? How could I have meant what you pretended to think I did, when I love——"

"Stanley Russell!" said Eugenia, not so much with severity as with a last quivering attempt at it.

"Love you," he repeated. "Of course. And you love me. It's perfectly simple. What's the use of wasting time over it in this way? It's a thing foreordained from the beginning of creation. There are no two ways about it, and couldn't possibly be. Why, you know it, Eugenia."

"I don't," said Eugenia, "and I won't—I won't——"

But her voice trembled and ceased. She dropped her eyes, because the tears that had threatened her shone there. Then she lifted them, and met his, and they smiled. She was in a thrilled turbulence of joy; intelligent comprehension was for the time submerged in it. But she had a realizing foretaste of the supreme peace that would be hers when this strange confusion should subside. Had she known wrath and rebellion and a hopeless coldness of the heart? It was inconceivable now. The gates of a new world had opened, and she had gone in; and she found all things transformed, and herself a different being.

They had reached the boulevard's end, and they turned. "What do you say to January?" said the young man, with a lover's swift transition. "I'm going over to London then on business, and I'd like——"

"January?" Eugenia protested—but yet with a certain feebleness. "I shan't think of it!"

"I'd like to take you with me," he concluded, as if she had not spoken. "And I shall, Eugenia."

They turned out of the boulevard and into the avenue.

"I think I'll go home with you and stay to lunch, Eugenia," said the young man. "Invite me, please."

"Of course," said Eugenia.

And it was not till they were almost in sight of the house that an awful thought flashed upon her, and appalled and paralyzed her.

How should she face her Uncle Dick?

Emma A. Opper.

A NEW WOMAN.

MISS HUMPHREYS was walking up and down her room, her hands clasped behind her back and her head bent. It was a very pretty room, for Miss Humphreys had artistic leanings and was able to gratify them. There had been a time when, amid surroundings that were anything but lovely, she had first declared her intention of taking her life into her own hands and making what she could of it. She was thinking over those days now.

It had been a hard struggle. First there had been the break with her relatives—narrowly respectable people who could not understand why she chafed and fretted against the dull conventionality of their comfortable life, but who did very clearly understand that it was unusual, and therefore wrong, for a young girl to insist on going off in what they rather vaguely designated as "that wild way." Miss Humphreys' lip curled a little now as she remembered how her uncle had first tried to bribe her with the offer of a trip to Europe, under the chaperonage of their minister and his wife. When that lure proved insufficient, she had been preached to and lectured at and lamented over, until, when her vigorous young will proved too strong for coercion, she had departed, bearing with her the warning that she was playing the rôle of the prodigal, and that, though it might be strictly biblical to receive back a prodigal son with feasts and rejoicings, a prodigal niece must expect a probationary period of penitence, humiliation, and strict obedience before she could hope to regain her old position.

Then had come the struggle for a foothold and a recognition in the busy world. No one had ever known how hard that had been.

Digitized by Google

Many a day, like her famous prototype, she would have been glad to eat of the husks no man gave unto her. Nevertheless, she had never lost faith in herself or in her ultimate triumph; she had intended to succeed, and what Miss Humphreys intended to do, she did. It had been so in this case. Her aim had not been the highest, perhaps; she had no theories about the sacredness of art, nor the duty of opening up new professions to women. She had a talent for illustrating, and she intended that this talent should gain for her admittance to a richer, fuller life than she could ever know in the bourgeois comfort of her uncle's smug prosperity. She had been sure that life held something better than the dull round of trivial duties and uninteresting recreations she went through day after day, and the freedom, the independence, and the many sidedness of a bohemian existence, as she pictured it, seemed to her a prize, to win which no struggle would be too severe.

Looking back now, she felt well satisfied with her progress. At seven and twenty she had gained an assured position, and the way was open before her, unless—

As her thoughts came back to this possible obstacle, Miss Humphreys' step quickened and a frown gathered. Probably, she reflected, it was because she had been so occupied with sterner problems in her younger days that she had cared so little for love and lovers. She had always liked admiration, and had always had it; her face and bearing insured that. She had not been averse to having men fall in love with her, but she had always intended that the love should be all on their part.

She had put love, on her side, so entirely out of her scheme of life that perhaps it was no wonder she had not recognized its coming. For there was no doubt about the matter now; with a curious mingling of dismay, surprise, and a rapture which roused her angry contempt she realized that she had fallen in love like any school girl. It was only three months since she had first met Richard Wetmore; how had he in that time grown so indispensable? He was a cousin or something —Miss Humphreys had not taken the trouble to inform herself very accurately as to the relationship—of Alice Winship, her best friend among the bachelor girls with whom she fraternized; and when he had come to New York of course Alice had brought him to see her friend. Then Alice had had to leave the city, and had urged Miss Humphreys to be good to poor Richard. Miss Humphreys smiled sardonically as she recalled this charge. She had been good to him, but had she been good to herself? She had doubts on that point.

A week ago Richard had left the city. He had plainly wished to say something to her alone that last night, but fate had willed that others should be present all the evening, and all he had an opportunity to do was to hold her hand an instant as he said good by, and to whisper, "I shall be back next Thursday; may I see you then? I shall have something special to say to you." And this was Thursday, and he would be here soon.

Miss Humphreys gave herself an impatient little shake as she realized that his answer was not ready for him. She was not in the habit of hesitating over decisions. She was wont to consider a matter calmly, make up her mind, and then regard the question as settled. Yet all this week she had done little but think what she should say when Richard told her his "something special." She was hesitating still, and yet it seemed to her that for twenty four hours past she had known what her answer must be. All day she had been drawing nearer and nearer to the point of decision, and now there was no more time for parleying. For she did not wish to marry; she wanted to be free to live her own life and go her own way. She shrank from the constraint of marriage, from the necessity of adjusting herself to others, from the hourly small concessions of personal taste and independence family life involves. It was to escape all that she had broken with her relatives in the first place; why should she go back to it now?

Besides, there was her work. It was absurd to say that she could go on with it just the same. Married women never did; they tried to for a year or two, and then family life proved too much for them, and they went the way of all femininity. No, she dared not risk it.

She had reached her decision now, the decision to which she had known she must come, and yet it did not bring her the relief that should come from settling a point. She even suspected herself of a desire to go back and argue the question over again. To prevent any such weakness she had seated herself at her desk, with the intention of banishing doubts by work, when a knock at her door startled her. He had come early. No, it was only a letter which the maid had brought up, and as she took it Miss Humphreys recognized Richard's hand.

"Better so," she thought as she opened it. "It will be easier to send him his answer than to see him perhaps"

"Dear friend," she read, "I have been delayed in getting back to the city, but that shall not prevent me from letting you know what I had hoped to tell you in person. You have been so true a friend, so sympathetic a comrade to us both, that I know I may count on your pleasure in the news of my engagement to Alice. It is not to be announced yet."

Miss Humphreys folded the letter and replaced it in its envelope, with a curious sensation of being slightly stunned. It had all been a mistake; she was not used to making mistakes. He had not cared for her, then; had not even thought of her, except as a friend. And she—had cared for him. She had even hesitated over the question whether she should give up her whole plan of life for him.

"I am glad," she said aloud, "that I decided before his letter came."

She walked to a window presently, and stood looking out. A cold mist was sweeping up

Digitized by Google

from the bay, and the evening was falling, gray and cheerless. In the apartment next door the blinds were not yet drawn, and Miss Humphreys could see the wife of the young artist who lived there brushing the hearth, arranging the flowers on the table, and giving a dozen little touches to the room against her husband's return. Miss Humphreys usually felt a slight contempt for the artist's little wife, but tonight it occurred to her that she looked bright and happy.

Through the windows across the street two children were watching for their father's coming. As he turned the corner there was a shout and a rush, and both had to be kissed and tossed high in the air before the three went up the steps and the door closed behind them. No one, Miss Humphreys remembered, was waiting for her, or coming to her. She was free to come or go as she chose—free as the air or the mist outside.

She turned back into the room and walked toward the open fire. Her eyes fell upon a little pastel hanging over the mantel. Richard had brought it to her just before he left.

"I am glad," she repeated, "that I decided as I did."

And then she suddenly dropped her head upon the mantel, and burst into tears.

M. K. Conyngton.

DOWN THE PRIMROSE PATH.

SHYLY she walked down the path between the pink and white primroses He stood at the gate waiting. When she came near him, she plucked a large bunch of the flowers, then paused and looked at him from under her sunbonnet. He held out a large red apple She loved apples, and he knew it. Smiling broadly, she took it, handing him the flowers, and with sudden impulse she kissed him and ran to the house.

That was years and years ago, but they both remembered it. He had always brought her the best of everything he had. When they were grown, it seemed a matter of course that he should take her everywhere. He came to her with his griefs, with his joys, ambitions, and hopes.

This evening she went down the path to meet him, her white dress touching the primroses as she walked. He smiled joyously; a new light shone in his eyes, and hers responded.

"I *must* tell you, Mary," he said, taking her hand. "I cannot keep my love to myself any longer."

Her heart throbbed. She had known it would come some day, but when she tried to tell him how she loved him, her lips were dumb, and only her eyes spoke.

"I knew you would be glad, Mary, glad for my sake—and she's such a lovely girl. I only met her last month, when I went to see my old college chum, Bently, but she has consented to marry me soon. You will love her, I know you will. I've told her what a dear friend she will have in you."

"Oh, yes, I'm sure she's—she's lovely," Mary responded with an effort, and with a little shiver.

"How thoughtless I am!" he exclaimed. "It has grown so chilly that you are cold in that thin dress. How pretty you look in white, Mary; but you must go in, and I must be off. Good by;" and he held out his hand. "I knew you would be glad to hear of my happiness."

He was gone. Slowly she walked back amid the flowers, and no one ever knew why she took off the white dress and laid it away for years.

Philip Newton married within a month, but he left the old home. Mayfield was too small and quiet a place for his wife.

Six times the primroses had bloomed since he went away.

"Yes, his wife is dead, and they say he is coming here again to live."

Mary turned away from the speaker, and looked out of the window. The primroses would soon be in bloom. People expected him back, yet it was two years before he came, bringing his five year old daughter. They said he was changed. It had disappointed Mayfield people when he married away from them. They looked at him rather askance now.

One evening Mary saw him coming down the street. He stopped at the gate. She went down the path to meet him. She had put on a white dress once more, and it kissed the flowers as she walked. He seemed timid, but she held out her hand with a cordial smile.

"It is just eight years since we stood here together, Mary."

"Yes, eight years;" and she smiled.

"Mary," he began nervously, "it was all a mistake." He took off his hat and wiped his brow. "But I didn't know it until too late. It was you I loved. Can you love me now?"

She looked at him, noting the gray in his hair, the careworn expression of his face. She was sorry, but she answered softly and sadly, "No, Philip, it is too late. I loved you once, but—that was long ago. I shall never marry."

Mechanically he leaned against the fence to steady himself. The pain he felt showed in his face. She turned to go.

"Mary, wait—one word."

She paused. Just then his little daughter danced up to him and slipped her hand in his. He stooped and kissed her. Shyly the child glanced at Mary; then stroking her white dress caressingly, she asked:

"Aren't you going to kiss me, too?"

Mary looked at the little girl's face, so like the face of the Philip she had loved years ago. As she leaned to give the child a kiss, two soft little arms crept about her neck, and the baby face was raised to hers. Like a flash the past came back to her, and with a cry she caught the child to her heart and darted toward the house. Half way up she turned.

"Philip, you—you may come again," she said.

A glad light broke over his face as he watched her, clasping his child to her heart, while she sped along the primrose path.

Florence L. Holmes.

Digitized by Google

ETCHINGS

IN THE MAPLE WOOD.

CRIMSON burn the brier tips now
As the sky at vesper vow;
  And the sap within the maple
Tingles to the topmost bough.

From its winter long repose
Wakes the wood; the bonfire glows;
  Up and down the leafless arches
Rings the clamor of the crows.

And from early morning dream,
Freed by the awakening beam,
  How the sap into the buckets
Trickles in a silvery stream!

Where the maples thickest throng
Plod the toilers late and long,
  While the low voice of the caldron
Sings its ceaseless sugar song.

Hither when the aisles grow dim
And the pine knots flare and swim,
  Comes a group of laughing lasses,
Cheeks aglow and eyes abrim.

Then the merriment has flow,
Quips go darting to and fro,
  While the more than honeyed nectar
Turns to sugar in the snow.

And if sweeter things than this
Chance (a surreptitious kiss!)
  Where's the man or where's the maiden
Who would count such joy amiss?

For when winter's fetters part,
And the maple juices start,
  Then it is, my maids and masters,
Stirs the love tide in the heart!

Clinton Scollard.

BOREAS PINXIT.

YE winter wind doth blow amain
  On Sunday down ye street,
And blossom on each maiden's face
  Two winter roses sweet.

And as unto ye church they go,
  With petticoats aswirl,
Each ewe lamb of ye flock is like
  Ye full blown poster girl.

Wood Lovette Wilson.

A NIGHT WITH THE DROWSIES.

OH, a marvelous city is Trundlebed Town,
  And the home of the Drowsies is there;
And they gather at night on the hillocks of down
  In the streets of that city so fair.
And the Dream People come there to join in their play
  From the plains of the Kingdom of Nod;
That beautiful country that borders, they say,
  On the luminous valleys of God.

Oh, the wonderful games that these Dream People play
  And the fanciful tales that they tell,
And the Drowsy Folk hearken and hasten away
  To the land where the Dream people dwell.
And they gaze with delight at each curious thing
  That they find in the Kingdom of Nod,
While their ears catch a strain of the songs that they sing
  In the luminous valleys of God.

Then the Drowsies return to the hillocks of white,
  And the Dream People follow them there;
And they joyfully gambol the rest of the night
  Through the streets of that city so fair.
Then at dawn they reluctantly hasten away
  From those billowy byways of down,
While the Drowsies awake with the breaking of day
  On the hillocks of Trundlebed Town.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

WHICH?

IN a letter he wrote from the city
  He called her a "pretty young girl."
He's a fellow that's awfully witty,
  And he keeps all the girls in a whirl.

Now a compliment meant he or pity?
  Should she kiss him or wish he were hung?
Was the accent he meant on the "pretty"?
  Or was it to be on the "young"?

Tom Hall.

THE DYING SWAN.

AN apprehensive swan one night awakened with a pain,
And thinking she would surely die she sang her death bed strain.
"Farewell," she sang, "to earth, farewell to stream and curving shore;
Mine eyes, alas, shall rest again upon you never more!"
And while she sang and sang the swans around did groan and weep,
Which much annoyed her husband, who disliked to lose his sleep.

But still she did not die that night, nor yet next day—I've heard
That weeks and months they passed away, but not so did the bird—
And every night she wakened with a slight neuralgic pain,
And sang till all the swans exclaimed, "Please don't expire again!"
For while her song was sweet and sad, and had a dying fall,
They were chagrined to notice that *she* never died at all.

Digitized by Google

Long years have fled; that swan is dead; her
final words, indeed,
Were printed in large capitals for little swans
to read.
'Tis thus they run: "If you must sing a dying
song, my dear,
Then fill it full of health and hope, of confidence and cheer.
Build up your life of splendid deeds, and not
of sickly rhyme,
And don't—don't sing too often, for it wastes
a lot of time."

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

LOVE'S LAURELS.

THE king may sing of his signet ring,
The prince of his trusty blade,
But Colin's song hath a sweeter swing,
To the heart of the peasant maid.
And so I chorus the loving lay
That never of knighthood knew,
Let those who may wear the wreaths of bay—
I'd rather be poor with you.

I'm blest, at best, with no wild unrest,
I envy no man's estate,
I'd rather be once by your lips caressed
Than to linger long and late
With luring, languorous lips that learn
No lesson of love that's true;
Their touch I'd spurn with an unconcern—
I'd rather be kissed by you.

A crown, renown, and the softest down
Of couch for a bed of ease,
Why, I'd never give hem of your gingham gown
For glory and glow of these.
Limoges, and Dresden, and rarest Delf
Shall never my hopes imbue,
Nor princely pelf, nor the crown itself—
I'd rather be poor with you.

Roy Farrell Greene.

MARCH AND MAY.

MARCH is her birth month, I am sure,
Although the parlor Bible
Records her "christened May"—a pure
And pleasant little libel.
Else, please explain to me (the trait
Is not hereditary!)
Whilst with love's heat *I* suffocate,
How *she* can be so airy.

May is not green—more evidence
Some other name were fitter;
Again, like March—twofold offense—
She's breezy when she's bitter;
But worse remains behind, for though
March winds eftsoons lie easy,
She's breezy *all* the time, and oh!
She's bitter when she's breezy!

Edward W. Barnard.

FOREBODING.

A NAMELESS grief, a feverish unrest
At times, like wandering phantoms, haunt the
breast.
A danger, formless and unseen, appals,
We shrink beneath a blow that never falls!

Whence are these feelings? Do our spirits,
fine
And subtly wrought barometers, divine
Each lurking storm, while skies are seeming
fair,
Oppressed by hint of menace in the air?

These darkened moods, are they the shadows
cast
By darts that glance?—ill shapes that pause,
and pass?

Catharine Young Glen.

SOME DAY—PERHAPS.

WHEN I resolve to tell you that I love,
And fain would ask and win you to be mine,
'Twill not be spring, with azure skies above,
And buds upon the honeysuckle vine;
Some day, perhaps, my heart to you I'll
bring,
But oh, it will not be in sunny spring.

When I resolve to woo you for my wife,
'T will not be summer, when the soft breeze
blows,
And all the world, enraptured, wakes to life,
Charmed by the spell of nightingale and rose;
Some day, perhaps, I'll offer you my hand,
But oh, not when Queen Summer rules the
land.

When I resolve to plead on bended knee,
It will not be in autumn's golden reign,
When gorgeous colors flame from every tree,
And quail are blithely calling from the grain;
Some day, perhaps, I'll vow you are my all,
But oh, not at the coming of the fall.

When I resolve to wed a wife who goes
To suffrage meetings, and who loathes cigars,
I'll woo her in the season of the snows,
Of frozen streams, and chill, unheeding stars;
Some day, perhaps, my story may be told,
But oh, that day will be exceeding cold!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

TO BERNICE IN LENT.

LENTEN maid, downcast, demure,
Where are the smiles that were lure
Of those by their sweetness that swear?
Is it writ you must forbear
Smiling? Your eyes' light obscure?

A nun it has turned you, and your
House to a cloister, and sure
All my old happiness there
Lent unmade!

Come now, your posing is poor!
Confess it, your thoughts are *en tour*—
While your lips move through a prayer—
To a gay some otherwhere!
Your moods! This one's worst to endure,
Lenten made!

Edward W. Barnard.

Digitized by Google

DANCING AS A FINE ART.

SCENES IN A NEW YORK SCHOOL FOR PROFESSIONAL DANCERS—A REALISTIC SKETCH OF THE UNROMANTIC DRUDGERY THAT MUST PRECEDE THE GLITTER OF THE STAGE.

IT is several hundred years since stage dancing, as a special feature of theatrical entertainments, first received the applause that made its study an art. Naturally enough, it was a member of a royal house, scant of hair and portly of person, who first became bewitched before the trained and studied graces of a woman who had learned to dance. The man was the famous Gian Galeazzo, of the great Milanese house of Visconti, and it was at Tortona, just five centuries ago, that the fascination of the ballet was first felt. It is probable that Galeazzo's enthusiasm set half the pretty girls of Tortona, if not of all Italy, upon their tiptoes, for almost immediately girls began to dance upon the stage, before crowds of admirers, and schools for the training of dancers were opened. From that time the ballet girl and her professor figure in the theatrical history of every generation and of most lands. In some countries stage dancing has been esteemed as one of the highest arts; with the beginning of the present century, however, it has degenerated, sharing in a measure the fate of the theater itself.

In Italy, France, and Germany, where the government recognizes and supports the theater as an institution necessary to the public weal, ballet dancing still holds its place as an art. Most of the *premières danseuses* to be seen on the American stage are graduates either of the school connected with the Paris Opéra or of the one attached to La Scala in Milan. In this country there are of course no such semi official institutions; but there are private schools in New York at which instruction is given to girls who wish to become professional dancers. Most of these places are managed by performers who have retired from the stage, some with the memory of a brilliant life before the footlights; perhaps with the clamorous encores of the Moulin Rouge or the Jardin de Paris still ringing in their ears. Schools with such instructors usually appeal to a cheaper class of pupils, or to candidates for the variety stage, where high kicking is considered fine dancing. The special dances seen in the current productions of burlesque and comic opera, or the classic ballet and the graceful minuet, are taught at schools with less famous instructors.

There is an establishment of the first description near Broadway and Twenty Third Street, in New York. It was organized by a French dancer who was once queen of the Jardin Mabille in Paris. She is reconciled to her compulsory abdication in favor of younger rivals, and contentedly devotes herself to teaching American girls the French gyrations in which she, in her day, excelled. At this school the writer was recently permitted to be present during class time. The class room occupied an entire floor of a long building, the partitions that had divided it having been removed. The floors were carpetless and waxed, and along each side of the room were hard wooden benches. A dozen or more girls in slight, loose fitting gowns, the skirts a little below the knee, with dark stockings and slippers, were about to begin their work.

"*Allons*, ladees, *commencez*—von, two, free!"

Madame had taken up a classic position in the center of the room, and her pupils advanced down the floor, kicking as they came. It seemed to the spectator that they were unusually graceful girls, but madame was not pleased with their movements.

"*Allons*, young ladees, more high zan zat! *Sacré nom!*" she said with emphasis, "you will never win de salt if you no place ze leg more high zan zat!" Suiting her action to her word, madame seized one of the girls' legs and drew it up to a painful height. "Zat is ze way! Von, two! Von, two! *Un deux!* Zat's bettare!" continued madame, moving the rather unskilled leg up and down. It was easy to see that the girls were only beginners. Their limbs refused absolutely to go beyond a certain

Digitized by Google

"The first class in the ballet takes the floor.

Drawn by E. Grivas from a photograph by Hemmeni, New York.

Digitized by Google

point. Their muscles needed stretching; so after exercising the same step for a few minutes, madame instructed them to continue the oiling and massage treatment she had prescribed, and to be on hand again the next day.

The art of kicking high is not the easiest thing in the world to acquire. Overtaxed nature revenges herself on the dancer, in the early stages of her apprenticeship, by inflicting the most excruciating pains. The human leg in its normal condition refuses to obey the preposterous demands of the professor, and the recalcitrant limb has to be pulled and hauled, bathed and oiled, bandaged and tied, until it is more obedient. These preliminaries, although painful, are cheerfully submitted to by the novice, and the young girl who shrinks from the fatigue of standing behind a counter, or the drudgery of plying a needle, will endure martyrdom if she seeks the questionable glory to be attained on the stage, or in a more or less disreputable music hall.

In the class room was another group of girls more advanced than the first occupants of the floor. These madame called to her.

"Ve must repeat ze step you have learned yesterday," she said.

The girls took their positions, and kicked out vigorously, eliciting madame's decided approval.

"Zat is good," she cried. "Zere, do zat vith Mees Smeeth. Go and mark ze time."

Miss Smith, a little brunette who had been quietly practising in the far corner, by herself, now advanced quickly and stood in position.

"Attention!" called madame. "First five times in ze same place! *Très bien!* One, two, dree."

But it did not succeed. "Oh, *mon dieu!*" cried madame. "Vot miserable danzing! Have I not tell you to keep in ze same place? Verefore you vill move avay? Zee, like zis!" and the old queen of the Jardin Mabille picked up her skirts, threw her leg out as a signal, then glided up and down the hall with a grace and agility that would have brought a Parisian audience to its feet.

"Have you seen? Now try and do ze same, and *surtout* be graceful! First stoop and pick up your dress gracefully."

To pick up her dress gracefully is one of the hardest lessons the novice has to learn. It seems a very simple matter to lay hands on the edge of a skirt and lift it, but girls have practised it for months without satis-

Three Dancing School Pupils

Drawn by E. Grivaz from a photograph by Hemment, New York.

Digitized by Google

"The science and success of the ballet lies in the symmetry of its lines."

Drawn by E. Grieve from a photograph by Hemment, New York.

Digitized by Google

"One, two, three, four!"

Drawn by E. Grieas from a photograph by Hemmert, New York.

fying their teacher. It must be done gracefully. A dancer's success often depends on the first gesture that attracts the eye of the spectator, and most frequently this gesture has to do with lifting the skirt.

From the end of the hall, hand in hand, the girls again advance. Each time their raised legs descend they rest an instant on their toes, then advance a step, and thus come on slowly toward the watching madame.

"Hop! Go! Hop! Go!" counts madame. "Now still! Five times! Von, two, dree, four, five! Don't move! Von, two, dree!" But it does not please. "Vell, vat ze diable have you doing? I told you not to move. Begin again! Von, two, dree, four, five! Turn! *Allons*, more quick! Zat is bettare!"

The special dances taught at schools of this kind have all sorts of curious names. While the writer was present the girls practised the "guitar," the "carry arms," and the "windmill." In the "guitar" the right leg is thrust out perfectly rigid, the foot as high as the head. With the left hand the dancer holds the elevated leg as if it were a guitar, and with her right hand simulates the touching of the strings. The chief difficulty in this, as in many other similar feats, lies in maintaining one's equilibrium.

Since the great success of Loie Fuller and other "serpentine" dancers, special instruction is given in the art of skirt dancing. The manipulation of many yards of drapery is not easy of accomplishment, and long and tireless practice is necessary to the dancer who would win even faint applause, for now the public know the best of the art and will have none that is not good.

When a girl arrives at the point where she may train with the ballet, she is considered advanced in the art of dancing. The science and success of the ballet lies in the symmetry of its lines. Having mastered the control of legs and arms, the dancer may give her attention to being a graceful part of a whole figure, and if she is quick at this her place is assured.

Among our theatrical managers who make a specialty of the ballet are the Rosenfeld brothers, of the Lilliputian company. In their latest play, "Merry Tramps," there is a ballet of more than two hundred girls, who were drilled by the Kiralfys, in dances specially designed for them by one of the Rosenfelds.

Mr. Rosenfeld says it is as hard to drill a ballet corps as to stage a play, the chief difficulty being the utter stupidity of some of the girls. They seem to be absolutely incapable of grasping the meaning of the evolutions they are asked to perform. Other

"Not the easiest thing in the world."

Drawn by E. Grieas from a photograph by Hemmert, New York.

Digitized by Google

girls, he says, are quick to learn, and take such an interest in their work that it is a real pleasure to teach them.

Jastamant, a famous ballet master of old, used to compose an idea for a ballet as he would a waltz, jotting down on sheets of paper the various figures and attitudes which he considered would make a ballet harmonious and pleasing to the eye.

The salary of the dancing girl depends entirely on the proficiency she has attained in her art. The very best dancers are receiving as large sums for their services as any people on the stage. But while the *première danseuse* commands a high salary, the ordinary ballet girl receives very little pay—no more, in fact, than she could earn selling buttons in a dry goods store. The usual pay is six dollars a week. This is while her company is playing in the city. While traveling on the road, twelve dollars is generally paid. Even at this low figure three weeks' rehearsal must be given free. Some managers, however, when they require the girls to practise all day, allow them ten cents each for luncheon. In spite of the small wages paid, stages are not large enough, nor the demand for this sort of amusement strong enough, to give employment to half the girls who dream of becoming famous as skirt or ballet dancers. Those who succeed in reaching the top of the profession usually discourage beginners, though they may say that if they had all their hardships to go through again they would, nevertheless, be nothing else than dancers.

"The dancer may give her attention to being a graceful part of a whole figure"

Drawn by E. Grieve from a photograph by Hemmert, New York.

Managers are very anxious to secure the prettiest girls possible. In first engaging the ballet they are obliged, of course, to take the comeliest that apply, but while the rehearsals are going on constant applications are made for positions, and a weeding out process begins whereby the plainer girls are dropped on some pretext or another, and more attractive faces take their places. It does not seem fair, but the managers say it is business, and the rejected ones have to conquer their jealous rage and try again.

Arthur Hornblow.

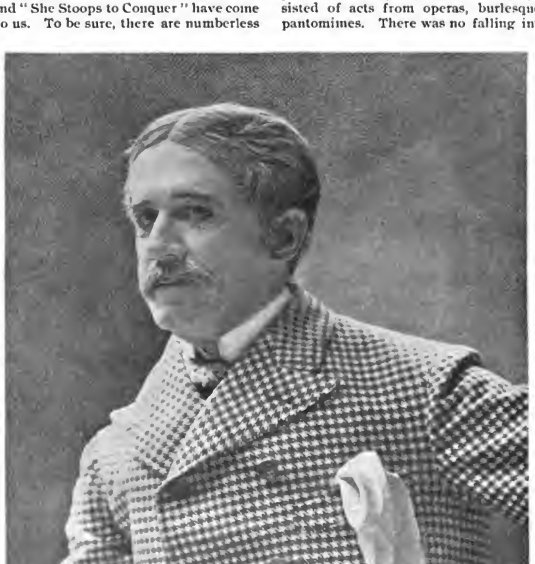
Digitized by Google

CRANE AND HIS COMPANY.

We hear much about the scarcity of good plays—plays that will live and go down in history as "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," and "She Stoops to Conquer" have come down to us. To be sure, there are numberless meritorious works brought out, but when success is struck, the mine is worked to its utmost limit there and then, so that the drama lives years, one may say, in a twelvemonth. And it is this very system of long runs that deprives young actors of the training school to which their predecessors were indebted for their thorough grounding in the varied requirements of their art.

Take, for example, that sterling artist, William H. Crane. For eight years, from the time when he was eighteen, he appeared in a company whose repertoire for each night consisted of acts from operas, burlesques, and pantomimes. There was no falling into a rut with a rehearsal call that compelled the player to be up in the title rôle of the farce "Paddy Miles," as *Count Arnheim* in "The Bohemian Girl," as *Dr. Dulcamara* in "The Elixir of Love," and as the clown of the pantomime, all for one and the same evening—a task that not infrequently fell on young Crane's shoulders.

His next connection was with the Alice Oates opera company. Here he was principal



W. H. Crane as "Elisha Cuningham" in "A Fool of Fortune."
From a photograph by Park, New York.

Digitized by Google

comedian, and was identified with the hit of "Ali Baba" at Niblo's Garden. Later, he was the very first *Le Blanc*, the notary in "Evangeline" (played last summer at Manhattan Beach by Fred Solomon), and then he abandoned burlesque for comedy, appearing first with the Hooley stock company of Chicago. Ill fortune followed the company until it produced an adaptation of the German "Ultimo" in San Francisco. The stock exchange scene inspired Crane with the idea of hitting off the peculiarities of certain Golden Gate brokers, and here he struck a vein which he has since worked with complete success.

Returning East, he was seen in "Our Boarding House," and soon afterwards he and Stuart Robson went into partnership. Their two *Dromios* in Shakspere's "Comedy of Errors" became a household word, and Bronson Howard's "Henrietta" was at first their joint property. Then Crane decided to strike out for himself, and in "The Senator" won both fame and fortune. He lost some of the latter as *Falstaff* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," but quickly retrieved his error of judgment by securing Martha Morton as his playwright in chief. His *Elisha Cuningham* in "A Fool of Fortune," her latest and greatest hit, is an artistic creation—one of which both player and dramatist may be proud.

Effie Shannon.

From a photograph by Puck, New York.

Mr. Crane has always been careful to surround himself with excellent supporters, and names which meant nothing when first read on his bills have quickly acquired weight through the intrinsic worth of those who bore them. This has been notably the case with the women of his company, as witness Amy Busby, Gladys Wallis, and Annie O'Neill, now Mrs. Henry C. Miner. Effie Shannon comes to him as leading woman with many laurels already won.

Digitized by Google

Bijou Fernandez.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

During her association with the Lyceum she was in the front rank of New York favorites, and her retirement from that field awakened widespread regret—a regret which is now only first assuaged by finding her so fittingly placed as with Mr. Crane.

Miss Shannon is a perfect type of the conscientious artist. She never permits her work to vary with her moods. Acting is with her the serious business of life, and her success is the result of patient devotion to the art of building natural characterizations out of the author's sketches.

Dallas Tyler is a member of the Crane company for whom steady advancement may be expected. She is young, pretty, possesses abounding vivacity, and her method of acting is easy and at the same time forceful. A New York girl, her natural gift of elocution suggested the stage to her while she was at boarding school; and four seasons ago she presented herself to Mr. Mansfield, who, after a single interview, and without any friendly influence, engaged her for his company. She passed next to Hoyt's "A Temperance Town," appearing as *Roxy*, and two years ago joined Mr. Crane, playing *Kitty Canary* in "His Wife's Father." In the revivals she has been seen as *Josie Armstrong* in "The Senator," and *Maggie Roland* in "Brother John." Her *Jennie Cunningham* in "A Fool of Fortune" is a particularly engaging creation.

HIGH PRESSURE MELODRAMA.

If the pace gets much hotter, it may soon be a difficult matter to find anybody willing to risk his life in melodrama. Mrs. John Drew, after a week's trial of it, gave up the name part in "The Sporting Duchess" owing to terror inspired by the horses. In a new piece

Digitized by Google

now "building," the hero is to be dragged across the stage at the heels of a runaway steed. Early in the run of "The Great Northwest," the charger ridden by the heroine insisted upon curveting so close to the supposedly unconscious leading man, lying prone upon the earth, that his pleadings for somebody to "take that beast away" were plainly audible.

In London, not long since, an actor was killed in a stabbing scene, and although he died with true heroism and is to have a monument, his example is not one that there will be a mad rush to follow. And yet just now melodramas are being played with splendid casts. Blanche Walsh will be seen in a new one at the New York Academy of Music before this meets the reader's eye—"Straight from the Heart," direct from London, and described by the veracious press agent as "one of the most sensational ever put upon the stage." Bijou Fernandez, of whom we give a portrait, is also in the cast. Her mother is the Mrs. E. L. Fernandez of whom the New York papers make mention every Christmas, when she organizes a festival for stage children.

Dallas Tyler.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

Bijou was one of the latter, and has enjoyed the unique experience of playing with Joseph Jefferson as little *Meenie* and as grown up *Meenie* at the two respective stages of her career. She is also another of the numerous *Fawn Afraids* from "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and has lately appeared in "Under the Polar Star" and "The Gay Mr. Lightfoot."

TWO RISING LEADING WOMEN.

Among our pictures this month are those of two actresses who, although seen but little in

Digitized by Google

New York, are well known elsewhere. Edith Crane, who during the present season was leading woman for Maurice Barrymore, is one of the innumerable host of Daly graduates. Her next experience was a brief one with the Lyceum company, after which came the opportunity of her life—a chance to play the title rôle in "Trilby." She is tall and slender, and both in San Francisco and Australia made a very favorable impression, not only in looking but in actually being that much discussed heroine.

Miss Crane is a woman of very decided opinions. She was not afraid to tell an interviewer in California that she considered comedy not only a higher form of dramatic art than tragedy, but also more difficult to play.

Eleanor Moretti, an artist in quite another line, appeared for three seasons as *Roxy*, the octoroon with the strongly emotional part, in "Pudd'nhead Wilson." She does it so well that the character stands out in one's memory for days after seeing the piece.

Edith Crane.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

Miss Moretti was for two years with Alexander Salvini, playing leading rôles in "Ruy Blas," "The Three Guardsmen," and his other pieces. She is a daughter of the once well known actress, Katherine Rogers, and sister to Katherine Florence, of the Lyceum, and Violet Rand, now with "An Enemy to the King." It is just announced that she is to be

Digitized by Google

Eleanor Moretti.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Margaret in the Holland brothers' production of "Dr. Claudius."

THE DALY SEASON.

Mr. Daly delights in doing things differently from other people. The seats in his theater are lettered from the rear end instead of the front; his programs are printed with the cast across two pages, in an unusual, if convenient, position; and not content with alternating light opera and Shakspere, he casts the same people for both performances. Indeed he has even gone to the comic opera and burlesque field for some of his new artists, as in his engagement of Edwin Stevens, Nancy McIntosh, and Virginia Earle. Yet who shall object? Results speak, and the entertainment offered at Daly's Theater this winter has undeniably been both excellent in quality and dignified in character.

"Much Ado About Nothing" was a fitting companion to the Daly Shaksperian revivals preceding it. The blended beauties of scenery, costumes, and music delighted the senses, while the mind was quick to recognize the intelligent reading of the familiar lines. *Beatrice*, the "Lady Disdain" of merry mood yet fervent fancy, lies wholly within Ada Rehan's scope, and Charles Richman's *Benedick* is a fine foil. The *Hero* of Nancy McIntosh developed unexpected powers; and no greater contrast can be imagined than exists between the *Don Pedro* of "Much Ado" and the *Dick Cunningham* of "The Geisha"—a high compliment to Herbert Gresham, who leaps from rôle to rôle six nights a week.

Digitized by Google

Lila Convere.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

Mr. Daly's earliest presentation of "Much Ado" was made during his initial season of New York management, at the original Fifth Avenue Theater in Twenty Fourth Street (now Hoyt's) November 8, 1869. Mrs. Scott-Siddons was *Beatrice*, Agnes Ethel *Hero*, and D. H. Harkins *Benedick*.

Lila Convere, whose portrait is presented herewith, was added to the Daly roster last season. She is a Southern girl of decided musical ability, and after hesitating for some time between comedy and opera, finally sought an interview with Mr. Daly. He gave her a "thinking" part, including a dance, in "The School for Scandal," but at the end of two weeks sent for her to come to his office. Greatly to her surprise, he asked her to prepare to read the rôle of *Oberon* to him from the stage, and when she had done this he announced that he had decided to send her out in this part with a road company playing "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

With the opening of the present season she was cast for *O Hana Sass* in "The Geisha" (the tea house girl who does the dance with Herbert Gresham), and when "Much Ado" was put on, her musical abilities were utilized for the serenade and lute playing.

At this writing Mr. Daly expects to produce "The Tempest" about March 1, and the new play "A King and a Few Dukes," by Robert Chambers, is also underlined for the present season.

THE CAREER OF WILTON LACKAYE.

What *Baron Chevrial* did for Mansfield, *Svengali* has done for Wilton Lackaye. Before the production of "Trilby," he was known

Digitized by Google

merely as an all round actor of adequate ability; now his name suggests hypnotism and fine character work to many thousands. His first strong impression previous to his big hit was made as the villain *Gouroc* in Steele Mackaye's "Paul Kauvar." But he lacks neither power

Wilton Lackaye.

From a photograph by Thiers, San Francisco.

nor versatility. He has proved very acceptable as *Demetrius* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which he played during the summer of 1888 at McVicker's Theater, Chicago. He possesses a fine stage presence, a mobile face, and a pair of eyes gifted with rare powers of expression.

Mr. Lackaye was brought up in Washington, and his early ambition was for the priesthood. His elocutionary talent attracted the attention of his instructors, and at the close of his course at the Catholic university, he was nominated for the propaganda at Rome. He came to New York with his father to take the steamer for France, but before sailing visited the Madison Square Theater, where "Esmeralda" was being played. At the conclusion of the performance, Lackaye informed his father that instead of being a priest he preferred to become an actor. After studying law for a time, his newest ambition was realized, and he was seen at Niblo's Garden in the minor rôle of *Leo* in Rider Haggard's "She." His earliest stage training he had received in an amateur dramatic association in Washington—the Lawrence Barrett Club.

In due course he played in the very house where his plans for a career had been so sud-

Digitized by Google

Annie Irish.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

denly changed, enacting *Don Stephano* in "Featherbrain." Close upon this came his engagement with Mr. Daly, resulting, after a brief period, in the rupture which caused so much talk at the time. He was the *O'Donnel Don* in "The Great Unknown." Some time after this Mr. Lackaye was a member of the stock company at the St. James', London, and had a part in "The Idler." He soon returned to this country, however, and was seen in "Dr. Bill," with which the Garden Theater was opened, and "Aristocracy."

In the winter of 1894-95 he was doing leading business in "The District Attorney," when a starring tour was planned for him, to begin on Easter Monday, with a farce comedy called "Two of Him," dealing with the astral body of the hero, and giving opportunity for a double rôle. But "Trilby" came up in the mean time, Lackaye was selected to create *Svengali*, which he did in Boston, on the 11th of March, and on the very Easter Monday aforesaid he appeared in the part for the first time in New York, inaugurating the play's memorable run at the Garden Theater.

Mr. Lackaye is now starring in "Dr. Belgraff," a melodrama of hypnotic tendencies, written for him by Charles Klein, author of "The District Attorney" and "El Capitan." The tour began in Chicago last autumn, and at this writing has taken in San Francisco at one end of the country and New Orleans at another. Marie Wainwright is leading woman of the company, which includes the veteran C. W. Couldock, and Alice Evans, to whom Mr. Lackaye was lately married.

ANNIE IRISH AND OLIVE MAY.

When somebody drops out of the Frohman companies, there is a general "moving up"

Digitized by Google

that reminds one of a progressive party. Such a process was witnessed last autumn when Grace Kimball said farewell to Mr. Sothern. Her place was filled by Mary Hampton, then in Boston playing lead in "Two Little Vagrants." But as this was robbing Peter to pay Paul, Annie Irish was hurriedly recalled from Chicago, where she was appearing with the Empire stock, her place there being taken in turn by Elsie De Wolfe, just back from Europe. Miss Irish, whose first distinctively American association was with "The District Attorney" two years ago, is an English actress. She has understudied Ellen Terry, and latterly has been playing adventuress rôles. Her part in "Two Little Vagrants" is of quite another type, and in less competent hands than hers, or her predecessor's, would drop into bathos in lieu of the pathos it should possess.

The Frohmans have a particularly strong reserve list. On the Empire roster appears the name of Olive May, who married Henry Guy Carleton during her very successful appearance in his comedy "Butterflies," which was John Drew's successor to "The Masked Ball." Miss May retired from the stage, and latterly has been living in Cuba, whither her husband went in search of local color for his work. It is within the possibilities that we may see her again across the footlights some time during the present season.

Olive May.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

GRACE KIMBALL AND "HEARTSEASE."

No doubt it was the recollection of Grace Kimball's *Betty Linley* in "Sheridan" that suggested to Mr. Frohman to engage her as the leading lady of "Heartsease" when the period of that play was put back a hundred years.

Digitized by Google

Miss Kimball certainly makes a charming picture as a grand dame of the eighteenth century. This was her first appearance outside of the Sothern company, which she joined in 1893, appearing first as *Fanny Hedden* in a revival of "Lettarblair." Previous to that she had attracted attention in the productions of the ill fated Arts and Letters organization, her acting as the young school teacher in Frank Stockton's "Squirrel Inn" calling forth special commendation. She is a Michigan girl, and her first part was that of a maid in "A Possible Case" at the Hollis Street Theater, Boston. A favorite rôle with her is *Madge* in Jerome's "A Way to Win a Woman," produced by Mr. Sothern three years ago.

Grace Kimball.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

"Heartsease" was undoubtedly improved by taking its action away from the matter of fact, up to date atmosphere. One is left to wonder why it is called a comedy; the humor is merely incidental, in fact, almost accidental. So much fault is found nowadays with the managers' classification of their dramas that it might be well for them to label their offerings simply "a play," and let the audience decide on its nature for themselves. We understand that "Heartsease" is Henry Miller's own property. If he had the starring bee in his bonnet when he bought it, it seems odd that he should choose a piece in which the hero is almost always in the passive voice. Perhaps he thought that the one great scene where he breaks away, at the close of the third act, would be rendered all the stronger by force of contrast.

The last act arouses keen interest by means

Digitized by Google

of the interjected episode of *Margaret* coming to *Eric's* chambers to beg him not to fight a duel, the challenge for which he has already accepted. How she compels him to grant her wish, and the consequences of his compliance, we will not spoil the playgoer's interest by telling.

FOOTLIGHT CHAT.

There are two reasons why "A Contented Woman" is not likely to prove as remunerative a piece of property as its predecessors. It is offered at a period when people are tired of politics, and it is frankly announced as one of the Hoyt series. It is of such different caliber from "Chinatown," "A Black Sheep," and the rest, that it inevitably disappoints audiences who like the froth and fizz furnished by these entertainments.

For the rest, "A Contented Woman" is a well written comedy, showing that catering to the tastes that prefer "Brass Monkeys" and "Milk White Flags" has not deprived the author of "A Midnight Bell" of the ability to write a second play of the same stamp. Caroline Miskel Hoyt is admirable in the name part, exactly fitting the rôle she assumes. Her entrance is very prettily devised to accentuate both her personal comeliness and the name of the play.

* * * *

If Ireland is still a long way from getting home rule on the old sod, there is no denying that she rules Broadway this winter in the light opera domain. The critics had scarcely ceased singing the praises of "Brian Boru" when they were called upon to find fresh adjectives to express their admiration of "Shamus O'Brien." This time the company, too, is Irish, and a first rate one it is, especially in the men. Dennis O'Sullivan, the *Shamus*, is handsome enough to satisfy the most exacting adorer of the "matinée hero," is manly enough to win all the men, and sings with splendid earnestness and vigor. Joseph O'Mara impersonates a villain whom audiences like in spite of his misdeeds, and holds a note so long in the second act that the feat promises to become famous in operatic annals.

The work of George H. Jessop, the librettist, is already known here, he having collaborated with Brander Matthews in furnishing Crane with "On Probation." C. Villiers Stanford, who provided the score, is an English instructor in music.

* * * *

The performances of the John Hare company are among the most delightful features of the passing season. This year there was no marplot "Mrs. Ebbsmith" to break in upon their cleanly mirth and cleverness. "The Hobby Horse" proved that ten years of life has only mellowed its subtle charm and piquant atmosphere. Starting quietly, the interest deepens with cumulative effect scene by scene, leaving for the final act the most diverting incidents of the evening, which are all the more convincing because they are seen to be the inevitable outcome of all that has preceded. There is no hothouse forcing of situations, mere bids for applause as curtain episodes. In fact, episodes are not plentiful; the playwright's success is scored by his skill at drawing his characters with sharp distinctness, and his deftness in placing them in such relations to one another that their varying individualities make action of their very selves.

* * * *

"It was an awful ordeal to go through, severer, perhaps, than any I have ever had to face before."

This is the way in which John Hare referred to his first appearance as *Eccles* before a London audience, which took place October 16 last. He had created *Sam Gerridge* when "Caste" was originally produced, April 6, 1867, and the memory of George Honey's *Eccles* seemed to warn him that the eyes of the dead were upon him. But he need not have feared; his impersonation of the drunken father, with his lofty theories and his humiliating failures to put them into practice, was a triumph, giving to the modern stage a new classic in characterization. New York has indorsed the London verdict, and by crowding the Knickerbocker during the "Caste" run administered suitable rebuke to a censorious critic who did not hesitate to call *Eccles* a "bibulous chestnut" and to assert that the whole play was out of date.

* * * *

We are glad, by the way, to hear from Adrienne Dairolles, the English-French actress, that she never said, as reported, that "really fine comedy, such as that of John Hare, is beyond the American understanding." Miss Dairolles acted here in "The Fatal Card" and "A Woman's Silence," and it is preferable to know that she was misquoted in our Christmas issue to believing that any intelligent observer could carry away so grossly unjust an impression.

* * * *

To return to "Caste," its revival at the Knickerbocker stands out chief among the good offerings of the season. There is no cause to blush at having enjoyed such a performance, where entertainment and education go hand in hand. Not to have seen Mr. Hare's *Eccles* is a pity. It is an impersonation that cannot be described, made up as it is of infinitesimal touches that catch the eye but defy the memory. The voice grows husky in just the right spot, and becomes clear again in an instant, as any man's would but the unthinking artist's who knows how to deepen tints, not to shade them. Hare's whole figure repays study; every movement, even to the instant when the door is closing behind him, is graphically true to life.

Gilbert Hare makes a *Sam Gerridge* that must fill his father's heart with pride, and Frank Gillmore's *George D'Alroy* is a manly rendering of the most difficult part in the play. May Harvey brings abounding vivacity to *Polly*, and Frederick Kerr need not be ashamed

Digitized by Google

to have his *Hawtree* compared with more famous predecessors.

* * * *

An imitation that is both new and clever finds much favor with "American Beauty" audiences. This is Willard Simms' (*Lord Algy Prettybird's*) song on the chorus girl, accompanied by practical demonstrations of the manner in which four varieties of the article conduct themselves in the march of the Amazons. Mr. Simms was the *Rev. Mr. Braggart* in the "Trilby" burlesque of "The Merry World." He has a keen sense of what is really humorous, a clear enunciation, and withal a modest bearing.

Another promotion from the annual reviews to the Lillian Russell company is Catharine Linyard, one of the *Marmalade Sisters* in "Gay New York." She plays *Rose Budd* with an amount of dash and go that ought to inspire even the languor of the star herself. Unhappily it doesn't. On the contrary, Miss Russell appears quite content to have Miss Linyard sing her high notes for her whenever she feels averse to taking them herself. Miss Linyard reaches them with ease and sweetness of tone.

* * * *

New York and London are linked by other ties than similarity of speech. At this writing the following plays are current in both cities, the bracketed name signifying the English theater: "Under the Red Robe" (Haymarket); "The Girl from Paris" ("The Gay Parisienne" at the Duke of York's); "The Geisha," at Daly's on both sides of the Atlantic. Then there is over there "Jedbury, Junior," at the Globe (following the four years' run of "Charley's Aunt") known here last season as "Christopher, Junior"; and at the Vaudeville "A Night Out," which is our "Gay Parisians." All the foregoing are having long English runs.

Other British successes of the winter are "Love in Idleness," a three act comedy by Louis N. Parker (part author of "Rosemary") and E. J. Goodman, put on at Terry's in October, and "A White Elephant," Carton's new play at the Comedy. George Alexander opened the St. James, which may be called the Empire of London, with a revival of "The Prisoner of Zenda," followed on December 2 by a production of "As You Like it." "The White Silk Dress," with Arthur Roberts, is drawing people to the Prince of Wales', and the widely famed Gaiety is keeping up its reputation for froth and frolic with "The Circus Girl." The Savoy, fruitful in memories of Gilbert and Sullivan, has fallen back on "The Mikado," and at the Criterion the run of "Rosemary" was only interrupted because Mr. Wyndham wanted a holiday at Christmas time.

* * * *

Things have been upset at the Lyceum owing to Henry Irving's accident. Ellen Terry has also been much out of the cast owing to trouble with her eyes, coupled with a nervous affection. The season began with "Cymbeline," followed by "Richard III," minus Miss Terry, in which Sir Henry injured his leg on the opening night. Then "Cymbeline" was revived with both stars out of the cast, but as nobody cared to come to see it under these conditions, the house was closed, pending the recovery of the invalids and preparations for "Madame Sans Gêne."

Undaunted by the dismal failure of "The Pilgrim's Progress" at the Olympic, Wilson Barrett follows "The Sign of the Cross" at the Lyric with another piece of the same description, "The Daughter of Babylon," and another London novelty is Pinero's new five act comedy for the St. James.

* * * *

"The First Gentleman of Europe" will add nothing to the reputation of either Frances Hodgson Burnett or the Lyceum Theater. It is obviously "written around" an atmosphere. Indeed, Mrs. Burnett confessed as much when in the preliminary press notices she declared that she had searched patiently through the records of George IV in pursuit of a redeeming feature during his career. Great plays are never written in this back handed fashion. With them the story is first—the period, involving the costumes, and the scenic effect, second. "The First Gentleman of Europe" is picturesque, but it is also tedious, and never have the Lyceum players been so ill at ease, only Mrs. Whiffen, Charles Walcot, Mary Mannering, and Edward Morgan rising superior to the stifling atmosphere of ready made intrigue and fustian wit.

It is to be hoped that by the time these lines are read refreshing perfumes in Mr. Parker's "Mayflower" may have purged Mr. Frohman's theater of the fatiguing and unwholesome fumes of Carleton House liaisons.

* * * *

Is there a leading man anywhere who plays to the galleries with such reckless disregard of the rules of art as Hackett of the Lyceum? A little more than a year ago we thought him full of promise.

* * * *

"Courted into Court" was originally written as a sequel to "The Widow Jones," and was to be called "The Widow Married." Indeed, little has been done beyond changing the names of the characters and their relations to one another.

The impression made upon the audience at these plays that the fun of them is impromptu, is not altogether erroneous. Miss Irwin and Mr. Rice frequently deviate from the prompt book in their talk, the change of a single word being sufficient, sometimes, to start a series of repartees lasting several minutes.

But such departures from the text require quick brain work in the players, as they must get back to the point where they left off without any apparent abruptness. This is a case where he who hesitates not only is lost himself, but precipitates dismay and destruction upon all who are in the scene with him.

Digitized by Google

LITERARY CHAT

A BALLAD.

(In the manner of K-dy-rd K-pl-ng.)

As I was walkin' the jungle round, a killin' of tigers an' time;
I seed a kind of an author man, a writin' a rousin' rhyme;
'E was writin' a mile a minute an' more, an' I sez to 'im, "'Oo are you?"
Sez 'e, "I'm a poet—'er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!"
An' 'is poem began in Ispahan an' ended in Kalamazoo,
It 'ad army in it, an' navy in it, an' jungle sprinkled through,
For 'e was a poet—'er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!
An' after I met 'im all over the world, a doin' of things a host;
'E 'ad one foot planted in Burmah, an' one on the Gloucester coast;
'E's 'alf a sailor an' half a whaler, 'e's captain, cook, and crew,
But most a poet—'er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!
'E's often Scot an' 'e's often not, but 'is work is never through,
For 'e laughs at blame, an' 'e writes for fame, an' a bit for revenue,
Bein' a poet—'er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!
'E'll take you up to the arctic zone, 'e'll take you down to the Nile,
'E'll give you a barrack ballad in the Tommy Atkins style,
Or 'e'll sing you a Deepsea Chantey as the bloomin' bo'suns do,
For 'e is a poet—'er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too.
An' there isn't no room for others, an' there's nothin' left to do;
'E 'as sailed the main from the 'Orn to Spain, 'e 'as tramped the jungle through,
An' written up all there is to write—soldier an' sailor, too!
There are manners an' manners of writin', but 'is is the *proper* way,
An' it isn't so hard to be a bard if you'll imitate Rudyard K.;
But sea, an' shore, an' peace an' war, an' everything else in view—
'E 'as gobbled the lot!—'er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too.
'E's not content with 'is Indian 'ome, 'e's lookin' for regions new,
In another year 'e'll 'ave swept 'em clear, an' what'll the rest of us do?
'E's crowdin' us out!—'er majesty's poet—soldier an' soldier, too!

HALL CAINE'S MATERIAL.

Our readers will be interested to know that the names of the hero and heroine of Hall Caine's novel now running in this magazine are of New England origin. A year ago, when Mr. Caine visited America on his copyright mission, the story had already been sketched in his mind, but he had not named his characters. While here he called at Gray Gables, President Cleveland's summer home. Just outside the gates there is a little gray New England churchyard, and he went inside and scraped the lichen off some of the old stones, in a casual search for a good name. He discovered that of "John Storm." "Quayle" is an old Manx name, but "Glory" was also found in New England.

Mr. Caine has searched London for the material for this story. He went into the under world, the under social world, and he has said himself that were he to tell the truth concerning what he saw there, the effect would be nothing less than startling. He has the most fixed views concerning Christian socialism, and in this book he gives illustrations of some of his ideas, creating, as he does so, a powerful human drama.

A POET'S PROSPERITY.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has written little of recent years, and has made no effort to keep himself before the public. He has seemingly rather preferred to take his place with the men who made Boston the literary center it once was. It is his financial prosperity, perhaps, that has kept much of his work from the world. He published a poem, some years ago, in which he lamented that the muse who had visited him in a garret had deserted him in his days of ease, and refused to show him her face. He has literally known the garret. His parents were people of small fortune, who lived in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. They took him as a boy to New Orleans, but while he was still a child he was sent back to his grandfather's home, where he went through the series of adventures narrated in "The Story of a Bad Boy"—which remains one of the best books ever written for children. At sixteen he had to give up the hope of a university career, and went to work as a clerk in a counting house.

It was here, on an open ledger, that he wrote "Baby Bell"—a delicate, pathetic poem which, though its author was a youth of eighteen, seemed only possible as the outgrowth of an experience. It opened the doors for him, and gave him the acquaintance of the late Henry L. Pierce, who helped him to make the handsome fortune which he owns, and who has lately died, leaving him another.

EDWARD EGGLESTON'S TWO ERAS.

The early ministers of this country were a rugged lot of men, who did much for America in more ways than one. Often, in the little

Digitized by Google

towns where they lived and struggled on small salaries, their homes were the only places where books or anything approaching culture was to be found. Their sons had a great advantage over the boys about them. They breathed in from childhood something that the others generally learned after they went out into the world. Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, and an innumerable host of the men who held their hands on the destinies of this country, were the sons of ministers.

Edward Eggleston was the stepson of a well known Methodist preacher in Indiana in the days when the Missouri River was considered the outer boundary of the West, beyond which lay an unknown land of Indians, buffaloes, and wilderness. Young Eggleston grew up with absolutely no schooling, but with a fondness for books, and became in his turn a circuit rider. Seeing him today and knowing his early history, he is like a man who contains within himself two generations of American life. It was not until 1866 that he began editing a paper for young people called *The Little Corporal*, which was eventually purchased by *St. Nicholas*. Later he came to New York, and wrote "The Hoosier School Master." It has been said that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the only American book which has ever been more widely read. But from that to Mr. Eggleston's last novel, "The Faith Doctor," is a cry so far that it appears impossible. The two books are as different as the life of the young and ardent Methodist, preaching in log huts in the wilderness, is different from that of the elegant man of the world in his beautiful New York home.

Mr. Eggleston is only one more example of the possibilities in the life of the adaptable American.

A PICTURE OF THE POPE.

Justin McCarthy gained a reputation as a popular writer upon contemporary history long ago, with his "History of Our Own Times." When the "Public Men of Today" series was being edited for Warne & Co., the English publishers, they put one of the most important works, the life of the present Pope, into the hands of the Irish author and politician.

Few men have ever taken a more important part in the control of the affairs of the Christian world than Leo XIII. It was a great surprise when the hitherto unknown Bishop of Perugia, Cardinal Vincenzo Gioaccheio Pecci, took the grasp of the world which has been his ever since his election to the papal office. He had had no acquaintance with public affairs outside of Italy, except for a short period in his youth, when he was papal nuncio at Brussels. But what he learned then, he remembered, and he governed his bishopric as if it had been a kingdom. Pius IX saw and recognized his great ability, and made him cardinal chamberlain of the Roman church.

All through the reign of Pius IX, the pontificate had been declining in power. The church's temporal sovereignty was taken away, Italy was united, and Rome became its capital. In some quarters it was expected that there would soon be no pontiff. But Leo XIII came with the head of a statesman. His first victory was in Germany. Bismarck, through the Prussian minister of public worship, tried to bring the Catholic church as completely under his government as the Lutheran. The Pope, in the most dignified fashion, appealed to the Emperor William. The result was the resignation of Falk, and the friendship of Germany for the wise old man in Rome.

Mr. McCarthy thinks that the dominating quality of the present Pope is "a passion for philanthropy." Not only is he dearly loved by his own people, but he has made himself respected all over the world, both as the highest ecclesiastical official and as a powerful and benignant personality. Prejudices have died before his gentle common sense. Mr. McCarthy has made a picture of him which is so fine it causes us to lose sight of the author.

THE BYRON "REVIVAL."

The revival of interest in Byron must send a cynical smile over the faces of a good many people who collected libraries longer than twenty five years ago. Mr. Henley and the Earl of Lovelace have both been at work on the brilliant young nobleman's life and poems, getting them into shape for the contemporary reader. A good editor is very desirable sometimes, but Byron happens to be one of those men who break through any sort of a surrounding crust. He does not need anybody to give "notes" on his works. He speaks for himself. Mr. Henley, however, has given us, not only his own opinions, but a very fair picture of the poet's life and times, and we are in a measure grateful to him. But we wonder if he is conscious how he is belittling his own school. Byron belonged to the day of "live," vigorous men. He may not have been a saint, but he never descended to the unspeakable depths of the Decadents, and he certainly never was a "minor poet."

Some of us can remember when Byron went out of fashion, particularly in America. He was called wicked and unclean. Nice critics who taught us that to read a book because it had a plot was to grovel in intellectual shame, hid his poems, or smiled at them as belonging to the dark ages. If you liked Byron you couldn't like Emerson's essays, or the novels where *Johnny Jones* started somewhere and passed *Minnie Smith* on the road. When Byron took a theme, he managed to stir up something, and to be stirred up was unintelligent. It was romantic, and words could not express the bad form of being romantic. A generation fed on dryness and stagnation, and it became diseased. The "yellows" came upon it, as if it had been a badly nourished peach orchard. The people who had called Byron unclean found themselves reading Verlaine. The vigorous red blood of the

Digitized by Google

Byronic era was never more needed. He is a tonic, and he has come in time to save another generation from a period of "Green Carnations."

GEORGES SAND'S LOVE LETTERS.

After reading the last lot of Georges Sand's letters to Sainte-Beuve and to Alfred de Musset, we feel like quoting in all seriousness what Richard Le Gallienne has just said of his "Golden Girl"—although we cannot believe that even that poseur intended it for anything but satire in his new book:

I cared not for what mire her feet have trodden. There was a pure heart in her voice. Sin is of the soul, and this soul had not sinned. The result was golden, whatever the dark process may be. Was it simply that she was one of the rare few who can touch pitch and not be defiled? Or was it, as I have sometimes wondered, an instinctive philosophy that taught her, so to say, to lay a Sigurd's sword between her soul and body?

Certainly Georges Sand trod the mire, and just as certainly she kept in some ways a pure soul. It is surprising that her relatives have ever allowed these letters to reach the public. Considered from a literary point of view, however, they are masterpieces. It gives us a cynical view of her love affair with de Musset to discover that some of that clever poet's finest things were not his at all, but were copied verbatim from Georges Sand's love letters to him.

THE PEASANT POETESS OF GERMANY.

Something of the fame of Johanna Ambrosius was told in these pages months ago, when the world only knew that she was a peasant woman who had found the heart of Germany and struck new chords upon it. Bit by bit from this source and that, her story has come out to the world. It reads like one of the tales of Hans Anderson, a story which is true and is therefore full of impossibilities that fiction would never dare attempt.

In a far off village of eastern Prussia, near the borders of Russia, she was born forty years ago, in a land of pines and snow, rocks and penury. She was at work as soon as she could walk, and as a girl was a field hand. She married a man named Voigt, a peasant like herself, had children, and lived a life of hardship that is almost incredible to us, who see little of such grinding poverty in our rural communities. How she learned to read and write, nobody quite knows. She had hardly even seen a book; she knew nothing of literature or art. She had not even a bountiful nature to fill her heart, only cold and hunger and bitter toil; and yet there was something in her soul that forced itself into expression. By pinching sacrifices in a life that knew no luxury, she found money to buy paper on which to write her poems. They went out into the world, and all Germany took them up.

They came to the empress, and she taught them to her children. Then she called a messenger and sent him away to the distant eastern village to find this new poet, and give her honors and decorations. The village was so far away from the railroad, so hidden away in the snow and ice of winter, that he had difficulty in reaching it. When he did, it was to find a miserable little cabin in which an old, broken woman lay, seemingly dying with pneumonia. On the bed was a copy of a weekly paper, the only one that ever found its way to her, and on its margin was written what she called "The Last Song." Her work is not easy to translate into English, but even in this medium we can understand some of its power:

A song of my creating,
  A wondrous song I'd sing,
Which like the fragrant breeze of May
  O'er earth its flight would wing;
From north to south, from east to west,
  Its swift way it should speed,
To every toiler bearing rest
  And sweet contentment's meed.

Unto the sick and dying
  Heaven's cordial it should bring,
The sound of its soft pinion stroke
  Still grief and suffering;
'Mid clank of arms and conflict hot,
  Fan courage to a flame;
For woe men comprehended not,
  Comfort it should proclaim.

Where cruel wrong is reigning,
  Where sin lurks serpent-wise,
To sweep them from the burdened earth
  To tempest force 'twould rise,
Then gently on the house of pain
  Its balm it should distil,
The temple cleanse from spot and stain,
  And every want fulfil.

The empress has given the peasant poetess an annuity. She has not been taken away from her village, but she has been surrounded with comforts, pictures, and books, and a door to the world has been opened to her. Germans say that in her verse is the true spirit of the Fatherland.

TOLSTOY AND THE HOLY SYNOD.

A story came over, the other day, that Count Lyof Tolstoy was about to be excommunicated by the Holy Synod, but the news followed immediately that it was his cousin and not himself. As excommunication, in Russia, means loss of property, social position, and everything else worth having, the matter was a serious one.

It is a fact that Tolstoy himself once stood in danger of the church's terrible ban. When he first began writing his incendiary pamphlets, the late Czar sent for him and begged him to desist.

"Will your majesty," answered Tolstoy, "doff for an instant your imperial mantle, and judge my works, not as an autocrat, but as a mere ordinary man? If one single word of my writing offends your human sense, I will cut off my right hand."

Digitized by Google

The Czar never again referred to the subject. The present Czarina, in whose hands the censorship of Russian literature may be said to be, as her husband allows her full liberty to judge it, is far too enlightened a woman to dim the fame of her adopted country by extinguishing Tolstoy.

ENGLISH AUTHORS OF AMERICAN BOOKS.

With all the charges that foreign critics have brought against the contemporary American literature, there is one thing they never say—that there is any lack of material over here. In fact, it is noticeable that of late several prominent British novelists have come to America for plots and scenery, and this with varying success. Rudyard Kipling has written a deplorably dull story of the Gloucester fishing banks, which, if we are to believe a man who has spent much time on fishing trips with the men of Gloucester, resembles the real thing as closely as the Central Park menagerie resembles the depths of a jungle. Sir Walter Besant, on the contrary, has contrived to build up a capital novel from the most unpromising foundation—life in a religious "community" in the upper part of New York State.

Most wisely, Besant has refrained from attempting too much. Save for the members of the community, who are studiously and carefully drawn, the main characters in "The City of Refuge" are English. The story is a wholesome and interesting one, and it goes to prove how much depends upon the author and how little upon his material. Certainly nothing could be duller or more monotonous than life in such a community, yet the plan of Besant's book demands that most of the action shall take place in these restricted limits. The fact that he has succeeded in constructing a story which holds the attention from the first to the last shows that we have here the work of a master of fiction.

In other ways, too, America is becoming a happy hunting ground for successful writers from other lands. A pilgrimage to these shores is apt to follow closely upon the success of an English author, and if he can win not only admiration by such a step but also material for future works, the investment of time would seem to be a paying one. We may be young and provincial when compared with the nations of the old world, but it is comforting to know that we are sufficiently attractive to draw to us the best that all society has to offer of intellectual ability. We can even afford to incur the reproach of being lion worshipers—which most assuredly we are—for the satisfaction of finding that the lions do not need to be hunted, but come of their own free will to receive our admiring homage.

MR. CRAIK'S "ENGLISH PROSE."

In one of his essays Emerson remarks that what is most needed in our universities is a "chair of books"—a position to be filled by some professor able and willing to teach the art of selection, and help those who would get the best out of literature to do so without waste of time and energy. So hopeless is the task of accomplishing more than a hasty survey of the literature of even one nation that many a student has echoed this wish. Fortunately we are learning to economize our time, to take only what is worth taking, to pass by the chaff and select for study merely the literary grain; and we are doing all this because others who have made life studies of particular branches of literature have been able to help us. We depend upon the verdicts of prominent critics for what we read of the fiction and fact of the day, and we rely equally upon the decisions of trustworthy authorities as to what is important and necessary to us in the literature of the past.

The past decade has seen no more able literary guide book than the "English Prose" of Henry Craik, lately published in five volumes. In this hurried and yet comprehensive review of English prose writers from Mandeville, Wycliffe, and Chaucer down to Arnold, Eliot, and Stevenson, Mr. Craik and his fellow authorities have accomplished an arduous task and one for which they deserve the gratitude of students far and wide. It is a map, upon which the progress of English thought and the influences governing that progress are traced as clearly as currents upon a marine chart, and it is in addition an invaluable work of reference. More than two hundred authors are reviewed in the five volumes, each being represented by extracts from his best known writings, and treated briefly in biographical and bibliographical notices by Mr. Craik and his assistants. Among the latter are such critics and literary authorities as George Saintsbury, Edmund Gosse, Reginald Brimley Johnson, W. Macneile Dixon, and W. P. Ker.

But it is to Mr. Craik that the lion's share of praise is naturally due, and no one who has looked over "English Prose" will grudge praise for the ability and conscientious labor which has made this invaluable reference work possible. Mr. Craik does for students of English literature all the elementary and irksome part of their task. He brings together in compact form the best of what his country has to offer of famous prose, so that with this summary of authors to choose from one may select a special line of study, using "English Prose" as a guide book and demonstration of side issues and influences.

IN BRIEFER MENTION.

How small a thing is fame! The following story is told by a clerk in the book department of one of the large department stores. A young man inquired one day for Barrie's latest book, and finding there were no copies in stock, left an order for one, saying he would call for it in a few days. About a week afterward the clerk saw, as he supposed, his customer passing by the counter, and, hastening after him, touched him respectfully upon the arm and remarked,

Digitized by Google

"'Margaret Ogilvy' is waiting for you, sir, over here by the counter."

To his consternation the man turned, and showed himself to be not the customer at all, but a total stranger. Consternation was changed to amusement, however, when the young man replied,

"You have made a mistake, I think. I haven't the pleasure of Miss Ogilvy's acquaintance!"

* * * *

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner was once asked to put his name in an autograph book, and, being of an obliging disposition, wrote as follows, intending to compliment his many friends among stage folk:

"After all, it is the players who do the serious work of the world."

Miss Ada Rehan, then playing in "The School for Scandal," chanced to be looking over the book some time later, and, coming to Mr. Warner's name, wrote her own below, together with *Lady Teazle's* famous remark in the screen scene:

"There is not one word of truth in what that gentleman has just told you!"

The most amusing part of this is that Mr. Warner has never seen the book since it left his hand, and that if this paragraph should meet his eye it will be the first hint he has had of Miss Rehan's little joke upon him.

* * * *

We hear that during the present month a new volume of short stories by Frank R. Stockton will appear. The author of "The Lady or the Tiger" has so many admirers that an announcement of a new Stockton book is always interesting. "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," the sequel to "The Adventures of Captain Horn," is having a wide sale—a fact which is proof of the author's popularity, for "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht" is a most disappointing sequel to the spirited tale of the Inca treasure. Coming from any other hand it might have been commended, but the public expects greater things of Frank R. Stockton. He has yet to write a dull short story, however, and his new book will be welcome.

* * * *

All sorts of reasons have been assigned for discontinuing periodicals, but that advanced by the editors of a short lived literary daily, lately defunct, surpasses them all in frankness. After a two weeks' trial they discovered that the enterprise necessitated rising at six A. M., and devoting all their energies to the little publication, and this being, on the face of it, unreasonable, they ingenuously decided to abandon their project. A most wholesome example, and one which the editors of so called "freak" periodicals would do well to emulate.

And, by the by, as regarded this little daily, Mr. Stedman appeared in the light of a prophet. "It is so very superior and opinionated," he said one night, "that I imagine a month will see the last number." Not a month, as it happened, but a week! It is not hard, however, to predict the end of the freak periodical. The old proverb about a fool being born and one dying every minute is as nothing compared to the manifold births and deaths in the publishing world.

* * * *

At the time of the appearance of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse" we commented upon the singularly beautiful work done by the illustrator, Mr. Charles Robinson. A large number of drawings of equal merit appear in Mr. Gabriel Setoun's "The Child World," and we are again constrained to venture the verdict that these child pictures are the work of a master hand. As examples of decoration we know of nothing better in the draftsmanship of the day. Mr. Robinson has been particularly fortunate in being associated first with Stevenson and then with Mr. Setoun, who is plainly Stevenson's follower in verse making for children.

"Gabriel Setoun" is the *nom de guerre* of Thomas H. Hepburn, a young Scotchman who is the author of several novels, the best known being "Robert Urquart." He started in life as a schoolmaster, but the recognition accorded to his books caused him to take up literature as a profession.

* * * *

The unaccountable silence of England's poet laureate, of whom we publish a portrait on another page, is attracting widespread attention. Since the appearance of that immortal lyric, "Jameson's Raid," Mr. Austin has confined Pegasus to the stable, and thereby temporarily ceased to enrich poetical literature with his admirable effusions. It is just possible that the laureate intends to conduct the business of official verse making upon strictly businesslike principles, and that as the salary attached to the position is meager, the poetical output is to be meager also. Or, again, Mr. Austin may be somewhat in dread of the criticisms of Mr. William Watson, that singularly acute and plain spoken gentleman who in "The Purple East" proved himself to be no respecter of laureates.

* * * *

Protest has already been raised against the practice of publishing indiscriminately the letters of famous men after they are dead and helpless. The famous living can save themselves from such an outrage by exercising care in their correspondence, but they are powerless against the foes in their own household who seek to turn a shameless penny by peddling their puerile reminiscences of the deceased.

Here is Mary Angela Dickens talking trivial nonsense at so much a line about her grandfather—"Venerables," as they called him—almost thirty years after he has passed away, and when all the legitimately interesting details of his life have already been picked to the bone. We have indeed reached the dregs if we can find time to listen to descriptions of the tone of a man's voice as he remarks to his grandchild, laid up by an accident, "Well, how is the hurt leg this morning?"

Digitized by Google

IN VANITY FAIR.

IN VANITY FAIR.

MASQUES and dances, dinners and teas,
Musicales, operas, plays,
Gossip and gallantry, ways of ease,
Folly fraught nights and days;
Cups of pleasure, full to the brims,
And never a cup of care,
Fads and fancies, hobbies and whims—
This is Vanity Fair.

Booths, and buyers, and belles, and beaux,
Baubles purchased and sold,
Rings and rubies, ribbon and rose,
Gold, and the greed of gold;
Leaders of fashion, crimped and curled,
Débutantes debonair,
Calm and cynical men of the world—
This is Vanity Fair.

Puffs, and powder, and pearls, and paint,
Suppers, and smiles, and frowns,
Here a sinner and there a saint
(But both in expensive gowns!);
Flowers, and feathers, and fans, and frills,
Glamour, and gloss, and glare,
Ah, and a host of unpaid bills!
This *is* Vanity Fair.

But the strangest thing in this market place
Of trinket and tinsel toy,
Is, watching the throng, the sorrowful face
Of a timid and tearful boy,
With bow and arrows in disarray,
Poor little Love, beware!
How did you come to lose your way?
This is Vanity Fair!

TO BE INTELLECTUAL.

If you want to achieve a moment's social distinction nowadays, you do not give a ball; you present a library to a college, or you write a volume about some subject of more or less tremendous importance. The more learned the name of your book the better. It makes very little difference what is inside, for nobody is going to read it.

If you cannot present libraries or write books, join a reading class. This isn't as simple and inexpensive as it sounds. In the first place, the class must be small, and it must be exclusive. One can't read Dante with a woman whose husband's grandfather was just a country school teacher, and who has not made quite money enough to live it down. Dante and Browning and other purveyors of literary pabulum for the elect can only be enjoyed when there is no possible doubt as to the social position of the people who are gathered together to receive wisdom from their genius. The enjoyment is still more complete when there are a number of other people who wanted the privilege and didn't get it.

Moreover, among these seekers after truth there is no one who is qualified to read. They do not care for the simpler writers, whose work might be made intelligible by any reader of ordinary intelligence. The author must be "interpreted" by a professional. There must be a little stage for the professional to sit on, with some palms behind her, to provide the proper background; and there must be tea and cakes to refresh the wearied intellects of her auditors.

Ten or a dozen of Browning's poems, taken judiciously in this fashion, will prime almost any society brain with intellectuality for a whole season, will stiffen the muscles of the face into severe lines, leading away from frivolity. They will qualify the learner to talk upon almost any subject, and to feel quite up to donating money to a library.

THE MARBLE HAND.

The Trilby foot has tripped away. The fad of having a cast made of my lady's toes, heel, and ankle has been relegated to the shelves where the cobbler keeps his lasts, and in its place we have the casting of hands. The hand has long been the theme of painter and poet, and now it remains for the sculptor to make beautiful models for those who would perpetuate its individual lovelinesses in marble. The veins will be pale blue and delicate, the fingers posed in the most artistic way possible, and the coloring must of course be an exquisite, transparent white. The fad has not grown to such an extent as to include the possibility of some scion of African or Indian blood wishing to display a cast of one of his most useful members.

We may perhaps have noticed, in the cemeteries, the marble hands that lie on the flat slabs; we have found them carved on the headstones with a bunch of marble roses or a dove in their long, white fingers; we have seen them clasped icily over a tomb that covers Peter Van Duysen and his faithful consort. They are associated with either the graveyard, the art school, or the medical college. But if it is a fad there will be plenty to follow it, and in time we may expect to see cabinets full of marble hands, the name of the original attached to each one. They may come in usefully, some day, to be placed over the tomb of their owners. In this event we should advise that the hand be pointed heavenward, not downward, if the words "Gone Home" are to be inscribed over the departed one's last earthly bed.

THE SCIENCE AND ART OF MIND READING.

There is a new game—or perhaps it is only a variation of the same old game. The theory is abroad that it is possible, under certain condi-

Digitized by Google

tions, to read every thought by the dilation of the eye, by the pulsation of the hand. The principal conditions are two, and it is hard to say which is the more important—that the reader should know how to do it, and that he and his subject should be in sympathy. Under such circumstances, we are impressively informed, every movement of a muscle is a telegraphic message.

It is really remarkable to see how accurately professionals can arrive at an understanding of the character of their subjects. They may call it thought reading, palmistry, graphology, or what they will; all that we laymen can feel is that different people give us different atmospheres. Either from practice, or by a natural gift—or probably both—the character reader interprets subtle signs as *Sherlock Holmes* turned mystery into history by deciphering the stains on a shoe or the finger marks on a dusty window sill. It is a delightful pastime for the amateur—the most amusing part of it being to find how far astray his guesses prove to be. But it appeals to those whose lofty minds impel them to become seekers after truth, and also to those who want a good excuse for a prolonged and soulful tête-à-tête.

If you chance to pass by some quiet nook in a country house where people congregate for house parties, or perhaps at a ball, or in the hour after dinner, do not start away and announce an engagement because you have seen two young people—or possibly two people who are not young—sitting side by side, eyes gazing into eyes and hand clasped in hand. They are two sympathetic souls making experiments in mind reading.

THE BRIDAL BOOK.

It is easy to place its beginning, but to say where it shall end is another thing. Who but a woman would think of such a thing? A bridal book wherein shall be set pieces of the trousseau; flowers from the bridal bouquet; flowers from the chancel; pieces of white ribbon that fenced off the bridal pews from the common crowd; the cover of the wedding ring box, torn from its border; lace from the cake boxes; bills of fare from the various hotels at which the newly wedded stopped; time tables; the hair dresser's, the tailor's, the modiste's cards, placed in among the dry goods portion of the book; hotel bills; car tickets from some distant city; sprays of wild flowers gathered while on the honeymoon—and things too many to mention. Of course such souvenirs are not to be displayed to the vulgar eye, for this wondrous volume must be kept separate from the guest book, wherein is written the names of the guests at the wedding.

Some brides may extend the list of souvenirs still further, and have hairs plucked from the tails of the bridal span of white horses; a button off the groom's coat; a piece of the officiating clergyman's surplice, and possibly a lock of the reverend gentleman's hair; a wick from the altar candles; fingers from the gloves of the important guests at the wedding; portraits of the choir boys, the minister, the maids of honor, and the pages; photographs of the church, the house, the bridal breakfast party, and each hotel stopped at; labels from the wine bottles, receipted hotel bills, and so on. And upon the cover of the bridal book these words should invariably appear: "What fools these couples be!"

FLOWERS À LA JAPANESE.

The Japanese have sent an emissary to teach us that roses "all in a bunch" are inartistic. We must learn that each flower is symbolic of something, and arrange them accordingly.

The red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove;
The red rose is for passion,
And the white rose is for love,

says the old song. But in this new flower reading, the red flowers are male, the white female, and due regard must be paid to their appropriate grouping. What calamity would befall if the red roses were all together, we never knew before; but they tell us now that such an outrageous arrangement has the same effect upon our minds as would be caused by the sight of a mob of anarchists, if only we can understand those delicate disturbances in our subconscious emotions. People at a dinner table decorated with red roses alone are in a frame of mind to say things they may regret; while if the decorations are all white, there reigns a peace which is not piquant enough for good digestion. Yellow flowers will put a melancholy upon the company, and fill it with pessimism, unless they be relieved by much green and white.

That a great many dinner parties in society are flat failures we all know, even when the cook is of the best. It is pleasant to discover that success depends upon the decorations, and that guests can be put into the proper frame of mind by skilful harmonies in the flowers. But good taste must be used here as elsewhere. A floral symphony that would suit a banquet of the Friends of Erin would not do for a wedding breakfast.

THE MODERN TILT AND TOURNEY.

It happened, once upon a time, that chivalry was in vogue, and the knight hung the favor of some lady fair on his helmet, and went out to do battle for his honor and her smiles. Rival suitors tilted at each other with heavy lances, and often were seriously wounded and even killed. The ladies sat about on platforms and applauded them, and when the joust was over some one of them gave a guerdon of a ribbon knot or a glove to the one who had unhorsed the most opponents. It was a brave show, and a serious, for every man who entered took his life in his hand.

Nowadays they are having tourneys at the country places, and our young men of fashion are riding before the youth and beauty of society. But they are not hitting at each other, nor are they in any danger of hurting themselves. They take a "lance"—that is, a long

Digitized by Google

pole sharpened at one end—and run their horses at a wire from which rings are suspended. The "knight" who takes the greatest number of rings from the wire is the victor. There is no clash of steel, except when the rings rattle against the wire.

If any one does not quite understand the dignity and beauty of this sort of entertainment, he can see it in miniature by going to almost any place where a "grind organ" plays the music for a merrygoround. The children who ride the wooden camels and elephants at Coney Island play at tourney by snatching rings as they whirl by the wire. They use their grimy little fingers instead of a lance, and instead of crowning a "queen of love and beauty" with a bead and pasteboard crown, as is the custom in fashionable society, the victor gets a free ride.

STAIRCASE TOBOGGANING.

From "Merry England" comes the important and instructive intelligence that house parties have discovered a new amusement—that of sliding down stairs on tea trays. A few fractured ribs and dislocated collar bones are said to have resulted from this diverting and intellectual pastime; but it is described as great fun, besides being a genuine novelty. A good many years ago we were amused—or possibly shocked—to read how *Barbara Dering*, the tall, golden haired Virginia girl, slid down haystacks with her departed husband's cousin; but stairs are certainly more risky places for "coasting" than haystacks, and probably no more decorous or dignified.

We hear of races between rival tea trays, each bearing its load of eager and excited stairway tobogganists. Victory in these contests is more a matter of luck than skill, for a tray is less susceptible of management than a horse, or even a bob sled. The result is often a promiscuous heaping together of the racers at the foot of the staircase, bruised but not discouraged.

Some moral censor gravely issues a warning that the merry maiden who coasts on a tea tray with the jolly young heir is not exactly the kind of girl the heir will marry. But what of this, if the heir enjoys it, the maiden enjoys it, and the spectators enjoy it?

A STUDY OF WOMAN'S BEAUTY.

A clever woman's ridicule of masculine attempts at exterior attractiveness, published under the title of "The Deterioration of Manly Beauty," has aroused the ire of a disputations German, one Baron Rudolph von Larisch. Von Larisch has replied with what he is pleased to term an anthropometrical and esthetical study on "The Defects of Woman's Beauty." He agrees with Schopenhauer in a conclusion that "undergrown, small shouldered, big hipped and short legged women are not comely." To his own perfect satisfaction the baron proves that geometrically the female form is a failure, while man's figure is a success. The fact that woman appreciates this inferiority is shown, he says, in woman's effort to conceal her limbs in flowing garments, reaching sometimes to the knee, sometimes to the ankle, sometimes to the feet, but always far enough to hide from man the defects in her proportions. What she fails to do with her skirt in this respect she accomplishes by a constant alteration in her mode of dressing, moving her waist up or down with stays, squeezing in or pushing out her natural figure, or wearing hoop skirts, bustles, and crinoline.

"Still," says the baron, "most men of our time have ceased to perceive the defects of female beauty. Woman has deceived and misled her admirers for so many generations with her smooth, long gowns that only a few, educated by constant practice in measuring the proportions of the female form, fully clothed," have clear and unbiased opinions as to her figure.

Most readers of this terrible arraignment—if the baron's work should ever reach a circulation sufficiently important to permit a difference of opinion—will certainly not number Von Larisch among the designated "few with unbiased opinions."

LENT.

The popular pastime known as Lent is once more with us. Some old fashioned people imagine that Lent is a season of self denial and of rest. It isn't. *Nous avons changé tout cela!* Rest, some one has said, is a change rather than cessation of occupation, and on this basis alone can Lent be called a restful period. We have had four months of dinners, dances, and teas, and these frivolities have begun to pall. Therefore we welcome the forty days from Ash Wednesday to Easter, if only for sweet variety's sake.

But let not any one suppose that the wheels of the social machine are allowed to grow rusty. On the contrary, they receive a fresh application of oil, and continue to whirl merrily. To be sure, there are certain things which one must not do at this season. Dancing is prohibited, and dinners are limited to twelve people. In former years German opera has been substituted for Italian, as being less frivolous, and the theaters have been devoutly patronized. Such is Lent!

We are reminded of the small boy who was allowed to play with his toys on Sunday provided he gave them sabbatical significance. His Noah's ark was admissible, because it was part of Biblical history, and a favorite masculine doll served to beguile the weary hours, being ingeniously characterized as St. Paul. "Men are but children of a larger growth," and there is much in New York's observance of the penitential season which suggests the apostolic doll. But what matter? If the booths of Vanity Fair be draped with sackcloth and sprinkled with ashes, that is all that the most puritanical can demand. Within them, business may go on as usual.

As somebody has said, "There is no need to borrow trouble simply because it is Lent!"

Digitized by Google

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

"MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE."

PATRIOTISM has been largely in the air and in the newspapers during the last few months. While the demonstration has in many respects been a pleasant and commendable one, it has suggested one or two observations.

The meaningless worship of a fetish is not patriotism. Mere enthusiasm for a flag is not in itself a noble thing. Without a real and practical sentiment behind it, it is worthless and actually dangerous. The man who cheers himself hoarse for the Stars and Stripes, leaving just enough voice to swear off his taxes, is not a valuable type of citizen. He is no better than the man who clamors for war because he is a dealer in rifles or army shoes.

Patriotism means the love of one's own country, but does not imply the hatred of all other countries, or of any other country. It is a sentiment that involves no comparisons, no spirit of offensive action. The sort of loyalty that sings

> O Lord our God, arise,
> Scatter our enemies
> And make them fall,
> Confound their politics,
> Frustrate their knavish tricks—

is the bloodthirsty sentiment of a bygone and less civilized age. "My Country, 't is of Thee" that true patriotism thinks. Its spirit was never better expressed than in the fine line Robert Browning wrote amid scenes famous in the history of his own land: "Here and here hath England helped me—how can I help England?"

The sense of responsibility, of duty, is the kernel of patriotism. How can we help America?

THE PACIFIC CABLE QUESTION.

WHEN Congress has settled, to the pleasure of the administration and the manufacturers, all bills pertaining to the tariff, time may be left during the regular session for a serious and practical consideration of the proposal for a cable across the Pacific. Great Britain is now preparing to join her American and Australian colonies by wire. Such a cable would of course be under British control, and might on occasion be entirely monopolized for the military and naval purposes of the imperial authorities. Not a few people in the United States have wondered why our own government should not possess an equal amount of enterprise in a matter that is of greater import to us than to any other nation. With the Hawaiian government ready to welcome such a bond, with Japan eagerly reaching out her hand to aid us in landing wires on her shore, and with the fact that such an undertaking would be practically certain to be profitable from the start, it is strange that the public's wonder has not already become an emphatically expressed demand.

THE PASSING OF THE BEGGAR.

AT last it would seem that New York stands a fair chance of being rid of her professional beggars. For years the streets of the chief American city have been infested with mendicants who "held up" the passer by with a persistency that would hardly have been tolerated in Constantinople. The police commissioners' new policy has, at the time of writing, been in operation for a month, and with apparent success.

The first suggestion of an organized and systematic effort toward the suppression of professional mendicancy in the metropolis came from the Charity Organization Society. This body of workers, the police magistrates, and the department of charities and of correction, working together, hit upon the plan that is now being tried with satisfactory results. The system goes direct to the evil. Two policemen are detailed to the work in each police court district. These men patrol the streets in citizens' clothes, and keep a sharp outlook for beggars, using careful discrimination as to those they arrest, but exercising no leniency in the case of "old timers." If a beggar can give as a reason for his asking alms that he has a family and is out of work, and that he is the victim of any sort of misfortune, the officer will instruct him as to the best means of getting immediate aid. Even without a reasonable excuse of this nature a beggar is seldom taken into custody, until it is known to the officer that he is a professional vagabond.

The new law not only aims at relieving the public thoroughfares of an utterly unworthy and very offensive class of beggars, but goes deeper, and seeks to distinguish the genuine cases of distress from the frauds that are so common and so obtrusive. The real suffering it hopes to relieve by offering all the aid at the disposal of the charitable societies; the dross it will dispose of by placing it in institutions where itching palms are made to work and whining voices ask only to be allowed to earn an honest living.

POLITICS AND COSTUME.

WHY do American voters cherish such peculiar ideas about the personal appearance of their candidates for office? So long ago as 1896 a Presidential candidate was defeated largely because his campaign portraits showed that he parted his hair in the middle. There is no reason known to physiology or common sense why hair parted in the middle shouldn't cover just as much integrity and brains as hair soaped down from a division on either side. But the bucolic prejudice is mighty in the

Digitized by Google

land, and the Republican party has never since chosen a Presidential candidate with hair parted centrally, unless it was the broad part placed there by nature and years.

Every newspaper in the State of New York commented last autumn on the fact that the recently elected Lieutenant Governor dared to flutter about among the delegates to the nominating convention, in the evening, attired in conventional evening dress. But Mr. Woodruff braved the animosity of rural delegates, and not even his foolhardiness could stop the success of the carefully arranged slate. He was nominated and carried into office by the tidal wave that swept New York. In a closer contest, his clothes might have cost him both nomination and election.

The New York *Times*, in commenting recently on portraits of the Governor and Lieutenant Governor, called attention to the contrast in the attire of the two officers, and stated that the Governor always wears clothes of somber hue and unfashionable cut. His portrait shows his long, thin neck encircled by a white necktie and turned down collar. This is said to be his customary garb, and is supposed to commend him to the heart of the average and ignorant voter. It doesn't make any real difference to any one but Governor Black and the tailors what kind of clothes he wears, but why should the hideousness of his attire win votes for him, and the conventionality of Mr. Woodruff's work the other way?

It requires deep research into the human mind to discover the reason for the animosity created by good clothes. Even Carlyle's philosophy might fail to explain why the rural politician must adhere so closely to black broadcloth and baggy breeches, and the Tammany leader to his shiny tile. Every practical politician knows that these necessities exist; and while in his own consciousness he may sneer at the people who create them, he would no more dare disregard them than a superstitious girl would venture to cross a funeral.

Politics is a tyrannical trade, and makes many a man wear bad morals. Wearing bad clothes to catch votes may be one of those small vices which bear the same relation to the political career that pitching pennies does to that of a professional criminal.

THE PROPHETIC PESSIMIST.

He is persistent, periodical, irrepressible. With long drawn face and anxious eyes he bobs up at regular intervals to announce some new disaster that threatens the human race. It is no mere matter of conjecture; he has facts and figures to prove all he says. While ordinary mortals have been groveling in blind enjoyment of the present, his eagle gaze has penetrated far into the future. He hears the grand, slow tread of coming ages. He has calculated anywhere from a hundred to a million years ahead. He warns us that the world's stock of coal is nearly exhausted, that its timber will not last much longer, that its food supply will soon be insufficient; worse yet, the sun will fade and die, the moon will reflect its light no more; the earth will dry up, and become a frozen globe, bare of water and air, and incapable of supporting any form of life.

One of the latest discoveries announced by these veracious seers is that Manhattan Island is sinking into the Atlantic. It is indeed alarming to know that the American metropolis will one day be engulfed by the relentless waters of the ocean. The surges that now lave the classic shores of Coney's Isle, where every prospect pleases and only the beverages are vile, will roll deep over New York's loftiest roof gardens and tallest business buildings. The daily fracture of ribs on the Brooklyn Bridge will be a thing of the distant past, and the trolley and cable cars will slay their hundreds no more. Seaweed will grow on Trinity spire, and the office of MUNSEY'S will have been removed to Tarrytown or Tioga. Our horror at this impending catastrophe is somewhat mitigated, however, when we learn that it is not scheduled to arrive for several thousand years, and that the alleged rate of subsidence is almost infinitesimally small. It could be entirely counteracted, apparently, by laying an extra course of masonry along our sea walls once in every two or three centuries.

The pessimist is always with us and has always been with us. He was just as earnest and impressive in the days of Job as he is now, and as he will be a score of centuries hence; and yet the world rolls on as if he had never warned it of its approaching destruction.

A TRANSCRIPT OF THE TIMES.

The man who keeps a file of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE possesses a valuable library—a transcript of the times. Does he desire to follow the movement of the art world, he has only to turn to the department of "Artists and Their Work" to find a connected series of notes on the development of American art, with reproductions of the most famous paintings selected from the galleries of the world. Is he fond of the play, then in "The Stage" he has a chronicle of the most noteworthy productions from month to month, with chats about the players and superb portraits of the men and women whose names are on many tongues. Music lovers are not neglected, and in the "Public Eye" the buyer of MUNSEY'S learns concrete, pithy facts about people who are making the world's history.

In serial stories, MUNSEY'S presents the best work of the most famous writers, and its short stories are representative of the most up to date work in this difficult field in which American authors have won special distinction.

So much for the MUNSEY'S of the present; for the future a still wider scope is planned, and coming numbers will have some genuine surprises for those who make a study of the modern magazine.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google